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How the Carters Became Famous for Their Sunday Evening Suppers

By Jessie E. Sinclair

IT'S a sort of habit with friends of the Carters to drop in on them sometime Sunday afternoon and stay for supper.

Of course, they are lovely people, Mr. and Mrs. Carter—jolly, hospitable, always glad to see you, congenial with young and old. Mr. Carter is a man who can talk interestingly and entertainingly on any and every subject. And Julia Carter is the most whole-souled and big-sisterly woman I know, and it's a joy to get off alone with her and tell her your troubles and get her always practical advice.

But there is another attraction about the Carters that I'll confess is possibly the strongest of all.

Julia Carter is the most versatile, resourceful and successful hostess in our town. You can drop in on her any day in the week and any time of day, and if it is anywhere near mealtime, she's sure to make you stay. And then, presto! There's a treat for you such as you'd ordinarily have to go to an expensive restaurant to get.

We used to wonder what delicious dainty was coming next, for she'd rarely have the same thing twice. And we didn't know for a long time how she was able to vary her menus so delightfully.

But one Sunday evening when all the dishes were washed and the crowd of us, women only, were on the front porch waiting for the men to come back from their walk, somebody popped the questions that had long been in our minds.

"How do you do it, Julia? Where do you get all these treats you have been giving us? How do you always manage to have something good on hand, no matter what the day or time of day?"

"Well, I'll tell you, girls," she replied. "I'm a disciple of Frank E. Davis of Gloucester, Mass. Very likely you've seen his picture in some of the magazines. He's a wonderful seafood man right down there where the fishing smacks come in fresh from their trips to the fishing banks and deep sea fishing grounds.

"I've met Mr. Davis myself—have been through his plant in Gloucester—and I tell you, he's a character. That man is as much an expert as a business man. He and his father and all his ancestors for 300 years have been born and lived all their lives in Gloucester, where nearly every man has something to do with the sea. Somehow about 30 years ago he got the idea in his head that *someone* ought to give *inland folks, too*, a taste of the true, fresh-from-the-sea flavor in seafoods. And he made up his mind that *he* was going to be the man.

"So he's built up a really unique business. He puts up the most delicious sea treats in such a way that there is something about them that no other similar foods seem to have—a freshness, a sweetness and a true deep-sea tang that I've never been able to find anywhere except right down in Gloucester itself.

"Of course some like one thing best and some another, but I *must* say I like every single thing Mr. Davis puts up. But if you want to just *taste* before you *buy*, it happens he has a special little assortment that he offers at a special price that includes, I believe, fourteen different tid-bits. I remember I tried that assortment first, after I came back from my



trip, and since then I've just kept my pantry stocked with three or four cans of each thing.

"That's what you girls have been having here for some time past. Mr. Davis sends along a mighty interesting and attractive little cook-book, too, with over a hundred recipes in it, so that you don't need to have the same thing twice in a good long time."

Well, I tell you, folks, it was a revelation and has been a godsend to me.

I sent right on for the assortment Julia spoke of—it's called the "Special Get-Acquainted Offer." And I had the same experience as Julia—I liked every single morsel. So I've followed her plan right through. I keep several cans of each kind on hand all the time.

And now I never have to worry in a pinch, or any other time. If company drops in unexpectedly, I'm ready for them in no time with a delicious lobster, shrimp, crab meat, unny or salmon salad—you see there are half a dozen or more different salads alone I can make if I choose. Or I can take the same foods and fix them à la Newburg or stewed or fricasseed or creamed or several other appetizing ways.

If I want a nice soup, I can have a real New England clam chowder. And I can have codfish soufflé or sardine rarebit or kippered herring or fish flake timbales.

And if we are to go on a picnic or take a motor trip, goodness, I can make a dozen kinds of tasty sandwiches and do it in a jiffy, without going out of the house.

Best of all, every one of these dishes is as different from the "store" kind as day from night. That man Davis is unique. I believe he actually knows how to put up the clear, clean, exhilarating sea ozone itself with his seafoods. There is something fresh, pure and sweet about them that just *proves* to you he's taken them practically right from the water, prepared them on the very shore and preserved for you what you can't usually get in any other way than going right down to Gloucester and eating at a skipper's table. And you ought to see John dig into them—it does my heart good.

Excuse me for raving, but I can't help it. Mr. Davis wrote and asked me as a customer to say just a few words about his lovely foods and here I've gone and written a book,

nearly. I musn't forget, though, to tell one other important thing about that "Special Get-Acquainted Offer." Mr. Davis sends it out, charges paid, east of Kansas, at *his* risk. Think of that! When the postman delivers it to you, you pay him only \$3.65 for the entire assortment. And then you try two of the foods—any two you like. If you are the slightest bit disappointed, you can send the rest back and Mr. Davis will refund your \$3.65.

Here's the assortment you receive: 1 can shrimps, 1 can tunny fish, 1 can fresh lobster, 1 can royal Chinook salmon, 1 can clam chowder, 1 can lobster sandwich filling, 1 can fish flakes, 1 can Norway sardines, 1 can California sardines, 1 can kippered herring, 1 lb. salt codfish, 1 can fresh codfish, 1 can "Down East" clams, 1 jar boneless herring, combination can opener and New Seafood Cook Book.

All you need to do to get the assortment is to fill out the coupon that will be printed with this article. You don't need to send a penny. And remember, you don't take a bit of risk. Mr. Davis will send back every cent if you are at all dissatisfied.

P. S.—Mr. Davis has authorized me to say to readers of this magazine who fill out the coupon right away that as a special inducement to them he'll include, besides the fourteen items that ordinarily make up the assortment, a can of his famous Finnan Haddie. That's just one extra treat, folks. Frank E. Davis Fish Co., 59 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

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I would like to try, at your risk, your Special Get-Acquainted Assortment. Please send me, all charges prepaid (east of Kansas) the package of sea products listed above. And please be sure to send the extra FREE can of Finnan Haddie. I agree to pay the postman \$3.65 in full payment on delivery. It is understood, however, that if after trying any two packages I am not completely satisfied, I can feel perfectly free to return the other packages and my \$3.65 will be immediately refunded.

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OSCAR S. STRAU'S, one of the most useful and distinguished servants of the Republic, is welcome to the pages of *The Outlook*. He obviates the necessity of our giving any biographical data in his column by telling his own story.

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS was a classmate of Oscar Straus at Columbia. The friendship of Columbia's veteran Professor of English and Mr. Straus is touched upon in a later chapter of the reminiscences.

CONRAD RICHTER has contributed stories to a number of magazines, including the "American," "Ladies' Home Journal," "Everybody's," and the "Saturday Evening Post." "The Laughter of Aeneas," perhaps his best-known story, was reprinted in braille for the enjoyment of the blind.

IN this issue Harold Vinal makes his debut as a contributor to *The Outlook*. Mr. Vinal is the editor of "Voices," a journal of verse, published in Boston.

ERNEST G. DRAPER is President of the American Creosoting Company. He is a member of the Industrial Relations Committee of the New Jersey Chamber of Commerce, and of the Advisory Council of the American Association for Labor Legislation. He is a trustee of Ballaudent College, Washington, D. C., and of the Brooklyn Museum. He was graduated from Amherst in 1906.

VINO SPERANZA is, despite his Italian name, very much of an American. He was born in Connecticut in 1872, and educated in the College of the City of New York and at the New York Law School. For fifteen years he was general legal adviser to the Consulate-General of Italy, and has been a member of the Law Commission of the Prison Association of New York State. But of most importance, in the light of his *Outlook* article at least, is his association with the State Immigration Commission and his former directorship of the Prison Association of New York, established by the Society for Italian Immigrants. Mr. Speranza's article on immigration is the first of a series of three which *The Outlook* intends publishing shortly. The other two are by Miss Natalie De Bogory and Mr. Charleston Beals.

ROBERT D. TOWNSEND, of the *Outlook* staff, and Rollin Lynde Hartt, who is at present on the staff of the "Literary Digest," review the strike situation. Mr. Townsend's name has been associated in our readers' minds with his reviews of modern novels in our Book Table; his contributions to the interpretation of current life from week to week have been hidden under the usual anonymity of the editor.

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The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 6, 1922

INTERCHANGEABLE MILEAGE AND BUSINESS

HOW will the business of the country be stimulated; how will the revenues of the railways be affected; and what percentage of increase will there be in travel by rail, as a result of the bill signed by President Harding a few days ago, directing the Inter-State Commerce Commission, after notice and hearing, to require railways to issue interchangeable mileage books or scrip coupon tickets?

These are the interesting questions which are raised in connection with this bill, urged by the commercial travelers' associations as a means of getting more salesmen out on the road, thereby helping to improve business conditions generally. The Inter-State Commerce Commission, which is directed by the bill to fix "just and reasonable rates" to be charged for such interchangeable mileage, as well as to make other regulations governing its issuance and use, will hold hearings on the subject the latter part of next month, having set September 26 for this purpose.

While the railways did not make any strong opposition to the passage of the bill, they are known to be doubtful as to whether there will be sufficiently increased percentage of travel to make up for the losses they will sustain through the reduction in rates which, it is expected, will be granted to purchasers of the interchangeable mileage, and which was the real object sought in the bill.

The rate which has been suggested tentatively for these books is 2.5 cents a mile, as against the present basic rate on most of the railways of the country of 3.6 cents a mile. It has been estimated by railway officials that they will have to increase their passenger business by more than forty per cent in order to make up for the loss of revenue suffered through this rate reduction. The New England roads, a large percentage of whose receipts is derived from their passenger traffic, would have to see a particularly large gain in this class of business in order to make up for the loss through reduced rates. In addition, increased expenditures by the roads will be necessitated; and there seems to be much doubt as to whether the net revenues of the roads will be improved. The carriers of the country have not



(C) Harris & Ewing

PRESIDENT HARDING SIGNING THE MILEAGE SCRIP BILL

This bill authorizes interchangeable mileage books for use over the different railway systems

been earning the dividend rate to which they were entitled under the Transportation Act; and any measure which is likely still further to reduce their earning capacity must be given most careful consideration before it is finally put into operation through direction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The Commission, therefore, is expected to go fully into the question of the rate to be charged for the interchangeable mileage; whether it shall be transferable or non-transferable; what rules and regulations shall be required for the issuance and use of these tickets; and to what baggage privileges holders of such tickets shall be entitled.

As indicated by Commissioner Esch, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, when he appeared at the hearings held on the bill before the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, the Commission did not show itself strongly in favor of this legislation. He said they had hoped to find it possible to reduce fares and freight rates "in such a manner that all our people could enjoy the benefits of such reductions." He declared that the reduction in fares to a special class, as the purchasers of interchangeable mileage tickets would be, materially reducing the revenues of carriers, would make it more difficult to order a general reduction in passenger fares which might be

enjoyed by all of the people and not merely by those who by reason of financial conditions or otherwise are able to invest a considerable sum of money at one time in railway fare.

REMEMBER THE HERRIN MASSACRE!

THE other day a Mexican paper ironically proposed that Mexico should control the United States in the interest of humanity and law. One of the reasons adduced was the Herrin massacre. If Americans do not want to be considered lawless by Mexicans, it behooves them to insist, and continue to insist, that the slaughter of twenty-three men in the Herrin mines last June should lead to the indictment and trial of its perpetrators.

Every move in that direction is of public interest. The State of Illinois is not unaware of the ill fame attaching to this crime, and through its Attorney-General, its State Chamber of Commerce, and its press is urging action. Through State effort a special Grand Jury has at last been impaneled in Williamson County, and as an aid to non-partisanship in feeling neither miners nor operators were included in the panel.

The circuit judge's charge to the Grand Jury, as summarized by a newspaper correspondent, was in part "a defense of this county and its law officers,

a challenge to critics everywhere, and an exposition of the law."

It is to be hoped that this judge added a vigorous injunction to the Grand Jury to pursue murderers unflinchingly.

THE KU KLUX AND POLITICS

THERE has been much discussion as to the influence of the Ku Klux Klan in the political situation. Sensationalists have been inclined to exaggerate it. In National matters it is practically nil; in the East and the Southeast it is negligible; in the West and Southwest it has had local effects in different ways, but has not acted consistently or for definite issues.

An example of this was seen the other day in the announcement that in Texas Earle Mayfield, "Ku Klux candidate," as the newspapers called him, had won in the "run off" primary for the United States Senatorship which followed the first primary, in which six candidates engaged. An examination of the facts shows that his Ku Klux support was only a minor matter. The Ku Klux candidates for State offices made a poor showing and were defeated by large majorities. The prohibition issue was prominent in the State campaign. Mayfield was "dry." His opponent, Ferguson, was "moderately wet;" and the fact that when Governor he was impeached and removed from office told heavily against him. If the Texas primary showed anything, it was that Mayfield was the stronger man personally, and that the prohibition sentiment is still strong in Texas. It is even intimated that the Democratic situation is so unsatisfactory in Texas that a good liberal Republican might have a chance.

There have been some queer developments in the Ku Klux Klan. Thus in Georgia it has been alleged that Negroes were being asked to join, and in New York it has been charged that the Negro "Moses," Marcus Garvey, had been approached by the Klan. There are many indications that the Ku Klux is soon to pass away as a disturbing element. Yet not many weeks ago newspaper accounts stated that "a crowd totaling nearly 30,000 from Chicago and northern Illinois gathered to witness the initiation of nearly 3,000 new members into the secret council of the Ku Klux Klan. The ceremonies were performed in an immense field three miles northwest of Springfield. Similar ceremonies, celebrating the initiation of tens of thousands of new members, have taken place in other parts of the country."

Officially the Ku Klux has promised not to wear its regalia in night raids and disclaims any intention of regulating supposed evil-doers by violence. As a terrorizing agency it is practically dead.

But its attractiveness to the great class of "joiners" is strong, for it combines mystery and publicity uniquely; it is a "secret society" which, as the Chicago incident above quoted shows, thrives on flashlight photographs and press notices.

A NAVY ON THE SCRAP HEAP

THE "scrapping of navies" is a new industry in the world. In the past the business has been of the single-order variety; it has never been carried on in a wholesale manner. "The old order changeth," however, and now the breaking up of battleships and cruisers and destroyers is to be performed on a grand scale. A beginning already has been made.

While the naval treaty which was signed by the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments has not yet been ratified by all the Powers signatory thereto, the United States already has sold two of the old battleships which were on the list of capital ships to be scrapped and is preparing to ask bids within the next sixty days on five other vessels of the same class.

The two battleships which already have been sold are the Maine and the Missouri, with the exception of the Wisconsin, also on the junk pile in the yards of Henry A. Hitner's Sons, in Philadelphia, the oldest vessels of the larger fighting class in the Navy; and it is stated that both of them would have been disposed of even if there had been no naval treaty. Nevertheless they are among the twenty-eight American battleships listed for scrapping in the

treaty assented to by the five great naval Powers in Washington on February 1 last. The five other battleships on that list which, it is announced, are to be put up for sale in the immediate future are the Georgia, Rhode Island, Nebraska, Virginia, and New Jersey, all of which have seen seventeen years of service. The Maine and the Missouri, of 12,500 tons each, had been in the Navy for almost twenty years past. The Wisconsin, sold previous to the Armament Conference, had seen more than twenty-one years of service.

In addition to the battleships, a large number of other vessels have been sold recently by the Navy, although not as a result of the naval treaty. Many of them were old and useless and would have been sold anyway, while others were disposed of because of the post-war paring down of the Navy and because of the necessity for economy.

Most of the vessels recently sold by the Navy for scrapping have been bought and are now in the Delaware River yards of the Henry A. Hitner's Sons Company, in the northern suburbs of Philadelphia. This concern, the principal one in the United States engaged in the business of navy scrapping, now has in its possession quite a formidable modern armada. It includes, in addition to the three battleships named, two cruisers, eleven torpedo-boat destroyers, four monitors, eight submarines, about one hundred and forty sub-chasers, several colliers, tugs, and mine planters.

In all, it is a fleet with a tonnage of approximately 125,000. As navies go nowadays, this doomed navy is perhaps not large, but there are important nations with navies much smaller in tonnage. At the beginning of the European War the smallest of the Great Power navies was that of Italy, which was of 285,460 tonnage, not much more than twice the tonnage of the "Hitner Fleet."

The great part of navy scrapping, not only for the United States, but for the other nations signatory to the Five-Power Treaty, still remains to be done; and when the full fleet of heavy-tonned capital ships which are to be discarded upon final ratification of the naval treaty are thrown upon the market this new-born industry of turning battleships wholesale into the crucible for peacetime purposes will receive a new impulse and make some of the short-lived navies thus formed formidable indeed.

A PIONEER IN PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

IT is natural that public interest in Dr. Stephen Smith should be centered in the fact that when he died the other day he was within a few months of com-

ART knows no class distinctions. No two men in civilized society could be farther apart in environment and tradition than a New England farmer and a royal prince of Europe; and no two men could be more distantly removed from the stage type of artist with flowing tie and bohemian tastes. Yet John Lillie, farmer, of Dorset, Vermont, and Prince Eugen of Sweden have in common the love of art and the gift of creating beauty with paint and canvas. As a landscape painter each is among the most interesting and original of contemporary artists. Next week *The Outlook* will publish an article about John Lillie by Zéphine Humphrey. Week after next *The Outlook* will publish an article about Prince Eugen by H. G. Leach. Each article will be illustrated with reproductions of the artist's paintings.

LOOK ON THE TRAGIC LOADING OF THIS BED; THIS IS THY WORK:

(Othello, Act V, Scene 2)

Darling in the Kansas City Star

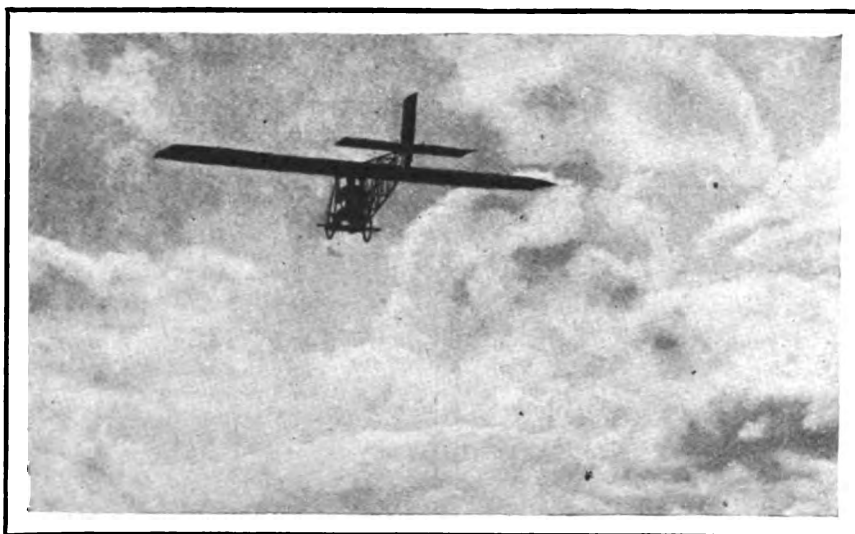


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MAYBE AFTER A WHILE IT WILL GET NOISED ABOUT THAT IT IS NOT A GOOD HOTEL TO PATRONIZE

From Mrs. Norman Skinner, La Jolla, Cal.

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Keystone

THE GLIDER "AMERICA" IN THE CLOUDS, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF EDMUND T. ALLEN

pleting his hundredth year and that his life was notable, not only for its longevity, but for its continued activity. In our interest in this fact perhaps there is a little danger of not laying sufficient emphasis on the value of Stephen Smith's contributions to the cause of hygiene and the public health. In addition to a long and notable career as a physician, he began over sixty years ago to take an earnest and active interest in those matters which were then astonishingly little in the public mind. A writer in the New York "Herald" thus depicts the condition of things in New York City in 1851, when Dr. Smith entered Bellevue Hospital:

New York was a foul city. It was as bad when the Civil War was over. There was no health department, no tenement supervision. The streets, many of them not drained, reeked with garbage. Animals ran loose. The butchers operated where and as they wished. Cholera came and killed thousands. Smallpox was epidemic every five years. Typhus arrived with the immigrants and ravaged the tenements. The so-called "health wardens" were ginmill keepers, payroll grafters.

In the reforms that followed Dr. Smith took an active and efficient part. He was a leader in the forming of a Citizens' Association in 1864, over which Peter Cooper presided. The report made by that association has been summarized as follows:

There were 495,592 persons living in tenements or cellars, at an average density of 247,000 to the square mile. Scattered among these tenements were 173 slaughter-houses, under no sanitary supervision whatever. More than five hundred places were designated by the inspectors as "plague spots," one of them being Washington Market and another Castle Garden. In two days the inspectors found 644 and in two weeks more than 1,200

cases of smallpox, with not the slightest attempt at seclusion of the patients.

Out of the agitation which followed this report came the establishment of the first Department of Health of New York City. From that time on Dr. Smith was prominent in all municipal and National health efforts, and when the National Board of Health was organized in 1879 he was made a member by President Hayes. Add to this that he was the first President of the American Public Health Association, that he did a great deal to make the administration of hospitals and nursing efficient and modern, and that these were only a few of his notable contributions to the public health, and it will be admitted that his ninety-nine years of life were as full as any one man's could be of earnest work for the welfare of the people.

NEW GLIDING RECORDS

WHEN The Outlook printed Lieutenant Tinker's article "Statesmanship Run Wild," it presented the latest news as to the achievements of the Germans with motorless airplanes. That article stated the surprising fact

that a German had succeeded in remaining in the air without a motor for twelve and a half minutes. That article appeared in The Outlook for August 16. Since then German aviators have apparently proved that a man in a glider under proper atmospheric conditions can keep aloft indefinitely. If there is any limit to the time which a man can remain in the air in a glider, it would seem to be the limit of human endurance. First came the news of a German remaining aloft an hour or more. This feat of Herr Martens aroused extraordinary enthusiasm among the spectators. Then came the news of Herr Hentzen's feat of keeping up for two hours and ten seconds, as we reported last week. Since then Herr Hentzen has added an hour to his record. More than that, other fliers have remained in the air for periods far exceeding the one which was a record less than a month ago. These German fliers not only keep in the air, but remain perfectly still like a kite, or soar in great sweeping curves or with sharp dives.

Not less extraordinary is the fact that some of these gliders have succeeded in landing on points higher than those from which they started.

Still further, in these tests in Germany, a Dutch aviator, Herr Fokker, the designer of the famous Fokker airplane used by the Germans during the war, glided aloft for three minutes with a passenger.

The French trials which have been taking place have resulted in no such sensational results. Edmund T. Allen, the American who took part in the French trials, has in the meantime gone to try his luck in Germany.

A special despatch to the New York "Evening Post" says that the feats of the Germans are the result of six years of experimentation, involving studies of the flight of birds with moving pictures of birds on the wing. One of the results of this experimentation was the discovery of the use which a bird made of its head in flight. Study of these birds' heads convinced the Germans that the birds



Kadel & Herbert

HAULING A GLIDER TO THE TOP OF THE HILL AT CLERMONT-FERRAND DURING THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST

felt the air with their heads, and were thus enabled to adjust their muscular movements to the air currents. As a consequence, this despatch by Samuel Dashiell says, the Germans went to work to devise a method of sensitizing a man's face, and they succeeded in doing so by the use of a liquid; so that "the pilot becomes endowed with a kind of sixth sense." That, at least, is the story which this correspondent gets from a German aviator. The experiments are said to be continuing at Magdeburg and do not come under the control of the Allies. One may believe this German aviator's story or not; but the records of the flights that the Germans have made seem indisputable.

ONE LAW FOR ALL

SOME weeks ago a terrible thunder-storm and a gale swept over Long Island Sound in the vicinity of New York, and put in jeopardy the lives of thousands of men, women, and children in one of the municipal parks that skirts the waters of the Sound. Indeed, some lives were lost through the capsizing of boats and the destruction of a great Ferris wheel. Competent observers afterwards said that if reasonable attention had been paid to the manifest signs of an approaching storm no lives would have been lost at all.

This incident illustrates an easy-going attitude of too many Americans towards correcting economic or political disasters. In spite of black signs and the warnings of the weather-wise, they go on about their daily occupations, playing or working, until the storm breaks and catches them. This, we think, is the situation in which the country stands with regard to the coal and railway strikes.

At the present moment there is scarcely a railway in the United States that is running its trains on time; freight and commodities are delayed in transit. The country has about used up its surplus stock of mined coal, and not enough is now being mined to make up the deficiency. We may find ourselves next winter, not only freezing, but in the midst of an industrial and economic chaos of suspended industries and high prices that will work greater hardships than were endured even during the war. So far as we can see, the only remedy which the employers and the strikers propose is that they should be let alone to fight it out among themselves. This seems to us to be not only unreasonable but intolerable. An industrial war has been going on since the first of April in which the passions of less than five per cent of the popula-

tion of the United States have been permitted to endanger the social and economic welfare of the other ninety-five per cent, and really nothing much has been done except to talk about it.

There are three courses of action which ought to be begun at once.

The first course which ought to be taken is to call into immediate play the executive power of the National Government. The duty of the executive branch of the Government is to enforce the laws on the statute-books, and in an emergency like that of a panic, or a great epidemic, or a great riot, to take over certain functions of administration that in ordinary times are left to private effort. The President of the United States ought immediately to use every power of the Government to establish law and order and to protect men who are willing to run the railways and mine the coal in doing their work. If the executive branch of the Government does not possess all the powers that it ought to have in this emergency, the legislative branch should immediately confer those powers.

The second course of action is legislative, and it is here that the phrase at the head of this article, "One Law For All," should be, as it were, the slogan. Thirty-two years ago, after a long period of public agitation and public education, a Federal law was passed, known as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which declares illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations." Criminal penalties are prescribed for persons found guilty of entering into combinations in restraint of trade. This law was aimed at the pernicious power of organized capital. Under the Clayton Act, the Federal Government has specifically exempted organizations of labor or of farmers from the operations of this law against combinations in restraint of trade. This provision of the Clayton Act should be repealed, or modified, so that every organization or conspiracy, whether of farmers, of teachers, of lawyers, of bricklayers, of coal miners, of railway workers, or of bankers, for the purpose of restraining trade, should be written down on the statute-books as criminally illegal. This is what we mean by one law for all. Nor would such a course of legislation be, as Mr. Gompers speciously argues, an attempt to enslave men. Such a law would not prevent the individual from quitting work, or groups of individuals from quitting work. It would simply forbid an organized combination to destroy an industry and by violence or intimidation to restrain those who desire to work from doing so. The danger of trade

unions to-day is not that they are demanding exorbitant wages. In most cases we do not think their demands in the direction of increased wages are exorbitant. What is dangerous is that these demands are backed by an organized attempt to restrain industry from going on until it pays to the wage-worker the profits which he thinks he ought to have. Where is the essential difference in equity, or in its effect on society, from the organized attempt of capital to restrain trade so as to increase profits? The organizations of capital are localized; trade unions should be localized. Organizations of capital are forbidden to create artificial monopolies; trade unions should be forbidden to create monopolies. Organizations of capital are in the eyes of the law criminal when by corruption, bribery, or secret contracts they attempt to restrain trade. Trade unions should be made criminally liable for similar conspiracies. We do not say that a law or laws extending the principle of anti-trust legislation to trade unions would be simple to draw. There is a difference between control of commodities and control of services. But we do say that the analogy between the controlling of organized capital and the controlling of organized labor is very plain.

The third course of action is ethical and educational. As long as capitalists and laborers are taught by their leaders and by experience and practice to consider themselves as living in two hostile camps we shall continue to have industrial crises, although their terrors can be somewhat mitigated by executive and legislative control. More than forty years ago an English political economist, Arnold Toynbee, maintained the theory that organization of labor is inevitable and desirable, but that organization should be not one between all laborers in competition with an organization of all capitalists, but groups of laborers and capitalists organized together and competing with other groups of laborers and capitalists. In fact, however, laborers and capitalists have developed an industrial scheme on the lines which Toynbee condemned. The result is that we have an industrial community divided into two antagonistic and usually hostile sections. A few men in our time are beginning to discard this method of class organization, and are endeavoring to substitute a co-operative for the military scheme of industry. They are endeavoring to promote co-operation between the capitalists and laborers in one organization to compete on the basis of service and efficiency with other similar groups of laborers and capitalists. This, as we understand it, is the essential principle of the Shop Committee Plan. It is this plan which

has such notable sponsors as Mr. Mitten, of the Philadelphia Street Railway Company, and Mr. Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the scheme which prevails in American industry at present the employers and the workmen inevitably look exclusively after their own interests and are more or less suspicious of each other. On the other hand, if capitalists and workers were so organized that the welfare of the combination depended upon the good will and industry of both laborers and capitalists, the tendency of the industry would be continually to bring the men together.

If the executive branch of the Government will courageously suppress violence and protect the right of every individual to work when and where he pleases under the regulations of the general law; if the legislative branch of the Government will see to it that regulatory law applies to individuals and groups with an even hand and without fear or favor; and if American industrial leaders, both capitalistic and laborite, will constantly preach and practice the doctrine of co-operation in industry, we shall secure, not only more comfort, but more justice.

A FLEXIBLE TARIFF

SOME questions which divide parties involve moral choice. Some involve choice between political principles. Some are merely questions of expediency. It is because the tariff question has been one involving virtually no moral or political issues, but only an issue of expediency, that it has never become a fundamental issue in American politics and has never been settled. Such feeling as it has aroused in the minds of the voters has been occasioned by resentment at its burdens or by the desire for its benefits. So far as its benefits or burdens have been inequitably distributed, the tariff question has raised a question of justice which involves a moral choice. In so far as one tariff law has tended in the direction of free trade by extending the free list and lowering the general scale of duties or another law has tended in the direction of a Chinese wall by reducing the free list and by raising the general scale of duties, there has been injected into the question some suggestion of political principle. For the most part however, the tariff has been discussed and decided upon from time to time in accordance with what has seemed to those in authority to be for the time being the best practical adjustment of conflicting interests.

As we pointed out last week, this task of carrying out a policy of expediency is fraught with political disaster for the

party in power. It almost invariably causes dissatisfaction to every interest that is looking for a benefit from the tariff, for it is bound to bestow on each interest less than is demanded. At the same time, each benefit received by a specific interest is as well a burden to the consumer. One party may choose to try to lessen the burden of the consumer and risk the wrath of those who expect to be beneficiaries, while the other party may choose to meet the expectation of the different interests and risk the remonstrances of the burdened consumer. The difference between the parties on the tariff issue is almost wholly a difference in the nature of their constituencies and not a difference of principle. Each party in turn passes a tariff law to please its own constituency and is duly punished. It is natural that the parties have become tired of this procedure and have sought some way of avoiding the ill consequences of tariff legislation.

There has therefore grown up in recent years an agitation for what is termed a "scientific tariff." If Congress can only escape political responsibility for the tariffs it enacts by persuading the people that the effect of the tariff is due, not to any policy on the part of the politicians, but to "science," it will be relieved of a great load, and the several members of Congress will find their political pathways freed from many pitfalls.

There have been several devices proposed for formulating such a scientific tariff.

One of these devices is to adopt a measuring rod according to which the various schedules can be fitted into the tariff structure. Such a measuring rod has been proposed by both Republicans and Democrats in the phrase "the difference between cost of production here and abroad."

Another device, closely connected with this, is that of a tariff commission. Such a commission, in fact, has been created and has served as a fact-finding body.

Those party leaders who have believed in establishing a tariff that would meet the difference in cost of production naturally have turned to the tariff commission to get information as to what the cost of production is here and what it is abroad. Some publicists and students of politics would empower the tariff commission to fix tariffs much as the Inter-State Commerce Commission is empowered to fix railway rates.

The latest proposal, which has been adopted by the Senate, has been to put the task upon the President of the United States.

There are special reasons for this latest proposal. In the first place, Congress does not represent the whole country; it represents only the sum of all its parts. In tariff matters this is a vital distinction. Each Congressman or Senator must look at the tariff question from the point of view of his constituency. As a consequence, there is no one in Congress whose duty it is (except as he may make it his conscientious duty as an American citizen and patriotic public servant) to look at the tariff from the point of view of the Nation as a whole. In our Government it is only the President of the United States and those under his authority that can be expected to do this. It is therefore only the President or some man or body of men responsible to him that can so administer the tariff as to destroy it as a local issue, and it is only by the destruction of it as a local issue that the tariff can cease to be the hobgoblin of political parties.

In particular a reason for placing this responsibility upon the President exists in the present international situation. Tariffs calculated upon the cost of products abroad would be very uncertain owing to the instability of exchange. The attempt by the House of Representatives to avoid this by calculating tariffs according to valuation in the American market has encountered strong and reasonable opposition. If the tariff is really to be stable, paradoxical as it may sound, it must, under present circumstances, be made flexible. It must be made adjustable to the changing factors in international trade. To provide such flexibility is beyond the power of Congress; for that legislative body cannot be all the time in session amending schedules. It can secure this flexibility only by intrusting the determination of tariff rates, within certain fixed limits, to some administrative authority; and the natural authority to turn to is the President. Of course the President would not personally determine those rates. He would act upon the information and advice of the tariff commission and of his other counselors; but the au-

At the request of
The Outlook
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY
Editor of the
London "Spectator"
has sent an estimate of
NORTHCLIFFE
which will be printed
next week

thority and responsibility would be the President's.

The people of the United States are not, and are not likely to be, in favor of free trade. They are not in favor of a Chinese wall tariff. They want a tariff that will provide revenue and protection. It is idle to denounce particular tariff measures for particular sins, since any substitute tariff is going to be also denounced for its particular sins. Such criticism of the tariff in detail furnishes no guidance for public opinion. Even less illuminating is general denunciation of a measure as a tariff of abomination—as the present tariff bill has been called. Either Congress, employing its own committees for investigation and drafting measures, must provide such regulation and adjustment as expediency for the time being indicates, leaving the tariff as the troubler of politics, or else it must intrust this adjustment and regulation to an administrative body under the authority of the Chief Executive. Is there any other alternative?

IS IRELAND LEADERLESS?

THOSE who fear that the deaths of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith may prove fatal to the cause of the Irish Free State do less than justice to the strength of that cause. Yet it is true that the progress already made would never have been achieved but for the courage and insistence of these two men; for they stood so high in the regard of all Irish patriots that their word carried weight. When Collins and Griffith said that the London treaty paved the way to self-government, Irishmen believed them. So the strength of the Dominion plan grew and the dream of absolute independence faded away.

"Ninety per cent of the people of Ireland are for the Free State," says ex-Governor Glynn, of New York, "and the threats of fanatics and slaying by gunmen cannot alter this fact." And Archbishop Mannix cabled from Australia that the death of Collins emphasizes the need of an arbitrament of reason. Moreover, the discussion as to fit successors to the dead leaders has brought out the fact that there had been formed under them a group of serious and well-equipped men who are working steadily at practical problems of government and organization. Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, who now temporarily heads the civil side of the Provisional Government, is such a man. There is quiet resolution in his reply to a despatch from Winston Churchill, of the British Ministry, who had declared that his Government had full confidence that the treaty plan would be faithfully



International

MICHAEL COLLINS (LEFT) AND ARTHUR GRIFFITH, DEAD LEADERS OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

and resolutely maintained. Mr. Cosgrave said:

President Griffith and General Collins had selected and attracted to whole-hearted co-operation with them a number of colleagues, some of whom you have met. The Government so formed has stood, as you know, with unswerving consistency to the programme of carrying into full effect, in accordance with the declared will of the Irish people, the treaty which was entered into between our plenipotentiaries and recommended by President Griffith and General Collins as offering the fairest hopes to our much-tried people. We, their colleagues, have the same faith and stand by the same policy, and, though overwhelmed with sorrow, take up the same task with the same determination and confidence.

It has been a weakness of Irishmen that, while they have been able to die for a cause, they have rarely shown ability to govern. Now, under the moderate and reasonable terms of the Free State, they have the finest opportunity conceivable to develop that capacity. If the draft of a Constitution now being drawn up by the Free State leaders and the British Government follows liberally the lines of the London treaty and makes it clear that the Free State in all essentials will be as self-governing as is the Dominion of Canada, it will be endorsed by the bulk of the people of Southern Ireland, and the most promising political era of Ireland will begin.

The hope of the Insurgent forces now infesting the Free State is not to defeat its army, but to make the condition of Ireland so bad that Great Britain must intervene and the old order of resistance and general turmoil be resumed. Their "war" has resolved itself into a series of local skirmishes and attacks from an-

bush such as that which resulted in Collins's death. In fact, although this killing has been called a cowardly assassination, it was as near to a military engagement as most of the insurgents' so-called battles. Collins with other officers in uniform was inspecting military positions near Cork when the ambush was sprung by a superior force, and a brisk fight ensued in which Collins played his part bravely. The whole affair was typical of the guerrilla fighting now carried on by De Valera's desperate followers.

No other man's death, not even Griffith's, has affected the common people of Ireland so deeply as that of Collins. His was a romantic and adventurous personality; he was intrepid, resourceful, and devoted to his country. Other men might be suspected of treachery or self-interest; no one has dared to call Collins a traitor, and no one is surprised when the Prime Minister of the Government which had once put a price on his head speaks of him as "a leader of great energy and devotion and a man of remarkable personal charm."

When one remembers that the population of Ireland is somewhat less than that of New York City, it certainly induces the feeling that Ireland has had too much turbulence for its size; the world is decidedly tired of reading of rancorous partisan fighting, sectarian hatred, and the warfare of assassination. The majority of the people want quiet and—as an Irishman might say—are willing to fight to the death for it. The opportunity for peace and prosperity was never better than now if only the workers of the people can prevail against the intolerance of the comparatively few "bitter-enders."

ONE LAW FOR ALL

A REVIEW OF THE ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL RESULTS OF THE GREAT STRIKES

I—THE HISTORY OF THE STRIKES

BY ROBERT D. TOWNSEND

THE strike of the coal miners began on April 1; the strike of the railway shop men on July 1. In the first case, therefore, five months have been spent in argument, debate, and attempts at an agreement; in the second case two months have elapsed. As August ends in neither case does there seem to be immediate prospect of complete or satisfactory settlement. From week to week and month to month we have had proposals, counter-proposals, public remonstrances, Governmental urging, and yet the public, which, after all, is the party most deeply involved in the injury, has been fed upon hopes only. As Don Marquis, in his "Sun Dial," remarks of the anthracite strike: "Every paper we pick up we see that the miners and operators are still hoping for peace. We hope that hope will warm a house next winter."

The cost of this summer of labor troubles to the workmen, to the railway and mine owners, and to business at large has mounted into hundreds of millions of dollars. So far as business and the household are concerned, the prospective loss in the coming fall and winter will continue indirectly even if the strikes are now settled promptly. Probably one reason why the public have until recently been somewhat apathetic about the conditions is that they have not been directly injured seriously as much at this time of year as they would be in the full tide of railway business and when a supply of coal is absolutely necessary for business as well as for the home. Lately, however, the people and the Government have realized that action is needed, but are still debating as to what must be done. It is a good time to recall what Mr. Roosevelt said to the leaders of mine strikers and operators in 1902: "The evil possibilities are so far-reaching, so appalling, that it seems to me that you are not only justified in sinking, but required to sink for the time being, any tenacity as to your respective claims in the matter at issue between you. The situation imperatively requires that you meet upon the common plane of the necessities of the public."

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

The railway strike resulted from a decision of the United States Railroad Labor Board by which a wage reduction was ordered, while, on the other hand, the practice of sending repair and construction work into shops not owned by the railways was disapproved. It is odd, at this distance of time, to note how

completely these two issues have gone out of the discussion, which now turns almost solely on the question of seniority. The reason is that public and press were so strong in their declaration that the proper course of the railway men was not a strike but a request for a new hearing that the unions soon showed willingness to resubmit the question of wages to the Railroad Labor Board.

Their claim was that the wage cut was not fairly arranged; that the total reduction of wages (put at about \$110,000,000) was excessive in comparison with the cost of living, and that particularly the minimum wages for some classes of shop work and maintenance work were below the needs of American workmen—some of the maintenance-of-way men under the schedule arranged would receive less than twelve dollars for a normal week's wages. The labor members of the Railroad Labor Board declared that the majority report was made "with no consideration of human needs."

Whether the decision was fair or unfair, it was the outcome of the work of a Governmental board authorized to deal with the questions which had been submitted to it. The Railroad Labor Board, established under the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law of 1920, has nine members, three each representing the railways, the workers, and the public.

The recognition of the fact that the shopmen were on the wrong track in striking rather than attempting to reopen the case and the apparent probability that peace would be reached at an early date held the maintenance-of-way men from carrying out a strike which the vote of the local unions had authorized.

The fact that the strike affected only one large class of railway workers, the shopmen, has made the strike a peculiar one, in that the general service of the roads has continued. It has not been perfect by any means, but freight has been carried and passengers have been taken care of. This is one more reason why public exasperation has not led to an early settlement.

The claim that was made by some local railway unions, that their members were in danger because of bad equipment and that others were endangered by the presence of guards in the railway yards, has never been sustained. Its object was to force the great railway brotherhoods into the fight. There never has been evidence of any serious danger or annoyance to the union men from these sources.

One result of this agitation, however, aroused the country to indignation and denunciation. President Harding, in referring in his recent address before Congress on the labor question to this matter, declared that the desertions of transcontinental trains in the desert regions of the Southwest "have revealed the cruelty and contempt for law on the part of some railway employees who have conspired to paralyze transportation."

The single proposal made by the President in his recommendation to Congress which applied to the railway situation was that of asking that Congress should give power to the Railroad Labor Board to enforce its decisions. In view of the power exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the recent decision of the Supreme Court which makes unions responsible for failure of their members to obey the law, it is hoped that relief from future railway disputes between the men and the executives may be found in such legislation.

For the last month the conflict in the railway strike has waged almost solely over the question of seniority. The decision of the Board did not touch upon this point. But the railways at once gave the strikers warning that they were in danger of losing their seniority privileges, and thereupon the unions refused to consider any settlement which did not secure to old workers those privileges. The pensions and retiring payments by the roads to old employees were not involved, with a few possible unimportant exceptions. The seniority rights relate to the men's relative standing in the distribution of desirable and profitable positions.

Logically, the railways are clearly right in holding that when the men deserted their work they were bound to take the consequences of their acts. The roads also clearly have a duty to those employees who have retained their positions during the strike and to those newcomers who have proved efficient and loyal.

President Harding at first tried to induce the railways to restore seniority rights unimpaired to returning strikers, but without success. He then withdrew that effort and urged both sides to submit the matter to the decision of the Railroad Labor Board. An interesting résumé of public and official opinion on this question of seniority will be found in the issue of *The Outlook* for August 16, in which, in reply to the request of *The Outlook* for an expression as to public sentiment, a number of Governors

of States and editors of influential journals in various centers discuss the points involved. The Outlook itself commented: "The strikers felt that the wrongs they were suffering were so great that the only remedy was war. When a man makes war, he must take the consequences of his act."

As the discussion continued, it became evident that the solution sought must be something which would take into account both the strong feeling of the strikers that their experience and skill should count in the grading of men for promotion and also the just feeling of the railways that the non-strikers and new men should be protected. It certainly does not seem beyond the power of common sense and tolerance to come to an agreement on this point.

But effort after effort has been made, and up to the time of this writing in vain. The leaders of the brotherhoods took a hand in this effort to reach a compromise settlement, but on August 24 the proposal made by them was rejected almost unanimously by a conference of railway executives. The brotherhoods peace plan would allow the Railroad Labor Board to adjust the relative standing of employees when a dispute arises and to provide that all strikers should be "reinstated in the position of the class they originally held," except those guilty of violence. The executives point out that the phrase just quoted, in their opinion, would imply acknowledgment by the railways that the men returning to work should be senior to those who remained and to the new employees, and that the Labor Board would be bound by the meaning of the quoted phrase. The result was that the railway executives unanimously rejected the proposals of the brotherhoods, and the dispute near the end of August is to all appearances no nearer settlement than before.

THE DUAL COAL STRIKE

As with the railway strike, so with the dual strike of the United Mine Workers in both bituminous and anthracite fields—the difficulty in reaching a settlement seems more and more not to be so much on the question of wages, the nominal cause, as in fixing the method of deciding that and other questions now and in the future. It is because the disputants in the soft-coal field have partly yielded on the latter point that district or local agreements have been signed and that soft coal is being mined in increasing quantities.

In brief, the miners want National agreements, the operators district agreements; the miners want contracts renewed from time to time after bargaining between unions and operators; the operators want to provide a method of arbitration in which outsiders should take part.

When the unions struck five months ago (technically speaking, the anthracite men did not strike, but stopped work during conferences), the issue was

whether wages should be cut, kept as they were, or raised. The demand for a raise was preposterous; the men didn't expect to get it. The argument for reducing was that coal industries must take their share in the general deflation needed to put business on a sound basis. The public generally accepted this belief; the men insisted that present wages were not beyond a fair living wage. The soft-coal men laid weight on the un-

Marcus in Forbes Magazine



"PUTTING OUT" THE FIRE

From Joseph B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

steady conditions of work. To many miners 150 days was a year's work. The public agrees that over-production and over-manning has produced a bad industrial state in the soft-coal field.

Conferences, suggestions, pleas from the President, have not yet brought settlement into view in the anthracite field. Meanwhile anthracite is not being mined, cold weather is near; the condition of things is alarming.

The Cleveland agreement, which has helped the bituminous situation, allowed operators to open their mines on the wage scale of April 1 and to make contracts up to next April 1. The United Mine Workers in this field abandoned their contention for National collective bargaining. Only 60,000,000 out of 400,000,000 tonnage was actually covered by the agreement, but the movement has spread. It provides for resumption of work at the old wage scale of March 31 last, with the check-off of union dues and the appointment of an advisory fact-finding commission at a joint conference in October to report on a new contract to another joint conference in January, 1923, which will endeavor to settle finally the basis for agreement for April 1, 1923.

Well-informed judges of coal conditions believe that the soft-coal dispute has been broken. They attribute the spread of the Cleveland agreement idea

to the eagerness of operators to sell coal at high prices instead of letting the non-union coal producers get the top of the market. They believe that the mine workers were influenced in this settlement by the hope that it would lead to unionizing coal districts now non-union.

The worst feature in the history of the strike in the soft-coal district has been the planned and cold-blooded slaughter of strike breakers at the mines in Herrin, Illinois, regarded callously by the people of the place, and as yet unpunished. President Harding, in his address before Congress, spoke of this as "a butchery of human beings wrought in madness."

The anthracite situation has baffled all attempts of settlement up to near the end of August. Both sides seem indifferent to the issue of humanity. One caustic critic avers that the men are interested in high wages, the operators in high prices, that both will probably get what they want and "Mr. Peter Public will pay."

The latest failure to agree was the breaking off of a conference between miners and operators at Philadelphia on August 23. The operators proposed to use the present Anthracite Conciliation Commission as a body with arbitrary powers to determine the wage scale, with provision for three outside umpires to decide in the event of deadlock. This was rejected by the miners in pursuance of their fixed policy of rejecting any outsiders as arbitrators, as that would commit them against the ultimate use of the strike as an economic weapon. Even "recommendatory arbitration" was refused flatly.

The settlement in the bituminous field was helped by the fact that the non-union bituminous coal mines were in operation and the owners and miners were profiting by the high prices due to the strike in the unionized mines. The continuance of the strike in the anthracite field, on the other hand, is made possible by the fact that the whole anthracite field is organized, and that practically all men whom the law allows to mine the coal are members of the union, so that there are no men who can legally take the strikers' places.

Congress is moving quickly on some at least of President Harding's coal measures. The House on August 23 passed a "fact-finding bill" in accordance with the President's wishes, including the exclusion of miners or operators from the proposed commission, all of whose members should stand for the general public interest. It then took up a bill that, if passed, will give the Government power to buy, sell, and regulate the sale and distribution of coal. Already Secretary Hoover, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the Government authorities generally, have taken measures to control (so far as the laws allow) the priority of coal shipments and its fair distribution, and to prevent profiteering in the desperate emergency that will be on us in a few weeks. Home-

owners have been advised to arrange to use bituminous coal for fuel when possible. A Federal Distributer, Mr. H. B. Spencer, has been appointed.

There has been a growing and now urgent call from the public for the establishment of a permanent National Coal Commission to take up the work of any "fact-finding" commission and to provide such regulation of the industry as will prevent such strikes and disputes as those still going on. The Outlook has long advocated such a step. Bills by such men as Senators Calder, Frelinghuysen, and Borah and ex-Senator Kenyon have been introduced and "shelved."

The coal business is the people's business. The joint telegram from five State Governors to the President suggesting that the Government might find it necessary to seize and operate both mines and railways is a sign of the times. Twenty years ago President Roosevelt planned, but did not threaten, to do that very thing if the coal quarrelers did not listen to reason; he had a general selected to command the troops and to operate the mines like a receiver in bankrupt proceedings.

If we are to have normal economic conditions, there must be recognition of the fact that the people's interest in fuel

is basic and must not be ignored. Two months ago President Harding summoned fifty operators and miners to the White House. He said to them: "You should settle this matter in frank recognition of the mutuality of your interests. If you cannot do that, then the larger public interest must be asserted in the name of the people, *for the common good is the first and highest concern.*" We italicize the last clause and commend it to the earnest attention of all disputants and wranglers. We repeat what we said a month ago. "Supreme over every other interest is the interest of all the people."

II—STRIKES AND THE NATION

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

THE OUTLOOK asks: "Is the settlement of the coal strike merely a temporary armistice, and will the battle break out again? If so, when? Have the unions in the coal and railway industries strengthened themselves or weakened themselves? Is the public more sympathetic now or less sympathetic than it was before the strikes with the trade-union idea in all industries? Are the trade unions as a body, as William Allen White says, a parcel of fools in this contest? Have the coal operators and railway managers shown a disposition to deal fairly with leaders and to compromise on reasonable terms? Has private ownership of great public utilities been strengthened or weakened by the contest? Has this contest tended toward or away from Government ownership and operation of public utilities? Has the policy of the Government under this Administration shown weakness or strength in our Governmental structure? What legislation, if any, does this situation call for from Congress and the States?"

In order to answer these questions, it has been necessary to interview the American people—a thing less difficult than might appear.

They speak through their 2,500 newspapers. All those papers come regularly to the editorial rooms of the "Literary Digest." There all reports and editorials bearing on the labor problem are brought to one desk. For a dozen years and more they have been examined by one man, Mr. William Carman Roberts—a brother, by the way, of Charles G. D. Roberts and a cousin of Bliss Carman. During the absence in Europe of Mr. W. S. Woods, Mr. Roberts is serving as editor-in-chief, though added responsibilities have not prevented him from continuing his patient, thorough, and wholly unprejudiced study of public opinion regarding the strikes. I have interviewed Roberts and, through Roberts, the 2,500 newspapers which—am I not right?—speak for the American people.

WHAT do these strikes mean? Are they warnings of new dangers? Have they the sympathy of the people? Do they constitute oppression through a new form of monopoly? The Outlook, believing that these questions are of vital interest, formulated them in more detail and asked Rollin Lynde Hartt to seek in the organs of public opinion answers to them.

IS IT AN ARMISTICE?

Is the coal-strike settlement merely a temporary armistice? "The best informed observers," says Mr. Roberts, "expect the battle to break out again. At no distant date, either. Run your eye over this clipping from a trade paper, the 'Black Diamond.' Although that paper seemed to welcome the strike, as it 'was going to bring many miners to their senses,' we now read, 'The public can look for a repetition of the struggle next year. A temporary surrender to the miners' union was thought best to prevent our population from freezing next winter and to avoid industrial paralysis that was slowly but surely being felt in all parts of the country. He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.'"

THE STRENGTH OF THE UNIONS

Have the unions gained or lost strength? "It is too early to judge of the effect on the railway unions," says Mr. Roberts, "but—in point of morale, at least—the coal miners appear to have gained. Let me quote you a sen-

tence or two from a labor journal published in Minneapolis: 'The union has won one of the most notable labor triumphs of the United States. In view of the previous power, pride, and arrogance of the employers, this result is remarkable. Nothing has happened in a generation so calculated to inspire and strengthen organized labor.'"

THE VOICE OF THE PUBLIC

But what, meanwhile, of the sympathies of the public? Mr. Roberts answers: "Never in my whole experience have I known strikes to be so generally condemned. As a rule newspapers are inclined to side with the 'under dog.' This time, with the exception of the labor press, they have been almost unanimous in denouncing the strikers, as the strikes appeared selfishly inopportune, coming just when a return of prosperity was in sight. The railway strike especially invited censure. The railway unions, so the papers have been declaring, assumed that 'the sacred right to strike' was greater than 'the sacred right of the Government to act for the greatest good of all the people.' For instance, here is the Washington 'Post' telling us that 'in flouting the efforts of the Labor Board to avoid a strike the shopmen have flouted the Government of the United States for whom it speaks and the American people whom, as an agency of the Federal Government, it represents.' And here is the Philadelphia 'North American' declaring: 'A circumstance that has had a powerful influence in turning sentiment against the unions is that they fully recognized the jurisdiction of the Labor Board when it increased the railroads' pay-rolls to the extent of \$600,000,000 a year, and repudiate its authority only when it reduces wages on the same principle on which it raised them.' The public still believes in unionism, still thinks trade unions necessary to keep the balance. Moreover, the public recognizes that in the recent struggle they have shown re-

markable restraint. The Herrin affair was an exception, of which the unions bitterly repent. The 'United Mine Workers' Journal' said at the time, 'God knows the miners' union would not have had this thing happen for a million worlds.' And yet it is clear that, however steadfast the public's belief in trade-unionism on general principles, both the miners' and the railway unions have lost ground."

ARE THE UNIONS FOOLISH?

As to William Allen White's assertion that the trade unions were a parcel of fools in this contest, Mr. Roberts resists a natural temptation to recall that Mr. White recently inaugurated a new series of the "Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" by posting placards announcing his daily percentage of sympathy with the strikers and forcing "Henry" (Governor Allen, of Kansas) to order his arrest for so doing. Disregarding all that, Mr. Roberts says: "On the whole, the press has been too busy reckoning with the seriousness of the strikes to consider their folly. Mr. White's remark was called forth by the 'cruelty and cowardice' with which trainmen 'left helpless people at Needles and Seligman on the desert in midsummer without food or shelter save the little mite the wayside towns provided.' Like the Herrin affair, this was an exceptional case. Like the Herrin affair, though in a lesser degree, it invited condemnation and received it."

THE STAND OF THE MANAGERS

Have the coal operators and the railway managers been fair? Have they shown a readiness to compromise on reasonable terms? Not all of them, apparently. "Certain papers have thought they were a little too conscious that the strikers lacked the support of public opinion, a little too anxious to 'smash' unionism, and, in certain instances, too outspoken in their refusal to yield ground. Here is a clipping about President Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson, who said the other day: 'Reports that peace is coming in the railroad strike are all bunk. You can quote me as saying I stand where I have stood from the start, solidly against any surrender, and it would be a surrender on the part of the roads to give back to the strikers their seniority.' This same cutting tells us that 'W. W. Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania, said Mr. Loree expressed the views of all the Eastern roads. "He speaks for the bunch," were General Atterbury's words.' Moreover, Mr. Loree is said to have said, 'Peace talk has done the roads more harm than good.'"

HAS PRIVATE OWNERSHIP LOST GROUND?

Has private ownership of great public utilities been strengthened or weakened by the contest? "As concerns the coal industry," says Mr. Roberts, "a considerable proportion of the correspondents and editorial writers incline to favor

something like Nationalization, perhaps temporary, perhaps partial, though recognizing that when coal mining has once become the Nation's business it may stay so. One editorial writer remarks that 'as an independent, self-regulated industry, old King Coal is having his last chance.' However, I detect little, if any, enthusiasm in the effort to find a substitute for private ownership. The effort appears to spring from what might be called emergency opinion. Then, too, it is offset by an effort to keep us from 'seizing things.' How should we manage them after they were seized? You notice that the Grand Rapids 'News' remarks: 'The Government represents all the people. If it takes control of the coal mines, it will not pay without question the wages the miners demand. The Government would be concerned first of all in securing a steady supply of fuel for everybody. There would be no right to strike against wages or conditions then. Strikes would be little short of rebellion.' On those terms, where should we obtain miners? That difficulty is not overlooked by the press. In the case of the railways, you remember that the New York 'Times' said lately that, 'even if Congress should authorize the President to commandeer the roads, it could not give him power to compel men to work on them if they were unwilling to do so.'"

HAS NATIONALIZATION GAINED?

The Outlook asks if the contest in the coal and railway industries has tended toward or away from Government ownership of public utilities. "Among the railway employees," says Mr. Roberts, "there is a pronounced leaning in that direction. See how the New York 'Times' puts it: 'Their view is that Government operation of the railroads would permanently erect the unions into a privileged class, receiving higher wages than their fellows and given a political power which could be used to terrorize Congress and intimidate the Administration.' But popular opinion, as reflected by the press, is radically opposed to such a measure. People have not forgotten our war-time experience with Federal control, and, for that reason partly, they oppose Government ownership of the coal mines. However, one recognizes a general demand, summed up in the sentence I have marked in this cutting from the New York 'Herald,' that the coal industry 'be put on a sound economic and solid business basis, under private ownership and management but at the same time under Government sanction and regulation.' That nothing short of thorough reorganization can prevent trouble is fully appreciated. See what the 'Survey' has shown in an article signed by two Government geologists. That during the last thirty years the bituminous mines have lost three working days out of ten. That, although 'the most that has ever been burned or exported in a year is 550,000,000 tons,' our mines 'are

developed to an annual capacity of 750,000,000 tons—the 'chief cause of intermittency.' As Messrs. Tryon and McKinney, the geologists I have quoted, tell us, 'the over-development is the result of free competition playing on a resource so widely distributed as to be almost a free gift of nature.' So it is not the managers' fault. 'Without concerted action of the kind forbidden by the anti-trust laws, they cannot control the economic forces that surround them.' And now let me read you a few paragraphs from an editorial in the New York 'World':

"Bituminous mining in the United States hardly deserves the name of a business. It is a chaos, and a bloody one. Because of seasonal production and uneven demand, there are nearly twice as many men in mining villages as are needed. Because there are too many for the jobs on hand and because they are isolated from communities that might furnish other employment, the miners can't enforce their demands under normal conditions. With surplus labor keeping wages low, the pits will show a profit in a good year even when run without modern machinery.

"They are so run, and according to the Federal Trade Commission, they do show a fair profit. At the same time a majority of the men are poorly paid upon an annual income basis and often desperate. When they strike, they are met by the solid facts that there is not enough money for higher wages and that there are not enough orders to run more than sixty per cent of the mines. They are met also by the autocracy of the mine-guard system, established to handle desperate employees.

"There is no final solution except a complete reorganization of bituminous production. Until that is done it will be necessary to restrain both sides from violence in a dreary series of conflicts ever menacing civil warfare. One after another, strikes will recur, bringing violence with them if continued, so long as coal is mined in this country as it is mined now."

"Have I made my point clear? What the people want is not Government ownership, either of railways or of coal mines, but successful, because scientific, Government regulation. They approve when such a paper as the San Antonio 'Express' declares that, coal being 'just as essential to National life as the transportation system, further Federal regulation is inevitable.'"

MONOPOLIES OF MONEY AND MEN

The Outlook's question, "Has this contest tended toward or away from monopoly?" seems to Mr. Roberts somewhat vaguely worded. "You mean the One Big Union?" he asks. "And a corresponding unionization of capital? Then a fight between the two, with no mercy on the consumer? In that case, I may say that it is a question not at all widely discussed in the press. However, on the labor side, there are labor journals."

deal with it more frankly than is usual, and they have been led to do so during the strikes, though not wholly because of them. Over the announcement of the Supreme Court's decision making labor unions suable there was deep resentment. The New York 'Call,' a Socialist paper, termed this 'the most staggering blow ever aimed at the organized working class.' Though declaring it would be 'as futile as was the crucifixion of Christ,' the Minneapolis 'Labor Review' saw in it an 'attempt to abolish the unions.' The Seattle 'Union Record' said, 'It is pie for the direct actionist who preaches that Government is designed solely for the purpose of keeping the working class in a state of subjection to employers.' It was then that the Indianapolis 'Union' asserted: 'The Reds and Bolsheviks will thrive on such decisions. They say triumphantly, "Didn't we tell you the courts were against the worker? Join the One Big Union and kick the bucket over. Seize everything." But observe. Even here the point is made indirectly. There is nothing like 'Who says so? We do!'"

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE

Has the policy of the Government under this Administration shown weakness or strength in our Governmental structure? "There has been criticism of the President," says Mr. Roberts, "but not of our Governmental structure except by Socialists and Radicals. And when critics of the Administration assail Mr. Harding the Democratic New York 'Times'—I had the cutting in my hand a moment ago, let me take it up again—as I was saying, the New York 'Times' remarks: 'Those who accuse him of hesitancy and weakness should in fairness point out what warrant of law he has for doing otherwise than he has done. The fault lies, not in him, but in the happy-go-lucky spirit in which Congress has permitted the country to drift into seeming helplessness in the pres-

ence of a Nation-wide strike. There ought to be remedial and safeguarding legislation. But it is foolish in the extreme to fancy that this can be framed overnight or put into effect in a panicky state of mind.'"

THE CURE

This brings us squarely in front of The Outlook's concluding question: What legislation, if any, does the situation call for from Congress and the States? In reply, Mr. Roberts quotes the very general assertion that we must provide the Labor Board with "teeth." It has none whatever at present. The "New Republic," he reminds us, has been saying: "The law grants the Board no power to enforce its decrees. Public opinion is its only police, and publicity its only weapon of punishment." Also, he reads aloud from an editorial in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger," which declares: "The Transportation Act is working badly, and in its labor provisions it is working very badly. The Labor Board which it created is based on the mistaken principle that the wages problem can be artificially segregated from the general financial problem. Experience has now confirmed what was freely predicted in 1920, that since wages are so large a part of costs, wage policies must be regulated by the authorities that regulate the other aspects of railway finance. The immediate trouble has arisen through failure to recognize this fact." When discussing the President's demand for legislation to make the Labor Board's decisions binding, Mr. Roberts takes up a clipping from the Philadelphia "Bulletin," which contends that what the Board should have, in order to prevent strikes, is "the power to compel arbitration of railroad labor disputes"—a concrete suggestion, but offset by the Norfolk "Ledger-Dispatch's" remark that "no decision of the Labor Board could compel a man to work."

The President demands "a National investigation of the coal industry, so as to provide constructive recommendations

for legislation to govern its conduct," and Mr. Roberts tells us that, while the Brooklyn "Eagle" predicts that "the fact-finding commission will amount to nothing," a number of influential papers warmly approve. Among them is the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," which, so Mr. Roberts points out, believes that "the proper sort of commission would in the end do more than prevent labor troubles at the mines; it would put coal mining and distribution upon a scientific basis, and at the same time bring down the price of bituminous and anthracite coal."

But perhaps the most important step toward the prevention of strikes in both the coal and the railway industry has already been taken. Recalling once more that the Supreme Court's decision in the famous Coronado coal-strike case pronounced "such organizations suable in the Federal Courts for their acts" and declared that "funds accumulated to be expended in conducting strikes are subject to execution in suits for torts committed by such unions in strikes," Mr. Roberts quotes an attorney for the American Federation of Labor as admitting that, accordingly, if the railway unions strike, they will be liable under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act for conspiracy in restraint of trade.

It is not surprising to find that Mr. Morris Hillquit calls the decision "a serious blow to organized labor," or that Senator La Follette complains, "It is most ominous in what it foreshadows." From their point of view, both gentlemen are right. Labor has enjoyed special privileges hitherto. Under the Clayton Act it has been free to conspire in restraint of trade, whereas capital could not. At last we have arrived at something "ominous"—namely, one law for all. From a file of clippings Mr. Roberts selects an editorial that recently appeared in the Ohio "State Journal" and concludes with this brief but significant sentence: "If Government has the right to exercise control over organizations of capital, so has it over those of labor."

THE REVISION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY THE REV. E. CLOWES CHORLEY, D.D.

HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

FOR some time past the various parts of the Anglican Church have been engaged on a revision of the Book of Common Prayer. The work has been completed in the Canadian Church and is approaching completion in England and Scotland. The last revision of the Prayer-Book in the American Church was begun in 1880 and completed fifteen years later. In response to a widespread demand, the General Convention of 1913

appointed a commission of liturgical experts, including laymen, "to consider and report such revision and enrichment of the Prayer-Book as will adapt it to present conditions." The Commission has already made two reports, resulting in the addition of new prayers for Courts of Justice, for the Army and Navy, for Memorial Days, and for Religious Education. The third report will be presented at the General Convention which

opens on September 6 at Portland, Oregon.

The Book of Common Prayer has long since ceased to be the exclusive possession of the Episcopal Church. It is the common heritage of all English-speaking peoples and the basic source of the liturgies of all Protestant churches. Any changes, therefore, are of more than passing interest. There is, moreover, a natural hesitancy about revising a book

so interwoven with devotional life and worship. It would be fatally easy to mar its unexampled beauty of phrase and spirit. At the same time, it must be remembered that it does stand in need of adaptation to present conditions. The thirty years since the last revision have witnessed radical changes in theological ideas. The old order of religious thought has changed and yielded place to a new and larger vision. Christian conceptions have been liberalized, and sooner or later the new thought must find adequate expression in our liturgies. In the main, this has been the purpose of this revision.

It must be recognized that the Prayer-Book, as it now stands, is more or less saturated with distinctively Hebrew and mediæval phrases and outworn theological ideas which not only mean nothing in these modern days, but are also well-nigh repellent to enlightened people. The opening sentence of the Office of Baptism has long been a rock of offense to parents who bring innocent little children to be baptized and also to the officiating ministers. To have to read, "Forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin," echoes a discarded dogma and is an insult to the sanctity of marriage—so much so that many of the clergy have long refused to read it. The revision omits the phrase entirely. For the old and now meaningless prayer:

O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this child may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him,

this substitute is offered:

O merciful God, grant that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so this child may walk in newness of life.

In the same service such sentences as "being delivered from thy wrath and eternal death," and "may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin" are omitted, and omitted not merely because the phraseology is antiquated, but also because the doctrine therein has been discarded.

The same thing is equally true of the exaggerated expressions of penitence which, especially in the Litany and Penitential Office, were put into the mouths of worshippers. The recurring refrain, "miserable sinners," in the opening sentences of the Litany is omitted, as is also the phrase in the Penitential Office, "who are vile earth and miserable sinners." In the Collect for Good Friday the prayer, "Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics," which very properly has been deeply resented by the Jewish people, is happily changed to read, "Have mercy upon all who know Thee not as Thou art revealed in the Gospel of thy Son."

The suggested changes in the Marriage Service have been widely heralded in the daily press, especially the recommendation to omit the word "obey" now required from women. The purpose is

to make the marriage vow identical for both the husband and the wife. Another change is the omission of the sentence "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," and in the final prayer Isaac and Rebecca are no longer to be held up as shining examples of fidelity in the married state.

As befits its hallowed associations, the report handles the Burial Office with commendable reserve and makes as few changes as possible, but it does succeed in imparting a more hopeful tone to the whole service. In the opening sentences the comforting and beautiful words of our Lord, "Let not your heart be troubled," are added. In the familiar passage from the Book of Job the very doubtful words, "and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," are omitted so that the whole passage will read, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger." One can only regret that the word "vindicator" was not substituted for "redeemer." In the committal of the body to the grave the words, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother," are eliminated and the sentence will now read, "Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the ground."

Two important changes are recommended in the service of Holy Communion. One concerns the title which now reads, "The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion." The new suggested title reads,

THE DIVINE LITURGY,

being

The Order For

The Lord's Supper, or Holy Eucharist,

commonly called

THE HOLY COMMUNION

Opposition to this change has developed so strongly that it is not likely to be adopted. The other change is the proposed permission to omit the stated reasons for the observance of the Ten Commandments when they are read at Holy Communion. It is proposed to print them in this fashion: First the commandment itself; then, in an inset, the reason for observance. For example:

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE
NAME OF THE LORD THY GOD IN
VAIN for the Lord will not hold him
guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

The officiating minister may read the whole as of yore, or he may omit the inset. However forceful the reasons for obedience here set forth may have been in the Mosaic dispensation, they carry no appeal to the thoughtful modern mind, and the Commandments gain in strength and dignity by their omission.

The report abounds with admirable suggestions for the enrichment of the

Prayer-Book. One such is the provision of a simple but beautiful Office for the Burial of a Child. It has already been widely used and is universally approved. Its keynote is, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." The Commission has also taken a bold, but not overbold, step in providing prayers for the departed. Protestants revolted from such prayers at the Reformation, because they had grown so material and so many abuses followed in their train. But during the Great War, with its attendant losses of fine young lives, such prayers were largely used by the clergy and bereaved parents to their great comfort. They were not found in the Prayer-Book, and recourse was had to other books of devotion. Two of three such prayers are now proposed for insertion in the Burial Office. One may be quoted:

Remember thy servant, O Lord, according to the favor which thou bearest unto thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowledge of thee, he may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

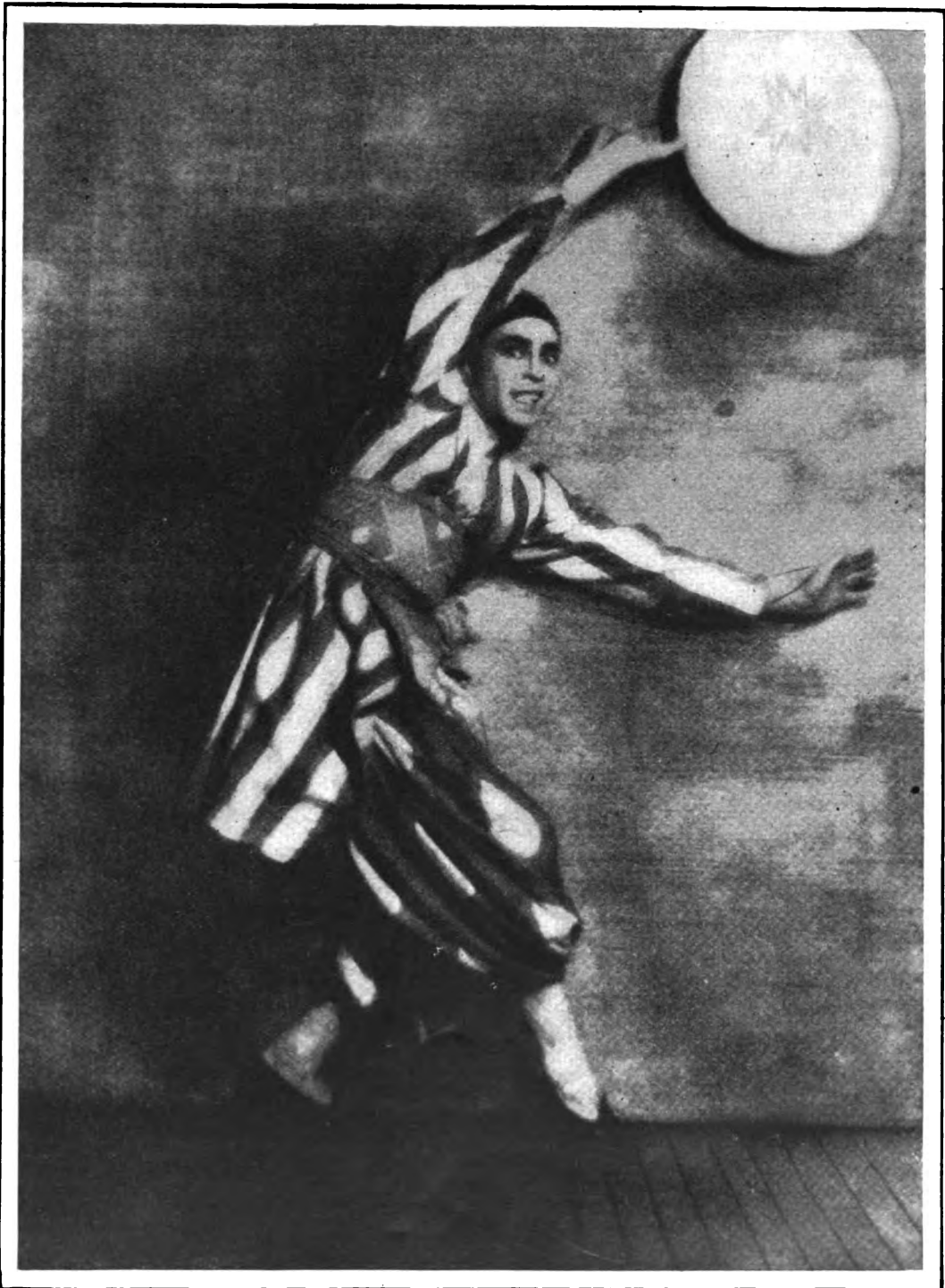
Other suggested new prayers are for A State Legislature; for The Increase of the Ministry; The Church; Schools and Colleges; Social Justice and for Every Man in His Work. To the Family Prayers Newman's "Support us, O Lord, all the day long of this troublous life" is added as well as a tender prayer for the absent members of the household. How admirably these prayers have been chosen and how applicable they are to our modern social and National life may be judged by this prayer For Our Country:

Almighty God, who hast given us this good land for our heritage; We humbly beseech thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of thy favor and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in thy Name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that through obedience to thy law we may show forth thy praise among the nations of the earth. In times of prosperity fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble suffer not our trust in thee to fall; all which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

As befits so important a task, the revision is proceeding very slowly. Nine years have been already given to it, and, at the earliest, it cannot be completed until 1928, though some portions will be available at the close of this Convention. But, when finally complete, the new Prayer-Book will be in the best sense a treasury of devotion.

SLAVIC STRENGTH

PHOTOGRAPHS



M. KOTCHETOVSKY, OF THE "CHAUVE-SOURIS," IN A TARTAR DANCE

Rabnovitch, who does not trouble us with the difficulty of pronouncing anything except his surname, was born in Russia, but came to the United States at the age of three, and is an American citizen. Beginning life as an accountant, he became interested in amateur photography and after returning

CASTILIAN CHARM

BY RABINOVITCH



MARY PALAY, SPANISH DANCER

from the World War, in which he served in an American regiment, opened a studio in New York City as a professional photographer. The pictures shown herewith are chosen from nearly a hundred characteristic examples that are to be found in a current exhibition of his work

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER I—EARLY YEARS

THE Outlook considers itself fortunate in being able to present to its readers the reminiscences of Oscar Straus, which begin in this issue. It congratulates itself, not because Mr. Straus is distinguished as a statesman and Government official, although he has this distinction; not because the autobiography is full of entertaining anecdotes of Presidents with whom Mr. Straus has been intimately associated, although the autobiography has this delightful quality; not because Mr. Straus's story of his life throws some light on solutions of perplexing political and social questions confronting the country, although the autobiography is very illuminating in this respect; but because this Jewish Ambassador from a Christian Democracy to a Mohammedan Absolutism is an outstanding manifestation that the great human process going on in this continental Republic of ours is the formation, not only of a new kind of national life, but of a new kind of racial life.

Mr. Straus was born in Germany, and came to this country when he was about four years old. But he is as completely an American in culture, in temperament, and in point of view as if his ancestors were Puritans

who came over in the Mayflower to Massachusetts, or followers of King Charles who came over to Virginia to escape the consequences of that misguided monarch's folly.

As the title of his narrative indicates, he has been a Government officer under four Presidents. As a lawyer he is a recognized expert in international relations. Although he is proud of being a Jew, he is a champion of religious liberty, and it is significant that one of his first books was a life of Roger Williams, a Baptist and a pioneer of religious liberty in colonial times.

What is going to become of this great melting-pot that we call the United States of America is perplexing to contemplate in the present industrial crisis, with the contents of the pot boiling like a maelstrom at white heat. It sometimes seems as if the only result could be a cracking of the pot and the tumbling out of all its contents to destruction. If this catastrophe is to be avoided, and if the mess is to be cooked into a homogeneous and well-done product, it can only be by the kind of Americanization in politics, in religion, and in education for which Mr. Straus stands.—THE EDITORS.

IT has been permitted me to do useful work and to have interesting experiences. Happy opportunities have been afforded me for public service. Of these I write.

Perhaps in chronicling the experiences of a life which at many points touched vital affairs and the most interesting personalities I may be able to add something to the record of men, movements, and events during those decades still absorbing to us because they are so near.

The story is one of service at home and abroad, of personal relations with four American Presidents, with diplomats, labor leaders, foreign rulers, leaders of finance and industry, and some plain unticketed citizens who were the salt of the earth and certainly not the least of those whom it was a privilege and a pleasure to know.

In these reminiscences few things will afford me greater pleasure than the references to my family—to my father Lazarus, my mother Sarah, my brothers Nathan and Isidor, the last my late lamented guide, philosopher, and friend, who was lost with his wife on the ill-fated Titanic. They were noble in death as in life.

The greatest pleasures first, then—my family.

The Palatinate of Bavaria was the home of many generations of my maternal and paternal ancestors. By industry and thrift they had become landowners and dealers in grain. Commerce was their livelihood, but learning and culture their life. Though none of them had attended universities, they were all only and widely informed in Hebrew and German literature.

In the little town of Otterberg,

my father was born in 1809. It was two years after the Great Sanhedrin in Paris, in which his grandfather had played a prominent part. His grandfather was Jacob Ben Lazarus—Jacob, the son of Lazarus. (Until 1808, when the Palatinate under Napoleon became the French Department of Mont Ténérre, Jews in that section had not used family names.)

The Great Sanhedrin, a convocation famous in modern Jewish annals and in French history, was created by Napoleon's decree of May 30, 1806. From the Department of Mont Ténérre my great-grandfather went as a deputy to this parliamentary assembly which was to justify Judaism and Jewry to a world and a France which oppressed and restricted them. The reactionaries had been making the Jews the scapegoats in their campaign against the advancing spirit of liberalism. Thus the cause of the Jews was linked with the cause of liberty itself.

Napoleon himself was at first prejudiced against the Jews, regarding them as usurers and extortioners. He soon realized, however, that the characteristics which affronted him could not be imputed to Judaism, but were due rather to the Jews' restricted rights, civil and industrial, and to their general unhappy condition. It was made manifest to him that in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and in the Italian cities of France, as well as in Holland, some of the most useful and patriotic citizens were Jews.

A FOREFATHER IN DIPLOMATIC RÔLE IN NAPOLEON'S COUNCILS

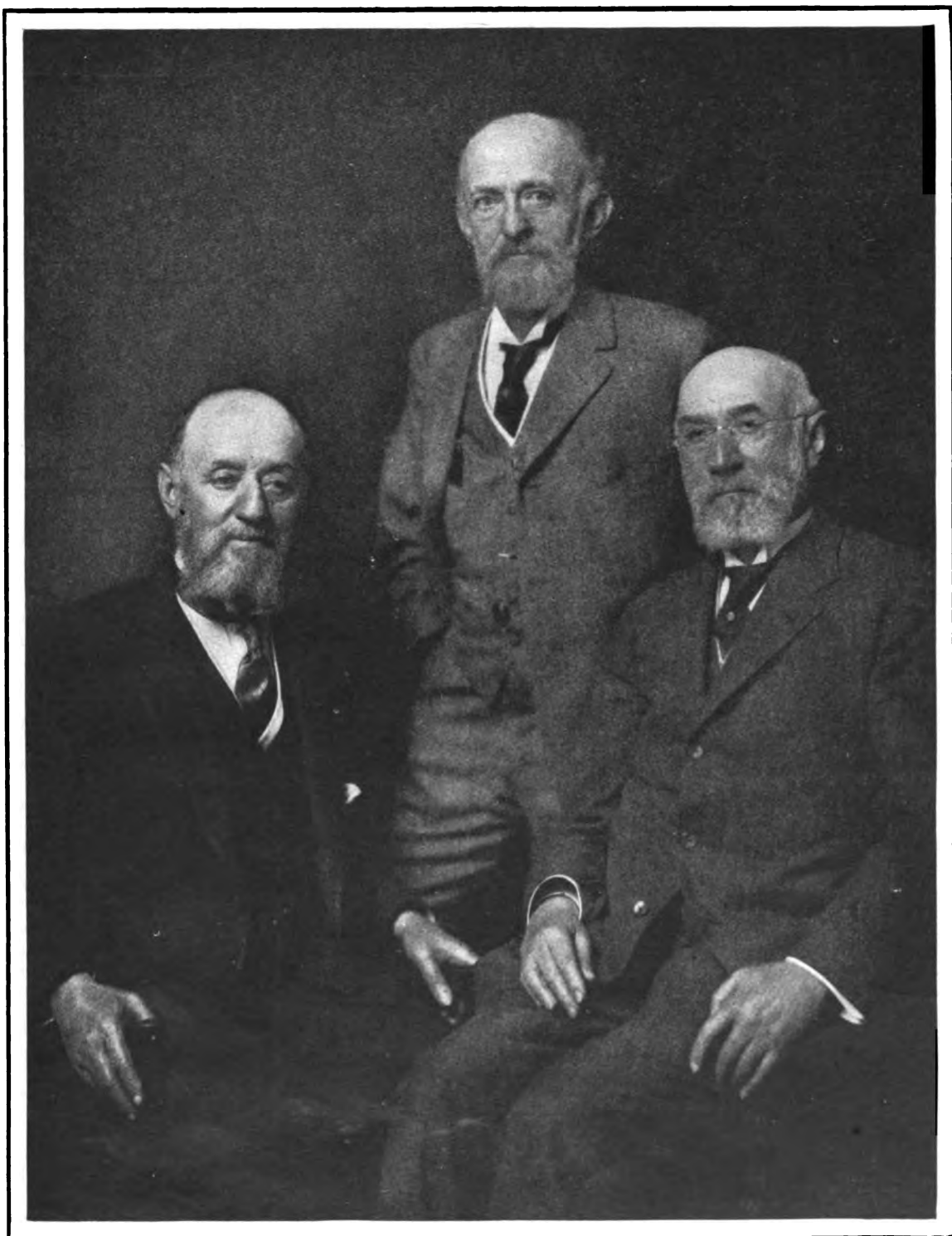
With his genius for capturing the imagination, with his unflinching sense for the historical attitude, Napoleon issued

his famous decree summoning the Assembly of Notables of the Jewish Nation to meet in Paris the following July to formulate their grievances and confer with Napoleon's commissioners relative to improving their status. It was called the Sanhedrin, after the famous parliamentary bodies of ancient Israel.

So one hundred and eleven delegates assembled from all parts of the great Napoleonic Empire, speaking French, German, and Italian, and formed the Sanhedrin. Among the deputies was Michael Berr, afterwards the first French Jew to practice at the bar; Abraham Furtado, son of Marrano or Crypto-Jewish parents from Portugal, a member of the family from which the wife of the first Benjamin d'Israeli was descended, and one of the ancestors of Sir John Simon; Avigdor of Nice, Israel Ottolenghi, an ancestor of the late War Minister of Italy; Saul Cremieux, Olry, Hayem Worms.

Many of the delegates were themselves well known; others achieved a posthumous glamour in the deeds of descendants who have since won distinction in French history and in the annals of Jewry. They assembled with a full consciousness of their responsibility. The purpose was to win for French Jews the removal of occupational restrictions and civic discrimination. It was a monumental task.

My great-grandfather evidently played an important part in the diplomacy which this unprecedented council involved, for he represented the Department of Mont Ténérre and was a member of the sub-committee of fifteen delegated to meet the commissioners appointed by Napoleon; he was a member of another committee to which the



The three Straus brothers came to America in 1854 with their mother and sister. Their father, who had preceded them, met them at the dock. In the above group the autobiographer is in the center, Nathan Straus on the left, and Isidor Straus on the right. Isidor Straus and his wife were lost in the Titanic disaster when that steamship on its maiden trip in 1912 struck an iceberg and foundered

Assembly intrusted the delicate task of preparing the groundwork of discussion with the commissioners; and subsequently he was appointed to the Committee of Nine which the following year presented to the Great Sanhedrin the conclusions which had been formulated and agreed upon by the Assembly and helped to secure their adoption.

The Sanhedrin and the first Napoleon had become a memory, and Europe was experiencing a new cycle of oppression and revolution, when my father reached maturity.

The Revolution of 1848 was a heroic effort of the liberal forces of Europe to achieve constitutional government. Its failure in Germany caused a general exodus of participants to other countries. A host came to the United States, including such men as Sigel, Schurz, Stahl, and many others who later gained eminence as Generals in the Civil War. Americans in spirit, having made their sacrifices basically for American principles, they constituted a valuable acquisition to American citizenship.

Those who remained, who were prevented by circumstances from emigrating, were subjected to all those petty annoyances and discriminations which a reactionary government never fails to lay upon people who have revolted and revolted in vain. My father was only locally prominent in the revolutionary movement, and, though not actively prosecuted, was made to feel that emigration was the only means of relief.

Paramount also were the economic circumstances in which he found himself after the Revolution. Before the event a landowner and grain dealer on a large scale, he was now reduced financially, even in debt. Assuredly, a place where

reactionary and triumphant officialdom delighted in annoying one was not the scene for a retrieval of fortune. He wanted a new field for his enterprise.

In 1852 he left for America.

GETTING A NEW START IN DIXIE

Like the prudent man he was, he went alone, to establish himself first, if only in a small way, rather than allow his family to exchange the comparative security of their familiar surroundings for the doubtful insecurity of an unknown land.

"Go South," was the recommendation of former acquaintances whom he met after landing in Philadelphia. Acting on this suggestion, he went on to Oglethorpe, Georgia, where he met some more acquaintances from the old country. Through them he made a connection with two brothers Kaufman, who plied the peddler's trade. They owned a peddler's wagon, with which they dispensed through the several counties of the State an assortment of dry-goods and what were known as Yankee notions.

For my father this was indeed a pioneer business in a pioneer country, yet it was not like the peddling of to-day. In the fifties the population of the whole State of Georgia was only about 900,000. Because of the existence of slavery there were on the large plantations often more colored people than there were whites living in the near-by villages. The itinerant merchant, therefore, filled a real want, and his vocation was looked upon as quite dignified. Indeed, he was treated by the owners of the plantations with a spirit of equality that it is hard to appreciate to-day. Then, too, the existence of slavery drew

a distinct line of demarcation between the white and black races. This gave to the white visitor a status of equality that probably otherwise he would not have enjoyed to such a degree.

Provided only, therefore, that the peddler proved himself an honorable, upright man who conscientiously treated his customers with fairness and made no misrepresentations regarding his wares, he was treated as an honored guest by the plantation owners—certainly a spirit of true democracy. The visits were made periodically and were quite looked forward to by the plantation owners. The peddler usually stayed one night at the house of his customer, and took his meals with the family.

Another ideally democratic feature about these sojourns was that spirit of Southern hospitality which, even in the relationship between the wealthiest and most aristocratic family and the humble peddler, permitted no pay for board and lodging, and only a small charge for food for the horses. The peddler, in turn, usually made a gift to either the lady or her daughter. Often he provided himself with articles for this purpose, but usually on one visit he would find out what might be welcome and on the next visit bring it. The bonds of friendship thus made are, I venture to say, hardly understandable in our day.

In the course of these wanderings my father came to Talbotton, a town of some eight or nine hundred inhabitants, the county seat of Talbot County, and about forty miles east of the Alabama boundary. Talbotton immediately impressed him so favorably that he selected it as the next home for his family. It had an air of refinement that pleased him; here were gardens with nicely cultivated flowers and shrubbery, and houses that were neat, well kept, and properly painted. Upon inquiry, he found further that there were splendid schools for both boys and girls.

There was another factor which doubtless caused father to be favorably impressed with Talbotton; it was court week when he arrived, at which time a town has a more or less festive appearance and is at its best so far as activity is concerned. Then there was a third factor that influenced him to settle there. Before doing business in any county peddlers were required to go to the county seat to buy a license. At Talbotton this license was very high, and my father doubted that his business in Talbot County would warrant the expense. The idea occurred to him to utilize the presence of the many strangers in town to test the possibilities of the place by unpacking and displaying his goods in a store. An interview with Captain Curley, the only tailor in the town, developed the fact that the store he occupied was too large for his needs and he would be willing to share it with my father. So this arrangement was promptly made, and at a cost less than the expense of the county license for itinerant merchandising.



house in Otterberg, Rhenish Bavaria, in which Oscar S. Straus was born, December 23, 1850

The experiment proved most satisfactory. In a few weeks the stock was so depleted that my father proposed to his partner that they rent a store and settle in Talbotton. This they did. My father then prepared to go to Philadelphia to get a stock of goods. His partner counseled against this. There was a merchant in Oglethorpe who up to this point had supplied them with all their merchandise; they would need to refer to him for credit, and they were still indebted to him for the stock in hand; also he would probably not approve of their settling down in a store instead of peddling. The new store offered large display space in comparison with the wagon, and the partner doubted my father's ability to get enough credit in Philadelphia to make a proper display. Still another obstacle: The line of merchandise that was to constitute most of their stock was what was then known as dry-goods and domestics. This business was entirely in the hands of the Yankees, and the most difficult one in which to gain a foothold, especially for a German immigrant without capital.

Having opened the store, my father toiled long hours to make it prosper. But it was two years before he could send for the family.

DEACONS DUELED WITH KNIVES

Three years previous to this my mother had suffered a paralytic stroke. The long, trying trip to America with four small children called for courage and resource to an unusual degree. The oldest child, Isidor, was nine years old, my sister Hermine seven and a half, Nathan six, and myself three and a half years.

We arrived at New York September 12, 1854. My father met us at the dock. Yellow fever was raging in Savannah, the port through which we had to pass to reach Talbotton, so we were compelled to wait in Philadelphia until it was considered safe to proceed.

Talbotton was on court days filled with visitors and wore a holiday air. Sometimes the liquor flowed a little too freely among the visitors, and knife and pistol fights followed. In one case two deacons of the same church alternated until one slashed the other to death with his knife.

After considerable delay the murderer was tried, but because of his high standing in the community he was acquitted, doubtless on the plea of self-defense, and he got off scot free.

This all left a deep impression on my young mind and made me a prohibitionist long before I knew the meaning of the word. In the North when boys got to fighting they used their fists; in the South they used, besides their fists, sticks and stones, and consequently it was a more serious and dangerous affair. If in the North one boy cursed another or called him a liar it would not necessarily lead to a fist fight; in fact, it usually stopped at recrimination. In the

South that kind of quarreling meant a serious fight.

I think because of these facts the Southern boys were much more guarded and polite to each other in speech than was customary among Northern boys. Perhaps much of the so-called Southern politeness had its roots in the use in boyhood of milder terms in case of disagreement.

CIRCUIT RIDERS CHARMED BY BIBLICAL ERUDITION

On the whole, though, the town itself was for those times an enlightened and moderately prosperous community. Our family was received with kindness. We quickly became accustomed to our new environment. My mother and father soon enjoyed local fame for different excellences—mother for the trimness and skillful cultivation of her flower and vegetable patch, father for his Biblical erudition. While housewives admired the horticultural skill of my mother, circuit-riding ministers went into long theological discussions with my father. Ours was a hospitable home, though modest, and never a circuit rider came to Talbotton but he had dinner at our

house, after which the discussions commenced in earnest. If a text was in question, my father always had his Hebrew copy of the Old Testament at hand and was ready to translate passages literally for their information.

I was thus fairly brought up on theological discussion. From my earliest days, it seems, I have been so situated as to be made aware of denominational controversy. At the table in my parents' home I saw and listened to representatives of every Christian creed. In college I figured, but as an olive-branched neutral, in the feud between "Evidences of Christianity" and the non-Episcopalians. And later years saw me in Turkey as the American diplomatic envoy, defending the representatives of Christian churches from the hostility of the Turk.

My brother Isidor and my sister were immediately sent to school, and my second brother and I were likewise sent as soon as we arrived at school age. We were the only Jewish family in the town. This aroused the curiosity of those who had never met persons of our race or religion before. I remember hearing a man express the doubt that we were



Oscar S. Straus, from a photograph taken in Talbotton, Georgia, when the future diplomat was six years of age

Jews: He stated with some assurance that all Jews had black hair and dark complexions, while my father was blond and blue-eyed.

My father sent Nathan and myself to a Sunday school at this time. Here we heard the Bible read and were taught principally from the Old Testament. Our teacher was a gunsmith who had more piety than knowledge. What he lacked in erudition he made up in good intentions. But long talks with my father formed the backbone of my religious instruction.

FIRST LESSONS IN ORATORY

In 1863 our family moved to Columbus, Georgia. A great, a tremendous city, I thought—blocks of brick houses, a broad Main Street, 12,000 inhabitants. The public school had not yet been established in Georgia. Off I was sent to schoolmaster Flynn's private institution of learning, where I was taught the three R's, Latin, and elocution—a great deal of the last. For, South and North, it was the great oratorical period. Like the rest, I practiced before the mirror and under the trees. Though my first piece before the school assembly was an avowal of undying courage, a recital of John Adams's "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Constitution," I could not resist stage fright. I sank and swam—lived and died—survived and perished—with shaky knees.

Flynn was no rod-sparer and child-spoiler, so I was not sorry, a year later, when his school was discontinued, to study under Dr. Dewey, who was less severe and had wider sympathy and culture. Under him I began Virgil and afterwards Horace.

There were no public libraries there, and few individuals excepting professional men had many books. The standard assortment consisted of the Bible, Josephus, Burns. A few had Shakespeare's works.

Aside from my school readings I was not bookish. Boys of my age led an outdoor life there. Barefoot nine months of the year, each of us the possessor of a shotgun, we hunted wild fowl and rabbits in season and out and indulged passionately in all the seasonable sports, top-spinning, marbles, ball-playing—the last not in the form seen to-day, but a game called town ball.

COFFEE MADE OF SWEET POTATOES

Our home was comfortable, wholesome, hospitable, and our wants so few and simple that I felt as happy and independent as any child of the richest. My mother was an excellent manager, and on very moderate resources the house shone with cheerfulness.

Life in the South, except among the owners of large plantations who entertained on a lavish scale, was simple. A simple life has its advantages in inducing self-help and in not making one unhappy because of the absence of those things which are regarded as luxuries.

I recall that in our part of the country coffee was unobtainable except when a few bags arrived on a ship that had run the blockade. Our mothers found a palatable substitute by cutting sweet potatoes in little cubes, drying them in the sun, then roasting and grinding them as one would the ordinary bean. This made a palatable drink colored like coffee and without the harmful stimulant of caffeine. When salt gave out and candles became scarce, ingenuity came into play. Every family had its smoke-house for curing meats, and the earth floors of the smoke-houses were found to be permeated considerably with salt from previous curings; so a method of extraction was devised. Candles—each family knew how to make them from a mixture of fat and beeswax melted and poured into tin molds. We children helped our mothers make those candles. They gave a soft light for our living-room and for our studies at night.

Children of my age lived largely upon corn-bread and molasses, which never ceased to be plentiful.

IMPRESSIONS OF SLAVERY

As a boy brought up in the South, I did not question the right or wrong of slavery. Its existence, like any other custom or institution, I regarded as a matter of course. The grown people of the South, whatever they thought about it, would not, except in rare instances, speak against it; and even then in the most private and guarded manner. To do otherwise would subject one to social ostracism.

We heard slavery defended in the pulpit and justified on Biblical grounds by leading ministers. With my father it was different. I frequently heard him

discuss the subject with the ministers who came to our house, and he would point out to them that the Bible must be read with discrimination and in relation to the period to which the chapters refer; and it must not be forgotten that it is the history of a people covering more than a thousand years; and that even then there had been no such thing as perpetual bondage, as all slaves were declared free in the year of jubilee.

Looking backward and making comparisons between my observations as a boy in the South and later in the North, I find there was much more freedom of expression in the North than in the South. Few people in the South would venture to express themselves against the current of dominant opinion upon matters of sectional importance. The institution of slavery with all that it implied seemed to have had the effect of enslaving, or, to use a milder term, checking, freedom of expression on the part of the master class only in lesser degree than among the slaves themselves.

In our town, as in all Southern communities, the better families were kind, especially to their household slaves, whom they regarded as members of the family requiring guardianship and protection, as if they were children. And the slaves addressed their masters by their first names and their mistresses as "Miss." My mother, for instance, was "Miss Sara." I recall one of our servants pleading with my mother:

"Miss Sara, won't you buy me? I want to stay here. I love you and the white folks here, and I am afraid my master will hire me out or sell me to some one else."

At that time we hired our servants from their masters, whom we paid an agreed price. But, as the result of such constant pleadings, my father purchased household slaves one by one from their masters, although neither he nor my mother believed in slavery. If we children spoke to the slaves harshly or disregarded their feelings, we were promptly checked and reprimanded by our parents. My father also saw to it that our two men-servants learned a trade; the one learned tailoring and the other how to make shoes, though it was regarded as disloyal—at any rate, looked upon with suspicion—if a master permitted a slave boy or girl to be taught even reading and writing. When later we came North, we took with us the two youngest servants, one a boy about my age, and the other a girl a little older. They were too young to look out for themselves, and, so far as they knew, they had no relatives. We kept them with us until they grew up and could look out for themselves.



Where the future ambassador went to school in Talbot County, Georgia

(NOTE.—The second chapter of Mr. Straus's autobiography will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook.)

FRIDAY NIGHTS

BY HAROLD VINAL

ON Friday nights there's wind in the chimney
And wild gulls flying overhead.
What's wind to me or the flying gulls,
Lying alone in a sheeted bed?

On Friday nights the sea is strong
And the sound of water under the piers.
What's the sea to me and the pounding water
Or the cry of birds in my ears?

Let the wild gulls go over, over,
Crying, crying, this autumn night,
Let the wind moan loud in the chimney—
I'll not look at the bleak moonlight.

Once you were here a-lying beside me,
Your smooth fingers on my brow.
But what's autumn and gulls crying
Or the sound of water to me now?

"OVER THE HILL TO THE RICH HOUSE"

BY CONRAD RICHTER.

IT seemed a trifle cocky and amusing for a flivver to turn into Millionaires' Row. The house in question, a club-like block of buff brick, with garage to match, stood cool and impressive behind a formal lawn.

As a matter of fact, the man in the flivver was neither cocky nor a millionaire, although the number of servants in his house proclaimed the latter. He was merely Martin, of Martin & Co., jobbers in paper and twine; a stocky, round-headed man who wore his hair clipped in summer and his overcoat in winter.

Every one at the office swore by him. There were few who at one time or another had not been given a lift home in his flivver sedan.

But he was in no such favor at the house he was now approaching. Peter, his wife's chauffeur, rolled the garage doors for him with a superior expression. The same indefinable something lurked in the bland face of the butler as he unchained the side door.

"The lady about, Oliver?" queried Martin, in his cheerful, business-bred democracy.

"Madame is not down as yet, I think, sir."

MARTIN nodded a chin chiseled by long arguments with competition, hung his inexpensive hat on the glittering newel lamp, and started vigorously up the wide padded stairs. Behind him with a shrug, Oliver lifted the hat gingerly to the antlered rack overhanging the massive hall table.

At the same moment in the upper hall the door to a bedroom opened and Mrs. Elisabeth Martin emerged, suited, hatted, and gloved. She stopped, a trifle surprised to see her husband home from the office before five-thirty. He met her glance of modulated doubt with hearty enthusiasm.

"Got some news, Bess. Came home a little early to celebrate. Saved around twelve thousand to-day on a rotten market! The way things are now, that's something to brag about."

His wife's face showed perfunctory appreciation.

"That is—something." She hesitated, her eyes revealing first the thought behind them. "I must confess I have felt like a beggar recently. The Steeses have bought the Temple antiques. They are going to store their own lovely furniture. Imagine that wonderful old home furnished with those priceless things!" Her voice became bitter. "And we do not even own a stamp collection."

Her husband glanced soberly past her into the bedroom beyond, from which the perfume of her bath came luxuriantly. Certain of the eagerness had left his eyes. His voice, however, remained strong.

"You've got to realize, Bess, that a jobber doesn't have margin enough to make a million. In fact, just now, with his warehouse full and the market going the wrong way, his margin is against him." His eyes forcibly regained their buoyancy. "But nobody can say it isn't a great spring day. They called it summer down at the office. What do you say to running out to the farm a couple days and loaf around, I've been plugging pretty hard. Guess you have, too. Do us good."

Mrs. Elisabeth Traylor Martin's face revealed traces of slight irritation.

"I cannot understand, George, why you persist in remaining so stubbornly attached to that place when you know how it annoys me. We are really quite beyond the 'farm stage,' although you don't seem aware of it. I have been always thankful Mrs. Steese has never seen it. I can imagine her secret amusement at your red barn and whitewashed house. There is no effort to keep it from being terribly common."

"Why, that's the best part of it," protested her injured husband. "It lets us get this house and the help off our back. We're free. Nobody expects us to dress up or not to chop wood or help milk the cows or feed the stock—or dry the dishes, if we want to."

For a second he thought he had aroused a latent spark in his wife's eyes.

"Remember," he pleaded on, "when we started housekeeping in that two-room apartment on Second Street. Remember how our writing-table couldn't hold all the dinner dishes, so you had to put the bread-plate and sugar-bowl on the foot-board of the bed. Remember how when company came somebody had to sit on the fancy cushion on the high trunk and somebody had to sit on the bed. Those were happy days, Bess!"

"They were ridiculously silly," replied his wife. "We were so simple-minded we didn't know what pleasures we were missing. Any one can be happy if they wish to be ignorant. If you feel an incurable tendency toward the country, George, why not buy a place like the Merrills? You remember the big hedge along River Road. The house is Elizabethan, with a wonderful casino for teas. There is room for the servants and quarters for the gardeners. The Riverside Country Club is right aside. You can golf. The greenhouse and flowers are simply gorgeous. I am sure, if we bought, Mrs. Merrill would propose my name to the Garden Club. George, Junior, should never feel ashamed to invite his friends there."

"Good Lord!" said her husband. "He isn't ashamed to ask them out to the farm, is he?"

"Let us hope so," devoutly commended his wife.

"I can't believe that, Bess. There's fifty times more fun for a boy on our farm than the slick Merrill place."

"Perhaps for a boy when you were one," informed his wiser half. "Not for a boy to-day."

"If there's an animal that doesn't change," declared Martin positively, "It's a boy."

Downstairs on the library's white mantel a clock chimed. His wife drew back a hurried coat sleeve, then hastened to the head of the stairs.

"Oliver! Tell Peter to come!" She glanced back to her husband. "I shall return later to help Laura pack. The Ellises have asked me to Elliswood for a special house party. I have

George, Junior." She plucked a hair from her skirt. "If you care to run out to the Merrill place next week, I will try to go along. I know you will rave when you see it." At the sound of the rolling garage door she gave a dainty gesture of gloved adieu and gracefully descended the noiseless stairs.

THE car door clashed. The noise of the motor was subsequently lost in the stream of traffic on the street. Martin remained glancing out of the three slender landing windows to the grim gray-stone wall of the old Muhlenberg house next door. Mary, the upstairs girl, came blundering in from the back hall, humming a little Gaelic song she had learned in County Clare thirty years before. He did not glance up or around.

Later the sound of fresh young voices from the drive roused him. They were in the front hall by the time he descended the stairs—George, Junior, and another boy from the Select Hill School; Herbert, his first name was. He lived a few doors away in a brand-new Colonial pile. Martin greeted them with unaffected heartiness.

"Well, boys, how does a day like this strike your blood? How'd you fellows like to run out with me to the farm to-morrow morning?"

There was little of the expected boyish whoop. Martin saw the other youth inspect him almost brazenly from head to foot.

"How'd we go?" wondered his own boy without much enthusiasm.

"Well," replied his father, jocularly, "my Rolls-Royce ought to hold a couple lightweights like us."

Now he was nearly certain it was insolence in the eyes of the strange boy. His own son scorned him passively.

"I don't see what you want us to get shook up in a tin lizzie all the way out there for! There's nothing special going on, is there? I'm not crazy over just hiking around some old fields. Are you, Herbert?"

"I'm not!" observed that youth with cold finality.

Martin looked slightly jolted.

"You don't want to drive horses, or jump in the haymow, or go fishing, or chew birch bark, or look for a phœbe's nest on a day like this!" he demanded, incredulously.

George, Junior, looked to his friend. That young man slightly curled the corner of his mouth. The father played his last card.

"Well, look here. How about getting Mrs. Hopple to make fresh strawberry ice-cream. How's that?"

"Oh, Lord, dad," said George, Junior, "I had only two ice-cream sodas to-day! Besides, I'm going out to Herbert's country place to-morrow. They have a garage with four cars and a boat-house with a thirty-foot launch." He turned with sudden interest to his companion. "You said you'd make Thomas show me 'un the electric!" The Herbert

front door. Neither seemed aware of the convention of saying good-by.

THE father's face was expressionless as he listened to them go. He awoke to find Oliver standing smoothly before him.

"Martin & Co. wish to speak to you, sir."

Martin glanced at his watch. It was five-forty. Who at the office wanted to talk to him now?

"This is Martin," he answered in the little booth at the end of the hall, an upright coffin that reeked with expensive cigarette incense. "Oh, howdy, Ed? . . . Six wires in one hour, Ed! They must have had a powwow. . . . I'll say so. Six cents is some drop. . . . I guess we'll have to let her drop. What's the loss? . . . I said, what's the loss if we do lose something? What's a hundred thousand dollars? . . . No, I'm not crazy, Ed. I was. . . . I said, I was crazy. I'm not now. I guess I don't understand myself, Ed. Cheer up. If I'm not worried, you got no reason to be. See you to-morrow. Good-night." He hung up. Somehow the world seemed better, his back a bit eased from the long unsuspected strain.

MRS. Elisabeth Traylor Martin returned to the buff-brick home in Millionaires' Row a day earlier than she had anticipated. Her husband heard her soprano voice greet Oliver briefly at the front door. He was surprised to find himself so calm. A week ago, under a similar crisis, he would have been wanting to pace the room. Now as he heard the quick steps to the library he had to force himself to lay down his magazine.

"Hello, Bess!" he greeted kindly, rising. "Have a nice time?"

There was no reply from the white, frightened-looking woman. Swiftly she closed the door to the broad hall, then advanced unsteadily to the other side of the richly lighted birch table.

"It can't—the paper this morning couldn't—if you're taking it like this!"

He bowed his head in simple emotion.

"Martin & Company's failed, Bess. My fault principally. Paper's been too high. We carried too much stock. When the drop came, we couldn't unload." He made a crude reluctant gesture. "You got to be brave, Bess. I asked Harry Trine to buy the farm, so the Hopples would have a decent landlord."

"Not everything, George?" agonized his wife, piteousness in her eyes.

He brought down his head the infinitesimal part of an inch that was necessary. With a little cry she dropped into the high wing-chair by the white fireplace. Daze, horror, humiliation, reproach, self-pity chained her face. Presently she rose and managed to walk from the room. Standing by the library table, he could hear the key turn in her lock upstairs.

She did not come down at any time during the following day, but, to his eminent relief, appeared for breakfast the third morning, pale, bitterly resigned to the inevitable. The meal, for

the most part, was eaten in silence. The father never remembered seeing George, Junior's, young quantity of self-assurance so scattered and subdued. It was as if he had suddenly become aware of higher powers in the world than his own.

In the hall, later in the morning, she asked whether they could not leave the city. It did not matter where—just so they should meet no one she knew. She also wished she might be permitted to escape the harrowing details of the sale, the humiliation before the servants and neighbors.

He assured her on both counts earnestly. Without comment she started upstairs. As if on second thought, she turned on the landing and gave him the ghost of a rallying smile. It lightened for him much of that gray day.

To his slight surprise, George, Junior, instead of accompanying her, preferred to remain by the sinking ship. It was to be the first auction of his young life, and his intimate rôle in the proceedings was too rare to be wasted. The red flag especially excited his boyish interest. Young Herbert from the Colonial pile was not in evidence.

The servants in a body attended. Peter, the only married one of the group, bought a few trifles, to the whispered applause of the others. Once Martin thought he saw Mary dab at her eyes, but he wasn't sure. She stood a little apart from her companions. The prices paid seemed like some harsh burlesque. He was thankful Bess was not there to be tortured.

It was late when he and Junior said a final good-by to the house, now cold and unfamiliar in bare walls and floors. The boy had insisted upon remaining without supper until the end. His unfettered young eyes had missed nothing. As piece after piece of furniture, long intimates of his young life, were knocked down to strangers and carried out, he seemed to grasp the deeper meaning and extent of his family's misfortune. Once or twice Martin found his eyes on him with that mute understanding that comes from the unknown to grip the hearts of companions in distress.

"What are you going to do now?" he whispered in the trolley *en route* to the small hotel where his mother awaited them.

"Oh," said his father, with an effort toward his old heartiness, "I guess I can find a job some place."

THEY unearthed a small, sordidly furnished apartment in Elverson, a thriving little city thirty-two miles east. The apartment was on the third floor. When the wind was from the east, it brought to their nostrils the acrid taste of a cigar factory; from the west, smoke from a tall stack several squares distant. The apartment curtains and bed-linen were hardly immaculate in consequence, and the window-sills persisted in cinders. But George, Junior's, mother informed her husband, far rather than

the hourly dread of being pitied or snubbed in Pennver.

Though times were none of the best, Martin's experience found him a ready job, covering city and outlying suburbs for a local house of paper jobbers handling everything from scented stationery to butcher paper. His commissions were small at first, and several of his wife's gowns disappeared into the maw of a second-hand dealer. She deprecated the act with the assurance that she would not need them now. Nevertheless her husband knew that under any woman's skin the parting with dainty loveliness would hurt. The following Saturday noon he stopped at a little white candy kitchen on the avenue. When she glimpsed the unmistakable box under his arm, she gave an impulsive little girlish cry. Later he noticed George, Junior, with a lump of caramel in his cheek, regarding him with a degree of respect never quite attained before.

Their first pay barely met expenses. The mother of the household announced with traces of bridal resourcefulness that something would have to be done. Why not let George, Junior, help, at least for the summer? Martin nodded. He might be able to land the boy a job in the paper house at eight dollars a week. At the sound of eight dollars a week the eyes of the boy's mother gleamed.

George, Junior, himself was not averse to the idea. The romance and adventure of a daily job palled after a little, but he confided to his mother he "would rather work any day than lay around that hot apartment."

June grew steadily warmer. Now they knew why their apartment had been so fortunately found vacant. No other on their floor caught such a blast from the afternoon sun, and there were no awnings to shield. On the Fourth of July they packed a lunch and ate it by the goldfish pond in City Park. Their sense of appreciation, it seemed, had never been so keen, the shade of cool trees so grateful, the green freshness of grass such a miracle. They stayed until dark to see the fireworks. A shower deluged the trolley on the way home. The breeze felt like paradise when they got off at the corner. It was good to open the apartment windows and let through the fresh, rain-washed air.

JULY remained hot, and the early days of August in the city grew unbearable. The fourth evening Martin came home early. As he stepped from the trolley he had the feeling of having lived this moment before. As he mounted the last flight of stairs the sensation persisted. His wife, in shirt-waist, bareheaded, pocketbook in hand, had emerged from the apartment, visibly intent on grocer or delicatessen. She stopped, surprised to see him before six o'clock. He met her glance of doubt with open enthusiasm.

"Got some news for you, Bess.

Couldn't resist coming home a little early to celebrate. I sold two tons of super to a printer not four blocks from here, and eighteen reams of M. F. My commission alone's forty dollars. Boss was so tickled he gave it to me in cash."

"Forty dollars, George!" She retreated in excitement to the apartment and counted the four ten-dollar bills he placed in her hands. "We'll put it away at once toward the house!" She gave a little girlish cry of admiration. "How did you do it, George?"

"Oh, I talked up our paper like a Dutch preacher." His eyes shone. One arm imprisoned her. "What do you say to taking a run out in the country for a little vacation, Bess? I've been plugging pretty hard. So have you. It'll do us both good. Junior can go along."

She strove to resist the instant glow that had appeared in her eyes.

"I know it would be—heaven to get away. But the house—"

"Don't you be afraid of the house!" enthused her husband. "I promise you we'll be able to afford a little one by next summer. Waiting till then'll only make us appreciate it right. Besides," he added, "we can't very well get out of it now. I called Hopple up this afternoon, and he and his wife made me promise to bring you and Junior out. They didn't want to take anything, but I insisted on seven dollars a week. They've had blankets on their bed every night this week. He's going to start cutting oats about Friday. They've got four fresh Jersey cows and their garden's full of green peas and new potatoes."

"Oh, George!" weakly capitulated his wife.

"Maybe he'll knock off some board if George and I help him in the field," speculated Martin.

IT had been a torrid day, and Junior looked washed out as he came in at five-thirty. Some interest appeared, however, when he found his father home before him, talking portentously to his mother over the supper stove.

"Well, kid!" greeted Martin. "How does a day like this strike you? How'd you like to run out to the farm with your mother and me?"

There was a skeptical stare from the youth.

"Your boss ought to leave you off if you call him up at the house to-night," suggested his father. "That is, if you want to drive horses, or chew tea leaves, or look for wild hens' nests—and maybe go in swimming."

The boy's tiredness magically vanished.

"Jiminy, dad! Where'd we get the coin?"

"I talked with Mrs. Hopple over the phone to-day," went on the father. "She said maybe she'd make fresh peach ice-cream."

"Gosh!" sputtered the boy. "Say, you call up Old Man Earl, will you, dad? Tell him I got to go—just got to! I'll

go along down to the drug-store and give you his number. Come on. Be a sport! Will you, dad?"

Martin did. Later, after supper, they gathered around the ironing-board—Mother Martin actively to prepare, the useless male members of the household to talk of the morrow. Movies were forgotten. For nearly an hour Martin enlarged on his boyhood adventures on the farm. It was late when the bags were packed. The last thing Martin heard as he fell asleep was the sleepless voice of his son wanting to know if Kettle Creek was "over your head."

Seven-thirty the next morning the Martin family ensconced itself luxuriously on a pair of blue-plush seats in a day coach bound for Pennver. Junior sat ahead at an open window, hair and wash tie flying in the breeze. Frequently he turned to radiate on some passing sight. He need have no fear of his mother missing anything. Her window also was open, her shirt-waist fluttering deliciously in the grateful draft. The fresh odors of midsummer fields and woods, the romantic spice of railway ties simmering in an August sun, came even as far as Martin, who sat beside her. Before them passed a vision of God's cool green hills dotted with hardy upland homesteads. The faint blue wall of a mountain stood far beyond.

FIVE priceless days in the fresh Eden of Hopple Farm had already passed when Mr. Trine, the owner, drove up. After dinner the two old friends, Trine and Martin, sallied out for a walk to Big Sandy Spring. They had hardly reached the rear of the barn when the attorney turned to his companion with pent-up feeling.

"I want to take back that fool promise I made not to come up to Elverson to see you."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Martin, with slow wrath hardly befitting his station. "You have my power of attorney, haven't you?"

"Your blamed 'Government bonds!' complained the other. "They touched par last week. I sold them, as you said, and the money's been lying in the bank at a measly three per cent."

"Three!" swallowed Martin. "Well, that's good. Just let it stay there—unless you know some place you can get two."

"Listen, George—" began the attorney.

"Doggone it, Harry! The proposition was that *you'd* do the worrying over the money. That's what you're getting paid for."

"That's all right. I'm not complaining," hastened the lawyer. "I just want to give you my free honest opinion that it's over my head and ears when a man comes and pays seven dollars a week board on his own farm."

"I never knew it was criminal to be happy," asserted Martin, unmoved.

"Maybe *you* are," granted Trine, reluctantly. "How about your wife? What

do you think she'd say if she found out her beggar husband was worth between eighty and a hundred thousand dollars?"

"If you ever advertise the fact!" began Martin in a cold, hard voice.

"I'm not going to advertise anything," declared the attorney. "It only shows the weakness of your position. You know you're deceiving her. You're depriving her of comforts a woman likes. You're depriving your boy of his youth."

"Either of them look particularly de-

prived of anything when you saw them

a little while ago?" wondered Martin.

"I understand you have him working in a warehouse," went on the other. "A boy his age ought to go to school—and then college."

"He certainly can," agreed Martin. "High school next month. And if he wants to go to college, nobody's going to stop him from working his way through." He took his old friend by the

arm. "Don't you worry about him, Harry. I'm not any more myself. He's got a first-rate show now to be a man. God willing, he's going to get the rest of it." With a steady hand he lighted the cigar Trine had given him. "And the wife's going to get the finest little one-woman house in the suburbs you ever saw. She's crazy for it. So am I. Stick around till to-morrow, Harry, and I'll show you how a young man like me can pitch oats."

WHERE AMERICANIZATION GETS RUBBED OFF

BY GINO SPERANZA

IN the vast field of inquiry into the processes of Americanization (a field of numberless *incognita* and not a few mirages) Europe-bound shipping at this time of the year offers interesting opportunities for study. Especially is this true of an Italian transatlantic liner, such as the one that brought us here from New York, with its long passenger list of *Americani* returning to their native land or on a pleasant tour of Italy; for these *Americani* are not at all secretive in their views and opinions, and whatever they have acquired of good or bad through transplantation to America is easily observable. It need hardly be said that such a ship-load is in no way an "immigrant cargo" presenting scenes of pathos; far from this, steerage and stateroom decks seemed to sparkle with an atmosphere of success and contentment.

Everywhere aboard the "language of the country" was "Newyorkese," the imperfections in English being due, not to alienage, but to a very rapid assimilation of the American tongue "as she is spoke." The clothes also, though they varied from Grand Street to Fifth Avenue cuts, were all indubitably of American make. Indeed, the Americanization had proceeded so far that one even heard an occasional request at breakfast for grapenuts and shredded wheat, and when an order for pancakes resulted in the presentation of an omelet practically the entire first-class laughed at the tenebrous ignorance of the ship's Sicilian cook. There was one *Americano* in the "swell set" who might have served as the perfect model of "Material Success" for a poster artist, so happily satisfied did he seem with his diamond-bespangled life and his cabinful of American trophies. Here was an illiterate but wealthy contractor on a triumphal tour of Italy, with well-laid plans to dazzle and jazz the little village of his birth by an exposition of all he carried from America. Each day he and his family donned new clothes; each day our eyes would rest on some new object of luxury taken out of Stateroom No. 1 (how he loved to have stateroom "Number ONE!"); one day a brand-new

phonograph with all the Caruso disks, and the next day an endless succession of the latest American song and jazz hits; or the new sun would rise on an impeccably perfect smoking set—the longest amber cigarette-holder on the American market, followed by a meerschau pipe with a bowl to hold a thousand dreams; and on every other day—a little tentatively this, as if one were slowly training for "the grand manner"—the latest evidence of American success: large, round-rimmed glasses such as stare at us from the oculists' shop windows. Years ago the Italian resorted to gold teeth to prove—at least to his countrymen—that he was completely Americanized; to-day the oculist's art supplants or co-operates with the dentist's in the decorative Americanization of the alien.

All this was evident on shipboard; all this, and much more; for there were many of the second and a few of the third generation with us, including high school boys who could play baseball but who had never heard of the game of *pallone* and high school girls from suburban towns rigged out in perfect similitude of the real New York flapper. And yet, after all is said, only a self-illuding optimist could be convinced by this Americanization. The substratum, the underlying personality, the real character of ninety-nine per cent of these *Americani* was distinctly *Italic*; more than that, it was individually Genoese, Sicilian, or Neapolitan, as the local strain might be, persisting, often unconsciously, from generation to generation, in outlook and manner of thought. Nature works slowly, though it occasionally jumps, and even the span of several generations of American environment is as but a moment in the process of assimilation. Environment makes surface changes, remarkable surface changes, but these are as nothing to the persistence of inherited racial and ethnic qualities and tendencies. This is the basic fact so often neglected by professional "Americanizers" who want "quick effects" from their labors. Take the matter of loyalty to America, for example; it would be hard to find such unassailable patriotism for the United

States as filled the hearts of the people on that ship, a patriotism almost overbearingly proud of everything American; yet indefinitely, or even darkly in the back of almost every mind there, the idea of the *patria*—that vague yet tremendously cohesive sentiment which binds large groups of men into nations and which constitutes the imponderable force of a well-knit state—the idea of the *patria* as an intellectual and historical patrimony in all of them was *Italia*, not America. This does not mean disloyalty or any lack of the sense of allegiance to the United States, but it confirms the unescapable fact of racial instinct which Americanization cannot overcome except, possibly, in decades of assimilative processes, if at all. "You are an American?" asked a New York born Italo-American of an old New Yorker who was on the same ship. And to an assenting reply came the further query: "But you are a *real* American, are you not?" And that, somehow and indefinitely, made all the difference for the others on board. The old New Yorker, though a fellow-citizen, was at once, and almost instinctively, recognized as not "in the family;" as one who could not be counted on to always "understand," not even if the old New Yorker spoke Italian and knew Italy a hundredfold better than the high school boy born in Passaic of Genoese parents! Indeed, the New Yorker, however estimable and agreeable, was a "false note" in the ship's harmony, a restraining factor on the rest, who had hoped that, on an Italian ship at least, they could be "themselves again."

Among the other passengers there was a Sicilian family of the well-to-do agricultural class: silent, proud, and well-mannered in a fine primitiveness. The father was returning from a three years' visit to his *Americani* sons in Ohio; with him were a daughter in good American clothes, and her mother and a maiden aunt. I asked this proud, somewhat mediæval character his impressions of America. "*Grande paese*," he said, adding ungrudgingly, despite his insular pride: "I really believe that in *civiltà* America is ahead of Sicily." The greatness of the country, its democ-

racy, and especially the good will and courtesy of our people, had made a distinct impression upon him, even though he could not see why we were so crazy as to call *neve* "snow." Why, why call it snow, which meant nothing to him? But he was grateful, very grateful, for the opportunities which America had given his two sons; they were very successful out there in Ohio, they were men of property and position in the new land, and he understood why they would not come back to Italy with the family. "But," he added, slowly, as his dark, Moorish eyes looked out on the ocean as upon unescapable fate, "*ritorneranno, certo ritorneranno*; they will certainly come back." Yes, they all "come back," some perhaps only in spirit, but they all come back "to the race;" they all eventually cast off the new idols, and think in the old, old ways. And the old man gave me the history of his town, an ancient history of which he was proud. "My *paese* was first called Aquila, but an earthquake destroyed it hundreds of years ago; over its ruins a new town was built, and this too was destroyed by an earthquake, all except a church where there were wonderful pictures of the nativity of the Virgin. But after this second earthquake a great prince who

lived in Palermo and was our feudal lord gave all his holdings in our part of the island to the people because he had an affection for them; and the prince's brother, who was a very learned monk, planned a new city, a marvelous plan such as had never been thought of before—a hexagonal city! And the people wished to call it the town of Michele, for that was the prince's name, but the monk, who was a holy man and saw visions, said: 'No, call it rather Gran Michele, for I know it will grow into a great city.' And the prophecy came to pass, for the town grew and grew, always in large hexagons, until now it counts all of thirty thousand souls." I asked if the people were happy. "Yes," he answered, gravely; "they are all well-to-do *Americani*, and own land, and have the best schools in Sicily, and eight churches, and good water."

I thought then, as I had so often thought before, whether Americanization of that kind—this schooling of the lives of those who come to us only to return—is not more worth while, and certainly more effective, than that highly artificial "Americanization" through the forced absorption of such aliens into our body politic by naturalization or into our body social through legislating them

into our standards of living. This latter form of Americanization is, even in the second generation, the thinnest of veneers, which rubs off under a very little wear and tear; it is a veneer which even when thoroughly worked in and highly polished, as in the case of our Germanic population, gets pretty badly cracked under severe knocks, as we have seen on some occasions during the war. It may be urged that the other kind of Americanization is too altruistic and too ideal for practical and political purposes. Yet it has created in certain parts of Europe, and notably in southern Italy, "spheres of American influence" such as no diplomacy under the old dispensation, and no mandate under the new, can ever hope to achieve. These returned immigrants, these ardent *Americani*, have made us known in Italy as no propaganda, no exchange professors, and no diplomatic "penetration" could have done. And it is the simple, direct, every-day human knowledge of our ways and of our views such as these immigrants bring home that constitute "understanding," that kind of human understanding which is the only basis for and the only real assurance of international peace.

Naples, Italy.

A PLEA FOR THE PLATITUDE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT is greatly to be regretted that we do not know the name of the man who boldly declared that "Grover Cleveland was the greatest master of platitude since George Washington." It would be amusing to inquire whether he meant this for a compliment to Cleveland or for a reproof to Washington. It would be interesting to ask him also whether he was prepared to allow that a practical politician at the head of the commonwealth ought to be a master of platitude. If the unknown utterer of this pregnant saying was willing to admit this, he would find himself in the comfortable company of that shrewd student of affairs Walter Bagehot, who held that a statesman was likely to be most useful to the community when he combined common ideas and uncommon ability.

One of Cleveland's more recent successors in the Presidency of the United States was accused of talking about the Ten Commandments just as if he had received them as a direct personal revelation to himself. Now there is no denying that Theodore Roosevelt was wont to talk in this fashion. And why not? As a matter of fact, the Ten Commandments had come to him as a direct personal revelation; for so they must come to every one of us who is ready to receive them and to take them to heart. In the case of Roosevelt, as in the case of Washington and Cleveland, that

which was foolishly meant as a reproof turns out to be really a compliment. There can be no more imperative duty for the chief of state in a democratic republic than to reiterate the eternal verities. It is his privilege also to profit by the megaphone which destiny has put at his lips to cry aloud these imperishable truths and thus to force them upon ears that might otherwise refuse to listen. It may be charged that when a leader of men is insistent in asserting again and again that honesty is the best policy he is lowering himself to the inculcation of the obvious. But if this is just what he believes to be needful at the moment, he has no right to shrink from saying once again what many have asserted before him. Stevenson hit the center when he suggested that, "after all, the commonplaces are the great poetic truths."

Perhaps there is small risk in declaring that we Americans have a lust for novel ideas; and we listen with jaded credulity to all who get up in the market-place to proclaim a new gospel. Yet we are all aware that what is new is not likely to be true and that what is true is very likely to be old. We all know this, and yet we are often impatient with those old fogies who abide by the ancient landmarks. We are prone to laugh at the mossbacks brave enough to risk the reproach brought against the katydid, which has the habit of saying

"an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." The undisputed things are always in danger of being neglected, and they need to be said afresh to every generation in the special vocabulary of that generation and with whatever of solemnity we can command. The wisdom of the fathers must be restated for the benefit of the children, and yet again for the guidance of the grand-children.

Just as it is a certain evidence of juvenility to shriek out an accusation of plagiarism whenever two plays happen to have a casual resemblance of situation or whenever two poems chance to have a superficial identity of phrase or of cadence, so it is an assured sign of immaturity to sneer at the political leader who reasserts the principles which he deems permanent and essential for the common weal and to scoff at him as a dealer in platitudes and as an expounder of commonplaces. No commonplace can be staler than the plain statement that two and two make four; and yet on occasion there may be wisdom in reminding the public that two and two cannot be forced to make either more or less than four. "Commonplace," said Lord Morley (in words that sound almost like an echo of Stevenson's), "after all, is exactly what contains the truths which are indispensable."

The brief speech which Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg nearly sixty

ago is now accepted as one of the masterpieces of English prose, withstanding comparison with the address on a similar occasion that Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles. It is as perfect in its lofty dignity of sentiment as it is in its lapidary concision of style. But there would be little difficulty in proving that it contains nothing new, since the thoughts that sustain it are as self-evident as they are sincere. They are the ancient thoughts which demanded to be voiced again then and there. The stones of this sublime structure are commonplaces, recognized as such long before Lincoln was born, long before Columbus set sail on the Western ocean. These well-worn blocks Lincoln chose for his own use with his unerring skill; and he cemented them together once again by his own personality.

Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," is a mosaic of sentiments and of opinions familiar to every one of us from our youth up and already phrased in all sorts of fashions in every tongue, living or dead; nevertheless that monologue, compounded as it may be of commonplaces, bereft of all novelty, glows and burns with the inner fire of Hamlet's soul at that awful crisis of his fate. It propounds, once for all, the mighty question we cannot help putting to ourselves when we also find ourselves in the valley of the shadow. And when the time comes for any one of us to face those questions we shall not cavil at their antiquity, for then they will erect themselves in front of us with a new-born challenge.

It may be acknowledged frankly that the Gettysburg speech and Hamlet's soliloquy are extreme cases. The savor of a stimulating individuality is likely to be lacking from compositions as fundamentally unoriginal as these two are seen to be when they are reduced to their elements. A commonplace is effective, and therefore not merely to be pardoned, but even to be praised, only when it is a personal rediscovery of the speaker, when he unhesitatingly believes himself to be speaking out of the fullness of his own feeling. At the moment he may not know, and he surely does not care, whether or not the things he is called upon to speak have ever been uttered before; and he is well aware that this does not matter at all, since these things have come to him fresh from his own experience, hot from his own heart. Then the platitude is redeemed and transfigured by poignant personality, as when the fabled Scotchman asseverated earnestly that "Honesty is the best policy," adding by way of explanation, "I hae tried baith." What can be more commonplace than "honesty is the best policy"? It is the tritest of truisms, but it came to the mouth of that man from the depth of his own soul. He had no doubt but that he was lighting a torch for the feet of those that wander in darkness.

Deprive commonplace of this note of rediscovery, by which the old is made

new of its own accord, and it is the abomination of desolation. A sequence of platitudes peddled from a platform by an uninspired speaker who refuses to rely on his actual feelings, who never had an idea of his own, and who is seeking to say only what nobody will dispute—this cannot fail to be stale, flat, and unprofitable, even if every single commonplace of which it is compacted may contain an inmitigable truth. It is the prevalence of speechmaking of this sort, so threadbare and so colorless that it seems insincere, which revolts those who demand that a man shall reveal some evidence either of emotion or of cerebration before they will listen to him. This attitude is natural enough, but it brings with it a double danger. First of all, it tempts us to disregard the truth which may be clothed in the most offensively insipid commonplace; and, second, it allures us away into the primrose path of paradox.

The commonplace is not always to be accepted at its face value. It may not be true now, whatever it has been once upon a time; and it may even never have been true, but only plausible and specious. There is no virtue in the commonplace itself, and there may be vice in it. Its value resides wholly in the truth which it may contain and which each of us must appraise for himself. But, as the truth is not necessarily inherent in a platitude, neither is it necessarily inherent in a paradox. Even Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, if pushed to the wall, would probably be willing to admit that there are some paradoxes which are not true. They might be ready to accept the definition of a paradox as a truth-serving its apprenticeship.

That is what a paradox may be, no doubt; it may be a peremptory challenge to a commonplace which has ceased to sheathe the verity, even, if it has not yet worn out its welcome. The paradox of this quality, however, is not really a paradox; it is only a pseudo-paradox, it is a new shape of truth; and by that very fact it is condemned to become a commonplace in its turn, whenever it shall have ousted the platitude it is attacking. This pseudo-paradox, which sooner or later will inevitably issue from unthinking lips as an impregnable platitude, is never merely a commonplace reversed. To turn a truth upside down is not to turn it inside out. To stand a truism on its head is profitless; and there is no stimulus to clear thought in the glib suggestion that "dishonesty is the best policy" or that "procrastination is the guardian of time." An infelicity of phrase-making like this may have an evanescent glitter, yet it is but the crackling of thorns under a pot. It may amuse babes and sucklings for a little season to be told that the devil is not as black as he is painted, since he possesses at least the Christian virtue of perseverance. Verbal fireworks are attractive only to the very young. The writer whose pages coruscate with un-

expected inversions of accepted beliefs and who exhibits himself as a catherine-wheel of multicolored paradox is likely soon to sputter out in dark and in silence. If Mr. Bernard Shaw has any abiding value as a stimulating thinker, this is in spite of his flamboyant method of expressing himself and not because of it. Sincere thinking is likely always to utter itself simply and modestly.

A French critic has asserted that men may be grouped in three classes so far as their attitude toward the truth is concerned. First of all, there is the immense majority, assured that the wisdom of the past will be the wisdom of the future and glad always to hear again the accepted commonplaces. Second, there is a youthful minority, weary of these traditional statements and avidly relishing any paradox which seems to pierce the crust of convention. Third, there is the little knot of those who are in the habit of doing their own thinking and who are ever ready to receive a novel idea on probation, to weigh it cautiously and to test it thoroughly, with willingness to accept it ultimately and to make it their own thereafter if it approves itself. It is from this small company that new ideas come into being and get into circulation. The members of this third group have to be won over before any novelty has a valid chance of acceptance; and when at last they have been taken captive the members of the first group will slowly, very slowly, and after violent opposition, follow in their wake. The chosen few carry the flag to the front; and trailing after them comes the immense majority which gives solidity to the body politic, changing its mind only by almost imperceptible degrees. And the second group, the youthful minority, with its delight in disintegrating paradox, is almost negligible, because it lacks intellectual sincerity. Its puerile protests against the platitudes which buttress the social organization merely irritate the immense majority, while they evoke only tolerant contempt from the wiser men who do their own thinking. The youthful minority is puffed up with pride at its discovery that elementary truths are commonplace. But bread and beef are the commonplaces of diet, none the less wholesome, and indeed none the less welcome, because they lack the spice of novelty. Man cannot live by paradox alone. If the staff of life chances to be contained in any paradox, then this is not a true paradox, and then also it is on the way in its turn to become a platitude. It was Boileau who remarked that "a new thought is a thought which must have come to many, but which some one happens first to express," and this is perhaps the source of Pope's "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest." If we insist on escaping from the fenced field of the commonplace, we cannot complain if we find ourselves landing in the thorny hedge of freakish unreason.

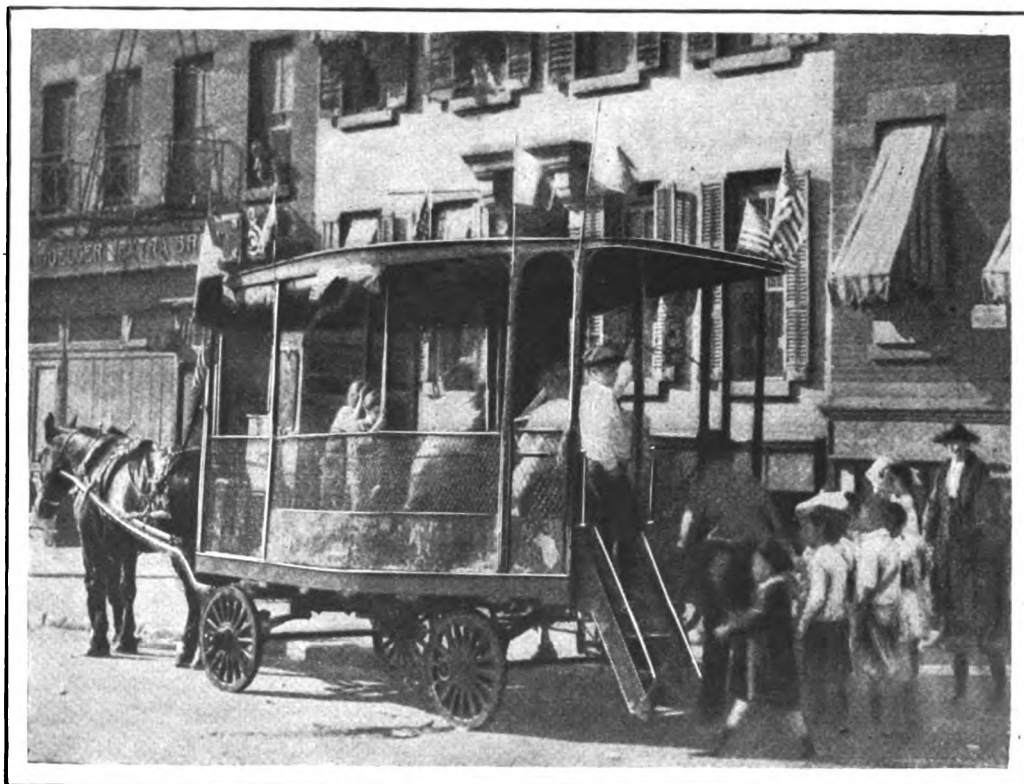
AN ITINERANT MERRY-GO-ROUND IN NEW YORK CITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY HOYT MOORE



Did you think that nothing short of the thrills of movies or gliders could excite the sophisticated imaginations of Manhattan kids? Well, the same old medieval sorcery of the merry-go-round still persists. There's a spell about the hand-organ and a mesmerism about spinning round and round that no youngster can resist

Both in the dingy tenement streets of the lower East Side and in the broader avenues near Central Park the approach of the merry-go-round is an event. The tickets are cheap enough—a cent apiece—to enable ragamuffins to ride. And the ride is beguiling enough to make little millionaires drag their French nurses then and there to the merry scene



THE BOOK TABLE

FICTION

HERETIC (THE). By J. Mills Whitham. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

The author presents a singular character in Raymon Verne; as a boy he is a "natural bone-setter" and becomes a manipulative surgeon, to meet with fierce opposition from the regular profession. Later his genius turns into other directions, but success never crowns his ideals. The novel has originality and intellectual force, but is not definitely planned.

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE. By Lady Troubridge. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.75.

Clever in its early pages and in the character of the footman who is a duke, commonplace in the later working out of plot.

HOUNDS OF BANBA (THE). By Daniel Corkery. B. W. Huebach, Inc., New York. \$1.50.

Nine short stories by an Irish writer new to America. Mr. Corkery belongs to a generation younger than that of the exponents of the Irish renaissance, and this book is concerned with the life of contemporary Ireland. Specifically it treats of Ireland in revolution, and of life in the Republican army. Despite a finely dispassionate attitude toward political issues, perhaps even because of it, Mr. Corkery has given the noblest interpretation we have yet received of the current of thought and feeling in Ireland to-day. It is not, however, for this that his book is notable. Its true distinction lies in a poetic beauty and an exquisite artistry that flood each brief narrative.

BIOGRAPHY

ADMIRALS OF THE CARIBBEAN. By Francis Russell Hart. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.

Three centuries of adventure in the Caribbean Sea regions are here summarized in the life stories of Sir Francis Drake, Sir Henry Morgan, Admirals de Pointis du Casse and Vernon, and Lord Rodney. The chapters are scholarly, well considered, and readable.

PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

No less than fifteen Prime Ministers and four Presidents of European countries, four British Dominion Premiers, and eleven eminent statesmen and diplomats of Japan cross the stage of the present volume.

Mr. Sherrill is a keen observer and is able often to describe a man in a very few words—for instance, the Rumanian Take Jonsescu. He is, we read, "a clever writer and a keen judge of just how political cats are going to jump. . . . He is certainly a most engaging talker, and in the easy flow of his remarks one frequently sees through to a rock-bottom of studied wisdom, in which, however, he seems to take less pride than in his skill at deft turns of policy. . . . There is no denying that Rumanians of this type are unusually pleasing in manner, and especially is

this true of Jonel Bratianu, more than once Prime Minister." Such a book should have had an index, for its value as a book of reference is even greater than its charm as a volume of description of notable men.

Aside from the personal element, two impressions gained by General Sherrill in his journeys are of wide interest. One is that, in the opinion of every European politician, "all his country's woes, economic or otherwise, would be cured by giving it a piece of neighboring territory." Another impression is that "all of Europe west of a line, so drawn as to leave to the westward Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, has no effect upon the vote in America, while the countries to the east of it, from the North Cape to the tip of Italy, strongly affect our vote."

STORY OF A COMMON SOLDIER (THE). By Leander Stillwell. The Franklin Hudson Company, Erie, Kansas.

A soldier of the Civil War fights his battles over again in this book, and does it well. The stories, homely as they are and appearing in a homely setting, "ring true," and the book will take its proper place in the literature of personal narrative dealing with the great American conflict.

DRAMA

IMAGE AND OTHER PLAYS (THE). By Lady Augusta Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

Of the four plays contained in this volume, three are in the *genre*, lying midway between comedy and farce, that Lady Gregory has made distinctively her own. Her art, despite a deceptive surface of simplicity, is the product of a sophisticated observation and a facile dramatic technique. She writes of Irish peasant life as one keenly aware of its incongruities, its humor, and, occasionally, its pathos, but conscious always of an amused superiority to the characters who people her plays. The fourth play draws upon spiritualism for its theme in an effective but unconvincing fashion.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY OF AMERICA AND THE BALANCE SHEET OF EUROPE. By John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton. The Ronald Press, New York. \$3.

This work of collaboration deserves wide reading. To Mr. Bass are due, no doubt, the elaborate and painstaking assemblage of facts and figures and the large amount of first-hand observation one might expect from a foreign correspondent whose reputation for trustworthiness is first rate. To Professor Moulton is probably due the credit for the systematic arrangement of the text, the thorough editing of the volume, and the proper presentation of material upon which discussion and argument may be based.

The present volume seems tinged with pessimism. Not that its pessimistic interpretations are necessarily destructive. On the contrary, where the authors tear down the present structure of international economic relations so that they

may examine its weaker parts definite proposals are made for correction. While there is not the slightest suspicion of distortion in order to establish a predetermined result, their book is based upon circumstances which are assumed as actual and perhaps known, but to which not all the spectators may be inclined to agree.

In setting forth their programme of policies, the authors declare that domestic production must be increased in every country, that balanced international trade and the gold standard must be restored, that international budgets must be balanced.

To this end what must Europe do? The authors reply: "Reduce reparation demands and cancel inter-European war debts, eliminate tariff and trade barriers, and restore international transportation routes; abandon governmental support to national combinations for export trade and foreign exploitation; repudiate the bulk of the issues of paper currency and domestic bonds." What must the United States do? The authors reply: Cancel European indebtedness to us, lower our tariff duties, contribute part of our gold reserve to maintain the European gold standard, make loans for purely reconstructive purposes, and finally, reduce armaments.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ITALY OLD AND NEW. By Elizabeth Hazleton Haight. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The somewhat commonplace title of this book fails to do justice to the lively, imaginative, and pleasantly learned style of the author. Her book is full of the joy of the devoted lover of Italy and of the famous characters of Roman and later Italian history. The book will be a delight to discriminating visitors to Italy.

LABRADOR. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

A new edition of an authoritative book about a land that increasingly attracts the attention of explorers and prospectors. Dr. Grenfell's new chapter about the conservation of Labrador's resources is interesting and timely.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST (THE). By Cardinal Goodwin. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50.

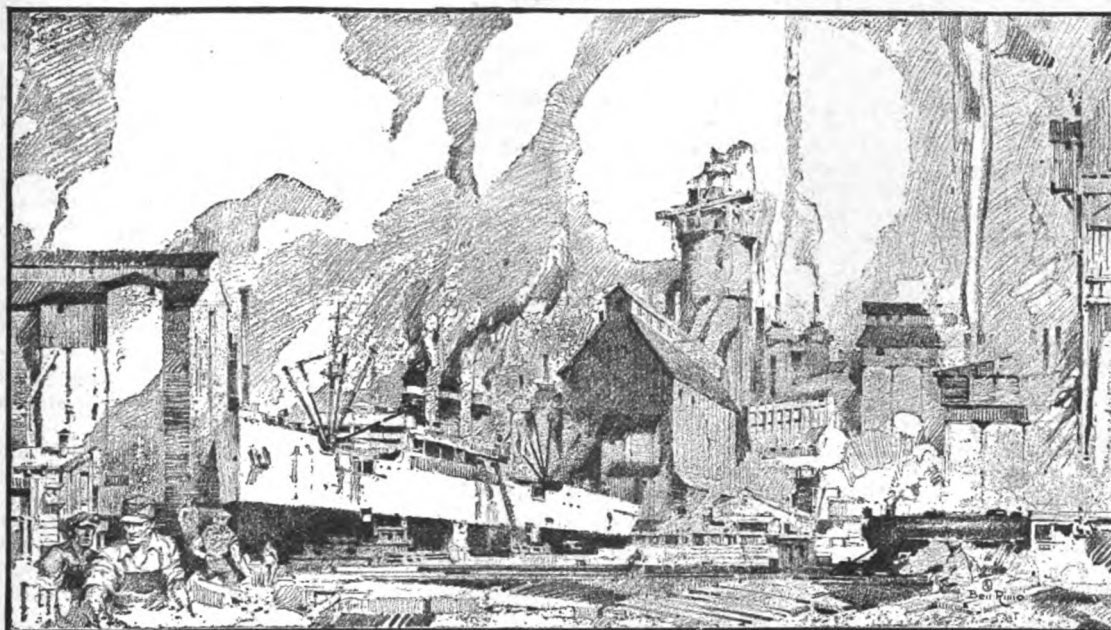
Professor Goodwin gives us in this book a detailed and impersonal record of the Western expansion of the United States from the time of the Louisiana Purchase to that of the Mexican Cession. These fifty years constituted a vital period in the growth of the country, and this period is here succinctly described.

POETRY

WILLOW FOLLEN. By Jeannette Marks. The Four Seas Company, Boston. \$2.

This is Miss Marks's first volume of verse, and it is a most excellent entrance into a field wherein she assuredly deserves a place if not by strength of thought and inspiration at least by verbal felicity and a delicate feminine touch that is always distinguished and

DU PONT



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A NEW figure has come into the world's commerce . . . a year by year looms as his helping hands reach deeper into the world's essential in Chemical Engineer... strange mingling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert . . . a chemist who has forsaken his test-tubes for the lathes and vats of the world's industrial plants.

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* * *

HOW the Chemical Engineer has quickened the pulse of commerce is well illustrated by the history of the du Pont Company. For a century after its founding in 1802, the du Pont Company was a manufacturer of explosives . . . nothing else.

come into the world's new personality that larger in importance reach deeper into the dustries. He is the and truly he is a abilities . . . a coupling

But its founder, Eleuthere Irénee du Pont de Nemours, was himself a chemist, and the making of explosives, even in his day, called for the services of the chemist. As dynamite was invented and other high explosives came into use, increasingly higher types of chemical knowledge were needed. So it was only natural that in the early years of this century the du Pont Company came to have a very extensive chemical staff.

It was a staff of Chemical Engineers, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, and so in the course of research looking to the improvement of du Pont explosives, they came upon other products alike in their chemical structure, that might be manufactured from the same or similar basic materials or by machinery and processes with which the du Pont Company was familiar.

And the results are sometimes surprising to those who look only at the products, which seem so unrelated, and do not consider the origin of these products. "For," says one, "what have dyes to do with explosives?" What, indeed, except that the raw materials from which explosives are made, are the same that are needed for making dyes!

So, too, for the same reason, the du Pont Company came to make Pyralin for toilet articles and numerous other things; and Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage, book bindings and half a hundred other uses—for these products contain many of the same raw materials.

Paints and Varnishes now carry the du Pont Oval, because this field of effort is also one in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer can be effectively applied.

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This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

TRADE  MARK

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IT IS A DOUBLE ACTION DENTIFRICE:

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Est. 1806
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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

(THE BOOK TABLE—Continued)

sincere. Her moods, mainly inspired by nature, are fresh and authentic, and they are handled in a naïve and tender fashion that makes them well worth their inclusion in book form. Nothing more can be asked of poetry than the sincere and exalted betrayal of one's self. If Miss Marks never climbs very high, at least she is mistress of that undoubted plane to which she does rise. She knows her limitations, and within them she composes a volume of tender minor poetry that is extremely enjoyable to read. The majority of Miss Marks's poems are in free verse, and, while it is generally unwise to quote but part of a piece of work, space here allows only the quotation of the first two verses of "Sea Gulls" as an exhibition of her work in this medium:

Sea gulls I saw lifting the dawn with
rosy feet,
Bearing the sunlight on their wings,
Dripping the dusk from burnished
plumes;
And I thought
It would be joy to be a sea gull
At dusk, at dawn of day,
And through long sunlit hours.
Sea gulls I saw carrying the night
upon their backs,
Wide tall spread crescent for the
moon and stars—
The moon a glowing jellyfish,
The stars foam flecks of light;
And I thought
It would be joy to be a sea gull!

SCIENCE

COMPLETE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE (THE).

By J. A. Thomson. Vol. III. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.75.

The third volume of this important work maintains the standard set in the previous volumes and makes a still more popular appeal, dealing as it does with psychic science, biology, meteorology, and various phases of applied science such as electricity, wireless telegraphy, and aviation. The chapter on psychic science by Sir Oliver Lodge will arouse antagonism in some quarters because of what may be called its "receptive" attitude toward clairvoyance, psychometry, and even "dowsing."

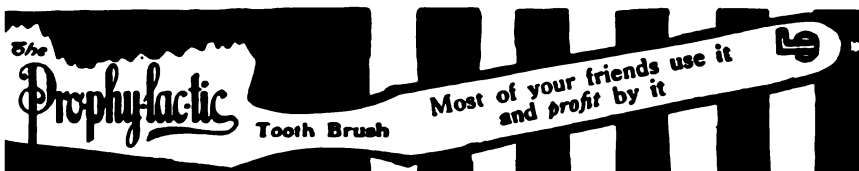
MISCELLANEOUS

MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN. By G. B. Burgin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

An amusing book of literary and social gossip by a London journalist and man of the world. Stories about Barrie, Jerome, Baker Pasha, Conan Doyle, and many other well-known men enliven the narrative.

PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY (THE). By Maurice Baring. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$5.

An English journalist and critic with an astonishing memory for details gives us in this book his recollections of men, women, and events covering a period of forty years. There are innumerable anecdotes, some of them inconsequential, many of them highly significant, in connection with noted men, but all breathing the irrepressible vitality of a strenuous personality. The reader who likes to dip into a book at odd moments will find in this one considerable entertainment.



CAN UNEMPLOYMENT BE REDUCED?

BY ERNEST G. DRAPER

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN CREOSOTING COMPANY

BUSINESS men are proverbial opportunists. When skies are clear and winds are fair, they crack on sail until their industrial barks groan under the straining canvas. Let a sudden squall come up, and their alarm is exceeded only by their surprise that such an unlucky, fortuitous circumstance should catch them unawares. Canvas rips, masts snap, and once in a while the whole precious cargo goes to the bottom. But the captain usually conceives himself as the very last one to be blamed. So certain is he of his own innocence that, once the storm is over, he is eager to jam on sail again just as though periodic squalls were as infrequent as earthquakes.

We all know now that we have been through the greatest economic storm our civilization has ever seen, and most of us feel that the skies are definitely clearing. But whereas a few months ago, when all seemed black and uncertain, we were ready to listen to any one who had something to say on the increasingly grave problem of unemployment, it is much harder to invoke real interest in the subject to-day, because to so many business men the problem seems solved of its own accord. It will not be until the next depression hits us that we shall realize all over again how little we have done to attack the evil at its roots. Yet since some time we shall have to deal directly with this slow poisoning of our industrial fiber, there can be no harm in stating briefly how necessary is the cure and what we could do to hasten it.

What are the stakes involved in reducing unemployment? They cover the tremendous material waste in these periodic wrenches of our industrial machinery, to say nothing of the spiritual waste involved. We are just beginning to realize that the high peaks and low hollows of seasonal trade, followed by orgies of hiring, firing, and hiring again, are infinitely more expensive than more or less stabilized production.

According to the Federal Census for 1900, over 6,000,000 persons were unemployed during the year 1899 for periods varying from one to twelve months. The American Association for Labor Legislation has estimated the total annual loss of wages of these workers at over a billion dollars. This loss of a billion dollars had to be underwritten by society in some way, either through public or private relief, loss of savings of the unemployed, or permanent crippling of the physique of those unemployed, which in turn lessens the productive power of the country.

We are also beginning to sense more vividly than ever the deep-seated power of unemployment to breed labor unrest. Some authorities go so far as to prophesy the virtual collapse of unhealthy restlessness on the part of the workingman if only he can feel a real tenure in his job. The experience of Whiting Williams, a former vice-presi-

dent of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company, who deliberately went to work as a laborer to learn what was on the worker's mind, confirms this prophecy. He writes: "When we regularize industrial processes and when we make it possible for men to get out of their daily jobs the same sort of satisfaction that keeps you and me going on ours—in the overcoming of difficulties and the solving of problems and getting into our souls our sense of worth and a certain amount of recognition from our friends—then we are going to find men desiring less and less of these strange Utopias that worry us and trouble us and make us wonder what kind of minds these men can have."

The stakes involved, then, in reducing unemployment are tremendous. They are so great as to challenge the very best of effort on the part of every one in touch with the situation. This effort is peculiarly an obligation of the employer, because, after all, he is not only as interested, for material reasons, as the employee, but no real advance short of compulsory legislation or ultimate revolution by the workers can be made without his co-operation. But, besides employers, the whole rank and file of society is concerned. It is deeply concerned, for the simple reason that every member of the community is either directly or indirectly affected by its existence.

Unemployment can undoubtedly be reduced, and reduced permanently, first, by attacking the problem in a personal way through the effort of individual employers, and, secondly, by attacking the problem in a public way through the adoption of various expedients to be mentioned later.

How can individual employers reduce unemployment in their own plants? The best answer to that question is to cite the experience of employers who have already done it. The Dennison Manufacturing Company, of which Henry S. Dennison is President, has adopted various means to regularize production in its plants. A recent statement by its personnel department shows how seriously and intelligently this problem is being met. It says:

At the plant of the Dennison Manufacturing Company a marked reduction of seasonal employment has been effected by the application of certain clearly conceived principles. These principles were not put at once into sudden and complete operation, but were given a practical try-out, and were extended first in one direction and then in another, as conditions made possible. In the nature of things, any very considerable reduction must be a matter of gradual development. It is, indeed, going on here to-day, with the goal far ahead of present attainment; but results so tangible have been secured that the means through which they have been achieved are no longer untested. The five principles applied include:

1. Reduction of seasonal orders by



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CAN UNEMPLOYMENT BE REDUCED?

(Continued)

getting customers to order at least a minimum amount well in advance of the season.

2. The increase of the proportion of non-seasonal orders with a long delivery time.

3. The planning of all stock items more than a year in advance.

4. The planning of interdepartmental needs well in advance.

5. The building up of out-of-season items and the varying of our lines so as to balance one demand against another.

Besides these methods of decreasing the pressure of seasonal demands and evening out the inequalities we can meet seasonal employment by conforming ourselves somewhat to it. We can balance the decrease in work of one department against the surplus of another. We can transfer operatives not needed in one line to another where there is work on hand. In doing so we make it a rule to transfer our operatives to the same off-season work each time, so that they will develop proficiency in these off-season trades.

Some of the same expedients have been adopted by the Hills Brothers Company, importers and packers of dates. Originally the demand for dates was confined to the fall and early winter, and particularly to the holiday season. By judicious advertising as well as sales effort the season for eating dates has been lengthened, so that now dates are considered appetizing (as they should be) from September to June. Even so, it is inevitable that a peak of demand will exist in the early fall. To meet this demand a cold-storage warehouse was erected into which is placed the daily production. Plans are so made that packing these dates continues month in and month out at a comparatively even rate, but, as sales fall off in the summer, a surplus is built up and held in the cold-storage warehouse ready for instant release when the fall demand becomes insistent. As a result of this system, the regularization of employment has been remarkable. The whole factory morale has been strengthened by the avoidance of hiring and firing wrenches, which were so upsetting under the previous conditions.

Although numerous other examples of this nature could be given, their number is pitifully small as compared with the number which might be given if only the requisite amount of foresight and planning were used by all employers alike. To grant that all business is more or less seasonal is not to grant that deep hollows of production must always remain deep. Probably ninety per cent of all business to-day could become more effective as well as more regular in the employment of its workers if the peaks were left alone and persistent, careful thought were given to the question of leveling up the hollows. Efforts to regularize employment are not charitable in the sense of being undertaken without hope of pecuniary reward. They are efforts that spell at the same

time economic security for the worker and larger profits for the employer.

It will be necessary to do more than enlist the private efforts of employers in their own plants, however, in order to solve the problem of unemployment in any complete way. In the first place, our cities can help greatly, and in a twofold way. All public work requiring a large percentage of labor can be held off every year until that time in the year when the average manufacturer's business is slack. Such an expedient will tend to iron out the yearly seasonal wave of unemployment. There are also the waves of panic years which strike us with disheartening regularity every ten years or so. As provision against these a special reserve fund can be built up to be spent upon the erection of needed public work in times of severe business depression.

The Federal Government should do its part also in sharing this burden. In 1921, for instance, it has been estimated that \$158,000,000 of National funds were available for road building. Appropriations for Federal buildings, rivers and harbors, post offices, etc., could be held down to the minimum for several years, and then be expanded with safety when periods of stress threaten. Combating unemployment by these methods is nothing new. So long ago as in 1913 the International Conference on Unemployment adopted the following recommendations:

1. That public works be distributed, as far as possible, in such a way that they may be undertaken in dull seasons or during industrial depression.

2. That budget laws be revised to facilitate the accumulation of reserve funds for this purpose.

3. That permanent institutions be created to study the symptoms of depression in order to advise the authorities when to initiate the reserved work.

4. That such work as land reclamation and improvement of the means of communication, which would tend to increase the permanent demand for labor, be especially undertaken.

5. That, in order to secure the fullest benefits from the reserved work, contracts should be awarded, not as units, but separately for each trade.

There remains to be mentioned one more vital way of warding off unemployment. That is the adoption by States of compulsory unemployment insurance. Just how such a plan would be worked out is beyond the scope of this article, but it is fair to say that various workable plans have been suggested, in particular a very carefully considered one by the American Association for Labor Legislation. The main points of this plan include the taking out of insurance by the employer, all details as to rates of disbursement, amount of premiums, and the like to be under the supervision of a State board on which would sit representatives of the State, employers, and employees. In addition there would be established by the State at important centers of population governmental employment agencies so that the freest possible interchange between employer



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nd employee would exist. There are many other important features of the plan, but the simplest way to characterize it as a whole is to say that in its own field it would operate much as the workmen's compensation laws now operate to cut down the number and severity of accidents.

The opponents of such a plan are numerous, including a majority of employers and, curiously enough, Mr. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. It is Mr. Gompers's opinion that such insurance will make pensioners out of unemployed laborers, that in hard times it will create a class who will look upon the State as a huge charitable agency, and that this attitude will gradually break down the keenness and aggressiveness for which union labor has been so well known in the past. This argument seems beside the point if we conceive the plan in mind, not as an effort of the State to dole out charitable payments in time of stress, but as a working, every-day buffer against the irregularities of employment, the whole burden of which will rest upon industry itself. It is no more a "charitable" act on the part of a worker out of employment to accept unemployment insurance than for the same worker to accept accident insurance when he breaks his leg. In either case the worker is insured against the calamitous effects of not being able to work through no fault of his own, and the bill for this insurance is paid by that particular company which is, to some extent, responsible for the worker's unemployment.

Of course the chief objectors to this plan will be among the employers. Their first comment undoubtedly is that it adds one more burden to overhead expense. This is the same objection that was made during the fight for workmen's accident laws, and, in fact, for almost any laws that appear to add to the cost of doing business, no matter how salutary their effect in other ways may be. It is a selfish objection—but, more than that, it is a weak objection, for it is not true. The enactment of this law in focusing the attention of employers upon methods to combat unemployment (and thus cut down the amount of their insurance premiums) would undoubtedly have the same effect upon unemployment as a similar law has had upon accidents. It would diminish unemployment, and diminished unemployment would mean stabilized industry, more even production, and thus freer opportunities to increase business profits.

These are some of the ways by which the problem of unemployment can be effectively attacked, not only during the depressing days of bad times, but during every day of any year. With the exception of the plan for unemployment insurance and regular grants by the Federal Government, they are all ways tried before, and tried for the most part with success. There can be no lasting results, however, unless our efforts remain permanent. We have diagnosed the disease. What we must do now is to apply the antidote.

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premises. Permanent. Heathcote Inn, Fear-
dale, N. Y. Tel. Scarsdale 600.

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks,
\$135 to \$192 month. Write for free ques-
tionnaire. Columbia Institute, B-4, Colum-
bus, Ohio.

AGENTS—Signs of all kinds for stores and
offices. Big money making line. Attracto
Sign Works, Z. Cicero P. O., Chicago.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young lady's companion to act
as chaperon during winter in Washington.
Prefer English woman. References required.
2,038, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted—Middle age,
must be capable, experienced, and willing to
work. For single man of some years. Best
references exchanged. State salary expected
and send photograph. Address 2,057, Outlook.

DOES some elderly woman want good
country home (New Jersey) more than high
wages? 2,067, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman, Protestant,
good education, to co-operate with mother
care of three children under 3 years. Good
health, patience, firmness for children, ability
to train them, required. Home near New
York. Send references. State salary and
experience. 2,068, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

A NEWSPAPER man tried to draw out Henry Ford about his ambitions for the Presidency. "Would you undertake," he asked Mr. Ford, "to run all the railroads and mines of the United States; to lower the rates and prices according to your principles of good business; to increase wages, to reduce working hours, to add greatly to the service, and to bring a happy ending to the labor wars, without resorting to military force—if . . .?" "If what?" "If I undertake to get you the job?" the interviewer ended weakly. "I didn't ask you to get me a job," was Mr. Ford's effective counter.

Shooting has a strong hold on the average Englishman, and he apparently doesn't count the cost where game is considered. At least this is indicated by the following advertisement in the London "Times." It also indicates the financial difficulties of owners who have to receive "paying guests" to meet their expenses:

Grouse Driving in Aberdeenshire.—Guns Wanted as Paying Guests. In 26 days' shooting last year the bag was 3,663 grouse, at least four days' driving per week; everything found except ammunition, loaders and wines. Price for September £175, or £50 per week.—Application is requested to the owner. Very good prospects this year. Bag should be over 6,000 grouse.

A letter from Russia to Minneapolis had stamps attached to it in sheets, so a daily paper says. Altogether, the stamps were valued at 200,000 rubles. This, however, owing to the great depreciation of Russian money, amounted in value to only about ten cents in American money. Before the war 200,000 rubles were worth \$100,000.

The extra sleeping-car equipment required by the railways for recent conventions, sporting events, and reunions gives an idea of the relative numbers and popularity of various organizations. For the Knights Templar Conclave held



MEMORIALS THAT INSPIRE

*"My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart when mine is cold."*

The most fitting place for a memorial is in a hallowed church interior, and the most expressive medium is beautifully carved wood. Many examples of appropriate memorials are illustrated in our book on this subject. Let us place a copy in your hands if you desire suggestions.

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American Seating Company

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HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess. Primary subjects and music. Good salary. 2,672, Outlook.
MUSICAL young woman wanted at girls' day school in suburb near New York to assist in kindergarten and afternoon sports and play for dancing. 2,074, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, quiet, sunny disposition, cultivated, orphan. Desires position useful companion to old or nervous gentleman. Highest credentials. 1,888, Outlook.
GRADUATE nurse wishes permanent position companion—nervous or mental cases, travel. Charge of motherless child. \$50 per week. 2,061, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, cultured, trained, experienced, desires position as religious work director, social service executive, or pastor's assistant in church or institution. 2,076, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, would care for invalid or children going to California in return for journey expenses. Address Mrs. Hodgson, Infants Summer Hospital, Charlotte, N. Y.

Business Situations

YOUNG woman, widely experienced in social, industrial, and employment work, successful in handling all types (understands insurance of reducing turnover), desires connection with business organization where conscientious efforts will be appreciated. 2,068, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

TWO experienced dietitians desire opening other than hospital, November first. 2,066, Outlook.

BOOKWOMAN—Genius in selling. Foot loose. Highest references. 2,065, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes position as chaperon-companion for girl under fourteen. 2,060, Outlook.

COMPANION—secretary with lady traveling. Well educated young woman, business and private school experience. Best references. Isabel Hughes, Williamstown, Mass.

WOMAN of refinement and experience wishes position as companion to elderly lady. Address R. K. Row, 245 S. Seventh St., Indiana, Pa.

TWO nurses, having private and institutional experience, are opening their country home to receive a few children. Special care given to those of delicate or nervous temperaments. Highest references. 2,063, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged widow of refinement and ability desires position. Companion, attendant, managing housekeeper. No encumbrances. 2,055, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college graduate, wishes to travel as secretary to lady; 7 years' experience. Exceptional recommendations. 2,064, Outlook.

WANTED, by cultured, educated woman, position as traveling companion, companion-secretary, or companion-housekeeper in home where there is one or more servants. No objections to children over four. Best references. 2,068, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED young woman would like position as companion. Will travel. References. 2,077, Outlook.

POSITION of trust, or would take semi-invalid or elderly person needing extra attention to board. 2,070, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher of little children, graduate of Teachers College, Columbia, wishes tutoring in Brooklyn, N. Y. 2,037, Outlook.

TUTORING. Private instruction in Latin, French conversation and grammar, history, and English subjects by a Smith College graduate of French ancestry. Experience. References. Regular instruction for fall and winter. 2,060, Outlook.

TEACHER, specialist in developing, training, teaching backward children. Position visiting, resident, school. 2,060, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement and ability desires position as private secretary or tutor of child. Middle South, Washington, or Richmond preferred. Excellent references. 2,071, Outlook.

DANISH kindergartner. Young lady wants position as traveling companion, kindergartner, or governess. Willing to go anywhere. References. 2,075, Outlook.

REFINED, well educated French woman desires position as governess to children or useful companion. Is accustomed to traveling, good sewer. Country preferred. Best of references. Mlle. O. Vernon, care Mrs. G. A. Cluett, Williamstown, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MRS. Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 300 West 94th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 361 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

CHILD or young girl accommodated in my home in Colorado Springs. Excellent environment. Intelligent care. Open air school. References exchanged. Leaving New York early in September. 2,023, Outlook.

WANTED, by physician, patient with an attendant in a modern suburban home; all conveniences. Apply Box 425, Brewster, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY graduate with teaching experience will tutor a limited number of difficult or slightly backward boys, between 12 and 16 years of age. Year round instruction and outdoor life on farm in Virginia. Individual attention and special help. Best references. Opens Sept. 20. Joseph H. Russell, 100 Sanford Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

YOUNG lady of excellent character will care for two young blind persons in her own home. 2,073, Outlook.



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BY THE WAY—(Continued)

at New Orleans 284 extra sleeping cars were used; for the Investment Bankers' Association, 22 cars; for the Rotary Clubs' convention, 167 cars; for the advertising clubs, 38 cars; for the Kiwanis clubs, 23 cars; for the automobile races at Indianapolis, 95 cars; for the United Confederate Veterans' reunion, 117 cars; for Derby Day at Louisville, Kentucky, 218 cars; and for the Shriners' convention, 688 cars.

People who are skeptical about the accomplishments of parrots will be interested in the following advertisement which appears in an English weekly:

African Grey Adult Male Talking Parrot.—A wonderfully smart speaker, wonderful human voice, says every word distinctly, many long interesting sentences, hundreds of short sentences; a real clever mimic; no vice or swearing; whistles six tunes, sings part two songs; lovable tamper, finger and shoulder tame. Heard talking or sent approval, with his cage, £25.

A house organ argues that printers must give up their old presses and get new machinery if they wish to possess any advantage over their competitors. It illustrates the point thus:

George Bernard Shaw says somewhere that when you give a certain degree of education to everybody, it ceases to be education at all. A man who knows what everybody else knows is an uneducated man, the educated man being one who knows what other people do not know. This is true in the sense that knowledge or skill which is in the possession of every one has no market value.

What is true of human skill and accomplishments is also true of machinery.

An illustration of the gallantry of the native African comes from a British hunter who writes to "Country Life":

"Now here is a curious thing about Africans. If one acquires, say, a lot of meat, he tries to get it into the charge of his wives as soon as possible. While he remains in possession everybody cades from him: friends, relations, everybody of similar age, the merest acquaintances, all seem to think that he should share the meat with them. But once the meat is handed over to his wife it is secure. Whenever any one asks for some, he refers them to his wife. That ends it, for nobody will cade from a woman."

"Collier's" lately asked its readers to name the man in American life who most aptly fitted this description in "Hudibras":

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest
side, etc.

Two of the lines of this famous quotation were seized most aptly by one reader to characterize William J. Bryan "His latest outburst against Darwinism, says this reader, "is rather interesting since

He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse."

Jeritza



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painting
by Halmi
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The greatest artists are Victor artists

The appearance of Jeritza was one of the sensations of the Metropolitan Opera season, and following the example of other famous artists of the world this great soprano chose to make Victor Records. Her gracious personality and magnificent voice are brought to you with unerring accuracy through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records. Victrolas \$25 to \$1500.



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School Information FREE

Catalogs of all Boys' or Girls' private schools (and camps) in U. S. Expert advice free. Relative standing from personal inspection. State fully kind wanted. Maintained by American Schools' Assoc. No fees. Write 1100 Times Bldg., New York, or 1516-A Masonic Temple, Chicago

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Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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Long course of eleven months, beginning October 2, 1922. Lectures by notable librarians, assigned reading and practice work in the library. Short courses winter and summer. For further particulars address The Librarian, as above.

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The McCarter School

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For little children from four to eight years of age. Ideal and school life. Alice McCarter.

The Outlook

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How Walter Camp Put Joy Into Living

Famous Yale Coach shows How to Keep Fit in 'Ten Minutes' Fun a Day—His "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now Set to Music on Phonograph Records



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Originator of the "Daily Dozen"

THOUSANDS of men and women—once flabby-muscled, low in endurance, easily fatigued by ordinary mental or physical exertion—are to-day facing their daily work with new ability and new energy. They are no longer nervous. Their bodies have been rebuilt; their endurance has been strengthened; their minds are clearer—all through *ten minutes' fun a day*.

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These people owe their improved health to the fact that they devoted a short time each day to a new scientific system of physical development. And the remarkable part of it all is that while they were thus building up their bodies—they exulted in the exercise. It was not drudgery, it was fun!

This remarkable system of body building was devised by Walter Camp, the famous Yale football coach. People who have used it say they think it is the best method they have found of keeping fit. According to physical culture experts who have studied it, this new method will often accomplish in *just ten minutes* more actual good than a half hour spent in strenuous gymnasium exercise.

Mr. Camp has embodied the complete system in twelve simple movements which are known as the "Daily Dozen."

The "Daily Dozen" were first used as a much needed substitute for the tiresome setting-up drills used in training camps during the war. Their immense value was quickly apparent and before long members of the Cabinet as well as other prominent men were relying on them as a guard against physical breakdown due to overwork.

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Another reason for the wonderful effectiveness of the "Daily

Dozen" is because they are based on natural methods of body-development. Take the tiger in the zoo. He is caged in, removed from his natural way of living—just as we, through the centuries, have grown away from our natural way of living. Yet the tiger keeps himself in perfect physical condition—always. How?—by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles. And that is where Mr. Camp says we must look after ourselves! It is on just this principle that he has based his "Daily Dozen."

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record-album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 69, Garden City, N. Y.

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John Lewis Childs
Floral Park Inc.
New York



The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 13, 1922

THE RAILWAY STRIKE AND THE FEDERAL INJUNCTION

NATURALLY, great commotion has been caused in labor circles by the issuance of the sweeping injunction by Judge Wilkerson, of the Federal District Court in Chicago. It restrains the striking railway shopmen, their unions, and the labor unions affiliated with them in the American Federation of Labor, from interfering directly or indirectly with the operation of the railways. This of course is a temporary injunction, and arguments to make it permanent are to be held this week. This action of the Government, taken at the instance of the Attorney-General, brings up anew the often-debated question of the application of court injunctions to labor questions, or, as the labor leaders call it, "government by injunction."

There is no question that there have been acts of lawlessness and violence against railway property, and therefore against inter-State commerce, and it is probably true that acts of intimidation, violence, and threats have been used against railway workers who would not strike or others who have taken the places of strikers.

It might be said that the criminal law should be sufficient to restrain and punish these acts, but it has been well established that where such acts amount to conspiracy the use of injunctions is lawful and right. This was clearly shown in the Chicago railway trouble of 1894 by President Cleveland, who declared that abundant proof had been found that there had been resistance to Governmental functions both as regards the transportation of mail and the operation of inter-State commerce and that "conspiracy existed against commerce between the States." The conviction of Debs for disobeying a Federal injunction issued on just these grounds was unanimously sustained by the United States Supreme Court.

The present injunction is attacked by the labor leaders, not merely because they are bitterly opposed to the application of the injunction to strikes, but also because, as they allege, it forbids things that are not illegal. They would argue that where the acts forbidden are criminal under the law the restraint should come through the ordinary criminal procedure, so that this injunction would duplicate existing powers to deal with

crime. They would further argue that, if things not now illegal are forbidden by the injunction as illegal, we should have what they call judge-made law. In this case their complaint rests chiefly on the fact that, in addition to forbidding violence, intimidation, and the like, the injunction practically forbids strikers and unions to induce others to strike or to refrain from taking strikers' places by "entreaties," "arguments," and what is generally known as "peaceful picketing." Whether this exceeds the proper function of injunctions remains to be seen when the matter goes before the higher courts.

Broadly stated, the argument against excessive use of the injunction is that it puts the power in the hands of individual judges to define what is illegal and to inflict punishment under the guise of penalties for contempt of court and without the intervention of district attorneys or juries. Under this view it is declared that in cases of acts committed outside the court-room the accused should have a jury trial. The sound view of this matter seems to be that injunctions have their proper uses in criminal as well as in civil cases, but that by their nature they are also subject to abuses and should be carefully guarded by definition and law. Years ago, when this question was under active discussion, The Outlook stated editorially: "It is an abuse of the injunction to use it for the purpose of preventing a body of workmen from doing an act which they have a legal right to do, such as to unite in leaving their employer's employment or to persuade by peaceful means others from entering that employment." And in another instance The Outlook remarked: "Power should not be denied to the courts to prohibit and prevent wrong-doing; that power should be rather increased than diminished; but it ought not to be exercised without previous notice and hearing, save in very exceptional cases."

What the practical effect of the injunction will be on the present strike is a matter of some doubt. So far as it tends to prevent intimidation, interference with the mails, attacks on any employees (strike-breakers or not), or threats of any kind, it will receive the approval of all good citizens. It has lately been claimed by the railway executives that the places of the strikers were being

filled and that many of the strikers were coming back to work. If this is so, the injunction may prove a hindrance to an early settlement rather than otherwise. At all events, the country at large is practically unanimous in believing that the shopmen should have followed the example of the maintenance of way men and have shown a willingness to resubmit the questions involved to the Railroad Labor Board. And it is equally true that such steps should be taken by Congress and the Government as would make it impossible for the country to face every little while the threat of a general railway strike which would tie up the business of the country and produce almost inconceivable conditions of living, traveling, and carrying on of work.

THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE ENDS

AFTER five months of diplomacy and conference, an agreement has been reached between the hard-coal miners and operators. Final confirmation by a tri-district convention of the United Mine Workers remains to be secured, and almost surely will be before this is read.

The terms of this treaty are satisfactory to both the contracting parties; to the miners because they retain their old wage scale, will have plenty of work, and have had their way in that the agreement affects the whole hard-coal industry, pushes forward the date for new contracts to August 31, 1923, and rejects any outside arbitration; and to the operators because they can now easily sell all the coal they can put on the market at high prices—and they have duly warned consumers of a high-price era by asking for a "mandate" (apparently by silent consent) approving the settlement on a high-price basis.

But how about the third party to this controversy—the silent bystander, upon whose shoulders the war cost is to be dumped? One estimate puts the cost of the strike at two billion dollars. The shortage of anthracite is about 40,000,000 tons. The resumption of actual coal production and distribution will be slow. It looks as if the consumer pays in two ways—in money and in discomfort. He is to get his coal on a hand-to-mouth basis, to use unfamiliar and undesirable substitutes, perhaps to endure actual suffering. Organized labor claims a great victory; the coal operators, hard

and soft, see a fine selling season before them; neither side has made much of a pretense of caring for the public interest.

The time to make such a ruthless labor war impossible in the future is while indignation is still hot. Congress should push the legislation before it, so as not only to provide a fact-finding commission which should put the hidden things of the coal industry into the light and, if possible, curb profiteering at the expense of home and factory, but should also provide a permanent National Coal Commission. The last (with the important omission of the word "permanent") is included in the terms of the strike settlement. Such a Commission should have effective powers, as should also the Railroad Labor Board. The lesson of this summer's strike is that Governmental regulation must prevail if Government ownership is to be avoided.

THE HERRIN MURDERS

Two months after the atrocious wholesale murder of workers in and about the Herrin mines the course of justice has proceeded so far as to obtain from a Grand Jury one individual indictment, that of Otis Clark, a union miner, charged with the murder of Mr. C. K. McDowell, superintendent of the Lester Mine—a crippled man who was first beaten up and then deliberately shot after surrender.

What really happened in Herrin was the result of a conspiracy to murder entered into by a considerable number of men. If possible, indictments should be procured on this basis. Inadequate as the results so far attained seem, it is a tribute to the courage and insistence of the Illinois Attorney-General, Edward J. Brundage, that even one man faces trial. He has been threatened with political ruin for insisting that Illinois should free itself from the disgrace of letting lawlessness and murder go unpunished. Whatever happens or fails to happen, he at least has done his duty.

The head of the Illinois miners' union, Frank Farrington, declares that the union will defend all members indicted by every possible means and that he appreciates the "magnitude of the agitation which is Nation-wide for convictions." No one is "agitating" for conviction of innocent men, but otherwise Mr. Farrington is right. The country is watching Herrin; it knows that a great crime was committed; it will not be content until the guilty are brought to justice.

GREETING TO BRAZIL

BRAZIL celebrates her one hundredth anniversary of independence on September 7. The nations of the world will join with her on that date in mak-

ing the occasion worthy of such a historic event. The United States, which has always enjoyed a close and growing friendship with the great Republic of South America, will be ably represented at the opening of the Centenary commemoration by a special mission headed by Secretary of State Hughes. When the United States celebrated its Centennial in 1876, Brazil sent her Emperor Dom Pedro II to convey her message of good will and congratulations. He was the only chief of state present on that occasion, and this Government and people have not forgotten the high tribute which it implied. President Harding expressed a desire to return in person the visit of Dom Pedro, but was unable to leave the country at this time; and so sent his chief Cabinet adviser to express for him the interest which this country feels in all that pertains to the welfare of this Republic of the South.

Along with the Brazilian centenary exercises there will open also in Rio de Janeiro on September 7 an international exposition, at which the principal countries of the world will have extensive governmental as well as industrial displays. This Exposition will continue until March 31 next, and possibly for some months longer. It is believed that this will be one of the most interesting and most attractive world expositions which has ever been held.

With wonderful natural opportunities to start with, located in what is conceded by all travelers to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world, where a spacious bay of unsurpassed grandeur with a surrounding wealth of tropical color and richness of verdure adds greatly to the setting, the Brazilian Government has done everything possible to make the coming Centenary Exposition one that will be unique and worthy of lasting remembrance. In the generous preparations which she has made for celebrating her hundredth anniversary she deserves the praise of the world. In making these plans she has shown an energy, a determination, and a progressiveness which must call forth highest commendation.

To all that nature has given Rio de Janeiro as a show place *par excellence* for exposition purposes, there will be added magnificent lighting effects, the latest that electrical artists can supply; and for this purpose alone the Brazilian Government has made a large appropriation. Those who recall what was done at San Francisco and at some of the previous world fairs in this country in the way of brilliant illumination may be prepared to see new and even more striking results at the Brazilian Exposition. Reduced steamship rates, which have been put into effect by the United

States Shipping Board vessels, have made it possible for thousands of persons from the United States to make the trip to Brazil, and there seems to be no doubt but that those who make the voyage will be well repaid.

THE EXHIBIT OF OUR GOVERNMENT

THE United States Government in the building which it has erected, and which later is to be the home of the American Embassy, has placed exhibits showing the varied and interesting activities of its different departments. The effort has been made by those in charge of the preparation of these displays to have them of educational value as well as attractive. The Department of Commerce, for instance, will show some of the important work being done by the Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Fisheries. The Treasury Department will have a public health exhibit, and also portray some of the most interesting operations of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. American forestry methods and developments in road building will feature the series of exhibits from the Department of Agriculture. The Geological Survey of the Interior Department, and the Engineers' Reproduction Division of the War Department, will co-operate in giving a display of how surveying and charting of the earth's surface are accomplished.

Mine rescue work, safety devices which are employed, and other features will be included in the exhibit which has been sent by the Bureau of Mines. The War and Navy and the Post Office Departments; the American Red Cross; the Veterans' Bureau, with the work being done in vocational education; the United States Bureau of Education and educational institutions throughout the country; the Library of Congress—all these branches of Governmental activity will be clearly and compactly shown to the people of Brazil as well as to visitors from all other sections of South America, Europe, and other parts of the world who will be at Rio de Janeiro.

In addition to the Government exhibits, many manufacturing and business concerns in this country have sent samples of their goods, to be shown in a separate building which has been erected especially for the purpose. In other buildings the manufacturers and merchants of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Portugal, Argentina, Uruguay, and other countries are displaying the products in which they believe the people of Brazil will be interested and for which a market exists in the big South American Republic.

Brazil began her independence as an Empire one hundred years ago, when

SUBMIT YOU TO THE PEOPLE'S VOICES

(Coriolanus, Act III, Scene 3)

Smith in the Columbus Citizen



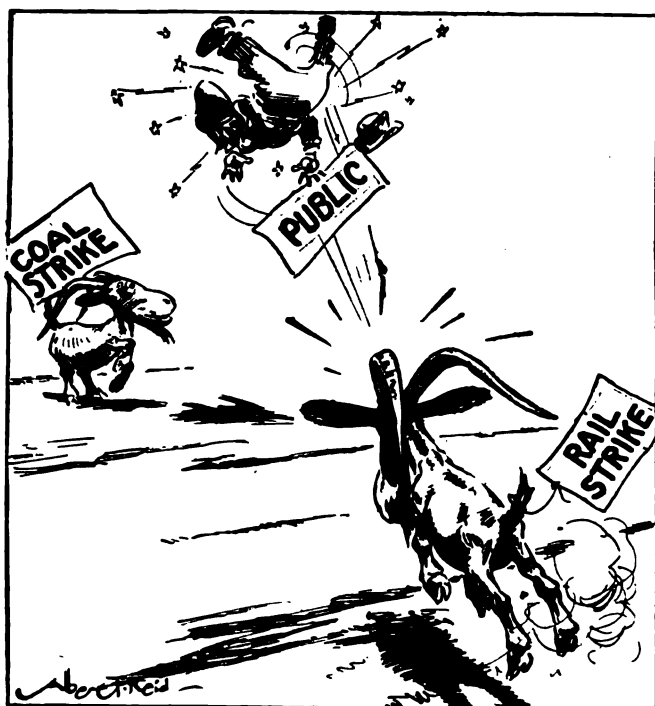
NOW IF WE ARE ONLY ABLE TO SUPPORT IT
From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



TAKE IT AWAY!

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S AT

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger



A VOICE FROM THE COAL HOLE
From Frederick Elssler, Philadelphia, Pa.



POSTER OF THE BRAZILIAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

Dom Pedro I at Ypiranga, on September 7, 1822, formally declared the nation to be independent, and became a Republic in 1889. Brazil has always been on friendly terms with the United States. Brazil's federal Constitution is closely modeled on that of this Republic; and in many other ways the close relations between the two countries have been manifested. The friendship between the United States of Brazil and the United States of America has grown with the passing of the years. This country, Government and people, sends to Brazil heartiest congratulations on the progress of a century and sincere wishes for its future happiness and prosperity. Our participation in the Brazilian Centenary should constitute another link binding the two nations closer together.

HOPES FOR CUBA

It is encouraging to note that Secretary Hughes, on the eve of his departure for his South American trip, issued a statement regarding the present state of affairs in Cuba which declares that what has been done indicates substantial progress toward a solution of the unhappy state of affairs which has been described pretty fully in *The Outlook*. It has been due to the activity of General Crowder, the representative of the President in Cuba, and to American firmness in declaring that reform was imperatively necessary that the new measures of reconstruction have been formed.

These measures, Secretary Hughes tells us, are five in number. Mr. Hughes believes that combinedly they

will stabilize financial and business conditions and take much that is objectionable out of the political life of the island. The measures provide for the consolidation of departments on a business basis, for a better system of accounting, more responsibility in expenditures, and for the amendment of the judicial code to make the removal of members of the judiciary easier when there is cause for their removal, and the contracting of a foreign loan to pay the floating debt of Cuba and to make a start on necessary public works. A special commission is to be created to deal with the question of public indebtedness, and the Civil Service Law is to be modified so as to enable the executive to reorganize and improve the service.

These plans are all well designed for the improvement of Cuba's conditions. The bills have already passed the Cuban lower house. It remains to be seen whether the spirit of political dishonesty and of graft in governmental and business matters can be so reformed as to make the application of this legislation thorough and satisfactory.

THE TURCO-GREEK WAR

GREECE has ample reason to lament its own folly in restoring Constantine to the throne and reversing the policy of Venizelos. It was impossible for the Allies, whom Constantine had deceived and trifled with in war time, to feel enthusiasm over Constantine's claims against Turkey in the after-war settlement. So the Turks under Kemal and the Greeks under Constantine have been left to fight the matter out, with varying results.

At the end of August, after a long period of cessation of the fighting, came news of a positive reverse for the Greeks. They were forced to evacuate important points in Anatolia, to abandon their plan of occupying Angora, and to show their military inferiority to Kemal's well-organized army of 100,000 men.

It may be, as the Greeks claim, that the Allies granted too much to Turkish greed for territory in Asia Minor and that conflicting interests among the Allies have led to the growth of a dangerous situation in the Near East. But, if so, Greece is largely to blame for allowing herself to be led by such a proved double-dealer as the time-serving Constantine.

What effect the recent renewal of hostilities on a large scale and the repulse of the Greeks will have on the projected conference at Venice to bring about the ending of the Turco-Greek War remains to be seen. It is not impossible that it may be postponed or abandoned. The

Turks, who have already been given too much, are now sure to clamor for more.

A VICTORY; NOT A TRIUMPH

THE primary elections in California and Texas provided politicians, both amateur and professional, with food for thought and talk.

The newspapers have offered many explanations for the slump in Hiram Johnson's usual majority. It was with the purpose of securing the first-hand testimony of a progressive Californian that we telegraphed Mr. Chester Rowell for his own views on the subject. Mr. Rowell's distinguished career as journalist, politician, lecturer, and holder of important public offices entitles his opinion to great weight. In many past campaigns he has stood shoulder to shoulder with Senator Johnson.

In reply to our query, Mr. Rowell has telegraphed us as follows:

"The nomination of Senator Hiram W. Johnson by 70,000 majority at the California primaries was a victory rather than a triumph. Large as the majority is, the pre-election betting odds showed that it is much less than was expected by careful practical observers on either side. The chief significance of the result is a personal tribute to Senator Johnson. Its meaning on issues is much more confused.

"Senator Johnson himself characterized it as 'the same old fight against the same old gang.' In part it was. Some remnants of the old reactionary group opposed him for the same reasons. Others of the same group supported him for new reasons. Also many progressives who do not agree with him on present issues supported him from loyalty to the old fight.

"His irregular party record was the basis of the opposition of some orthodox partisans. Others objected to his alleged alliance with Hearst. To these mostly conservative groups were added many progressives who disagreed with Johnson's irreconcilable attitude toward the League of Nations, and especially the Four-Power Treaty. He himself charged that these opponents were actuated by personal disappointments, but many of them were beyond possible suspicion of personal motives.

"Senator Johnson's recent activity in securing for California products the highest tariff rates ever known also gained him many conservative supporters who would normally have been against him. All these composite groupings on both sides make it impossible to give the result any clear significance on single issues, beyond the conclusion that not enough of those Californians who disagree with Senator Johnson on inter-



Paul Thompson

EARLE B. MAYFIELD, OF TEXAS

national issues regarded that difference as important enough to vote against him on it.

"Primarily it was a personal victory. The people voted for Hiram Johnson because he is the man they want."

MERELY A CHOICE OF EVILS

FOR first-hand information of the Texas situation we appealed to Professor John Lomax, of the University of Texas. Professor Lomax is a Democrat. He is a Mississippian by birth, but he has been a resident of Texas for many years. He has been secretary of the University of Texas since 1910. If it is not too much of a digression in the midst of an item of political news, we should like to observe that any one who has failed to

read Professor Lomax's compilation of cowboy songs has missed a very valuable chapter of American literature. But if we start discussing cowboy songs, there will be no room left for Professor Lomax's admirable summary of the Texas situation, which he telegraphs us at our request:

"Six men, including the present Senator, Charles A. Culberson, made the race for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Texas. Earle B. Mayfield, backed by the Ku Klux Klan, led in the first primary, closely followed by James E. Ferguson, who advocated the return of light wines and beers. In 1917 Ferguson was impeached and expelled from the office of Governor of Texas. The discussions between these two men in the second primary run-off, held August 26, were characterized by personal abuse, Mayfield attacking Ferguson's record as Governor, and Ferguson retorting with statements that Mayfield was a prohibitionist only in theory. Mayfield refused to discuss the Ku Klux Klan issue.

"In a total vote of about 525,000 Mayfield received a majority over Ferguson of 50,000. Of the 100,000 who voted in the first primary and not in the second a large number declined to cast their ballots for either candidate. Of the six original candidates they felt that the two least desirable men had been chosen for the run-off. Mayfield's nomination cannot be construed as an indorsement of the Ku Klux Klan. Rather, it reflects an unwillingness of the people to be represented in the Senate by an impeached Governor. Furthermore, four other candidates for State office backed by the K. K. K. were defeated by large majorities. Mayfield was also strongly supported by women and other ardent prohibitionists.

"Local Ku Klux Klan candidates in Dallas, Houston, Beaumont, Austin, Waco, and other centers were victorious, but in the race for Senator the Ku Klux Klan issue was subordinate to prohibition and to personal animus against Ferguson.

"It is generally conceded that Mayfield, partly because of his Klan affiliations and partly because of doubt of his ability, will run far behind other men on his ticket. There is little chance, however, for a Republican to win or for the Republicans and Independent Democrats to fuse and elect a man. The Republicans will make their final choice of a candidate on Sept. 7. If they succeed in finding a representative man who will satisfy the thousands of bitterly chagrined Democrats, they will doubtless poll the largest vote the party has received since Texas came into the Union."

Certainly the choice of the Lone Star



HIRAM JOHNSON, OF CALIFORNIA

voter appears to be a hard one. There does not seem to be even one lone star of any magnitude among the candidates.

A NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

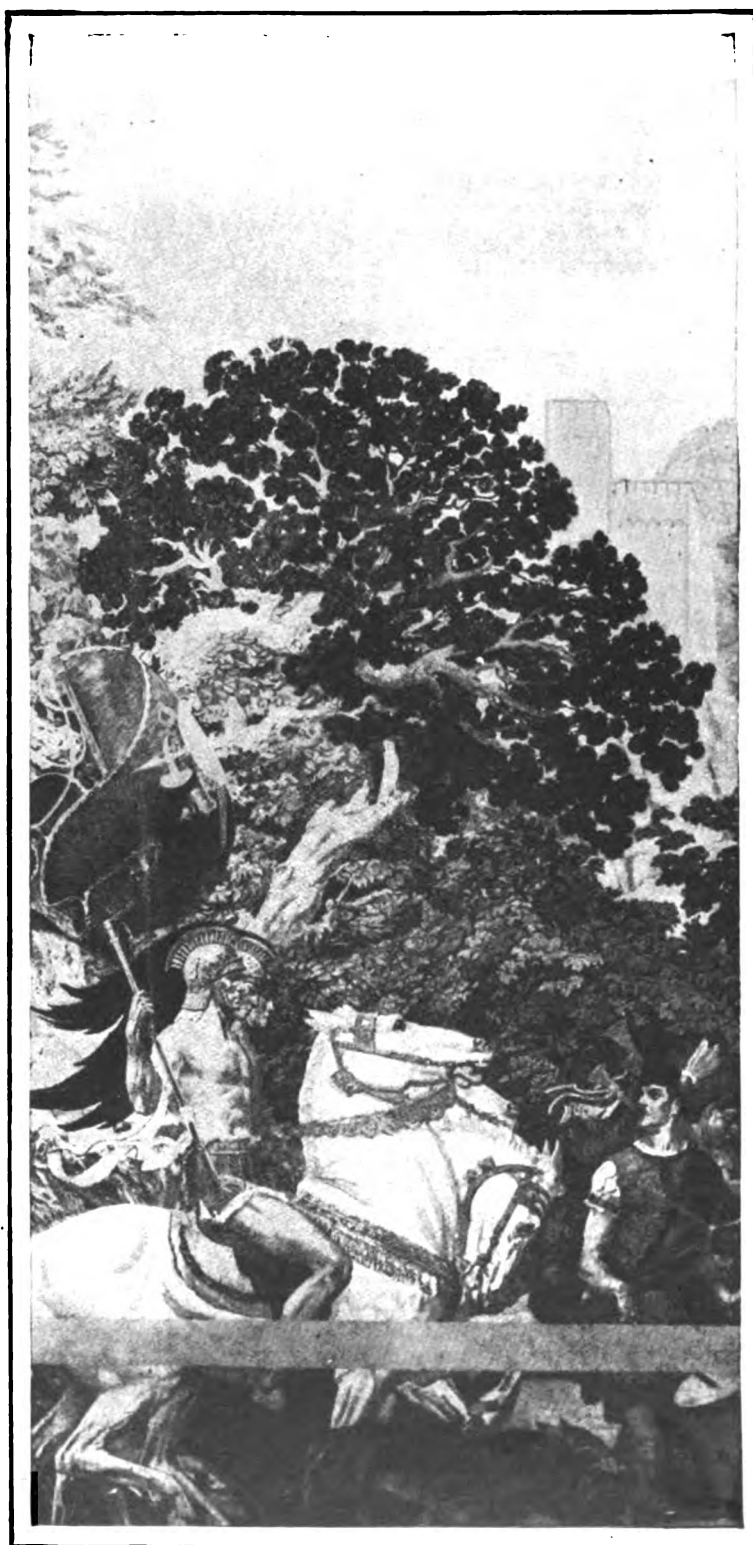
DESPATCHES from Washington announce that Justice John H. Clarke, of the United States Supreme Court, has resigned, and that ex-Senator George Sutherland has been nominated by President Harding to fill the vacancy.

Justice Clarke was born in Ohio sixty-five years ago, and is a graduate of the Western Reserve University, of Cleveland. He was general counsel of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis Railroad for thirteen years, but in spite of this so-called corporate connection has been regarded as so liberal in questions concerning property and labor that many conservative people have with shakings of the head looked upon him anxiously as an ultra-radical. It is true that in many recent important decisions of the Court he has stood with Justice Brandeis, who has long held so-called advanced views in industry and economics. Justice Clarke was appointed by President Wilson. He had served as a United States District Judge before he took his seat upon the Supreme Court bench. He is a man of literary taste and sympathy. He has been an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, and it is believed that he has left the bench in order to devote himself to a furtherance of the principles of the League.

The new Justice, Mr. Sutherland, was born in England sixty years ago, but received his academic education in this country and is a graduate of the Law School of the University of Michigan. He is a Republican; served as a member of the State Senate of Utah; and has been two terms, from 1905 to 1917, a member for Utah of the United States Senate, where he created for himself an enviable reputation as an authority on international law. He is a personal friend of President Harding's and has been President of the American Bar Association. He served as one of the advisers to the American delegation at the recent Armament Conference in Washington, where his views and advice were much relied upon. Mr. Sutherland is a man of broad and liberal views on legal, economic, and social questions, although he is generally regarded as more conservative than Justice Clarke. His appointment is a commendable one, and in making it President Harding has preserved the best standards and traditions of the Supreme Court.

A UNIVERSITY "MOVIE"

THERE are several features that make the Eastman Theater, soon to be opened in Rochester, New York, both



International

"MARTIAL MUSIC," MURAL DECORATION BY EZRA WINTER FOR THE NEW EASTMAN THEATER AT ROCHESTER

notable and novel. It is, we are told, the first time in the history of the screen drama that a motion-picture house has been incorporated with the regular work of a university. It is doubtly interesting to find that the connection between the Eastman Theater and Rochester University is through the music school of the University. With this in view,

the theater (named after Mr. George Eastman, its founder) will have what is thought to be the finest organ in the world, together with a smaller organ and nine organ practice rooms, and a collection of musical instruments for the use of students that cost \$35,000. In addition to the musical educational work of the theater it will provide musical

settings for its screen pictures in a manner consonant with high ideals of the musical art.

The plans for the programmes of the theater are for most of the performances not greatly different from those of the best moving-picture shows. On every Wednesday, however, a musical recital and concert will take the place of the usual performance, and both the music and the performers will be of the highest rank.

The new theater is beautifully decorated and adorned with mural paintings. One novel feature is to be what is called "an ideal condition with reference to illumination," so that during the performance of a screen drama the auditorium remains light enough to read a programme.

A recent newspaper writer on the subject declares that here at last will be found "a concrete realization of the pet dream of the movie interests, discussed for nearly a decade, since first an orchestra with soloists was introduced in an up-town theater incidental to picture presentation—the marriage of the art forms: music and the silent drama."

A COMMISSION OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

TEN of the big universities of the Middle West are allied in athletics. In football, for example, they play one another for what is known as the Conference championship. The alliance is known as the Intercollegiate Conference. It is composed of the Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, and Northwestern, Purdue, and Ohio State Universities.

Recently the directors of physical education in these universities created a post of Commissioner of Athletics of the Intercollegiate Conference and appointed to that position Major John L. Griffith. The immediate occasion for the creation of this post was undoubtedly the exposure of certain evils in athletics which had developed in a number of colleges in this country, and among them at least one of the Conference universities. It will be the duty of Major Griffith to conduct an educational campaign on behalf of a sound amateur spirit and a better sportsmanship. That Major Griffith will undertake his task with no prejudice against a vigorous competition may be deduced from the fact that during the war he directed physical and bayonet training in the United States Army. Since the war he has been on the staff of the Department of Athletics at the University of Illinois.

When we learned of his appointment, we wrote to Major Griffith, asking for

information concerning his aims. In reply we have received a letter in which he says:

"In the first place, athletics, and, in fact, all of our physical education activities, have grown remarkably in the last few years and now challenge the attention and consideration of all. The political party now in power was elected on a platform one of the planks of which calls for Federal encouragement of those matters which pertain to the physical betterment of our youth. There are now several bills before Congress which aim toward correcting conditions which the draft figures revealed relative to our physical unpreparedness for war. Twenty-eight States have passed compulsory physical education laws. Furthermore, there is more interest now in amateur athletics in the schools and colleges, judged not only by the increased number of participants but also by the size of the crowds that witness the contests, than ever before.

"The American people prefer to give expression to their physical selves in terms of competitive athletics. In Germany mass setting-up drills as featured by the *Turners* are popular. We have heard a great deal about a German system of physical education or a Swedish system or a Japanese system, but none of these have ever gained popularity in the United States. The American system embodies the sports and games that have been developed in this country in accordance with our National temperament.

"Our competitive athletics, so long as they are kept clean, are indispensable. They furnish an ideal. Every normal boy aspires to be a Paddock, an Oliphant, or a Thorpe. They furnish wholesome entertainment of an invigorating sort to thousands of spectators. *Esprit de corps* in the educational institutions is largely developed around the athletic teams. Good sportsmanship and the spirit of fair play, which are both needed to-day as never before in our social and economic life, can be taught better in athletics than in any other manner, and our fighting games furnish a splendid substitute for military training.

"As Commissioner of Athletics of the Intercollegiate Conference, it will be my duty to conduct an educational campaign to bring about a better understanding of the purposes and values of athletics; to explain the rules which the directors have adopted to safeguard athletics; and to enlist the support of students, alumni, and the general public in the observance and enforcement of these rules. It is hoped that this may be accomplished through the co-opera-

tion of the press and periodicals and through meetings with students, educators, alumni, and others.

"Further, it will be my duty, in so far as possible, to see that students who are not eligible to compete under Conference rules are disbarred.

"The evils which threaten our intercollegiate athletics are gambling, professionalism, distrust, and enmities which sometimes arise over the contests and a willingness to violate the rules. The argument which is sometimes advanced, that our athletics are wrong because the men strive so hard to win, is misleading. Character is not developed by weak and insipid tackling nor by half-hearted trying on the part of the contestants. On the other hand, it is not necessary for an athlete to hate an opponent in order to play well against him, and the coach who sings hymns of hate to his men about other coaches and other teams is a menace to the game."

INTERNATIONAL GOLF

THE photographer who took the picture (which appears on the next page) of the Anglo-American Golf Match on the National Golf Course at Southampton, Long Island, it is apparent, is neither a golfer nor a sailor. If he were a golfer, he would have picked out a more picturesque portion of the fairway than he selected for his photograph; if a sailor, he would have chosen one of the beautiful water-holes of the National course showing the blue and shining Peconic Bay in its setting of golden sand and evergreen pines and cedars. The National Golf Course is believed by American golfers to be one of the most trying tests of golf in this country, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful courses in its surroundings. It is one of those courses where the slightest deviation from long and accurate play is likely to involve the unhappy golfer in almost insurmountable difficulty. It was the scene during the latter part of August of a contest for the Walker Cup between a team of eight selected British amateurs—some of them Scotch and some of them English—and eight selected American amateurs. The British team came over this summer for the purpose of entering this particular match and the American amateur championship, which was being played over the Brookline Country Club course at Boston as this issue of *The Outlook* went to press.

On the first day of the contest on the National links the Americans and Britishers played foursomes—not four-ball foursomes, but the ancient and genuine foursome commonly but erroneously called in this country "Scotch four-



Levick

THE GALLERY FOLLOWING JONES AND WETHERED TO THE SIXTEENTH HOLE, IN THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH

some," in which the partners on each side play alternate strokes at the same ball. In this contest the Americans won three out of four matches. On the second day the eight Americans played in single matches against the Britishers. Jesse Guilford, Robert Jones, Charles ("Chick") Evans, Francis Ouimet, and Robert Gardner were the winners for the United States, while Messrs. Hoo-man, MacKenzie, and Darwin of England beat their American antagonists. Thus the cup was won by eight to four matches.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, one of the contestants on the British team, is not only an excellent golfer, but an excellent writer on golf. No contest of physical prowess that we know of has a more voluminous, permanent, and picturesque literature than golf. It has not only a long list of what might be called textbooks, but it has furnished the subject-matter for innumerable essays and personal narratives and reminiscence. Perhaps this literature contains no single passage so eloquent or so classic as George Borrow's famous Apostrophe to the Bruisers of England, but it certainly has enlisted the services of some of the best out-of-door writers of modern times. Mr. Darwin belongs to this group of writers. He thinks that American golfers excel in putting:

There is no mistake about it that they are truly magnificent golfers. Up to the green they are fully as good as our men. I don't think they drive any better, but their pitching is surer and heavier. When it comes to the green there is only side in it. The lesson that Hagen taught us at Sandwich, where Mr. Walter Travis had taught us a similar lesson seventeen years before, was rubbed in yet again. Our men did not putt badly, judged

by British standards, but we do not begin to know what good putting is.

These Americans really can putt. They stand still and they hit the ball truly and with apparent ease.

If Benjamin Franklin were living to-day, he might add to the sayings of Poor Richard: Take care of the putts, and the matches will take care of themselves.

ADJUSTED COMPENSATION

THERE have been many editorials written about the Bonus Bill—some of them we suspect by editors who have never read it. The Outlook, as its readers know, is not in favor of the Bonus Bill as it stands, but even those who oppose it ought to be familiar with its provisions.

In the first place, it is not, as many seem to believe, a bill providing for a large lump payment to all men who served in the war. It is in essence the grant of a paid-up life insurance policy, the size of which is determined by the length of service performed. The only cash payment provided for is that to those veterans who, under the provisions of the bill, would be entitled to receive not more than \$50.

As passed by the Senate, the bill calls for the presentation of a service certificate to every honorably discharged veteran who applies for it. The value of this certificate is based upon the time of active service in excess of sixty days in the military or naval forces of the United States. This credit accrues at the rate of \$1 a day for home service and \$1.25 a day for overseas service. The certificate which the veteran is to receive equals the sum of his service

credit, increased by twenty-five per cent plus interest for twenty years at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, compounded annually. This makes his service certificate approximately three times the value of his service credit. In any case, the service credit upon which the value of the service certificate is based cannot exceed \$500 for a man who has done no overseas service and \$625 for veterans who have performed any overseas service. Thus the largest paid-up policy which any man could receive would be approximately \$1,875. Veterans falling into certain classifications, which we shall not enter into here, are excepted from the benefits of this bill.

There are four options open to the eligible veteran: If his adjusted service credit is less than \$50, he can take payment in cash. If his adjusted credit is more than \$50, he must choose between receiving what is virtually a twenty-year paid-up life insurance policy or he must elect to receive vocational training aid or to receive farm or home aid. If he selects the certificate, he cannot assign it or give it as a security for a loan except as provided by the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Prior to January 21, 1926, he can borrow from a State or National bank not in excess of fifty per cent of his adjusted service certificate. The bill provides that upon his failure to meet his notes the Government will pay the bank the principal and interest of its loan. It would be possible for a veteran to regain his certificate by paying the Government the money which it gave the bank, together with the interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, compounded annually. After January 21 loans similar to those made by the banks can be secured directly from the Government by appli-

cation through the Post Office Department.

After July 1, 1923, the veteran is entitled to receive in one payment or in installments an amount equal to 100 per cent of his adjusted service credit for the purpose of enabling him to make improvements on a city or suburban home or to purchase or make payments on such a home or farm or to pay off indebtedness existing on such a home or farm prior to the date of the application by the veteran. The amount which the veteran may receive for such a purpose amounts to 105 per cent of his adjusted service credit if the payment is made in 1924, 110 per cent in 1925, 120 per cent in 1926, 130 per cent in 1927, 140 per cent in 1928 and thereafter. The purpose for which this money is to be spent must be approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

As is widely known, disabled veterans are entitled to the benefits of the present Vocational Rehabilitation Act. The bill for adjusted compensation extends to uninjured veterans some of the benefits which have hitherto been reserved for disabled veterans. It permits all those who come under its provisions to receive 140 per cent of the amount of their adjusted service credit, to be expended at a rate of \$1.75 a day on a course of vocational training.

As the bill was passed by the Senate, it provides for the development of arid or semi-arid lands to be settled by veterans, and it authorizes the expenditure of \$350,000,000 for carrying out such developments. The bill also provides that the money for carrying out its provisions shall be paid out of and be a first charge upon the interest received by the United States on obligations of foreign governments, and that if this shall be insufficient the same shall be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

We have not attempted to give more than an outline of the bill, nor does it seem possible to secure any exact estimate as to the amount of money which its provisions would require.

The chief objections to the measure as passed by the Senate seem to us as follows:

1. The enactment of this bill into a law will delay, and not hasten, the day when the disabled veterans of the war shall receive adequate care. These men should have the first call upon the attention of the United States.

2. By the inevitable inflation caused by carrying this bill into effect the business development of the country may be hampered to such an extent that the four million veterans of the World War will in the end lose more than they will gain.

3. The bill as passed by the Senate is

a fraud upon the men whom it purports to help, for it makes no real provision for meeting the obligation which it assumes. To provide for the payment by utilizing the interest on our foreign debt is a twofold deception. In the first place, it draws upon funds that are still to be collected, and, in the second place, it uses the funds in a manner not sound financially. If we receive the money from our foreign loans, that money belongs to a fund for the redemption of our Liberty Loans. To use the interest on our foreign debt for adjusted compensation and then borrow money for refunding our Liberty Loans would be taking money from one pocket and putting it in another and pretending that we had increased our available assets.

We hope that the President will veto the present Bonus Bill, as he has promised.

FOR EXAMPLE—

A GAIN we hear that "the most interesting magazine articles are never published"—a contention with which we entirely agree, as the most interesting magazine articles are never written. For example:

Inspired by the uprising against the Eighteenth Amendment, an Outlook contributor resolved the other day to prepare an article dealing, not only with prohibition, but with the Methodist Centenary, the tithing movement, the six months' evangelistic campaign for "one million souls by June first," the Inter-church World Movement of North America, the campaign for a "blue" Sunday, the movement to censor stage and screen—in short, the whole array of efforts since the armistice to accomplish incalculable good quickly and by force—the force, that is, of the "drive" or of law.

We remember that a famous editor, when asked, "What interests people?" replied, "Themselves." By that test, here was unquestionably the most interesting article conceived in years. Every American would see himself portrayed; for, either as promoter, as participant, as disgruntled remonstrant, as beneficiary, or as more or less victim, every American has been affected—personally, even intimately. And observe. The contributor regards these phenomena as symptoms of a world-wide neurosis prevalent after the war, and during it, and, to a considerable degree, before it. Instead of "Get-Good-Quick Schemes," his article might well have borne the headline, "The Matter with Us All."

Very beautiful oftentimes are the symptoms neurosis will produce—visions, ecstasies, even a high creativeness. The contributor recalled Taine's ex-

planation of Gothic architecture as the work of overwrought nerves. But he also recalled Taine's remark that "an army of masons" must labor constantly to keep the lacelike cathedral from tumbling down, so rashly has idealism outrun practicality. Does a similar well-intentioned unwisdom endanger the various efforts to make the world over speedily and by force? The contributor fears that it does.

Nothing could have been more beautiful than the impassioned zeal with which a by no means wealthy denomination subscribed \$115,000,000 for good works at home and abroad—nothing, that is, unless perhaps one sees a finer devotion in the spectacle of more than two hundred thousand tithers vowing to give the first tenth of their income to the church. But what has resulted? Will anybody pretend that performance equals promise? It falls short—as was inevitable from the outset.

Then, too, the contributor finds something wonderfully dramatic in the scene where forty bishops went down on their knees to pray for success in their campaign to win "one million souls by June first." The achievement, however, was by official count rather less than a third of that number. Again, what more beautiful than the enthusiasm with which thirty denominations united in the most astonishing "drive" ever heard of? On the other hand, what more distressful than its failure? Still again, a certain austere beauty—of motive, at least—marks the quaint and wholly unsuccessful attempt to re-establish the Puritan Sabbath in a community consisting largely of Jews, Catholics, and freethinkers. As for the movement to censor stage and screen, the end is not yet, though, like the movement to outlaw tobacco and like the plan of a delightful Bostonian to institute compulsory church attendance, it has aroused a peculiarly scornful indignation among worldlings.

Which brings us back to our contributor, as he has a lively interest in worldlings and fears that, beholding the failures of a too impatient and too militant idealism, they will come to flout all idealism. They are in a bad mood already. They object to being "rail-roaded" into a state of ethical perfection by a "Prussianism" that, given its way, would "cause America to bristle with *Verboten* signs."

But how, he asks, can he lecture the idealists upon their virtuous vices—the phrase is his, not ours—without seeming to discredit such lasting good as they have accomplished? Immense sums have been raised for manifold benevolence—yes, despite lapses. The Inter-church achieved much; who knows but

that it may have a better-planned and more enduring successor? 311,000 new church members represent that much gain, though "one million by June 1" was the goal. If a "blue" Sunday was an irrational dream, it at least did us the service of exposing itself as such. And if the censorship of stage and screen appears unwise, well, are we quite satisfied as to the wisdom of permitting them to follow their own devices?

So the article has not been written. Daring, disturbing, intensely personal, and calculated to arouse discussion the country over, it promised all the elements of supreme interest, and yet what worthy end would it have served? Our too impatient and too militant idealists have learned their lesson—or, at all events, the majority of them have—in anguish of soul. There is little danger of their again attempting a dozen times more than can in the nature of things be achieved. They are out of conceit both with haste and with force. And the minority, though as impatient and as militant as before, command no such following as before. Albeit slowly, the world-wide neurosis is passing. Old methods—particularly those aiming to reach motive, in the belief that motive, once reached, controls conduct—are once more held in the esteem they deserve. In other words, we are returning to a recognition of the well-established principle of sane progress: From within, out.

A HUMAN-NATURALIST

WE usually think of a naturalist as one who studies and writes about external nature—birds, animals, trees, and the rest. But all the great naturalists who have written literature rather than text-books have been what might be called human-naturalists; they have seen and loved external nature from the point of view of human nature. Decidedly this is so of W. H. Hudson, the English naturalist, who died lately after a literary career of nearly forty years, during which he produced a long list of stories, books of observation, and collected sketches and essays. All of these, even such a fanciful romance as "Green Mansions," with its marvelous heroine who talks the bird language, had their strongest interest in the author's own contemplative and appreciative love for nature and its effect on human character and ways of living.

Hudson's best-known and most elaborate books have to do with South America, but he was quite as much at home and quite as sincerely interested in the country lanes of England as in

the pampas of Uruguay and the Argentine. Thus quite lately his early book "Afoot in England," long out of print, was republished and was enjoyed as a charming record of rambles with more reflection, mood, and human interest than of close description. What one critic said of this little book well describes Hudson's writing at large: "Here is a mind and heart to know well, a personality deep and ardent, yet aloof in a kindly reticence, too." So with his "Shepherd's Life," in which the shepherds, their talk and traditions, even more than their sheep and dogs, form the real subject. So of another look of English sketches in which he humorously exalts the intelligence of the pig as greater than that of the dog or the elephant and pleads almost rhythmically for mercy to the lovely, harmless snakes. His last book, "A Traveller in Little Things," is a series of talks about English village life.

South America, however, was his native land; there he was born, and there he lived many years on the boundless and lonely pampas and among the wild and tame *guachos*. He loved it all, and the main secret of his hold on his readers is that he instinctively conveys the vividness of this liking to them. He did not write for effect, but to tell what really interested him. "The Purple Land" and "Far Away and Long Ago" are full of his knowledge of the horse-men of the plains and include even talks with old men who remembered the British expedition to Uruguay in 1807.

Mr. Galsworthy declared of one of Hudson's books that "it immortalizes as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man." Truly Hudson's love of nature and man was deep and sincere; but "passionate" does not seem just the word; his written expression of the feeling was calm, sane, and friendly rather than ecstatic. He was not a poet at heart, as was Richard Jefferies, nor a scientific specialist like Fabre, nor a philosopher like Thoreau. His powers of observation were acute and his skill in combining realistic narrative with imaginative descriptions of nature in her wild or charming aspects was unusual.

The public learned to appreciate Hudson's work slowly, but libraries soon found that there was a constantly and gradually increasing demand for his books. One by one they have been republished from time to time; the "Naturalist in Plata" (much more than a handbook) has appeared in six editions. Happily, he lived long enough to enjoy this appreciation; and no doubt it was a great pleasure to him to be able to resign last year, as no longer needed, the British civil pension of £150 which

was accorded to him, as to other authors of little means, whose literary work is of sterling value.

DEBATES AND BELIEFS

IN the last week of September the Oxford University Debating Team will go to Lewiston, Maine, for a return match with Bates College. An account of the visit paid by Bates to Oxford appears on the next page.

We venture to say that very few Outlook readers, or daily newspaper readers, for that matter, in the United States, know that Bates College, numbering only a few hundred students, wears the crown of American intercollegiate debating. Certainly Bates has achieved no such National reputation as Center College, Kentucky, but then Center College achieved her reputation in football, and football provides a surer path to the front page than debating.

These Anglo-American debates afford us an excellent opportunity of comparing our own methods with those of the English universities. In the Oxford Union the whole body of graduate or undergraduate members present are the judges of the contest, and the side gets the decision which convinces the Union of the soundness of its views. In America, as we know, there are usually three judges who award the palm of victory upon the intellectual merits of the arguments advanced. The British system has as its aim the development of parliamentary debaters; the American system has as its goal the production of trial lawyers. The argument against the American system was never more cogently presented than by Theodore Roosevelt in his Autobiography. Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with debating contests in which each side is arbitrarily assigned a given proposition and told to maintain it without the least reference to whether those maintaining it believe in it or not. I know that under our system this is necessary for lawyers, but I emphatically disbelieve in it as regards general discussion of political, social, and industrial matters. What we need is to turn out of our colleges young men with ardent convictions on the side of the right; not young men who can make a good argument for either right or wrong as their interest bids them. The present method of carrying on debates on such subjects as "Our Colonial Policy," or "The Need of a Navy," or "The Proper Position of the Courts in Constitutional Questions," encourages precisely the wrong attitude among those who take part in them. There is no effort to instill sincerity and intensity of conviction. On the con-

trary, the net result is to make the contestants feel that their convictions have nothing to do with their arguments. I am sorry I did not study elocution in college; but I am exceedingly glad that I did not take part in the type of debate in which stress is laid, not upon getting a speaker to think rightly, but on getting him to talk glibly on the side to which he is assigned, without regard either to what his convictions are or to what they ought to be.

We wonder whether this difference between the English and the American procedure is not responsible for the gen-

eral indifference of the American public to intercollegiate debating. Of course no system would give to debating the popular appeal of football, but perhaps a change of method might be able to put a college discussion such as that between Bates and Oxford on the second page, if not the first, of our daily journals. Our debates as at present conducted are distinctly unreal. They do not move the hearers because the speakers themselves are not moved; there are no convictions involved. College debates, particularly in the larger universi-

ties, do not evoke the interest of the general student body nor do they call out the talents of the real college leaders. The trouble lies, not in the fact that debating is unimportant, but that, as we carry it on, it lacks actuality. The average college undergraduate is about as interested in dialectics as the average prize-fight fan is in sparring for points. We suspect that the average college undergraduate is nearer right than those who bemoan the general public lack of interest in intercollegiate debates.

AS SHE PASSES

BY HAZEL HALL

SHE has beauty, she has youth.
What is time, what is truth?

Her tread sings along the street.
What are old and groaning feet?

Life, a lover suave and gay,
Companions her upon her way.

He whispers of a tryst to-morrow.
What is betrayal, what is sorrow?

WHERE MEN DEBATE BELIEFS—NOT STATISTICS¹

BY GEORGE L. MOORE

ATLETIC competitions between the representatives of American and of British universities have become a more and more common occurrence since the war and make an interesting contribution to the cause of international sympathy and understanding. Now debating is added to the activities in which American students are mingling with their British cousins and coming thereby to know them better. It seems assured of being a permanent fixture. Bates College pioneered in 1921 by crossing to meet the pick of Oxford on the platform. This year the crack debating team of New York University argued the advisability of America canceling the Interallied war debts with the lads of Oxford, of Sheffield, and of Edinburgh. At all three places the vote overwhelmingly favored cancellation, a commentary not so much on the merits of the debating as on the state of mind of the British college students, decisions in British collegiate debate resulting not from the opinion of appointed judges, but from the general voting of the audience. The New York boys affirmed the

motion to cancel in the Sheffield and Edinburgh encounters, and denied it at Oxford. So pleased were the Oxonians at the Americans taking the side on which their convictions were thought not to belong that they passed public compliments on the Americans' sportsmanship. This September they will come to America to return the visit of Bates and of New York and to meet other college debating teams, which is one evidence that international college debating is a "recognized institution."

It offers a valuable means of measuring in comparison the products of English and American universities because it elicits powers of manhood whose development is more specifically the task of the school and college than building athletic prowess. Debate is not a major sport in America, of course. It is always humble in the presence of the football team, and is grateful for any crumbs remaining after the feasts of those heroes. Yet the meetings of the American students with the best debaters of Oxford in the historic Oxford Union, which has trained scores of great British statesmen and leaders in the art of public expression, and with the sons of

Edinburgh and of Sheffield, put our college product into more striking comparison with England's than any number of crew races, tennis matches, or track competitions. The New York University team were all impressed, for one thing, with what they consider certain points in which the British system of conducting a debate is superior to that used by most American colleges. There are no judges brought in from outside upon whose opinion the decision rests. Instead, the will of the auditors is expressed by balloting. The manner of procedure at Oxford is embellished by tradition and is solemnly carried through. At the other universities some of the tradition, perhaps, is lacking, but the system is identical. The chairman of the debate proposes the motion. At Oxford he is the president of the Union and is seated on a sort of throne. This year's president is an American, R. M. Carson, of Oriel, a Rhodes man and a fine representative, incidentally, of American scholarship. The presidency of the Union is considered the highest honor at Oxford. Mr. Carson is always pointed out to visitors as "the American who made us vote for prohibition." This

¹ An editorial on college debating appears on the previous page.

achievement was the result of a speech he made at the Union on American prohibition. The achievement assumes considerable magnitude when one realizes that the typical Oxford attitude toward prohibition is amazed disbelief that it can exist anywhere.

When Mr. Carson, as chairman, proposes the motion, the first speaker affirms it, followed by a speech of negation, two more speeches (one of affirmation and one of denial), and one speech from each side to sum up. So far the procedure is not unlike that used in America, but from now on it is radically different. In an American college music or some other form of entertainment is introduced at this point to lull the minds of the audience until the judges have made their decision. In England the fun is just beginning. When the chosen debaters of the evening complete their arguments, the question is open for discussion by the house. In all three of the contests of the American team this year this was the longest and most interesting part of the meeting. One speech from the floor was twenty minutes in length and surpassed the efforts of the debaters themselves for scope of understanding and trenchancy of expression. At Edinburgh adherents of the Labor, Socialist, Conservative, and Liberal point of view fought keenly for supremacy. When the chairman deems the forum closed, the vote is taken. There are two doors, one for the ayes and another for the noes, and all the members of the house choose their exits with care, depositing their votes in the two boxes—aye and no—provided for the purpose. At Oxford these receptacles are heavy carved oak, darkened by age; and Tradition—that ubiquitous fellow—has decreed that the aye box is a square foot greater in capacity than the no, for no other reason than tradition and that the boxes, of course, were made that size.

The general effect of this forum method of procedure and the popular

vote is to keep interest in debating quick and fresh. The audience is more responsive than an American debate audience, and it is larger. One isn't admitted except by ticket! Many an alumnus of an American college will remember being begged to attend a debate "to support the team."

The reason for an English university man going to a debate is that he is interested in the question at issue and more than likely plans to say something for his opinion. This difference in attitude and motive reveals an interesting contrast between what the student across the Atlantic thinks about and talks about and the mind of his American cousin. What surprised the American debaters this year more than anything else was the table talk and other conversation of the British collegian. He is a keen student of politics and social questions, and isn't ashamed to make them subjects of every-day discussion along with cricket and rowing. His conversation is witty, bright, clever, full of chaffing and joshing, but much more solidly based than American college talk. The Oxonian, the Edinburgh undergrad, and the Sheffield man showed themselves possessed of information and able to give it out easily and interestingly and to receive in kind. This ability is reflected in the debates, which are conducted in the conversational style. Formal argument in a solid, businesslike, "cold facts" manner, which is the substance of the American college forensic style, is rarely used. Debate in Britain is made to serve a desire to acquire a clear, cogent, and interesting manner of speech. Expressing his views as brilliantly as possible is the sole justification for debating, in the opinion of the British collegian, and so rooted is this point of view in the university consciousness that the American debaters were courteously advised not to regard the recent *rencontres* as academic contests, but merely as "a friendly interchange of views."

The amount of wit, humor, and whimsicality in the British speeches amazed their American antagonists, who had been trained to use humor carefully and in the form of a story with a point. Spontaneous wit was sprinkled through all of the other discourse, from both the debaters and the speakers from the floor. Occasionally it seemed irrelevant, as when one of the young Oxonians began his pleading somewhat as follows:

Dear Mr. Chairman (*pause*)

I am going to be confidential (*long pause*)

I have a brother (*whispered*)

He occasionally (*pause*) speaks to me (*pause*)

Recently he finished his studies here and decided to sip from the spring of knowledge in an American university.

He matriculated (*prolonged pause*)

Soon afterward he became ill.

And more in the same vein. There were also some facts in his discourse, but he had somehow acquired the gift of using them for penetrability rather than for weight. What such a speaker lacks in capacity to impress he gains in the ability to amuse and entertain, which is often a better method of cultivating receptivity in an audience than gravity and a businesslike array of facts.

All of the English college debaters cultivate the light, deft touch. Those who admire Chesterton and Shaw attempt the paradox and the aphorism, and do them rather well. They even garnish their table talk with this sort of thing.

Because their debating reflects the student psychology it may prove a salutary influence on American student thought and opinion to hear the Oxonians next year, although they will miss the setting of the Union, saturated with memories of Rossetti, William Morris, and others of England's great, and filled with hundreds of young men eager to hear and to be heard.

VERDUN AND COBLENZ

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY FRANCIS ROGERS

TO the returning wanderer who has been absent for any space of time France must always appear to merit her title of "La Belle," but this summer, which everywhere in northern Europe has been cool and wet, her beauty is more obvious than ever. Her fertile fields, luxuriant trees, and overflowing streams give evidence this year of the kindness of nature, and even the grimness of her battlefields and stricken towns is mitigated by an abundant growth of weeds and wild flowers, as well as by the devotion and industry of reconstructive hands. Tales of a cruel

drought come from southern France, but this has not spread so far north as the tourists' customary summer routes. The value of the dollar, which everywhere on the Continent is, after the weather, the prime topic of conversation of all American travelers, has not decreased in the past twelve months. The French franc is still worth only about eight cents (pre-war value nineteen), the Belgian franc even less. Prices for those who think in dollars are still appreciably less than American prices. One can board and lodge in a convenient quarter of Paris for five dollars a day, and away

from the metropolis, if one avoids the haunts of pretense and fashion, for less. Commodious motors may be hired at the rate of about thirty cents a mile. For the American, then, life in France is, as it always has been, easy and, compared with conditions at home, inexpensive.

Four years of peace have not robbed Verdun of its aspect and general atmosphere of romance and heroic conflict. There remain still in the city many evidences of destruction, but these are gradually disappearing, and on every hand one sees activity in reconstruction.

As at Rheims and Soissons, the Cathedral at Verdun is the chief monument to the years of bombardment, and even now a corner of it no larger than a village church is all that has been restored to the devotions of the faithful. As one leaves the city and passes through the outlying villages on the way to the forts one cannot but be moved to admiration at the zeal and speed with which the ruin of all buildings, four years ago usually complete, is being replaced by permanent new construction. Many a little community which the war left houseless has resumed its normal life in solid and commodious farmhouses and buildings. There is work for every pair of able hands—one sees no idlers—and if one did not know that the expense of all this reconstruction is being borne by the French themselves and not by the Germans, who should bear it, the situation would be altogether cheering.

We visited Vaux and Douamont and the Trench of the Bayonets in a torrent of rain and bowed our heads in reverence before these shrines of French heroism and self-sacrifice, where so many, many times the defenders must have felt that nature, as well as the invaders, knew no mercy. On the way to Montfaucon one passes fields short years ago the scene of incessant struggle and slaughter, where miles of barbed-wire entanglements still overtop the new growth of weeds and bushes, and enters the territory where our own boys fought and fell so gallantly in the summer and fall of 1918. At Romagne 14,000 crosses mark the graves of those who died in the Argonne and whose people were content to let them lie in the land they had died to save. There could be no lovelier or more dignified final resting-place for them, and in the untold years to come the spot that is America in France will remain as a noble monument to our participation in the war.

As one leaves Verdun and journeys eastward into Lorraine along the route followed by the Germans westward in their attack on France, the signs of devastation are soon replaced by the evidences of long and undisturbed prosperity that characterized Germany before the war and still differentiate it from the austerity that belongs to the aspect of France even undevastated. Traveling northward through Treves, one sees on every hand fruitful farms and busy industrial towns. If there is a sweeter or more ingratiating landscape than that which is to be seen from the car windows as the train follows the course of the Moselle, I do not know where to look for it. All the hilly slopes east of the river are covered with vineyards under the highest cultivation, and every few miles is a pretty river town, the distributing center for the wine from the surrounding hills. An hour or two more, and one reaches, at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, Coblenz.

A hundred years ago Napoleon made himself at home in Coblenz, but since then there has been nothing to disturb

its growth as a beautifully situated, prosperous commercial city. Its fine streets, handsome buildings, and well-planned parks all betray its comfortable history. In these particulars it does not differ substantially from fifty other German cities of moderate size. It is unique to-day among all the cities in Europe, because it is living under the Stars and Stripes, which float serenely from the highest tower of its famous old citadel, Ehrenbreitstein. From two buildings on the river-front beneath Ehrenbreitstein French flags are flying, but they are subordinate to one flag, which by its pre-eminence on the citadel signifies that the bridgehead of the Rhine at Coblenz is in the keeping of the American Army.

At the present time twelve hundred American soldiers, under the command of Major-General Allen, are in absolute control. Some six or seven thousand French soldiers are in and about Coblenz, but General Allen is also their commander-in-chief, and as long as our flag floats above Ehrenbreitstein the city will remain under American rule. The beginning of last June our army had packed all its belongings in readiness to depart. Then came orders from Washington to remain, and there our army still is. Early in 1919 Coblenz was the center for 300,000 Americans, but little by little this great host has shrunk, till now it is only the skeleton of its former self. It is small in numbers; in efficiency and training it is said to be the equal of the best. General Allen has spared no pains to keep its morale and discipline at the highest point. Its chief duty is to administer justly the territory intrusted to its care and to minimize in all possible ways the friction that in any occupied country is inevitable between the natives and the alien troops. Our army seems to be performing its task admirably and to be the least unwelcome of all the occupying armies. The unofficial contact of our soldiers with the native population is constant and agreeable, as is attested by the many marriages that have taken place between our men and German girls.

There is little homesickness among our men. Indeed, it would be surprising if there were, for I doubt if any army ever served under more comfortable conditions. The army, which is composed entirely of professional soldiers who enlisted, presumably, because of a taste for military life, is well housed and well fed; its military duties, while sufficiently exacting to keep it in fighting trim, are not severe. The men are paid in American dollars, the purchasing powers of which in Germany are now so great as to place within the means of our men innumerable luxuries. In addition, the ever-faithful and well equipped Y. M. C. A. and a unit of the Salvation Army minister generously to all cravings for healthy recreation—fields for all outdoor games, golf, tennis, swimming, libraries, billiards, canteens,

etc. No wonder that the American soldier in Coblenz is contented and that, having nothing to be disagreeable about and his pocket full of easy money, he makes no enemies. So much for the surface of things.

The closer one gets to the situation at Coblenz, the clearer becomes the value of our being there. One coming direct from Verdun to the Rhineland must realize why France feels that she has been unfairly treated both by her allies and by Germany and that if she were now to weaken in her attitude Germany would never make the reparations that are so justly due from her to France. Germany, sulky and disingenuous, will pay nothing that she is not forced to pay; that is certain. No matter how loud she cries poverty, the fact is indisputable that for every selfish enterprise she has money in plenty; for reparations only does she lack funds. England, with Germany's colonies and navy in her hands, but with grievous unemployment at home—the figures show a million and a half of idle men—sees as her most pressing need the restoration of her former trade with Germany. It is small wonder that between two countries having such different points of view there should be constant friction when their representatives come in contact with each other.

America is not in the League of Nations; her attitude towards European questions is almost as detached as was that of Woodrow Wilson in 1916. Congress is now striving to erect a tariff wall about our commerce that would render foreign trade more difficult than ever before. In such a situation let us be truly grateful that General Allen and his little army still represent us officially in the European tangle. The rift is widening between the two great European democracies that held the Germans back while we were making up our minds to participate in a struggle that really involved our own safety as a nation. We, with France and England, finally brought Germany to defeat. It is a sad time now, when the fruits of victory are still to be gathered, to withhold our hand from the harvest. It should be our earnest aim to try to reconcile the differences between our two allies to whom we are bound by a thousand ties of blood and tradition and to whom we owe the major part of what is best in our civilization. We did our share in 1918; it will be to our everlasting shame if we do not do it in 1922. Let us in our gratitude to England and France for the many precious things that we owe to them, in our sympathy with them in their many tribulations and sorrows, and in our understanding of their urgent needs, cease to think of America as a land unconcerned with the problems of Europe and determine, as we did in 1917, to play a worthy part in the world's great drama. General Allen and his little army are playing one in Coblenz; let us all, as a nation, play ours with equal zeal and vision.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN REVIEWS



Wide World Photos

CELEBRATING THE THIRD BIRTHDAY OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

President Ebert, Chancellor Wirth, and General von Seeckt inspecting the honor company of the German national army during the celebration of Constitution Day, the third anniversary since the birth of the German Republic in 1919

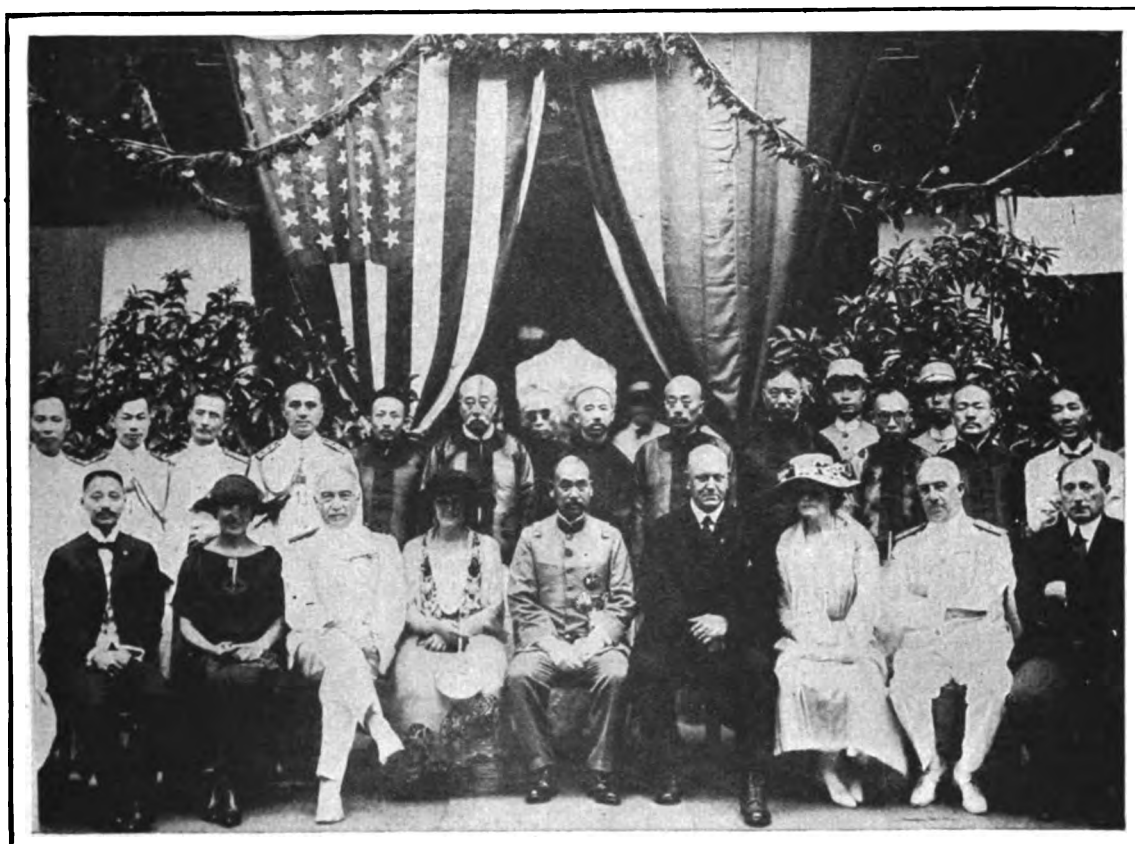


International

FASCISTI MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MILAN, ITALY

The Fascisti are a society of Italian patriots organized to combat the propaganda of Italian Communists. They are reported to have recently broken a general strike in the city of Milan and taken over the government, which was in danger of collapse as a result of Communist agitation

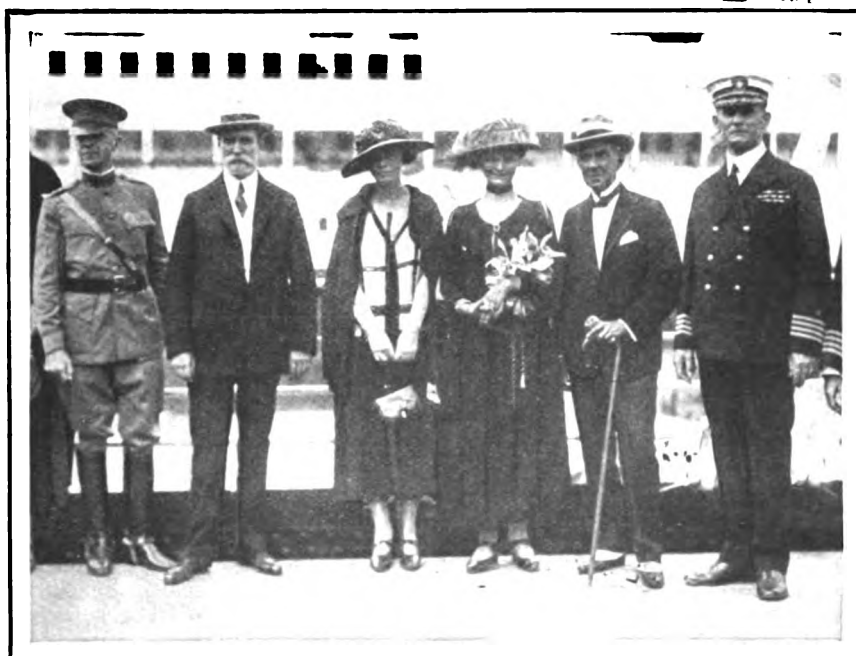
AMERICAN AMBASSADORS OF FRIENDSHIP



Wide World Photos

AN OFFICIAL CHINESE RECEPTION IN SHANGHAI TENDERED TO SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DENBY

In the first row, seated, are (left to right): The Hon. Hsu Yuan, Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs; Mrs. Edwin S. Cunningham; Admiral Joseph Strauss, U. S. N.; Mrs. Denby; General Ho Feng-lin, Commissioner of Defense in Shanghai; Secretary Denby; Mrs. Strauss; Admiral W. H. G. Bullard, U. S. N.; Edwin S. Cunningham, U. S. Consul-General at Shanghai. Others in the group are Chinese officials



Wide World Photos

SECRETARY OF STATE HUGHES AND PARTY SAIL FOR BRAZIL

Secretary Hughes and other officials comprising the American official party to the Brazilian Centenary Exposition sailed aboard the steamship Pan-American on August 24, for Brazil. In the picture, left to right: General Bullard, Secretary Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Hughes, Augusto C. de Alenca, Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, and Admiral Vogelgesang

COMPULSORY INVESTIGATION IN LABOR DISPUTES IN CANADA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM D. M. LE BOURDAIS

S NOW was beginning to fall upon the treeless prairies of the Canadian northwest and the settlers on their isolated homesteads were preparing for winter. But in one respect they could make no provision: they were without fuel, and none could be had. Wood of course there was none; and a strike in the coal mines of southern Alberta, in progress since the early summer, had long before resulted in complete depletion of the slim stock of coal reserves. And the outlook for an early return to work in the mines seemed to grow more hopeless as day followed day. Originally a dispute arising out of a difference of opinion regarding wages and working conditions, it had developed into a contest over the question of whether the coal operators should recognize the unions or not. The men would not deal with the company excepting through their union officers; the company would not treat with the men excepting as individuals. Apparently there was no possibility of settlement until one party or the other receded from its position. In the meantime the likelihood of many settlers freezing to death in their prairie shacks became more and more a matter of grim probability.

The mines were in Alberta, but the people of the neighboring province of Saskatchewan promised to be the chief sufferers. After the failure of various attempts at mediation by private individuals, the Government of Saskatchewan petitioned the federal authorities at Ottawa to intervene for the protection of the helpless homesteaders. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was Prime Minister at the time, despatched W. L. Mackenzie King, then Deputy Minister of Labor, who had already attained some distinction as a mediator in labor disputes, to the affected district to see what could be done. After considerable difficulty, arising chiefly out of the non-existence of any machinery by means of which the two parties to the dispute could be brought together, the strike was settled—temporarily, as such settlements usually are—and the men went back to work. The homesteaders again had coal for their stoves, but it had been a close call. That was in 1906.

This strike, and the knowledge that whatever settlement had been effected could be considered only as an armistice, and that similar conditions existed in a number of other industries intimately connected with the public welfare, caused the Government to recognize the necessity for the enactment of legislation which should at least postpone future strikes until every other practicable alternative had failed and which should also be the means of supplying

the public with the facts in relation to matters under dispute. Consequently, upon his return from the west, Mr. King was asked to draft a bill which should meet with these various requirements; and the result was what is known as the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which became law March 22, 1907.

The act has application to those industries which may somewhat broadly be defined as public utilities, and includes mining, both coal and metal; transportation, steam and electric, railways as well as steamships; telegraphs and telephones; gas, electric light, water, and power works. No change in wages or working conditions may be made either by employers or employees in any of these industries (excepting by mutual consent) without first giving thirty days' notice. If a dispute then arises, either party may apply to the Minister of Labor for a board of conciliation and investigation. This board consists of three members, two representing, respectively, the employer and the employees and a chairman agreed upon by these two. If they fail to agree, the Minister of Labor selects the third member. Fees and traveling expenses of the members of the board and witnesses as well as the cost of necessary clerical assistance and other expenses are paid by the Department of Labor. Authority is given the board to require the attendance of persons and the production of papers and documents, and generally to secure whatever information, in its opinion, is essential to a clear insight into the facts of the case under investigation. Each side is invited to present its view and outside testimony may be requested as well. Members of the board also make personal inspection of working conditions when considered desirable. After all the evidence has been adduced and considered, the board presents its report to the Minister of Labor, who communicates it to the parties involved in the dispute and also causes it to be published. Provision is likewise made for the presentation of a minority report in the event of a lack of unanimity; and this, too, is published. Neither party is bound to abide by the award. But generally, even though unacceptable to either or both parties, it becomes the basis for further negotiations between them; and then of course if agreement is still impossible, the final arbitrament of a strike becomes the only resort.

In the great majority of cases, however, the appointment of a board of conciliation and investigation either directly or indirectly results in a settlement. Frequently the board, acting in its capacity as mediator, succeeds in effecting

a settlement without the necessity for making an award. From its inception in 1907 to March 31, 1921, some 509 disputes were dealt with under the act, and of these only 33 failed of settlement.

Labor at first was, as a general rule, opposed to the act and considered it a restriction of the workers' right to lay down tools at will; but quite recently, in view of the tendency of employers to force reductions in wages, employees have come to look upon it with other eyes. And now there is evidence that, in some quarters, employers are beginning to consider it an abridgment of their rights. This latter was strikingly illustrated during the recent threatened railway strike.

The principal railways of Canada gave the usual thirty days' notice that on July 16, last, they would make certain wage reductions, and upon the expiration of that notice, without referring the matter to a board of conciliation and investigation as provided by the act, proceeded to put such reductions into effect. Union officials protested against this as a violation of the act, but the railways argued that the reductions were only tentative and that the difference, if in favor of the men, could be adjusted later—that is to say, if they should accept the award of the board in the event of its being against them (which, inferentially, they would not). They further contended that such action on their part did not constitute a violation of the act as interpreted by them; but the Federal Department of Justice, being called upon for an opinion, held that the railways were in the wrong. This opinion the latter seemed also inclined to dispute, contending that the Department of Justice was not competent to interpret the statutes. But at this juncture public opinion, headed by the Prime Minister—the framer of the act of 1907—stepped in; the railways, finding their position untenable, submitted to the popular verdict and agreed to restore wages to their original level pending the report of the boards of conciliation and investigation, which had been appointed in the meantime.

For a time the situation had been serious; a strike vote taken by the railway workers stood overwhelmingly in favor of a strike; and there is little doubt that had there been no Industrial Disputes Investigation Act railway transportation in Canada would have been disrupted by a period of bitter industrial warfare. It may come yet, but that possibility, too, has been minimized.

There may be doubts as to the merits or the justice of compulsory arbitration; but as to compulsory investigation and conciliation, at least, there can be none.

AMERICAN STUDENTS ABROAD

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

FORTY American students are over here this summer traveling together. It has been interesting to see a European city in their company.

They are in Europe at the instance of the European Student Relief (represented in America by the Student Friendship Fund), an outgrowth of the World's Student Christian Federation. The American Student Department of the Young Men's Christian Association is affiliated with the Federation, and therefore chose this body of young men among our American colleges and universities. The lads call themselves "Pilgrims of Friendship" and represent some forty of our educational institutions from Oregon to Florida.

They will be gone about ten weeks from New York to New York. They enjoy very substantial reductions of hotel and railway rates. They travel for a week at a time in their own sleeping-cars, thus eliminating hotel bedrooms. At the frontiers of the various countries they certainly had a very easy experience, compared with that of other travelers.

They journey at their own expense. So attractive were the opportunities offered for this particular journey that half of this student body actually borrowed the necessary funds for the trip, for their pecuniary position would not allow them to undertake it otherwise and their ambition to do so was quite as great as that of those students who had enough money for the journey. In order to pay back the sums borrowed some of the borrowers will have to teach during the coming scholastic year, instead of being in college as students, one of the conditions of the trip being that those who make it shall remain in close touch, either as fellow-students or as teachers, with the undergraduates in our colleges and universities. To the queries I put to learn whether any of the lads regretted having borrowed I received an invariable "No." Some added: "We are proud to have had the chance to borrow and of having taken advantage of it." One boy remarked: "I am going to do the same thing for next summer's trip." Others nodded affirmatively.

As indicating the kind of opportunities the students are having in Europe, let me tell about the two days they have just spent at Geneva.

The first thing they saw here was the International Bureau of Labor. They were received by that notable Frenchman Albert Thomas, the Director. He gave them a good talk—as he is perhaps the most brilliant orator of France, he could hardly do less. He told his auditors how happy he and his collaborators were to note the interest which any

visitor took in the work they were doing. "This Bureau," he added, "far from being a dangerous weapon, as a few critics would have us believe, has no other purpose than to introduce more and more justice in the relations between capital and labor." Then Dr. Meeker, who is one of the secretaries of the Bureau, described the work in detail.

The rest of the morning was spent at the headquarters of the League of Nations. There Dr. Hudson, of Harvard, explained the work of the League among the fifty-one member nations in the development of peace and justice. After his discourse there was a general discussion. The questions from the students showed, not only the great interest they had been taking in what had been told them, but also the excellence of their study of the subject at home.

Then came the luncheon hour, when, to our agreeable surprise, a no less welcome guest than Mont Blanc himself suddenly appeared from behind the clouds and showed himself to us in all his splendor. It was a privilege to lunch amid such surroundings.

At two o'clock we were at the Y. M. C. A. building, where the international work of its World Committee was commented on by Dr. Nitobe, professor at the University of Tokyo and member of the League of Nations secretariat, also by M. Slordet, one of the secretaries of the Committee, whose seat is at Geneva. But the most interesting feature for the American boys was the welcome in such a place by a Japanese Christian.

At three o'clock we were at the headquarters of the International Committee of the Red Cross. One of its Geneva members, Professor Bouvier, greeted us in impressive language, and was followed by one of the secretaries, M. Brunel, who described the work in detail.

At four o'clock we were at the famous Athénée, where M. Guillaume Fatio, President of the Society of Arts, vividly described the city and history of Geneva, illustrating his interesting lecture by lantern slides of much artistic merit. After tea at the Athénée, there were ringing addresses by Professors Rappard, of the University of Geneva, and Rockwell, of Union Seminary, New York. Some years ago M. Rappard was instructor at Harvard. He speaks English perfectly; hence that which specially interested the American students was, not so much the fact that Mr. Rappard was President of the Mandats Commission of the League of Nations and Professor of Economics at the University here, as that he addressed his audience rather in virtue of his title as a Harvard instruc-

tor. In the remarks of Professor Rockwell his American hearers will remember his insistence on the study of foreign languages, particularly French, and his praise of the University of Geneva Summer School, of which he is one of the thirty-odd American members. He thus spoke from the point of view both of teacher and student. This Summer School, I may add, affords a unique opportunity for the study of modern practical international politics; as Geneva is the seat of nearly thirty international societies, the school numbers among its lecturers some of their most distinguished workers.

Then we went to the Bastions, nearby, and saw the magnificent Reformation Monument, recently completed. More than any one else Charles Borgeaud, the eminent historian, had inspired its construction, and who could better instruct us concerning it than he? In the middle of an immense wall against the Bastions stand the gigantic and austere figures of Farel, Calvin, Théodore de Bèze, and John Knox, and on either side are the figures of their notable contemporaries—of the Great Elector of Prussia, of Cromwell, Coligny, Roger Williams, Henry IV, and Bocskay.

At the sunset hour we found ourselves in the library of the University, where M. Borgeaud welcomed us on behalf of that noteworthy and efficient institution of learning. None of us will forget the pictures—the noble head of the professor against a background of the old portraits of the celebrities of two, three, four centuries ago, and about us on every hand exposed in glass cases the University's collection of manuscripts and autographs which form, in my opinion, its most precious treasure.

To-day we saw the Collège de Calvin, established by John Calvin nearly four hundred years ago. The picturesque old building is now surrounded by modern constructions, and all form the great High School of Geneva. The person who showed us about had spent seven years here as a student. While the Swiss primary schools are free, this High School is not; the fee is about four dollars a semester, and there are two semesters in the year.

We also saw the "Alabama Room" in the City Hall. There in 1872 was signed the Treaty of Geneva—the first arbitration judgment. That would be interesting in any event, but it interests us specially because the case was between the United States and Great Britain. During our Civil War there were English boats, like the Alabama, which were sold, contrary to international law, to the Confederacy. We complained of this infraction of neutrality. Great Britain

and America finally decided to leave the question to five arbitrators, one of whom was chosen by the President of Switzerland. As a result of the arbitration Great Britain had to pay a large indemnity to our Government.

Then we all went to church in the beautiful chapel of the Machabées, which forms part of the Cathedral. The students were deeply impressed both by the service and by the noble sermon from Mr. Hamilton, of Edinburgh. Some of them told me afterwards that the hour spent in the chapel had been the best hour of the whole trip.

Of course we visited the Cathedral and admired the harmonious lines of its Gothic architecture. In order to explain the Cathedral to us M. Fatio did not hesitate to go up into the pulpit where Calvin used to preach! What is equally extraordinary, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself is shortly to preach from the same pulpit.

By this time the students were glad to partake of an excellent lunch offered to them by the National Protestant Church, after which we all went up the lake by steamer to M. Fatio's country place. The old manor-house, standing considerably back from the lake, was once inhabited by the original John Jacob Astor, of New York, but the present M. Fatio prefers to live in a small house which he built more directly on the lake shore. The students thus had the opportunity of seeing a splendid old property whose development was very characteristic of Switzerland. They also enjoyed a swim in the lake.

Then the steamer took us across to the park, La Grange, where the Mayor of Geneva received us officially. The view of the park, with its splendid trees and lovely old Louis XV mansion, in front of which was a long tea-table, was extremely picturesque, especially as the Mayor was accompanied by his mace-bearer, clothed, half of him in red and

half in orange, the colors of Geneva. The Mayor made a charming address to the students.

In speaking with the young men about their general impression of Europe I quickly discovered that the various countries, the various cities, and the general economic, social, political, and religious conditions had interested them keenly. But they had been interested even more in the distinguished men they had seen. For the students there were individual and distinct memories of the towns they had visited—of The Hague, Amsterdam, Cologne, Marburg, Göttingen, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Vienna, Munich. But standing out with very sharp distinctness were the impressions of the men whom they have met—Wirth, Simon, Leschenfeld, Seipel, Benes, Stepanik, Archduke Joseph, Count Apponyi, Admiral Horthy.

The lads have already seen Holland, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary—that is to say, one neutral country, two new nations, and three members of the Teutonic alliance. They will see France and England—two countries of the Entente for which we of America fought. They are seeing Switzerland to-day—or rather, Geneva, where are concentrated many international endeavors.

But what do they know of Switzerland who only Geneva know? For next summer's voyage why not have a few days in the cradle of Swiss Democracy—her eternal mountains?

For the rest, next summer's voyage—so Dr. Gossard, the leader of the party, and Mr. Hoffmann, the Executive Secretary of the European Student Relief, told me—ought to be a little longer than this summer's voyage and comprise Italy and Belgium. If that is impossible, perhaps there can be two voyages undertaken at the same time, one for students who are particularly interested in east-

ern Europe, and one for those who prefer to spend their weeks in western Europe.

In talking with these students I noted their truly American spirit of "I want to know." But I noted as well their superior qualities of manner and deportment. They were not noisy or boastful or bumptious. They had a quiet serenity almost beyond their years. Their habits were really austere; not one of them used alcohol and few smoked. All gave the impression of having been well brought up. In speech they were simple, sincere, frank.

Some of them, however, were pretty provincial, as was indeed natural in those who had had little experience of the world. Consequently they were somewhat credulous. They constitute the kind of virgin soil in which good or bad seed quickly sprouts. The hospitality which they have received, and will receive everywhere, opens the way to propaganda of all sorts. It is not astonishing that they should be influenced by deception or be an easy prey for the disseminators of false reports.

But the desire of all the students to seek for truth is evident. Let us hope, then, that they will be able to rectify any misstatements which they may hear or read. They represent the coming generation: may the final impression of their sojourn in Europe have its proper influence whenever they debate questions of justice relating to the countries they have visited!

An American lady has just asked, "Do you suppose those boys appreciate all that has been done for them" in Geneva?" I had to reply, "No." But, just the same, I had to add: "For most of the lads, the weeks in Europe, spent as these two days in Geneva have been, ought to be worth a year in college. The boys appreciate that already. They told me so."

Geneva, August 13, 1922.

AFTER FIFTY—WHAT?

BY E. K. PARKINSON

THE motto of life in America in our twentieth century would seem to be: Speed—more speed—top speed. For speed is impressed and drilled into our youth. The boy is pushed ahead into school, on into and out of college, and finally into the hurly-burly of business, where more speed is required if he is to succeed. The goal of his ambition reached, top speed must be maintained or the man just behind him will jump into his saddle. Result—thousands of broken-down men, or men "gone stale" at forty-five, or fifty at the most.

It has been often said that American business men are gamblers at heart. The lodestar isn't the American Eagle served up on a gold piece, but rather the power and position which it brings and the thrill of the game.

When one stops to analyze life and

its values, what profit is there for a man to gain millions and boundless power, if in so doing he loses his sense of things worth while in life, to say nothing of his health?

Indeed, to run over the list of men one knows who are close to fifty or have passed it is somewhat of a shock. Jones has grown stout and flabby, Brown is as nervous as a race horse, Green has chronic indigestion, Smith has diabetes, and so on. One in ten is fit and trim as nature intended him to be at that age.

But still more deplorable is the limited capacity of these men for any intellectual enjoyment outside their chosen field. They can talk golf, baseball, racing, yachting, and automobiles, but beyond that they are dumb as an oyster.

When one realizes the vast field of

interests apart from business, one is tempted to suggest to successful business men that they retire and take up some worth-while hobby with all the zest they threw into business, perhaps something that will keep them outdoors. It might be yachting, possibly a trip around the world, or angling, or shooting, or developing a place in the country—in short, any one of fifty different things which would also allow leisure for reading, quiet thinking, a broadening of sympathies, as well as bringing one into a closer touch with nature.

The writer knows a chap who at the age of fifty-one found himself "going stale," and, after talking things over with his wife, decided to break loose and change his whole mode of existence. His two sons were of age, one of them being married. The younger elected to

join his father should he decide to live in the country.

After considerable search a comfortable remodeled farmhouse with all improvements was found on thirty acres of land, within one hundred miles of Manhattan and east of the Hudson River. The property had been previously owned by a retired merchant, who had spent considerable money in its development. There were some beautiful old trees of many varieties, a most attractive flower-garden with a stream running through it, a well-planned vegetable garden, as well as lawns and a tennis court. The outbuildings were well built and ample for all purposes. The location itself was charming, the country being high and rolling, with several small lakes and many streams in the neighborhood. It was about a mile from the railway station and just on the edge of a pretty little New England village.

The head of the family undertook the growing of fruit and the breeding of dogs; the wife assumed charge of a flower-garden, and, with the aid of a small portable greenhouse, provided flowers for the house during the winter, and soon became much interested in growing mushrooms for market.

The son at first found his pleasure in

sports which were to be had at a near-by country club. In the spring he "flivvered" over to the Catskills for the trout fishing, and in the autumn, when the air was keen and crisp, he could be found almost any fine day tramping the hills and dales with his gun and dog.

An unexpected visit to the Madison Square Garden Poultry Show a few years ago, however, converted this youngster into an enthusiastic poultry fancier and to-day he is the possessor of many blue ribbons, while the sales of thoroughbred stock pay him a handsome profit.

During the summer months these country enthusiasts fill their home weekends with friends, while the winter months are broken by frequent trips to town. It is a safe bet that this chap would never go back into business again, for he has found other and far more absorbing interests to occupy him, as well as an amazing renewal of his bodily vigor.

Of course for the restless man there is always the fun and thrill of adventure in travel to be had, by automobile, for example. What could provide more fun or interest than a modern camp trailer which has two comfortable beds with springs, an oil stove, ice-box, and an

electric light? Surely one may be absolutely independent and go where one wills with such an outfit; yet it is doubtful if one business man in twenty would be capable of looking out for himself and his wife for a week on the road. The joy of the open road is a sealed book to the average town man. One has but to make such a trip and meet the *voyageurs* to realize the truth of this, for these knights of the road are usually artisans, or proprietors of small shops, or teachers who have become independent and resourceful from necessity.

In a recent number of an outdoor magazine is an account of a man who traveled ten thousand miles in an open canoe, from Chicago to New York City by way of the Mississippi, the Gulf, and inland waterways. It proved a wonderful trip, filled to the full with adventure, but also required plenty of courage, self-reliance, and skill. Would one business man in a hundred at the age of fifty venture in a canoe for one-quarter of that distance? It would prove interesting to collect a few answers to that question. None the less this is an excellent time for the fifty-year-old to break away from stale habit, for business is not over-active, and thus the absentee might not even be missed. Try it!

A MOUNTAIN ARTIST

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

IN the little valley of Dorset, Vermont, there is an informal exhibition this summer a group of paintings by an artist as yet unknown to the world at large. He is a son of the valley, untraveled (save in the sense in which Thoreau once said he had traveled widely in Concord) and utterly untrained in the traditions and theories of painting. His story is such an interesting one that the editors of *The Outlook* have asked me to relate it to their readers.

Some years ago a number of landscape painters came to the valley and took board in the family of a craftsman named John Lillie. They were an enthusiastic, industrious lot, and they soon filled the carriage-house of their host's big barn with sketches and canvases. Also they were genially friendly, as painters are apt to be, and established the happiest relations with their host himself.

They found him a thoughtful, intelligent man, with a strong, rather rugged face and meditative blue eyes. As carpenter, mason, and plumber he had been in demand ever since he could remember, and the quality of his work was renowned through the neighborhood. Especially was he valued by the "summer people" who were coming into the valley and who wanted their houses built or remodeled skillfully. He had an instinctive eye and touch for the finely harmonious.

His love for his native mountains

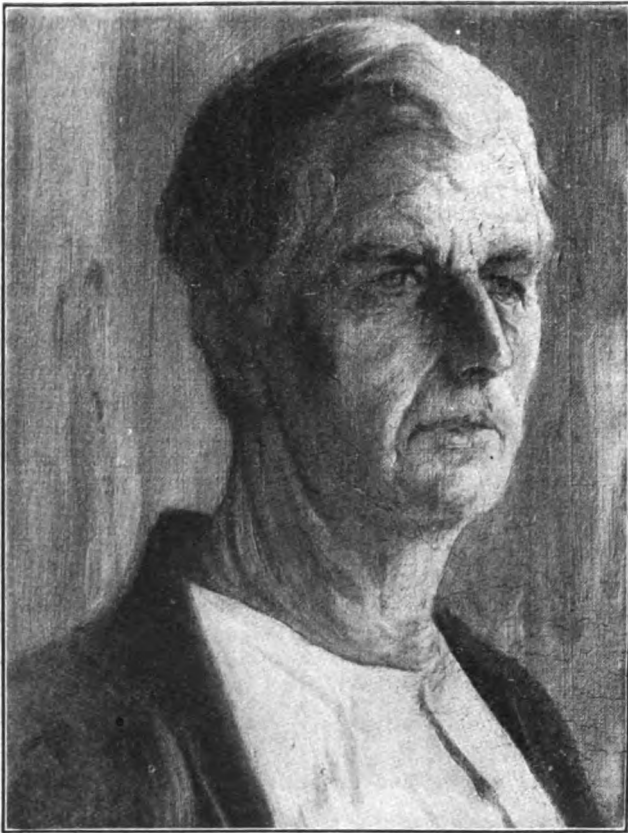
commended him particularly to the painters who sojourned with him. He seemed to know all about the hills, just where to go for their noblest views, just

Art is the genuine democrat. It appears as cheerfully in the palace as on the green hillsides of Vermont. In next week's issue H. G. Leach tells of the work of a Swedish Prince who wields a brush as skillfully as his ancestors have wielded scepters. The story of Prince Eugen will be illustrated with examples of his remarkable work.

what atmospheric conditions would make them look most beautiful; and he was never too busy to stop and stand gazing off at them. The interest was unusual. Most Vermonters take the loveliness of their environment pretty much for granted.

Until the summer of which I am speaking he had never seen an oil painting, and he was immensely interested in the productions that piled up in his carriage-house. Feeling himself not unwelcome, he spent a good deal of time with his boarders, watching them at their work and pondering. Finally, one day, when they were all off at a safe distance on the mountainside and he was securely alone, he got out an assortment of house paints for which he happened to be an agent, made a selection of house painter's brushes, augmented by a shaving-brush, found a smooth, thin strip of board, and went to work. When he had finished, he hung his picture, a narrow, oblong panel, beside the others on the wall of the carriage-house.

The next morning there was great excitement among the landscape painters. "Who in thunder painted that?" the chief of them demanded. "Not I." "No, nor I." "Of course not!" exploded the chief. "You couldn't. That begins where you leave off." It was not very long before their host was found, and, being challenged with questions, made his surprising confession, and then—well, one can better imagine than describe the sensation he caused. For,



JOHN LILLIE—A PORTRAIT BY EDWIN B. CHILD

indeed, his entirely unprecedented picture betrayed great and mature ability.

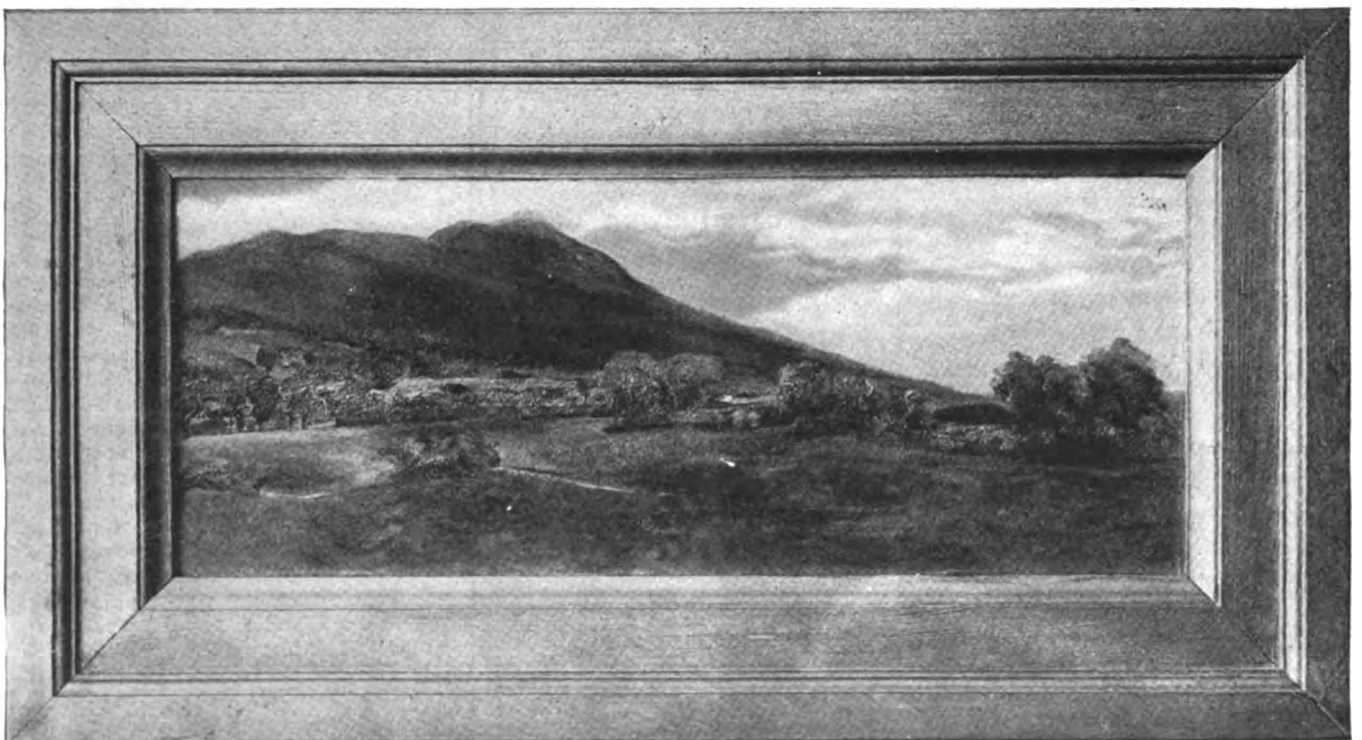
During the rest of that summer he was the constantly courted companion of the landscape painters. They gave him proper brushes and colors, supplied him

with canvases, and took him with them on their sketching trips—or, rather, he took them with him to the choice spots he knew among the hills. They were very cautious about offering him counsel, and he was more than cautious about

receiving it. "Hands off!" was the instinctive slogan in face of the miracle that had been worked among them. Suddenly, without any effort, he painted landscapes as if he had spent his life doing nothing else. In the autumn the painters gave an exhibition in a studio in the village, and John Lillie had more canvases hung than any one.

During the following winter he made his first—and, up to the present writing, his only—trip to New York. He was invited by his painter friends, and by them was taken to the current exhibitions and the Metropolitan Museum. His judgment was unerring. He knew how to go straight to the best picture on a wall and how to point out its peculiar excellence. He was quite unswayed by the opinions of others, although he listened respectfully to them. He knew what he knew, why he knew it, and how to abide by it. When he came back to the winter valley (and he was very glad to get back), he had a store of impressions, some of which he cherished and many of which he let slip.

After that for a long time nothing particular happened. The landscape painters did not return to the valley and the local excitement over John Lillie's pictures died down. It had never been an altogether sympathetic excitement, anyway, so far as his fellow-townsmen were concerned. Picture-making seemed a childish waste of time to most of them, especially when a man was skilled in a useful craft and had a family to support. Summer homes increased, and John Lillie had all he could do planning and building and remodeling. Gradually his brief burst of landscape painting



A painting by John Lillie

"HE HUNG HIS PICTURE, A NARROW OBLONG PANEL, BESIDE THE OTHERS ON THE WALL OF THE CARRIAGE-HOUSE"



THE BATTLEMENT—A PAINTING BY JOHN LILLIE



A GREEN MOUNTAIN—A PAINTING BY JOHN LILLIE

came to seem to his neighbors a unique, amazing episode.

Not to him, however. No, although he loved his craft and reveled in the beauty of the fine old houses which he was asked to reclaim, he never forgot the greater joy of the creative impulse he had known. When such an impulse once grips a man it never lets him go. Little by little, during the long winters and when at times work was slack in the summer, John Lillie accumulated a store of canvases which he kept in his hen-house and concerning which he mostly held his peace. Now and then, when the thrill of catching some particularly lovely effect was unendurable, he tried to share it with a neighbor; but the neighbor did not always understand—as why, indeed, should he? So he said less and less and went his hidden way. If it had not been for the coming of yet another landscape painter to the valley last autumn, the hen-house might have kept its secrets.

But when the landscape painter did come! He was a temperamental soul, and, as the vivid phrase runs, he went right up in the air. "Why, this is a genius you have in your midst!" he scolded the valley folk. "What do you mean by asking him to come and mend your kitchen sinks? Kitchen sinks! John Lillie! I tell you, we're none of us fit to wash his brushes for him."

Of course it was extravagant, but it was immensely effective in waking the valley up, and soon John Lillie's name was on every lip and all the lingering summer people who cared anything about pictures were making pilgrimages to the Lillie hen-house. John Lillie received them cordially, not in the least bewildered by the sudden limelight which had been turned on him, not too much elated, but very truly pleased and gratified. The artist paints his pictures for himself and something outside him which we may as well call God; but the sympathetic approval of his fellow-man is needed to make the trinity complete. On the outer wall of the hen-house, against the soft gray background of unpainted boards, he slipped canvas after canvas into a studio frame which had been given to him. In the clear autumn light the paintings showed to great advantage.

They were strange pictures. On general principles, one would have expected an untrained painter to see and reproduce things photographically. But Lillie's Dorset was not at all the Dorset of his neighbors and of most of the summer people. It was a big, elemental world, simple, rather bare, sometimes austere, sometimes instinct with a poignant loveliness, always high and remote and full of romance. In the significant words of

earthed them, his pictures had "the unreality of all great things." One of the canvases held nothing but the golden crest of a big, bare autumn hill against a gray sky. Not a bush, not even a rock broke the noble curve, and only a faint rift in one corner broke the monotony of the sky. Yet it was a picture which one could ponder and search indefinitely. Another showed a white winter world, blurred and indistinct, with a thin line of wind-blown trees staggering across it. All the pictures had mystery and imagination. They were amazing productions on the part of a countryman whose only training had lain along the precise and accurate lines of carpentry.

Well, what to do about them and him? That was the question. If a genius had been discovered, he must be treated worthily. The visiting landscape painter went back to New York and talked so convincingly to one of the Fifth Avenue picture dealers that the latter sent for a number of Lillie's canvases and kept five of them to show his patrons. The rest were taken by a young lawyer and his wife who lived in the East Seventies, and who set aside one of their big rooms to serve as a gallery during the season. Three of these pictures were sold. And now a new crop of them is on exhibition in their home valley.

What will come of it all? That is a

further important question, and one that cannot be answered. The ways and the ends of destinies like John Lillie's are beyond human fathoming. But, whatever may or may not happen, this is

sure: that the inhabitants of Dorset have been stirred and roused by a gust of that wayward spirit that bloweth where it listeth; whence it comes and whither it goes no man can tell. Like

John Keats, like Walt Whitman, John Lillie has been singled out for a mysterious, unprepared visitation, and all who know him are the more thoughtful and reverent for the experience.

THE INSTITUTE OF POLITICS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAMSTOWN

BY ANDREW TEN EYCK

A PROMINENT New York lawyer, much preoccupied in the duties of his profession, was my guest over a week-end. He knew nothing of the Institute of Politics except what he had read in the newspapers, and his impressions, it is fair to say, were those of the casual reader of the newspapers. He lived through the intimate life of this institution one day. He is not ordinarily a silent man, but he was so here. I feared the inappropriateness of my hospitality, but in the last few minutes before he left I was permitted to listen to his impressions. "I have enjoyed every minute of this week-end. It has been like a sudden trip abroad. The views I have heard have been so diverse, so sanely practical, and yet so idealistic. I didn't think that any body of folks like this could be assembled anywhere. It is a compliment to America that such an institution has been brought into existence."

My New York lawyer represents, I should say, the average intelligent American, much too absorbed, as this gentleman himself stated, in the question of making a living to give close study to international affairs. The Institute of Politics, seen through the eyes of such men, has been worth while. It has been pre-eminently a place of open discussion. It has fostered no programme and passed no resolutions.

When I met Lionel Curtis in New York about a month ago, he said to me that he was attracted to Williamstown because it was a place, as he understood it, where people didn't agree with each other. The trouble with the world, Mr. Curtis believed, was that we have been holding conferences, like those at Lake Mohonk, with people who agree with us, and we keep on agreeing, and all that is accomplished eventually is a sort of mutual admiration. Mr. Curtis appears now to have been a prophet.

It has not been easy for Dr. Garfield to adhere to his idea of maintaining the freedom from commitment. The test has come often. His controlling idea, and circumstances, have saved the day. There has been no Round Table conference where the views have been unanimous.

In general, the British lecturers, Lionel Curtis and Philip Kerr, created the keenest interest. Mr. Kerr talked about the prevention of war in the spirit of both a realist and an idealist, and put

forth a plan for world organization along the lines of the Government of the United States and what he termed the British Commonwealth, whose sanction would be backed by force. Although he was always careful to preface his speeches with the explanation that he spoke only for himself, it was never quite possible for his audience to forget that he was formerly the *alter ego* of a man who has remained in power while the other war Premiers and Presidents have been superseded and repudiated by the people. Therefore whatever Mr. Kerr had to say about the causes of the war, the Peace Conference, or a new world order took on an unconscious tinge of the reflected glory of his chief, and was interesting because of that impression as well as because of the inherent sense of the matter itself.

All through the Institute no issue cropped up more than the one which Philip Kerr stated in the following words: "It is an extraordinarily difficult problem how America is to play her part as a world power in helping to guide world policies while avoiding entanglements with the purely internal problems of Europe."

The Round Tables on the rehabilitation of Europe and Interallied debts were miniature lecture halls largely because of the clash between the New York bankers and such men as Oscar T. Crosby, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This issue came forward again and again, and I do not think opinion has been much clarified by the discussions. One had ordinarily expected that there would be tense arguments about the policy of the American Government as to the League of Nations in the Round Tables, but, so far as could be gathered, such discussions have figured little in the Institute of Politics. In one Round Table the League was discussed, but it was concerned exclusively with those matters over which the League has some supervision and is functioning, namely, the mandated territories, the Saar Basin, and the Free City of Dantsic. The discussion of international relations, so far as the United States Government was concerned, dealt solely with the system of diplomatic intercourse and individual representations to the different Governments.

I think the Institute of Politics, if it can be said any clear opinion was developed on the subject, clearly foresees

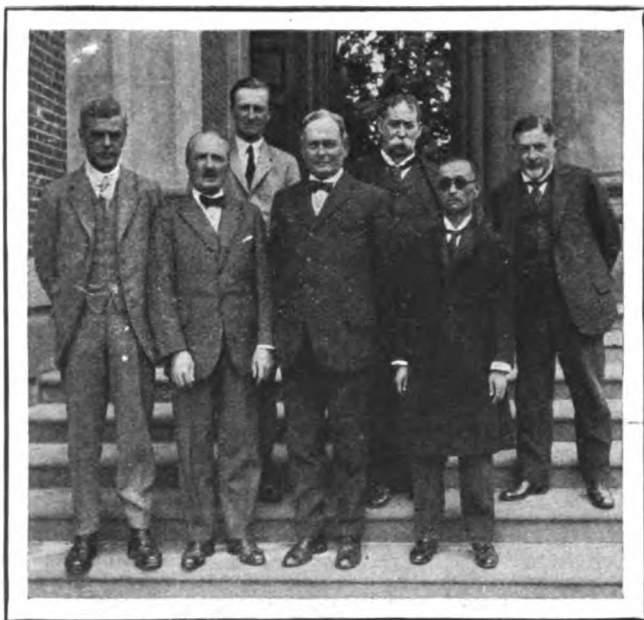
that the future world problems lie in the Pacific. Lionel Curtis said: "The relations of the people of Europe and America to those of Asia and Africa are the ultimate problem of politics. The real question is how to bring those relations within the realm of law properly so called." Then, in stating the principle, Mr. Curtis said: "The problem you have to face in the Philippines and we have to face in India is how much scope you can give the people to hurt themselves without destroying the fabric of government altogether."

It was singular to note that the British delegation and a great many Englishmen and Canadians who came here to visit the Institute constantly used the word "Commonwealth" instead of "Empire" in speaking of the British Empire.

There is unquestionably a group of young Englishmen of the General Smuts school who are anxious to see such a transformation in the relationship of the various Dominions to the mother country. It was even suggested that this group would like to invite America in some future day to join, perhaps not the British, but an English-speaking commonwealth of nations on the principle of a common language and a system of common law which would prevail universally in such an organization.

The chief value of the Round Table discussions was not so much in the specific thing said or discussed as it was in showing how an idea takes root in a gathering like this. People are rapidly revising their opinions, for instance, about war. Philip Kerr's explanation of the Kaiser's part in causing the war was satisfactory. Mr. Cravath's dictum that we could not afford to let Germany pay the full bill and that it should be reduced two-thirds is not far from the idea many hold who have studied the problem. The French view as put forward by M. Raymond Recouly, French journalist, and doubtless in the confidence of the French Foreign Office, who lectured at the Institute, seemed to show moderation. The thing which concerns us most is not that Germany in equity and right should pay the reparations which have been assessed, or even higher ones, but that the economic collapse which is imminent in Germany carries danger, especially to France, and in the long run would affect Great Britain and the United States.

Dr. Josef Redlich, former Minister of



**REPRESENTATIVES
OF FIVE FOREIGN
NATIONS AT THIS
YEAR'S "CONGRESS
OF THINKERS"**

Lecturers from abroad for the Second Annual Session of the Institute of Politics, held throughout August at Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts. The group is gathered on the steps of Chapin Hall, where all the public addresses are given

Left to right: Lionel Curtis, Secretary of the Irish Peace Conference; Raymond Recouly, foreign editor of "Figaro" and "Le Temps;" the Hon. Philip H. Kerr, for four years confidential adviser of David Lloyd George; Dr. Harry A. Garfield, Chairman of the Institute and President of Williams College; the Hon. Manoel de Oliveira Lima, former Brazilian Ambassador to Great Britain; Dr. Rikitaro Fujisawa, Japanese political writer and professor in the University of Tokyo; Dr. Josef Redlich, Austrian jurist and former Minister of Finance

Finance in Austria, was a good reflector for the most part of the Austro-German view-point. His addresses were mostly historical, but in the Round Table discussions and in private talks one could gather what is on his mind.

In the last lecture Dr. Redlich urged America to return to the counsels of Europe. There should be a reinforced League of Nations, he said, with Germany and America in it, a revision of the peace treaties in respect to reparations, a great Zollverein of the Central and near Eastern states formed, and a great European conference called to impose disarmament in all European states.

Dr. Redlich believes that the United States will not long escape the effects of the European collapse. "Tell your people," he said, "to enjoy the summer while they can. No one wants to make history in the summer. The big things come in the crisp October weather, when statesmen come back from the mountains. This American boom cannot last long, and I am afraid you will soon feel the breakdown in Europe."

On our domestic problems the Austrian jurist preserved reticence, but he observed on one occasion that, in his opinion, the Democrats are not anxious to win this fall's election, for they, he thinks, would shoulder the critical responsibilities which are impossible of solution.

In general, the Institute of Politics possessed few of the distinguished characteristics that marked its first session. The public lecturers, with one or two exceptions, did not approach those of a year ago; on the other hand, the Round Tables in nearly every case functioned more successfully than a year ago. The interest of the different Round Table

leaders in the work of their associates took concrete expression by the organization of what is called the Super Round Table during the last two weeks. There every evening each leader in his turn would present a summary of what he had accomplished. Usually it did not end there, for nearly every formulation of so-called world policies would be challenged by his associates. As a concrete illustration of just how this Super Round Table functioned, I can do no better than to quote some of the propositions presented by President David P. Barrows, of the University of California—first, because they are an example of how some of the results of the Institute are achieved; and, second, because they concern the problems of the future.

The Government of the United States, following the evacuation of the Czechoslovak legions and the withdrawal of its own troops, is justified in insisting upon the evacuation by Japanese troops of all Russian territory.

The declared policy of the United States of considering Russian national rights and interests, jeopardized by the internal condition of Russia, as a trust to be guarded by all the nations in former alliance or association with whom Russia waged war against common enemies is a policy of moral strength and dignity and deserves the support of all friendly nations.

The continued occupation by Japanese troops of the Primorsk, the establishment of a civil Japanese régime in northern Sakhalin, and the appropriation of Russian mineral properties within these regions will continue to disturb the confidence of both Russians and Americans in the fair intentions of the Japanese Government.

The promise of future friendly and helpful relations between the Chinese,

Russian, Japanese, and American peoples lies in the full and prompt realization of the assurances given by Japan's representatives at the Washington Conference and in the consummation of the policy of withdrawal announced by the present Japanese Ministry.

I have been surprised to find people thinking of another titanic world struggle. In fact, I have talked with few who did not think it inevitable. Some have accentuated the present existing commercial rivalries of nations as being the slumbering flames. The naval and military group see those and have no confidence in avoiding them, and are arguing for us to keep our powder dry. Others would call an international conference to limit the danger of world-wide rival discriminations and recriminations among nations. Others still would pursue the lone game with a strong nationalistic arm. It has not been uncommon to hear an idealistic lecture one hour, and a Round Table conference at another hour virtually discrediting all the idealism that had been heard the hour before. One thing of large significance has been that the idealist left Williamstown encouraged with the vision he had been given, and the realist left with a fuller equipment of the facts and figures to carry on his battle for the increased prestige of his country as a world power. Still further, the practical idealist, who has my sympathy, goes away with both the vision and the facts to settle the issues in order to realize his vision.

Culbertson, Barrows, and Rogers were to me the real contributors to the Institute of Politics. I make this estimate because of the content of their contributions and because the happy solution of the issues they raised are the *sine qua non* of peaceful relationship of nations in the world, and these gentlemen see the need of a world conference to save us from the inevitable drift. Nationalistic tariff walls are bones of contention. The Far East is the arena of the future world struggle; Dr. Rikitaro Fujisawa himself stated the challenge. Our only hope is to appeal to the liberal forces of Japan, and to do so we must get news here and avoid the present difficulties of having a Jap orator throw a book on the wire when he doesn't like the news we are sending into the Far East. To avoid this, therefore, we must own our own cables, as does Great Britain, and develop a comprehensive system of world cable communications, which, as Mr. Rogers has shown, we have so far lamentably failed to do.

It is an exceedingly difficult task which Dr. Garfield has to perform in keeping the Institute of Politics away from the dangers which threaten its usefulness. He must unquestionably deny its platform to the propagandist. He must keep it uncommitted from dogmatic principles and from worshipping any angel. In my opinion, he has so far succeeded.

Williamstown, Massachusetts, August 23, 1922.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

THOUGH I greatly appreciated the honor done me by so distinguished a publication as *The Outlook*, when asking me to write a study of Lord Northcliffe, there were many reasons which inclined me to excuse myself from undertaking the task. I had known Lord Northcliffe for a quarter of a century, and at one time in my life—that is, when both he and I were comparatively young men—we were on friendly, if not exactly on intimate, terms. We always differed a great deal in our outlook on public affairs, and indeed on things in general, and so found it difficult to lay our minds side by side as friends should. At the same time, I admired his push, energy, and great business qualities, and he, I think, liked as well as respected the "Spectator." It happened also that we were near neighbors in the country, and this propinquity made us see perhaps more of each other than we should if juxtaposition had not been an element in our acquaintance.

In later life we came to differ strongly on many questions. This, coupled with the fact that Lord Northcliffe gradually ceased to live much in Surrey, made us meet very little in the course of the last eight or nine years. Still our old acquaintanceship and the thought of the brilliant and eager young man whom I first got to know by a common interest in motor transport, and also the tragedy of his death—it was a cruel irony of fate which made his attempt to rest and restore his bodily and mental vigor the determinating cause of his illness—revived in me many kindly feelings towards the dead man. I should be inhuman if they had not. At the same time, my judgment told me in imperative terms that if I wrote upon Lord Northcliffe I must write the whole truth as I saw it and not partial and fragmentary glimpses. This again, my judgment told me, must lead to a critical attitude and to my saying things which one hesitates to say almost at the side of an open grave. I do not mean by this that I felt any necessity to say harsh things about Lord Northcliffe, but I knew that I could not indulge in the conventional eulogies, nor treat Lord Northcliffe from the point of view of a great man and a great journalist, as he has been treated so largely in the British and American press.

But, though these considerations inclined me strongly to say no more about Lord Northcliffe than I found it necessary to say in the "Spectator," reflection showed me that, after all, I ought to lay what I believe to be the facts before the American public. The reasons which brought about my final decision can easily be stated. The American public understand better than any other nation



Paul Thompson

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

what is gained by, and what is involved in, the art of publicity. Therefore it is very important that they should not imagine that every one in England looks upon Lord Northcliffe as a competent and representative exponent of that deeply important art.

It would be a cause of serious misunderstanding on a vital matter if the wiser minds in America should come to think that we regarded Lord Northcliffe as the ideal newspaper proprietor, editor, and publicist. Yet if no voice were raised here in protest and no sincere attempt made to show what Lord Northcliffe really stood for, and what was the attitude of better-informed British public opinion in regard to him, they could hardly do anything else but take him at his face value, or, at any rate, at the value apparently set on him by the British press. To judge by the eulogies published in London, one would imagine that Lord Northcliffe was a kind of Delaine and John Walter rolled into one, and that he fulfilled the highest ideals of journalism as understood in this country. I am sure I am right in saying

that the great majority of thinking men would hold such a misconception to be little short of a disaster.

My aim is to show in its true colors his attitude towards the problems of journalism. I know of course that in doing so I shall expose myself to many disagreeable charges. To begin with, people may think me jealous as well as ungenerous. But I would rather incur those charges, and even the still more odious charge of sheltering personal hostility under the cloak of duty, than allow without protest Lord Northcliffe to be described as "the greatest figure in contemporary English journalism, and its ideal representative."

Lord Northcliffe was not a great editor. He was not a great publicist. He was not even a supreme organizer and collector of news, nor a great purveyor of publicity. He was something totally different. In my opinion, the highest thing that can be said of him is that he was a great man of business, a great money-maker accidentally engaged in the work of journalism. I use the word money-maker not in any hostile or in-

vidious sense. I firmly believe that the money-makers supply a very useful element in human society. I can supply a fact in support of my assertion. Lord Northcliffe, some twenty years ago, said to me in one of those moments of self-revelation which were common with him as a young man and were in many ways extremely engaging: "I don't pretend to be a statesman, or even a politician, or to know much about public affairs. What I do know, is how to produce a paper and how to sell it." There, I think, he exactly diagnosed his own mental powers and limitations. He was a great merchant, or, if you will, a great broker in the wares of journalism; but he did not go further.

As long as he made it his main business to exploit and develop the machinery, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the press his success was almost unbounded. At the outset of his career almost everything he touched in the journalistic world not only turned into gold, but was from his point of view a well-deserved success. In the perfectly legitimate arts of the producer and salesman he was unrivaled. No matter was too small for his consideration, no enterprise or speculation too big. Though not an expert in any of the many branches of his undertakings, he managed to be what was quite as useful—that is, a successful chooser of men to help and serve him. But, though he relied upon the advice of experts, he showed his ability in knowing when to accept that advice wholeheartedly and when to reject it and trust to his own speculative instincts. If he determined to buy or found a newspaper, he followed prudent external advice unless it conflicted with his main and essential decisions.

It was the same story when he was considering whether he should commit himself to new machinery, and to new methods of using that machinery, or whether he should be content to go on in the old ways. Again, in the matter of salesmanship—that is, in the matter of pushing his wares—though his ideas were not his own and were not even original, he managed to use them so ingeniously and so boldly that they took on a kind of originality in his practice of them. Take a very simple example. When he was developing the "Daily Mail," I remember his telling me one of his plans for raising the circulation. He had returns of the daily sales of his paper in every city in the Kingdom. If he found that the proportion of sales per head of population in a particular town lagged behind the general average, he immediately set all his machinery in motion to ascertain the cause of this town's failure to absorb his paper. He kept asking the question, "Why does only x per cent of the population here take the 'Daily Mail' when three times x take it in a neighboring town?" He persisted in such interrogations till he had got the answer and applied his

remedy. At the same time, complementary investigations were going on in the towns or districts which showed the highest percentages of readers. Was there any peculiar or extraordinary reason why they should read the "Daily Mail" in greater numbers than their neighbors? If not, then valuable lessons might be obtained by studying the action of his local agents, and applying these principles of action elsewhere. He was armed with facts for screwing up his circulation elsewhere. "What man had done in Blackchester man could do in Whiteville"—that was the "slogan" applied to those engaged in pushing his paper in new districts or in old districts which lagged behind.

But this, though clever and enterprising, was only a good example of the simple art of the vigilant salesman in all kinds of trades. There was nothing actually original about it, though there was a great deal of genuine enterprise and skill in the application of the artifice. No great vision and no special understanding of human nature or of the English people were involved.

As in the case of most successful money-makers—for once more we must never forget that it was in this region that Lord Northcliffe could claim unqualified success—the methods employed seemed to have very little to do with brain power or the higher intellectual gifts. Successful money-makers are rarely thinkers even in their own special trades, and this was, I think, specially true of Lord Northcliffe. As I felt obliged to point out in my obituary notice of him in the "Spectator" of August 19, Lord Northcliffe was not a daring innovator or speculator in the newspaper world, but rather a skilled and prudent user of other men's experiments. He once said to me with great impressiveness, and as if he were saying something which he regarded as one of the lodestars of his life, "Never be a pioneer!" He went on to explain that the pioneers in the various walks of life and business were never the men who succeeded. They went forward and, if they took the delights of exploration, they certainly did not get any other reward. The wise man watched the pioneer at work. If the pioneer fell and failed, and so showed that the ground was impracticable, the forest too thick, or the current too strong, he did not follow him. If, on the other hand, the pioneer succeeded, the wise man could proceed in confidence. The good business man was, that is, he who best availed himself of other men's experiments, but did not experiment himself.

I think an analysis of Lord Northcliffe's methods would prove that he almost invariably followed this plan. He never plunged. He never put his foot into what was alleged to be a ford without the feeling that he could draw it out if, after all, the water should prove dangerously deep. He did not found the "Daily Mail" till he had seen

the experiment of the "Evening News," which was his first venture in daily journalism, succeed. He bought the "Evening News" very cheaply as a going concern, and watched it very carefully. Up till that time he had only been an owner, though a most successful owner, of popular weekly newspapers. When, however, he saw that with wisdom and prudence a halfpenny evening newspaper could be made, not only a good newspaper, but financially a very successful paper, he argued that what could be done with an evening paper could be done as well with a morning paper, or indeed a great deal better. Morning papers, in England at any rate, find it easier to get advertisements than evening newspapers. But when, fired by his experiences in the "Evening News," he determined on creating the "Daily Mail," he took every possible care to make his venture successful. He traded, as it were, both with the living and the dead in journalism to find new features and paying features. Especially did he study American models. These afforded him plenty of useful pioneers. He also studied the old ways of journalism in England and adopted features which for some reason or other had been allowed to drop out.

When I say "studied," I do not mean that he himself studied very carefully; but that he got other people to study for him, and then used his judgment. But all this, though excellent business, did not prove him a great journalist, a great editor, or even a great newspaper organizer. It only showed him a great man of business.

I doubt whether, in the true sense, Lord Northcliffe ever reflected or ever thought. His mind, as is so often to be noted in the case of the successful money-makers, was exceedingly superficial, as were, indeed, his mental interests private and public. He was, however, keen and alert and genuinely interested in new things. But he liked them as a clever child likes toys—something to be first welcomed as a mystery, but soon only tolerated till a newer or more amusing treasure could be found. He never thought things out, nor, indeed, realized the need of doing so. Above all, he never understood anything in the true sense of the word.

Though he talked much about publicity and, in a sense, practiced it on an enormous scale, and made a large fortune out of it, I feel certain that he never obtained a full and true view of the significance of the thing he was dealing in. Like so many men of his kind, he could throw up a series of balls and keep them spinning in the air, but he could not explain even to himself how his act of legerdemain was accomplished. To put it in another way, he had the faculty possessed by many dealers in the arts. There are plenty of picture dealers and dealers in antiques of all kinds who are totally without any artistic sense or knowledge, and appar-

ently without any sensibility in regard to the beautiful. For all they know, Guercino lived in Spain and Goya in Bologna. They confuse centuries, epochs, and schools with the most marvelous profusion. Yet these same men instinctively know a good picture and can often tell far better than men of true learning, scholarship, and understanding in the philosophy of the aesthetic whether a picture is a genuine work or a forgery, and also by whose hand it was painted.

A sincere artist will often tell you that, though he has profoundly studied the work of, say, Leonardo all his life and has a sure intelligence in regard to the master's mind, if it comes to valuing a picture or being quite sure of its authenticity, he would very much rather trust to the judgment of Mr. Blackstein or Mr. Whitestein than his own. So Lord Northcliffe, though he did not understand publicity in the true sense, was often instinctively an exceedingly good judge of what would prove successful publicity and paying publicity. Just as a man may do "big business" in rubber without understanding the way in which rubber is produced, or what is its future, or what even are its uses, so Lord Northcliffe traded in publicity without knowing much about it or, at any rate, without understanding it in the higher sense.

A proof of this want of true understanding is to be found in that part of his life which was so conspicuous a failure. During the latter part of the war, and still more after the peace, Lord Northcliffe persuaded himself that the power of the press was greater than it really was. He dreamed of becoming the leader and director of the country, not indirectly and as a great influencer of public opinion, but actually as Prime Minister! That was, I am assured, his visionary aim. His lever was to be the newspapers he controlled. He found himself utterly mistaken when, having quarreled with Mr. Lloyd George as the obstacle to his ambition, he determined to remove him from power. Apparently, Lord Northcliffe was so little experienced or, at any rate, had so little understanding of his strength, that he thought he could write Mr. Lloyd George down—i. e., destroy him by leading articles. If he had been able to reflect, he would have learned that, though Mr. Lloyd George might destroy himself, he could not be destroyed by newspaper opposition. He had, in fact, utterly misconceived the nature of the power of the press.

No one thinks more highly of the profession of journalism, no one is prouder of the position of the press, than I, but it must never be forgotten that the one and almost only power of the press is publicity. Pope in his "Essay on the Characters of Women," speaking of women's place in the world, declares that power is all their end, but "beauty all their means." So with us newspaper

men. Power may be all our end, but publicity is our only means.

But, granted this, what are the consequences? One of the most important is that, though we may "boom" a statesman in whom we believe or whom, for some other and possibly less worthy motive, we want to keep before the public, we cannot unmake him by the arts which we used to make him. As Dr. Johnson put it, "No man is ever written down except by himself." A very few moments of thought will show that this is due to the fact just noticed, the fact that publicity is the newspaper's only means to power. If you are always writing a man down, you are in effect always advertising him, always giving him publicity. But in giving him publicity you bring him before the public eye, and then the public, in that intensely independent way which is theirs, judge him from their own standpoint. But, while judging for themselves, they are very apt to note and so to discount the animus with which a man is attacked. Eulogy is a lubricant which, though it may occasionally weary, does not raise the contradictiousness of mankind. On the other hand, persistent antagonism is sure to bring into operation the law of reversed effort. If one sees a person persistently abused in the press, one is very apt to take the other side.

But there is a higher motive than this of contradiction. When a man is brought before the public merely to be commended, the thing is soon over and forgotten. If, however, he is arraigned before the court of public opinion, the jurors realize that they must go more thoroughly into the matter. They must hear both sides and judge the facts. But it may well be that in this process of adjudication they take a different view to that of the journalistic prosecutor. This is indeed a happy circumstance.—It makes the journalist careful in his attacks, and so acts as an antiseptic. But this limitation of the power of the press Lord Northcliffe never understood, and perhaps never even tried to understand. He took the view of the flatterers of the press—i. e., that a newspaper can do almost what it likes with public opinion. He was convinced that by a careful manipulation and presentation of the news the public, without being directly deceived, could be made to take the view which the newspaper wanted it to take. This danger of manipulation is no doubt real, but it is not nearly so great a danger as it appears to be. Fortunately, there are many safeguards and correctives. If not, the peoples who depend upon their newspapers so greatly as do those of the English-speaking world would be of all men most miserable. As a class newspaper men have an instinctive feeling that they must tell the news, and tell it honestly. I am not going to pretend that this is from a double dose of original virtue vouchsafed to my profession. What I have termed an instinct, no doubt, to a great

extent arises from the knowledge, conscious or sub-conscious, that publicity is our greatest business, and that those who ignore this fact and sell adulterated wares (that is what manipulation of the press comes to) will in the end do bad and not good business.

Here I reach a very interesting point in connection with journalism. I firmly believe that the newspaper that is run as a business concern—run, that is, to pay, i. e., run to sell its readers what they want to buy—is likely to be a better paper and also to serve the community better than the newspaper which has ulterior ends. The ideal newspaper proprietor, in my opinion, is the honest tradesman, the man who says, in effect, of himself and his work, "My business is to sell the public a good, sound newspaper, a paper which contains nothing that has been adulterated, nothing that is a sham, nothing that is poisonous. I am the servant of the public, but I claim the right to act the part which every honorable and high-minded servant acts. I will obey my master up to a certain point, and no further. If he asks me to do a foolish thing, I may do so, because, after all, the choice is his. If, however, he asks me to do a low, mean, or disreputable, let alone a criminal thing, I must refuse and tell him plainly what I think of his order."

What the ordinary citizen desires to get from his paper is the facts, and the whole of the facts. Now, he may have the highest belief in Mr. So-and-So's good intentions, but he does not want to have his news colored by them, however good they may be. Still less does he want to have his news distorted by the personal likes or dislikes of a proprietor. Therefore he greatly distrusts the newspapers owned by men who are in the newspaper business, not as tradesmen, but for ulterior objects—party objects, personal objects, or pecuniary objects other than those derived from the direct sale of a newspaper. American newspapers, I may say parenthetically, have come to their great position and will, I believe, continue to hold that position by the fact that they are so largely owned by people who are openly and obviously engaged in the trade of selling newspapers, and who know that in the end they can do sound business only by selling "a straight and sound line of goods." Another good example was the London "Times" in the past. The Walters were essentially honest tradesmen. They had a great public relying upon them for a particular class of intellectual product, and they supplied that product. They did not look beyond their trade. For example, when Lord Palmerston lectured Delane on the want of consideration, public spirit, and so forth, which he had shown in publishing a piece of news which was inconvenient to the Government, Delane cut him short with the brief but crushing sentence, "You seem to forget, Lord Palmerston, that my business is publicity."

That was an answer worthy of the "Times" at its best. Delane was speaking greatly of a great trade. I am quite content not to put it higher than that. I do not claim to be engaged in an art or a profession.

In a similar way, Lord Northcliffe, while he was successful—that is, up till middle life—was a true trader in news, even if not one who could claim to be very well inspired or very thoughtful or very reflective. The moment, however, that he began to use the great lever he had forged for other purposes than those for which it was meant he got into difficulties and began to lose his influence. Curiously enough, in some confused way Lord Northcliffe seemed to have realized this himself. Only a few months ago, in a wild pamphlet which he wrote about millionaire newspaper proprietors, he made a vehement attack on men who owned newspapers, not because they wanted to carry on a successful trade, but because they had ulterior motives. With a good deal of his invective on this point I found myself in agreement. Un-

fortunately, however, Lord Northcliffe was like the lady of whom Congreve wrote in his famous poem:

She is the thing that she despises.

He was all the time doing the very thing that he was denouncing—i. e., the man who used his papers, not for trade, but for other purposes.

Before I end this sketch of Lord Northcliffe and the journalistic lessons of his career I want to say once more that, though I have had to speak plainly about him, I am strongly touched by the tragic irony of his end. I should have been only too glad if I could have honestly said, "At any rate, he succeeded in doing what he tried to do." Respect for the truth will only let me say that he succeeded in this up till the middle of his life, and then that the abundance of his success led him to failure. How this came about is easily seen by any one who regards the facts of his life. When still a very young man, and without experience—he was not one of the people who possessed an intuitive knowledge of life and men—he reached a position in

which he was toadied, flattered, and cajoled by the majority of those with whom he came in contact.

Considering the temptations to which he was exposed, and considering also the facts of his career, one might very well say that the wonder was, not that he suffered a kind of intellectual shipwreck, but that he did not do a great deal more harm than he in fact did. That, in my opinion, is the just view, and, being so, I feel bound to record it.

I have a word to add by way of postscript. My readers may think it strange that I have said nothing about Lord Northcliffe and the part he played in the war. I have not dealt with his war record because I believe that his influence on the war was absurdly exaggerated. If, then, I had touched the matter, I could not have avoided being strongly polemical. Also, I must have spoken more harshly than I want to speak. Finally, I wanted to put what I think is a true account of the man before the American public, not to plunge into an infructuous controversy.

SHEER ENVY

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I NEVER camped in all my life. I hated exercise. I was afraid to sleep with my windows open. So now when I see a husky, salmon-colored American camper, proud of his fresh sun-blisters, I look at him resentfully.

Tents with wooden floors! Real gas stoves! Portable phonographs! And—the crowning glory of it all—folding bathtubs! And he calls this camping! Why, if a Russian housewife laid her eyes on all the American camper's kitchen outfit, she would unhesitatingly forsake her city house for the "wild" life in the open.

"To rough it"—you call your camping! You luxury-swamped sybarites! And you have the nerve to call the poor Russian city-mole an effeminate person!

In Russia we seldom camp of our free will. And it is not because we are more effeminate than you. If we do not open our windows at night, even if it overlooks the sheltered street in the city, it is because we cannot afford to waste so much heat. To sleep with the windows wide open in winter—why, it would call for steam heating, or at least for all-wool underwear! No average Russian was ever as rich as that!

And to move to the country with all the array of canned food, stoves, cameras, Victrolas, and—above all—with a bathtub! The luxury of ancient Rome had nothing on you, modern American campers!

When I saw for the first time the famous tent city of San Diego, on Coronado Beach, I thought almost with tears: "If one-tenth of our peasants could afford a tent dwelling with a

screened porch, a swinging hammock, a gas-stove, and a rubber bathtub, we would consider ourselves a nation of millionaires!"

Sheer envy is and will be the predominant feeling of a foreigner gazing at all these camp luxuries until you be-

gin sharing them with the great barren camp called the after-war Europe. We need your trading in portable bungalows, little stoves, hand showers, cheap articles of hygiene, and scores of civilization's substitutes for immediate use, because the war-ridden countries cannot be rebuilt at even a year's notice. To make the beggar-like conditions of life less painful many a European country should be put on a camping basis. Temporary homes, with at least a ghost of comfort—this is what we need immediately. What you mean by reconstruction is a thing far too solid for us.

You want to rebuild us at once and thoroughly; to put us firmly on our feet; to give us modern electric fixtures, fine railways (provided you obtain profitable concessions for building them), up-to-date plumbing (provided we can pay millions of rubles, marks, or kronen to your engineers). Wonderful task, and well worth spending your and our energy and money! But, as the ancient Slav proverb goes: "A golden plate is of no use to the hungry."

Do not give us a golden plate alone. Don't start a wonderful system of plumbing without giving us in the meantime cheap water filters—to save us from cholera and her sister epidemics. A tent erected immediately is better than the most comfortable house next season.

We have to live somehow in the meantime. We have to camp, not for pleasure, but for the sake of saving our lives, to "rough it" in the severest sense of the word. And who, if not Americans, campers *par excellence*, will teach the world how to camp?

THE DREAD TYPHOON

Do you remember the island of Yap? It figured not long ago in the press despatches as a center of international discord. But Yap is not young as a disturbing factor in the world; it is the nest from which the dread typhoon arises to carry death and destruction to eastern Asia and the ships of the Pacific.

LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD A. TINKER recounts the family history of the typhoon in a forthcoming issue of *The Outlook*.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER II—LAW AND LETTERS

MY brother Nathan at this time carried through a bit of youthful business enterprise which added greatly to his joy and mine. Having collected some old hemp rope, which was very scarce at the time, he received enough money for it to enable him to buy a handsome bay pony. This became our joint and most treasured possession. Nathan in later years became noted as a horse fancier, a driver of trotters, the owner of a fine stable. It is an old axiom that the man who really knows horses knows men also. Nathan knew both. But few things ever gave Nathan and myself as much pleasure as the possession of that pony. So it was a hard blow for us when he became a Yankee prisoner of war.

On April 16, 1865, General James H. Wilson, commanding 15,000 Federal soldiers, marched against Columbus. Lee had surrendered nine days earlier, but this was unknown to General Wilson and to our citizen soldiers, composed chiefly of superannuated men and school-boys. There was a feeble defense, and Wilson's army took possession. Soon afterwards the rabble from the factories commenced looting. Led by drunken Federal soldiers, they burned the cotton warehouses. Lost were the savings of many, including most of my father's. All horses were seized, our little pony among the rest. I never saw him again, though I still retain a vivid mental picture of him. Frequently since, when I have met that fine old veteran, General Wilson, who is still among the living, hale and hearty, I have jestingly reproached him for taking my most treasured possession.

"Go South" had been good enough advice in 1852, but "Stay South" under what was known as Reconstruction—stay there under conditions serious enough to break the strongest and discourage the most enterprising—this was not suitable to my father's enterprise. Again he forced a situation analogous to that after the '48 Revolution—much more serious, though. He was older.

The North offered an outlet for enterprise. There, too, my father could more readily dispose of the remainder of his cotton. His idea was to pay off pre-war debts contracted in New York and Philadelphia and make a fresh start. Isidor was able to help him considerably. A youngster of nineteen, but already a sagacious man of experience, a stay of two years in London had netted him several thousand dollars. Sent there as secretary of a commission to buy supplies for the State of Georgia, he had turned to brokerage when the effective blockade of Southern ports stopped shipments. He had made his profit selling

Confederate bonds. Returning, he used part of the proceeds to purchase a house for his mother and added the balance to his father's money, with which they established a wholesale china and glass-ware business in New York City.

When the Confederate Government canceled the commercial obligations of Southern merchants to Northern creditors and ordered this indebtedness paid to the Government instead, the debtors regarded themselves morally free from paying their creditors. My father, though, was true to his original obligations, saying:

"I propose to pay my debts in full and leave to my children a good name even if I should leave them nothing else."

The dry-goods house of George Bliss & Co. was his principal New York creditor, and the sum between four and five thousand dollars. When my father called about the debt, Mr. Bliss was amazed, asked many questions, and even then found it difficult to grasp how this man of fifty-seven, with four children, stood ready to plunge into a new venture and handicap himself at the start by paying off an old debt.

"I don't think you are fair to your family and yourself," said Mr. Bliss, "to deprive yourself of the slender means you tell me you possess by paying out your available resources. I will compromise with you for less than the full amount, in view of the hardships of war and your family obligations."

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE

Isidor arranged for my schooling. A picture of Columbia College in my geography text-book set me to thinking how wonderful it would be to study there. Being only fourteen and a half when we came to New York, and not having the entrance requirements, I was instead enrolled in the Columbia Grammar School. It was my first experience with a high-grade school. The teaching was much more thorough. It seemed to me I had to learn everything anew. Considering the modest income of the family, the tuition fee and the cost for books were large, but my father, economical in all other respects, was liberal beyond his means where education was concerned. My brother, moreover, was desirous that I should have the advantage of the college training which circumstances, notably the war, had withheld from him.

I appreciated to the full the privilege I was permitted to enjoy, and applied myself whole-heartedly to study. The school regulations required that the parents should fill out a blank each week stating, among other things, the number of hours we studied at home. Three or

four hours were the average for most students, but, as my average was fully double that, I felt rather ashamed to give the exact number, so I stated less.

The school was at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street and our home was in West Forty-ninth Street. I always walked both ways, saving car-fares and at the same time conserving my health.

Despite my hard work, I made a poor showing, though on one occasion I shone with accidental glory. It was the custom when a question was asked to pass it from pupil to pupil, and to set the one who gave the correct answer at the head of the class. It so happened once that I gave a fortunate answer and moved forward to occupy the seat of scholastic eminence. I sat there enjoying a near view of the teacher's countenance, wondering how long I would thus remain distinguished, and looking back occasionally to note how the last row looked. At this moment a visitor entered who was none other than the inventor of the telegraph, S. F. B. Morse, whose grandson was in my class. Knowing the custom and observing me in the seat of honor, he remarked upon my having a large head in comparison with my body, something like himself, and added that I must be a bright boy. There was humiliation rather than elation in being thus praised when I, as well as the rest, knew I did not deserve it.

The principal, Dr. Bacon, encouraged us individually when the time for college-entrance examinations approached in the spring of 1867. For me he had consolation in addition to encouragement, for he feared that because of my lack of early training I might not pass. There were still two weeks before the examination. I crammed night and day. I knew that I could not expect my father to keep me in school another year when after two years of preparation I had shown myself deficient. That thought was my spur, though I am quite sure that both Isidor and my father, knowing I had done my best, would have insisted upon my taking another year for preparation.

I was not prepared, therefore, for so surprising a result as to be the only one in my class to pass all examinations without a single condition. "Lucky dog!" said the others who flunked; and I could not but admit it was luck rather than brilliancy. The professor who examined my classmates in ancient geography was the author of the text-book upon which the examination was held. A meticulous pundit, he regarded that book as supreme and absolute. A good answer, if not exactly according to that book, was as good as no answer at all.



MRS. OSCAR S. STRAUS

From a portrait of the wife of the Ambassador, painted by Gremer

Luckily, another and more generous-minded professor had taken his place by the time it was my turn to be examined.

DISTINGUISHED CLASSMATES

The college course began October 7, 1867. Our class matriculated fifty-two and graduated thirty-one. Among those who graduated were Stuyvesant Fish, of the well-known New York family, whose son, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State in the Grant Administration, as

well as his grandfather, Nicholas Fish, were also graduates from Columbia.

Brander Matthews, who then carried the prefix of James, was also a graduate. He gave evidence then by his writings in the college papers of his future distinguished career as a literary and dramatic critic. Others were Robert Fulton Cutting, an ideal citizen, member of a famous old New York family, and for many years President of the Citizens' Union; and Henry Van Rensselaer, afterwards a Jesuit father, who is no

longer among the living. In 1916, on the occasion of the commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the College, three members of this class, including myself, received the honorary degree of LL.D. At this writing, fifty years since graduation, only ten among our number are remaining.

Athletic sports had very little college vogue at that time, especially at Columbia, confined as it was within a city block. With no such outlet for healthy spirits, the tendency for some students



President U. S. Grant, to whom the autobiographer appealed, as a youth, in his ambition for a military career

was to become boisterous and lacking in proper decorum in the lecture-room, particularly when the subject was not to their liking.

A compulsory and most unpopular subject in the senior class was Evidence of Christianity, and, as that gentle, good-natured professor Rev. Dr. McVickar was entirely lacking in the power to maintain discipline, Evidence of Christianity was a battle-ground. It gave rise to many boisterous demonstrations. The study was compulsory and denominational, and a number of the students who were not Episcopallians resented it. In common with most of the class, I strongly favored that the subject should be elective instead of compulsory. Yet the College found a legal, if unreasonable, justification for the study, based upon the fact that Columbia was originally an Episcopallian foundation. Dr. McVickar complained to the College Board. President Barnard gave serious attention to the matter, but nothing was done to improve the situation.

CLASS-ROOM DIPLOMACY

The disturbance in the lecture-room one day grew unbearably boisterous, and the professor was in considerable distress. I arose and told him I knew how he could have an orderly class. He was in such a plight that any suggestion would have been favorable to him. I asked him to let me take his chair for a moment, which he did. The class was silent, curious to know what I was about to do.

I made an appeal, reminding them briefly that we were now seniors, and that some of us, especially those who intended to study for the ministry, were interested in the subject but were un-

able to follow it because of the disturbance. As I paused I heard several jeers of "Professor Straus." Then I called upon those who were opposed to the study of Evidence of Christianity—and I knew there were a number—to rise. They arose.

"You may leave the room," I said. Eight or ten remained. Turning to Dr. McVickar, I said: "Here is a class you can teach."

Subsequently a petition was drawn up and signed by a majority of the seniors requesting that the class be excused from examinations in Evidence of Christianity. The request was denied.

Among the few collegiate prizes was one known as the Alumni Prize for the most deserving students in the graduating class. The College Board nominated William H. Sage, J. F. Vermilye, and myself as the candidates, and the class elected Vermilye, to whom the prize was awarded.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GRANT

I had a short-lived notion at this time of entering the army. Reading in the newspapers that President Grant had a few cadetships open for West Point, I obtained from President Barnard, of Columbia, a letter of introduction to Grant, in which I was commended highly.

I called on the President, who was in the city. He received me kindly, and said the few appointments allowed him by the law must be offered first to sons of officers who had been killed in the war. If sufficient were not available for all the appointments, he would be glad to give me a chance. I told him I thought he was perfectly right. That ended my great military career.

Not from special aptitude, but because I preferred it to business, I chose the law for my profession. My entire outlook was idealistic rather than practical. As with other young men, it cost me considerable mental struggle to harmonize the two divergent views into a workaday plan. As my father and brothers had begun to prosper in business, and as I had no one but myself to look ahead for, I felt free to follow my own bent. Besides, being the youngest, I had the benefit of their brotherly interest and economic protection if there were need for it. This served to encourage my utmost efforts not only on my own account, but to justify their interest and help.

I graduated sixth in my class and was designated to deliver the class poem at Commencement. The choice, I remember, lay between Brander Matthews and myself, and for some reason which I have not been able to ascertain to this day, I was chosen. "Truth and Error," which I had had gravely entitled the poem, was well received by the large audience of proud parents and sympathetic friends who gathered at the Academy of Music.

In the autumn of 1871 I entered Co-



Joseph H. Choate, distinguished lawyer, with whom Mr. Straus rode horseback every morning for several years

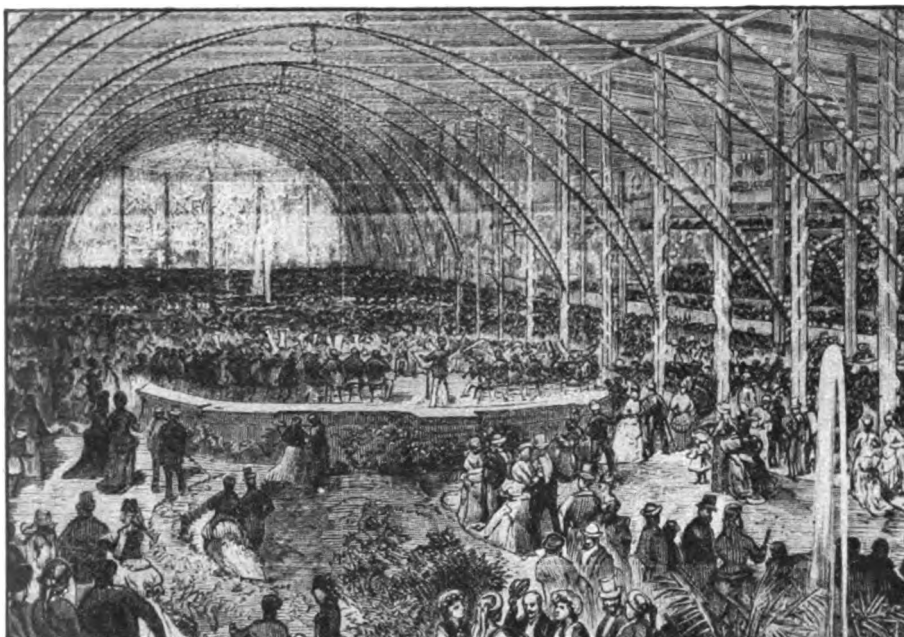
lumbia Law School, after enjoying the first vacation I had taken since I came to New York. Other summers I had spent assisting in some branch of my father's business, not because I relished work unduly, but because I regarded it less as labor than as diversion.

My first vacation, in the Wyoming Valley, near Wilkes-Barre, was a success in spite of the farmer with whom I boarded. Perhaps I did not have a right to expect much for the five dollars a week which I paid him, but, whatever I expected, I remember that I received less. But there were fish in the brooks, and I do not recall that I starved.

MEMOIRS OF LAW SCHOOL

The Law School, which was at that time situated in Lafayette Place, was under the direction of Theodore W. Dwight, who deserved his great reputation as the most distinguished teacher of law in the country.

Our professor in political science, whose lectures we attended once a week, was the distinguished Francis Lieber, a Prussian veteran who had fought in the Battle of Waterloo. At the close of the Napoleonic wars he returned to his studies in Berlin, and thereafter was several times arrested for his outspoken liberal views. After frequent persecution, and even imprisonment, he fled to England, and in 1827 came to this country. He was the author of many books, legal and political, among them being "Civil Liberty," which was adopted as a text-book in several of our universities. He prepared in 1863 "Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field," which Lincoln promulgated as a general order of the War Department. It was a masterly piece of work, embodying advanced hu-



From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 10, 1875

Before an audience that packed the immense Gilmore's Garden, which then occupied the present site of Madison Square Garden in New York, Mr. Straus delivered his "poetic swan song" in 1875 at a fair for the benefit of Mount Sinai Hospital. This is a view of Gilmore's Summer Concert Garden in its heyday

manitarian principles. It formed the basis for several later European codes.

Usually egotism and real merit do not co-ordinate, but negate one another; Lieber was an exception. He combined both in a marked degree, sometimes in a manner that afforded amusement to his students. He referred continuously to "My Civil Liberty" as a book of extraordinary erudition, new in its field, the last word on the subject. He was a short, solidly built man, with a distinct German accent, and so full of his subject that he was apt to lose himself in the vast field of his philosophical and historical knowledge. As his course was optional, those who came to listen came to learn, and we received a larger view of the function of law in civil society than we derived from all our studies of municipal law.

The course at the Law School covered two years, and successful examination at the end of it entitled a student to admission to the bar without a further State examination. I was graduated in June, 1873, and immediately entered the law office of Ward, Jones & Whitehead, a prominent New York law firm, whose senior member, John E. Ward, had presided over the Democratic National Convention which nominated Buchanan in 1856. Later he served for two or three years as Minister to China. He was a friend of my brother Isidor, and took me into his office largely out of friendship for him.

I remained with his firm about six months, forming a partnership later in 1873 with James A. Hudson, who was associated with the Ward firm and was about ten years my senior. The new firm was Hudson & Straus, with offices on the fourth floor of 59 Wall Street.

On the same floor was the office of Charles O'Connor, then the acknowledged head of the American bar. He was practically retired, but still kept a small office and a clerk. Frequently, feeling fatigued during the one or two weekly visits to his office, he would rest himself on a lounge in the room set aside in our office for a library.

It was an unusual privilege for a young lawyer like myself to enjoy such pleasant personal relations with this great leader of his profession. We received our first important case through him, and collected so much more of an old debt than our client had expected that he sent us a check for ten thousand dollars, saying that if we did not regard it as sufficient he would make the check larger. With five thousand dollars in reserve, I felt rich and independent. My wants were simple, and our general practice was encouraging.

FOUNDING OF YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION

At about this time I first became active in public-spirited undertakings. The Young Men's Christian Association a few years before had opened its Twenty-third Street Branch in New York, and the movement, on the whole, was getting much publicity and proving very successful in its work among young men. But it was an institution for Christians, and it occurred to several of us—as I remember it, there were two of my fellow-members of the bar, Meyer S. Isaacs and Isaac S. Isaacs, Dr. Simeon N. Leo, Solomon B. Solomon, and myself—that it would be a useful undertaking if we organized a Young Men's Hebrew Association for the cultural and intellectual advancement of Jewish young men.

We launched our project early in 1874. We rented a house in the vicinity of Nineteenth or Twentieth Street and began in a very modest way. Our first entertainment was of a purely literary nature, and I recollect on that occasion addressing the members of the infant enterprise on the subject of literary clubs, ancient and modern, from the time of Socrates and Plato to the days of the coffee-houses of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith. The Y. M. H. A. subsequently had its years of struggle for existence, but to-day its place in our cities as an influence for the development of culture and patriotism is assured, as well as that of its sister organization of later birth, the Young Women's Hebrew Association.

CONCERNING PSYCHOLOGICAL SPREES

In 1876 or thereabouts we removed our office to the New York Life Building, at 346 Broadway, corner of Franklin Street, because our practice was largely commercial, and this location was more convenient for our clients. Adjoining our office on the same floor was the office of Chamberlain, Carter & Eaton, then one of the leading commercial law firms, of which subsequently Charles E. Hughes became a member. In 1878 Simon Sterne, then one of the younger leaders of the bar, entered the firm, which became Sterne, Hudson & Straus; afterwards, when our managing clerk entered the firm, Sterne, Straus & Thompson. Hudson withdrew to devote himself to patent law.

Thompson, who replaced him, was the author of books upon psychology which were commended by Herbert Spencer and other leading European and American authorities. He was more interested in psychology than in law; and Sterne, who could be very sarcastic, once said: "Do you know that Thompson is dissipating?"

I expressed surprise.

"Of course he is," he went on. "When he leaves here, he works till all hours of the night writing psychology, and returns next morning to his legal work with an exhausted brain. I'd rather he went on a spree, instead, for one gets over that quite definitely."

The firm had a varied practice, ranging from collection cases to important questions regarding street railways and other public utilities. Sterne was rapidly achieving a reputation as a leading authority upon railways and railway legislation. In 1879 he was retained as legislative counsel by an Assembly committee to investigate political corruption influenced by railway corporations. The chairman of the committee was A. Barton Hepburn, then an Assemblyman from St. Lawrence County. The committee sat intermittently for nine months. The report, including certain recommendations for legislation partly drafted by Sterne, was the first impressive and well-directed attempt to deal with the public regulation of transportation companies, and resulted in the

passage of the State Railroad Commission Bill in the 1880 session. It also exerted an influence seven years later when the Federal legislators created the Federal Inter-State Commerce Commission.

While Sterne was engaged in this public work his two junior partners, besides giving him assistance, conducted the practice of the firm. Such railway clients as we had withdrew their business as a protest against the public activities of our senior partner.

ON THE BRIDLE-PATH WITH JOSEPH H. CHOATE

I enjoyed at this time an intimacy with Joseph H. Choate, of the firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate. Daily for several years we spent the early mornings saddle-riding in the park. He was always full of fun and wit during these exhilarating morning hours. There was hardly a subject we did not discuss while in the saddle. His days were crowded, for amid the exacting duties of his profession he was much sought after to make public addresses on important occasions. On horseback he would frequently outline the substance of his future addresses.

"I am in fashion just now as a speaker," he said once, "but, just like wall-paper, the fashion will change."

However, the fashion to secure Mr. Choate as the principal speaker on public occasions continued until his death in 1917.

My major work for the firm was in the most exacting and nerve-racking branch, the trying of cases. I had not yet learned to conserve my energies. The result was that the wearing exacting of court work reduced my weight to 105 pounds. Consulting a physician, I was strongly advised to choose less exacting work, and especially to stop the trying of cases. As that branch of the law appealed to me most, it was a great disappointment to have to abandon it. Rather than continue in the profession with such an inhibition, I yielded to the advice of my father and brother, and early in 1881, after taking several months' vacation, I quit the law and became a member of L. Straus & Sons, already large manufacturers and importers of china and glassware.

It so happened that on account of their growing business they needed my services, and my transition period was made as acceptable and agreeable as possible. I continued for a long time, however, to long for the profession to which I was so much attached. As a compensation I devoted my evenings and spare time to historical reading and study.

JOAQUIN MILLER READS POEM AT WEDDING DINNER

Having embarked on a business career, I reversed a decision that I made while practicing law. As a lawyer I had taken very seriously and literally the

saying that "the law is a jealous mistress." I was her devoted slave, quite willingly so, and I determined never to marry. I was economically independent as a single man, and could devote my time to the law for its own sake. This I preferred to do, as the idealist that I was, rather than pursue the law for economic reasons first, and for its own sake as much as possible secondarily, which I felt would have to be the case if I married. But as a business man things were different, and I decided now to marry.

On January 23, 1882, I became engaged to Sarah, only daughter of Louis and Hannah Seller Lavanburg, and we were married on the 19th of April following, at the home of her parents, on West Forty-sixth Street, near Fifth Avenue. At the wedding dinner, to which had come hosts of our friends and acquaintances, Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, as he was called, read a poem which he composed for the event. The manuscript, I think, is still in my possession.

An address I delivered before the Young Men's Hebrew Association in 1875 denoted my line of intellectual endeavor for the next few years. My subject was "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States." Delivered before a large audience at Chickering Hall, it was given generous notices in the press, resulting some months later in my giving another address on the same subject before the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn. I traced the rise of democracy, as distinguished from monarchy, from the Hebrew commonwealth of the early New England Puritans, especially in their politico-

religious "sermons," which were delivered annually before the legislatures of the several New England colonies. This line of presentation was referred to in the notices of the address, and it attracted many of the Brooklyn ministers of various denominations.

In one part of this address, after referring to the sermons, I also quoted a similar argument advanced by Thomas Paine in his "Common Sense." Then I quoted Washington, Monroe, Dr. Rush, and others in praise of Paine's services to the patriotic cause. Several ministers in the audience left the hall, saying that they did not come to hear eulogies of Paine. I refrained from expressing any opinion of my own, but simply quoted the high estimate of the Fathers of the Republic.

LITERARY AVOCATIONS

This subject I later developed into a book with the same title, which subsequently was translated and published in France by Emile de Laveleye, the eminent Belgian publicist. It was a pleasing event in my life, since the book was well received and even spoken of among American historical writers as a distinct contribution to our history.

My next book, "Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty," grew out of studies made in preparing the first book. Historical writing is characterized as the aristocracy of literature, because it requires long and patient investigations and yields meager returns. Fortunately, by reason of my vocation, I could indulge in my avocation, especially after business hours. The late Russell Sage is said to have advised a young man who consulted him not to fritter away his time on books, but to concentrate upon one book, and that book the ledger. My own advice would be that of Robert Burns, who sang:

And gather gear by every wile,
That's justified by honor,—
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant.
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

My Life of Roger Williams had a generous circulation, several reprints, and was highly commended by the reviewers. I published various works later, for which I was given honorary degrees at various colleges.

One more time I figured in public as a writer of poetry before I finally put the craving aside and adjusted myself to things for which I was better adapted. In 1875 a large fair was held at Gilmore's Garden, which then occupied the site upon which is now Madison Square Garden. The purpose of the fair was to raise funds for the erection of a new building for the Mount Sinai Hospital. Samuel J. Tilden, then Governor of New York and prospective Democratic nominee for the Presidency, made the opening address and I delivered a poem. Thus my poetic swan song was sung before an audience which packed the immense garden.

Chapter III of

"Under Four Presidents"

will appear next week. It describes the interesting circumstances and events that led to the appointment of a Jewish Ambassador from a Christian democracy to a Mohammedan absolutism.

The famous Henry Ward Beecher letter to President Cleveland, urging the appointment of Mr. Straus, is printed in full, some of it in facsimile. The voyage to Turkey, including memorable visits in London and Paris, is described. Constantinople and its strange people are closely portrayed.

Mr. Straus began his autobiography in last week's issue of The Outlook with an account of his forefathers in Bavaria, one of whom figured in Napoleon's councils, and of the family's journey to Georgia. There are intimate impressions of slavery, of deacons dueling with knives, circuit riders charmed by the Biblical erudition of Oscar Straus's father, and the future diplomat's first lessons in oratory.

THE BOOK TABLE

BOSWELL YOUNG AND OLD

BY ARNOLD MULDER

YOU walk in on a movie in the middle of the story, see it through to the end, only to find that it is the last performance of the day and that the first half of the plot must forever remain a question-mark. If the story has gripped you, your mind automatically tries to supply what has gone before. How did the disagreement between the lovers arise? What was the mysterious crime that the hero is accused of having committed? How did the villain get a hold on the girl's father? Rather fascinating study, but baffling in proportion to the subtlety of the story.

Professor Tinker's "Young Boswell"¹ supplies such a first part of a half-told tale of infinite charm and subtlety for which the world has been waiting for a hundred and thirty years. Boswell himself in his *magnum opus* had given many glimpses into his own life that were almost exasperating because they left our interest in him as a personality unsatisfied. He stepped into Johnson's life in the middle and, good artist that he was, expended his energies on developing a complete portrait of the "bear," using himself merely as a tool. But it was not possible for him to stay out of the picture, and again and again he tells about himself only in so far as the story has a bearing on Johnson, leaving our curiosity about what went before and after, so far as the narrator is concerned, unsatisfied. His love affairs, for instance. In the "Life" he marries and begets children, and there is a good deal about domestic arrangements, but it is all incidental, sketchy—as of course it should be. Professor Tinker's book fills in the picture, and a delightful picture it is. And then the strained relations between Boswell and his father: in the "Life" the story leaves us halting between two opinions; in "Young Boswell" we are given a view of the beginnings and ends of things and we are content. Boswell's life on the Continent is represented by a few sketchy letters in the biography; in "Young Boswell" such incidents as the fascinating attempt to bring Rousseau and Voltaire together form a thrilling story.

These are only hints of what the Boswell lover may look for in Professor Tinker's book. The pages are sprinkled with incidents that are beginnings of threads which the world has had in its hands a hundred and thirty years. The theater has more than once made a *tour de force* by developing a story backwards, and that is also about the net effect of the publication of "Young Boswell." And the fact that it is a work of ripe scholarship, that the author has spared no pains to tap the rich sources

at his command—the collection of Mr. Adam, the Temple manuscript, etc.—makes the story all the more thrilling and the portrait of Boswell all the more alluring.

Professor Tinker is not "Boswell's Boswell," as the advertisements claim—no one could be "Boswell's Boswell" after a hundred and thirty years, constant note-taking on the spot as ideas came



Engraved from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

JAMES BOSWELL

hot from the brain forming too great a part of Boswell's equipment; but he has done what during all this time has been crying to be done—executed an authentic portrait of the man who himself had painted perhaps the completest portrait in history.

And how very much this needed doing! Macaulay was not the only one who thought that Boswell's genius resided in his thick hide. A sort of myth has grown up around James Boswell which makes his name practically synonymous with "sycophant." Not only does "Young Boswell" give the lie once for all to this notion, but it does a still greater service by driving readers back to the "Life of Johnson." Like most great books, the "Life" has been kept before the public for more than a century by the enthusiastic praise of a very few persons. The rest of us who are at all conscious of things literary have been content to admire at second-hand.

My own case is probably typical, hence this record of a personal reaction. For twenty years I had been wanting to read the "Life of Johnson." Times without number I had taken the fat volume in my hands, but always its half million words scared me away, as did a kind of vague feeling that the book was probably rather hard going. Like, I hope,

thousands of others, I needed "Young Boswell" to push me in. And I soon found that, like a great many others who have been using Boswell as a household word, I did not have any real conception of what he is or what the "Life" is.

There is, for instance, that most common fallacy of all, that Boswell licked Johnson's boots. Not until I was well started on the great adventure did the fact take hold of me that Boswell was a man in his own right, an intellect of commanding force, a personality who would almost inevitably have made an impress upon his time, even if Samuel Johnson had never been born. The publication of "Young Boswell" of course reinforces this statement. Boswell had an admiration for Johnson that approached veneration, but in many very material respects he differed sharply with him, and he did not hesitate to tell the czar of English literature so to his face, later taking care to register his own convictions in opposition to Johnson's in his notes. And a close analysis of these instances of differences between them very often shows, in the light of subsequent history, that Boswell was right and the great Johnson wrong. As, for instance, in the case of Johnson's uncompromisingly Tory attitude on the revolt of the American colonies. Boswell stood with Burke on the subject, while Johnson, yielding to the violent and unreasonable prejudices that characterized him all his life, was almost prepared to wish that the forebears of our present Sons and Daughters of the Revolution had one neck, so that George III might place his foot upon it and hack it off.

Boswell indeed defends Johnson against many and various charges made against him by the swarm of hasty biographers who published reminiscences soon after Johnson's death, and some of those defenses rather smell of special pleading. He seems to have looked upon Johnson as more or less his own private property, whom he alone should have a right to criticize—like a wife who finds fault with her husband but will not tolerate any one else saying anything against him. In all of which Boswell is extremely human and gives a display of unconscious self-revelation that makes one love him as well as respect him. And he venerates Johnson to so high a degree that the suspicion sometimes crosses the mind that the enemies of Johnson, whom, in his own phraseology, he "animadverted against," were probably more than half right in their dislike of the "bear," who was never more delighted than when he could contradict some one and could rub some one's fur the wrong way. Boswell let slip no opportunity to call Johnson "that great and good man," which phrase occurs in the "Life" scores of times, and he painstakingly dug up examples of Johnson's kindness and

¹ Young Boswell. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

charity: he loved and was kind to his pet cat; he supported and gave a home for many years to blind Mrs. Williams; he took to his lodging a woman of the streets (almost like the hero in a present-day best-selling romantic novel), fed her, and then preached a little sermon to her to lead a better life. All of which incidents, and many more, are carefully recorded as illustrations of the fact that this "great and good man," whom enemies persisted in calling harsh and cold, had a warm heart filled with pity for all unfortunate creatures. And again and again Boswell hints at secret charities of Johnson's. Similar hints of course appear in the biographies of practically all prominent men, so that they are almost taken for granted, whether based on fact or not. Curiously, Boswell's insistence that Johnson was at bottom a tender-hearted person creates the suspicion that he was not. On this point Boswell seems to protest too much. And again curiously, we do not care to have the "bear" made out a tender-hearted man; tenderness is somehow out of drawing in Boswell's picture. The "Life" is the story of an imperial mind in a ridiculous, mountainous body; a mind, moreover, made delightfully human by its almost childish prejudices, its laughable contradictions, its admixture of reason and credulity, its strong hold on reality accompanied by half acceptance of spooks, its strong sense of personal independence living side by side with a belief in the divine right of kings and faith in what he calls "subordination to authority." Along with all this Johnson may have been tender-hearted, and this quality may be illustrated by his attitude toward his pet cat—so much more rounded is Boswell's character than we are in the habit of expecting from even the best-drawn character in the best-written novel that tenderness might easily fit into the picture—but somehow we are not much interested in this side of his character. It does not make much difference either one way or the other.

But Boswell was not merely a panegyrist, which character has been fixed upon him by many generations of textbook writers, so that most of us have been in the habit of smiling at him and have learned to think of the verb "boswellizing" as almost a synonym for "boosting." Again and again Boswell faithfully records Johnson's faults. In this respect the "Life" is a most amazing example of the scientific method in biography, used in an age when there were few precedents for this method. Even realists in fiction to-day who remorselessly drag into the light the secret sins of their heroes might learn something from this Scotch barrister, James Boswell, who had the courage to tell the truth about the friend he loved.

Consider the contrast between Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," published after his death, and Boswell's picture of his subject's physical life. The great scholar was a glutton, and Boswell takes pains on several occasions



From an old print

BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERARY CLUB

Boswell is at the left, hat in hand; Dr. Johnson faces him, with hand on chair

to tell us so. And his manner of doing it brings out the essential force of Johnson and constitutes a character touch that could not have been omitted without harming the picture. Boswell's genius told him that this touch was necessary, and as a true artist he supplied it even though it hurt him. He tells us that Johnson ate so ravenously that the veins stood out on his forehead and the perspiration streamed down his great brow. Johnson was moderate in nothing—violent in his eating and drinking (and even in his fasting!) as well as in his spurts of prodigious intellectual labor. He was not a graceful kid glove, but a huge, rough, clumsy gauntlet. He told Mrs. Thrale that Milton could carve a colossus from a rock, as he did in "Paradise Lost," but that he could not cut a face on a cherry pit (referring to Milton's supposed failure with the sonnet). And Boswell's "Life" shows us Johnson himself as a colossus hewn from a mountain, not a polite manikin half ashamed to admit that he has a body.

The great Johnson was jealous of his friend and one-time pupil, David Garrick, and Boswell makes no attempt to gloss over or excuse this small trait in his "great and good" friend. And how he would have marred his picture if he had! What could be more human and more natural than Johnson's jealousy? Garrick and he come from the same country town to London at the same time, Garrick more or less under Johnson's protection. Garrick becomes an actor, a profession that Johnson despises. Johnson becomes the first literary figure in England, but he does not earn money enough to make a decent appearance until the time when his pension is granted, while Garrick, younger and with a mind far less profound and with talents which, in Johnson's opinion, are of far lower order, becomes a very rich man in a few years and wins the applause of all London with his acting. Johnson was human, and Boswell's

genius consists largely in this, that he resisted the temptation to dehumanize him.

But Boswell as a realist never appears to better advantage than at that difficult point in the biography where he describes Johnson on his deathbed supplicating God to pardon his sins and calling himself the chief of sinners. Johnson himself, long before, had called this phrase as used by St. Paul a figure of speech, and what would have been simpler for Boswell than to call it that now and let it go at that? But Boswell had a literary conscience, and he was an honest man. He had made a contract, consciously or unconsciously, with himself to portray Johnson as he was, and now the difficult time had come to refer to a phase of Johnson's life that less courageous biographers would have passed over in silence. Johnson was plagued with "violent blood," he tells us honestly—leaving Johnson meanwhile to linger in his death agony—and he sometimes fell before the assaults of passion. And the instances when he had not lived up to the ideals that he was constantly setting for himself in his "Prayers and Meditations" must have preyed upon his mind in that last hour, his biographer thinks. Boswell devotes several pages to Johnson's departures from virtue, but he does it with a reticence and with an art that are the marks of the genius. It is realism at its best. It is needed to complete the picture of Johnson, and Boswell is courageous enough to supply it. In the same way he has the courage to tell us of Johnson's great fear of death, which is referred to perhaps a score of times. Who but a man of unusual stamina would have given so much emphasis to a fact that was so very likely to detract from the heroic proportions of his subject?

And while on the subject of Boswell as realist, there are few of the most advanced disciples of "naturalism" to-day who know better how to crowd their pages with significant details for the

purpose of making their figures step out of the book as living beings. Take this little detail, among a large mass of others used to bring the actual Johnson before our mind's eye:

Such was the irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick; but scraped the joints of his fingers with a penknife, till they seemed quite red and raw.

What an eye the man had for details that make us believe in the authenticity of his character, and what a realistic novelist he might have been! It is significant that he was a great admirer of Fielding's "Tom Jones," the first great English realistic novel, in direct opposition to Johnson's violently expressed opinion that "Tom Jones" was rubbish and that "Clarissa Harlowe" was the great novel of that generation.

But, in spite of his failure to appreciate "Tom Jones," Johnson was something of a realist himself, which has an odd sound to us who seem to think that it is our own generation that has discovered realism. "If nothing but the bright side of characters should be shewn," he tells Boswell, "we would sit down in despondency, and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in anything." Hence he is all for telling the whole truth about a man. Boswell had Johnson's own authority for not omitting from his record his hero's discreditable affairs with women and the other departures from virtue that may reasonably be looked for in a person of such vigor and vitality.

And the whole effect is of course what might be expected when one honest, vigorous intellect sets out to describe another. Johnson stands forth as a real man, commanding, imperial, inflexibly honest; an intellectual colossus; loving praise, but too proud to practice the arts of courting it; independent and free and high-spirited; publicly telling the great Lord Chesterfield to go to the hot place, or words to that general effect; dominating the intellectual life of his generation; the companion of lords and ladies and scholars and wits and more than holding his own among them by virtue of his intellectual superiority; accepting a pension from his King, but having it distinctly understood that it was not to interfere with the freedom of expression of his political views—and all this honestly portrayed without leaving out the human touches of weaknesses and prejudices and sins that help to stamp the figure as authentic and that breathe into it the spirit of life. All in all, it is an amazing performance; and during these many years I was under the impression that Boswell was a mere shadow of Johnson, a literary sycophant! And there are probably thousands of well-read men and women who are still under that impression. No characterless manikin could have achieved the "Life of Johnson;" it would have been too amazing a paradox for belief.

And, above all, the "Life of Johnson" is interesting. It is not a sea of words against the current of which one must swim with all one's might with teeth

set to get through it. After a few pages this sea enfolds the swimmer with a loving embrace. It was created by an artist, and that makes all the difference. One forgets that the book contains half a million words because often the words glow and unconsciously bring that brightness to the eye and that flush of pleasure to the cheek that mark the distinction between a task and a pleasure in reading.

And Boswell is so amazingly modern that the impact of his personality on the present-day reader comes with astonishing force. It has been pointed out by reviewers of "Young Boswell" that he was essentially the present-day reporter—a kind of super-reporter who knows all the tricks of that ultra-modern profession. But it has not been pointed out that he could probably give pointers even to the most up-to-the-minute present-day politician as well. As a single instance, there is the trick of getting a

statesman's views before the public by having somebody write him a letter and getting his answer for publication. Tumulty, clever politician, used that trick many times during the late Administration, by his own admission in his recent book. But Tumulty did not invent it. A century and a half ago the idea occurred to Boswell, and we find him coolly proposing to Johnson to use it. And it is gratifying to learn that Johnson was not above such little innocent tricks and that he was hugely pleased when it succeeded. Oh, James Boswell, barrister, had plenty of arrows in his quiver, and he had a kind of greatness that was indeed different from Johnson's, but that in many ways had as rich a flavor. Is it not about time that the teachers and writers who have built up this myth about Boswell's supine subserviency to his hero should actually read the "Life of Johnson" and learn to tell the truth about its author?

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HE KNEW LINCOLN, AND OTHER BILLY BROWN STORIES. By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

This book brings together three stories of Lincoln that are by way of becoming famous in our expanding Lincoln literature—"He Knew Lincoln," "Father Abraham," and "In Lincoln's Chair." To these has been added "Back in '58," a story in similar vein heretofore unpublished in book form. If these stories throw light on no new facet of Lincoln's character, they formulate with admirable simplicity the tradition of homely wit and high purpose which provides the most familiar approach to our greatest National figure.

POETRY

KINFOLKS: KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN RHYMES. By Ann Cobb. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.50.

"Kinfolks" was published last spring, but we have been withholding our comment until we could secure a picture of its reluctant author to present to our readers. Many of them, we feel sure, must have read with sympathy and appreciation the various poems of the



MISS ANN COBB, AUTHOR OF "KINFOLKS,"
PLAYING UPON A KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN
DULCIMER

Kentucky mountains from Miss Cobb's pen which have appeared in *The Outlook*. These *Outlook* poems, together with others of equal merit, are included in the present volume. We know of no writer of dialect poems who has a deeper understanding of the hearts and minds of the people portrayed than Miss Cobb. Her volume is a very real and human contribution to American poetry.

MUSIC, PAINTINGS, AND OTHER ARTS

ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE (THE). By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a book first published seven years ago. It is interesting for its vigorous and imaginative attempt to formulate a new theory of aesthetics on the conception of "architecture, sculpture, and painting in motion." Mr. Lindsay, better known assuredly as one of our most individual contemporary poets, was for a time a painter and a student of painting. This book reveals his serious preoccupation with art and his intense conviction that its function is to serve a moral purpose. In criticism, as in verse, he has all the emotional frenzy and histrionic power of the revivalist. Mr. Will H. Hays might find in this book a groundwork for an evolution of the "movies."

PRACTICAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY. By E. J. Wall. The Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Photographers of a scientific turn of mind will find in this book abundant data for the various processes by which color photographs may be made.

MISCELLANEOUS

MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND. By Stephen Leacock. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Leacock's humor has never been more enjoyable than in this book. He contrives to touch up the foibles and follies of Englishmen and Americans alike, and without giving offense in either direction. Dig Capital reading!

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BONDS VERSUS STOCKS

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general rule, and in our present discussion of bonds and stocks we are using only high-grade examples of each.

When a man is seeking investment for his money, the question he asks himself is, "What shall I buy?" In the security market three possibilities are open to him: common stocks, preferred stocks, and bonds. He must make a choice, and, with the thought in mind that a brief discussion of these three kinds of securities may prove helpful to those of our readers who have funds to invest, we shall attempt to set forth the main

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characteristics of bonds and these two classes of stocks.

In favor of bonds is the fact that they are secured by definitely described property pledged for the payment of interest and principal. A bondholder is a creditor, a man who has loaned money, and in exchange has received from the borrower a promise backed by a pledge of property to guarantee that upon a certain date the face value of his loan will be repaid, and that in the meantime he will receive interest at a certain specified rate. He has no stake in the company's earnings other than that they be sufficient to pay him the interest due. If unexampled prosperity should fall to the company's lot, he does not share in it. He receives the same rate of interest he did when earnings were less. On the other hand, he need not worry greatly about periods of adversity. He receives the same rate of interest at such times too. And if interest is not paid, he can, in company with the holders of the same issue of bonds, take over the property pledged for their payment, have it sold, and share in the proceeds to an amount equal to the face value of his bond and the unpaid interest. In other words, a bond is a conservative investment in that it is not seriously affected by business fluctuations and variations in the size of the company's earnings. A bond is bought for the income it yields, and not for the sake of possible gain. A bond presents fewer elements of risk than stocks, and, this being the case, is the sort of an investment for the person of small means, who cannot afford to take chances with the little he has. High-grade bonds, further, are always acceptable as collateral in case the owner wishes to borrow on them, for they are not only good security, but are readily convertible into cash, as there is an excellent market for the best classes of bonds. During the past year or two the bond market, in fact, has been more active than the market for stocks, the demand for high-grade, non-speculative investments being unexampled.

There is always a brisk demand for the best preferred stocks too. Many preferred stocks are decidedly in the class of investment securities, and one advantage they have over bonds is that as a general rule their yield is higher. Another item in their favor is the fact that dividends are free of the normal income tax, and this circumstance further increases the net yield of stocks as compared with bonds. Stock dividends, however, as contrasted with bond interest are entirely dependent upon earnings. The first money a company earns over and above expenses must be used for the payment of interest on its obligations, and bonds are decidedly an obligation. Shares of stock, however, are more in the nature of participating certificates, entitling the holder to dividends, if earned, but not otherwise.

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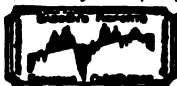
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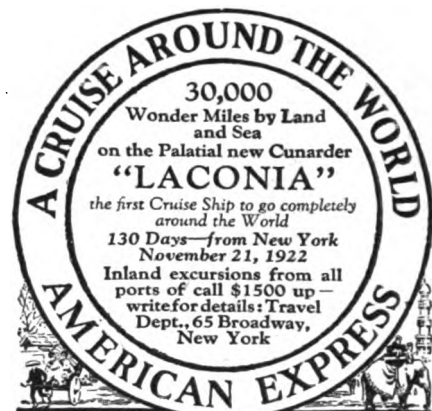
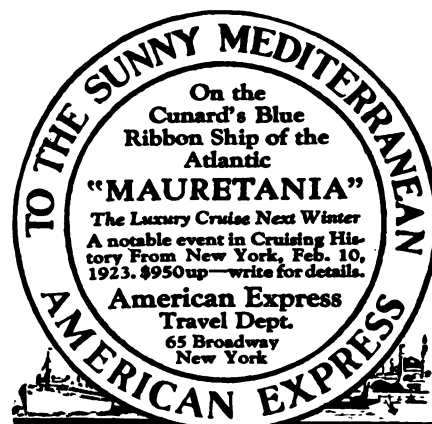
(Continued)

solution of the company the preferred stockholders would get their share of the assets—after the fixed obligations have been discharged—before anything could be given to the holders of the common stock.

Dividends on preferred stocks are usually limited to a certain amount per share, just as bond interest is fixed and determined. Sometimes it is provided that after a certain percentage is paid on the preferred and a like amount on the common both classes shall share equally in any further distribution. This, however, is rather the exception than the rule.

In many instances, the amount of dividends a preferred issue can receive being limited, the common stock dividends are considerably higher, for dividends on common stocks are not limited at all, and if earnings are high enough the common may pay two or three times as much as the preferred. In the case of one of our large railway systems, for instance, the preferred stock pays \$4 a share a year and the common \$10. It should be borne in mind, however, that common stocks are almost entirely dependent for their value upon earnings, and, as business conditions change, earnings are bound to fluctuate and the size of the dividends vary. It being the case that earnings are liable to fluctuate and that the security for stocks are dividends, stocks are speculative, their value varying with the size of earnings. Uncertainty is what makes an investment speculative, and no one can with certainty predict or foresee the size of earnings. Companies with established businesses are almost certain to earn something on their capitalization. Bond interest being a charge on these earnings ahead of dividends, interest is more of a certainty than dividends. Preferred dividends having a claim on earnings prior to common dividends, preferred stocks are surer of paying their dividends than are common stocks, so that common stocks rank last and the element of uncertainty is greatest in their case.

Suppose a corporation has outstanding \$10,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds, \$3,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock, and \$7,000,000 of common. If net earnings amount to \$2,000,000 a year, it will be applied as follows: \$500,000 for interest on the bond issue and \$210,000 for the preferred stock dividend, leaving \$1,290,000 of earnings on the common, or at the rate of over \$18 a share. However, it is probable that a considerable portion of the \$18 will be held in the treasury. In this case the common stock would seem to be a more attractive investment than either the bonds or the preferred stock. But suppose a bad year comes along and earnings fall to \$1,000,000. What happens then? Well \$500,000 is used for interest on the bonds, \$210,000 for the preferred dividends, and the balance, amounting to the equivalent of a little over 4 per cent, will probably be kept in the treasury and no disburse-



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

ment made on the common. The common in this case will not be considered as attractive an investment as formerly, and its price will drop tremendously. Suppose a still worse year ensues and earnings are only \$600,000. Interest on the bonds will be paid, but nothing on the preferred or common stocks. If earnings were only \$400,000, interest would probably still be paid on the bonds, the deficit made up by dipping into the treasury, but the two classes of stocks would of course again be ignored.

It is possibilities such as these that make bonds the best investments, that cause preferred stocks to rank second and common stocks last. And every investor in making up his mind about what to buy should remember that it is wise to consider the possibility of adversity as well as prosperity.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ARNOLD MULDER is a daily newspaper editor; editor of the bi-monthly magazine "Michigan Out-of-Doors;" and the author of four novels, the last of which, "The Sand Doctor," was published in 1921 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"As to biographical data," writes George L. Moore, "mine are the short and simple annals of the poor. I have been a student most of my life except for four years spent at Wesleyan University, and to earn my bread I have worked for newspapers. My permanent home is in Wellesley, Massachusetts, but for some months I have been in Europe. I claim considerable distinction, being, I am sure, the only American over here not investigating conditions."

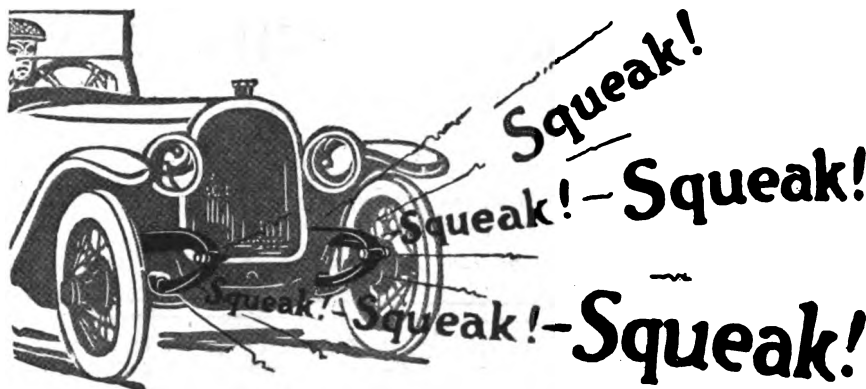
JOHAN ST. LOE STRACHEY, compatriot and fellow-journalist of Lord Northcliffe, is editor and proprietor of the London "Spectator." He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford University, and has been a journalist in London since 1884.

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY, in private life Mrs. Wallace Weir Fahnestock, is a writer of considerable charm and appeal. She is the author of several volumes, including "Recollections of My Mother," "The Edge of the Woods," "The Homestead," and "The Sword of the Spirit." Her home is in Dorset, Vermont.



To list Mr. Andrew Ten Eyck's various activities would more than fill the Contributors' Gallery from end to end. Student, lawyer, soldier, writer—these are general terms

which cover but partially the fields of effort in which he has been engaged.



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BY THE WAY

A VISITOR to the recent Book Fair in Florence, Italy, says in the "American Printer" that among the surprises of the fair was a large exhibit from Soviet Russia, containing many newspapers. "One would think," he says, "that when the Soviet presses are not busy printing currency they print newspapers." Poland's exhibit of books and posters was distinctive and artistic, in the opinion of this observer, while "Germany in her shrewd and clever manner had arranged a very large exhibit." America was represented, but only in a small way, "her meager representation being due in part to the late day at which many American houses were notified of the fair."

The tribulations of a non-Italian-speaking visitor to the Florence Book Fair are humorously hit off by the writer above quoted, in describing his attempt to get to the Pitti Palace. He wrote "Palazzo Pitti" on a piece of paper and showed it to the cab driver. The man seemed to understand, and started. "After a while he seemed to become possessed of a bright idea, for he turned and rattled off a lot of words among which I recognized 'Michelangelo.' I repeated the word to show that I understood that much. Soon we began to go up a grade, and becoming uneasy I again showed him my pad with the words 'Palazzo Pitti' on it. He stopped

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BY THE WAY (Continued)

the horse and talked a lot; I got out my guide-book, and finally I found that we were on our way to the monument of Michelangelo on the heights above Florence. We finished the trip, the scenery was decidedly interesting, but I did not get to the 'Palley Petey.'

Under the head "The Necessary Hyphen" a contributor to "The Writer" says that many newspapers make their headlines unintelligible by omitting the hyphen. "THE PANGERMAN PLOT UNMASKED," he says, looked like a man's name so far as its second word was concerned until it was realized that it meant Pan-German. Another instance quoted is, "BRIDE TO BE KILLED BY MOTOR CYCLE." Here "bride-to-be" was meant.

Another omission that confuses the reader is the lack of a space between two words. A sign in a leather shop in New York reads: LEATHER FOR ALL'USER. FINDINGS, ETC. The passer-by at first may conclude that a g has been left out and that "galluses" is meant; then he may consider that he is not up with the dictionary and fancy that "allus" is some new device. Finally it dawns on him that ALL USES is meant.

Speaking of newspaper headlines, an amusing mistake occurred in the New York "Times" of August 19. Senator Jones, of Washington, was reported as saying of President Harding's address, "The Government can take no other attitude." A subhead above the paragraph read: "CAN'T FAKE NO OTHER ATTITUDE." A later edition corrected the aspersion on the Government to this innocuous rendering: "Can Take No Other Attitude."

British notions of propriety on the bathing beaches are more rigid than ours, as may be seen from the following extract from an English paper:

The authorities at Brighton seem determined to play the rôle of Mrs. Grundy, for they summoned three lady visitors for not entering the sea from machines. The ladies wore long cloaks over their bathing costumes, and there was not the faintest suspicion of impropriety. The Bench rightly turned the matter into a farce, and ordered the girls to pay ninepence each as costs. A very discreditable prosecution!

A man who had the misfortune to have bow legs was advised by a friend, according to the London "Morning Post," to repeat the Coué self-hypnotizing formula every night thirty times: "Every day and in every way my legs are getting straighter and straighter." Unfortunately, he miscalculated the number and repeated the magic words sixty times every night. As a result he is now knock-kneed!

The Professor (as quoted by the Boston "Globe")—"I noticed you were talking during my lecture this morning."

Student—"I beg your pardon, sir. I do not recall it. I must have been talking in my sleep."



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SHALL THEY BE CUT OR KILLED?

THE following question has been a perplexing one for some time.

I endeavor to teach English to high school pupils. The work is divided into two parts: 1, study of grammar and rhetoric; 2, reading of good literature, such as is usually assigned to children of this age. Of course it is only to be expected that a majority of them will drift into positions where their efforts at English composition will rarely be called for.

On the other hand, I hope that the taste for good reading will stay by them and in future years they will go to libraries and call for some of the standard fiction, travel, biography, and poetry instead of wandering in, seeing a pretty book cover and some illustrations of people in up-to-date dress, and calling for books that are nothing but the typical light fiction which is read in an hour and melts from the mind like the snow in the April sunshine.

To cultivate this taste, or at least to let the pupils know that something does exist beside this light stuff, I have a reading list of books by the so-called "Standard Authors," also some of the better class of modern fiction, biography, travel, etc.

Like the proverbial horse which won't drink are a great many of these children, and quite as helpless as the horse's master am I. For instance, I read portions of "David Copperfield" to the class—Aunt Betsy and the Donkeys, David at the Peggottys, and other scenes which delighted me in my early teens. They listen attentively and enjoy the passages, but when they pursue the suggestion that they read the whole book outside they find that it has so many pages and such fine print that they are discouraged. One boy preferred to lose 10 points from his mark for the month's work rather than to read "any of those dry old things" and wanted to know why I didn't let them read books with some "pep." (Pep with its concomitant "jazz" is hardly found in Dickens!)

All pupils are not like this. Out of 50 there might be found a saving remnant of 5 who read and really like good books, 10 more who read them and are indifferent or hostile, and 35 who infinitely prefer to read nothing at all or a little popular fiction.

I have had to compromise. I ask one biography, one book of travel, and one standard novel, however painful the dose may be, among the eight books required during a school year of ten months. That leaves a leeway of five books which may be taken from a list carefully compiled in council with an experienced librarian. This has such names as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "David Harum," Bret Harte, Sherlock Holmes, any historical novel that has a sufficient setting of adventure and romance to be a good story, from "Boy Captive in Deerfield" to "The Crisis."

Even with this latitude, in came a little freshman boy of Polish descent

with a note-book containing the names of his own personal book list. All were apparently of the class of cheap fiction of five to twenty years ago, except "Two Years Before the Mast," which I grasped at as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Many a time and oft ("far, far too oft") a child brings in some pretty little book grabbed hastily from the public library and wants credit for it. "No," say I; "read that for fun, if you will, but for school credit you must read something worth while."

It seems a pity that a boy who loves adventure stories should not have Oliver Twist's doings with Fagin, Jean Valjean's miraculous escapes, and the host of delightful people of fiction in an attractive form.

The chief objection in the mind of the average child is the fine print and the huge number of pages. The remedy is that some publisher take the better-liked works of the standard writers, cut them down a third at least, leaving the plot and necessary description of characters, but omitting the moralizing and philosophizing, and issue them in good-sized print.

I believe that there would be a growing demand for them. Of course it is in the nature of a compromise, and "Half a loaf is better than no bread," but this step would help to increase greatly both the reading and the sale of the better books.

I know that some people will object to this cutting down. Very well. So do I. If people will read the originals, that is a far better thing to do. But this plan of cut editions in good print and attractive bindings is to win the ninety-seven per cent who are not now reading them. Young people, both American and foreign-born, are drifting away from the old books and the old standards. How can we get them to give up an evening at the movies once in a while because they would rather stay at home and read?

This plea seems not half so strongly put as it should be, but if some far-seeing editor would follow this suggestion he would win the approbation of teachers of English, of librarians, and of the young people themselves, who could make new and delightful companions among the people of fiction. Why should not David Copperfield or D'Artagnan seem as real as Richard the Lion-Hearted?

Of course, all this will take time, but it seems as if a good hustling editor and publisher could start these books coming from the press within a few months.

An additional argument to strengthen the plea is that the very few novels that have been shortened and put into use in high schools are among the best-liked books in the course; for instance, "A Tale of Two Cities," or "Quentin Durward," or "Lorna Doone."

Here you have the problem and the solution. Won't some editor please start in at once? **LUCY ESTELLE TRIPP.**

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[One, and perhaps the best, solution to this teacher's problem was given in the Outlook for August 18. Mr. Hubert

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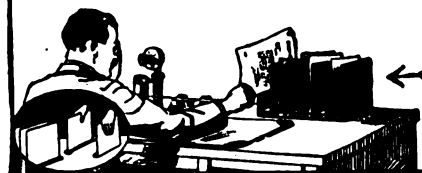
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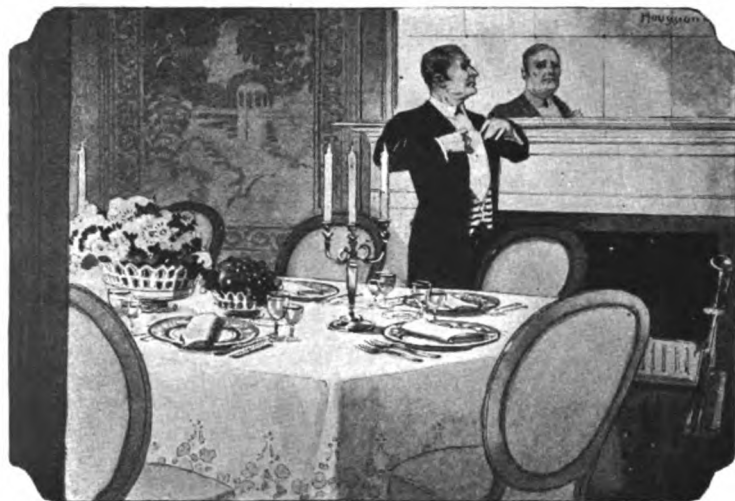
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SHALL THEY BE CUT OR KILLED?

(Continued)

Coryell, in his article entitled "What Books Do Boys Recommend to Each Other?" told how he made his boys not only swallow the classics but swallow them whole.—THE EDITORS.]

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

H. G. LEACH gained his first intimate knowledge of Scandinavia while traveling in that country on a fellowship from Harvard, following four years spent at Princeton and his graduate work toward his A.M. and Ph.D. degrees at Harvard University. He was for many years Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and during that time he secured economic support for the exchange of forty students annually between the United States and Scandinavian countries. He has been made Knight of the North Star in Sweden and Knight of the Dannebrog in Denmark. Mr. Leach is the author of several books on Scandinavian subjects.

To Frederick M. Davenport has been given the ability to see clearly and judge accurately. His character study of Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York, published in this issue of *The Outlook*, is something which no citizen interested in our Government should fail to read. Mr. Davenport was educated at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, and at Columbia. He is now Professor of Law and Politics at Hamilton and is holding office as New York State Senator for the third term.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH MACGILL is a name which may perhaps be unfamiliar to our readers. Miss MacGill makes her first appearance in *The Outlook* in this issue, although she has contributed to the "North American Review," "Scribner's Magazine," and the "Independent," and has written monographs for various historical and economic series. After gaining her A.B. degree at Cornell in 1904 she did graduate study at the President White School of History and Political Science and at the University of Wisconsin, and later became instructor in economics at Rockford College and the University of Wisconsin. For eight years she served as a research worker, editor, and collaborator on the staff of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Since 1915 she has been engaged in literary and social work.

SEVERAL weeks ago Mr. Roger C. Hoyt, Eastern Advertising Manager of *The Outlook*, gave a talk on the function of advertising over the radiophone at the Westinghouse broadcasting station at Newark. Despite the proverbial hostility which is supposed to exist between editors and their business office, we have urged him to put his remarks on paper for the benefit of those who did not hear him speak. Mr. Hoyt joined the advertising staff of *The Outlook* in 1906 after graduating from Williams College.

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 20, 1922

MRS. HARDING

THE OUTLOOK joins in the heartfelt expressions of hope and sympathy which are pouring into the White House from all parts of the country elicited by the gallant struggle of the Presidential family against the ravages of disease and the threats of death.

At this writing the condition of Mrs. Harding, while still serious, is more encouraging. That this great anxiety should be thrust upon the President at a time when he is confronted with some of the most serious political perplexities and problems that any President has ever faced is pathetic, and the pathos is increased by the fact that he has been sustained and strengthened during his public career by a very fine family life.

The family is still the ideal unit of American life, and the country is proud, sometimes consciously, sometimes subconsciously, of the fact that the White House is full of associations of dignity and happiness in the relations of husbands and wives—George and Martha Washington, John and Abigail Adams, Grover and Frances Cleveland, William and Ida McKinley, Theodore and Edith Roosevelt. Warren and Florence Harding have continued this fine tradition in a way that has commanded the respect and admiration of their countrymen and countrywomen.

ORGANIZING THE IRISH FREE STATE

A STEP forward was taken in setting up the Government of the Irish Free State at the meeting of the Dail Eireann which convened in Dublin on September 8. This is the first representative body brought together in Southern Ireland since the London Treaty was indorsed by a great majority of the voters. The minority members elected—that is, those who insist upon fighting to the bitter end for a completely independent Irish Republic—refused to take their seats in this assembly with the exception of one anti-treaty member, Lawrence Ginnell, who appeared for the sole purpose of making a disturbance, but refused to qualify as a member and was ruled out of the body.

The shadow of the deaths of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith cast a regretful but not a hopeless tone over the assembly. The new head of the Provisional Free State Government is William T. Cosgrave, who has been in charge of

the civil side of affairs since Collins was killed. The only opposition to the election of Mr. Cosgrave and of the men named as his associates in the new Provisional Cabinet was the vote cast against him by a few labor members. The other most notable figure in the new Cabinet is Richard Mulcahy, who is to be Minister of Defense. Thus he is a successor to Michael Collins, while Cosgrave may be regarded as a successor to Grif-



International
WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE AT THE FUNERAL
OF HIS LATE CHIEF, MICHAEL COLLINS

fin in that he is really the head of civil affairs, while Collins, whom he nominally succeeds, was really the head of military affairs.

In accepting his election Mr. Cosgrave declared that it was his intention to push forward the London Treaty which has been sanctioned by the Dail and the electorate, to help in enacting a constitution for Southern Ireland, and also "to assert the authority and supremacy of Parliament, to support and assist the national army in asserting the people's rights, to ask Parliament, if necessary, for such powers as are deemed essential for restoring order and suppressing

crime, to expedite as far as lies in the power of the Government a return to normal conditions, and, having established the country on a Free State constitutional basis, to speed the work of reconstruction and reparation."

There is still a good deal to be done to put the Free State into complete operation. The most important thing is an agreement with the British Government on a form of constitution which will carry out the substantial provisions of the London Treaty. The armed opposition still existing in Southern Ireland seems to be decreasing and to be largely the work of comparatively small bands of irregulars.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TURKS

THE victory of Kemal Pasha over the Greeks is one of the most complete and sweeping military successes of modern times. The Greek army was more than defeated, it was crushed and dispersed. The Turks under Kemal followed up their successes rapidly. Smyrna, the military and naval base of the Greek forces, was evacuated by the Greeks in disorder and the Kemalist troops entered the city on September 9. Scores of thousands of refugees, mainly Greeks and Armenians, had fled to Smyrna for refuge, fearing slaughter by the Turks. Just how far Kemal Pasha has been able to keep his troops under discipline is not positively known, but he at least issued the proper formal orders to refrain from slaughter of the Greeks.

The reaction of this depressing defeat of Greece by her ancient enemy was instantly felt in Athens. The Ministry under which this disgrace was possible resigned. A new Ministry was formed under the leadership of Triantafyllakos. The new Minister announced that his policy would be to defend the Greek interest at the peace conference, but the constitution of the new Cabinet indicates that the Government still represents the old régime and the policy of King Constantine. Naturally, the alarmed and excited Greeks are turning to Venizelos as a possible leader, and it is not at all impossible that the popular demand and perhaps a plebiscite of the voters will recall the statesman to undo the work of those who drove him from Greece. Venizelos is now in Paris, and is quoted as saying:

I have seen America and have been amazed to observe how a free people

with free institutions can work out their own salvation. It is my ambition to make Greece an America in Europe. For a few months I had the United States of Greece in my hands, only to have them wrested away by European politics. Perhaps our next attempt will be crowned with better success.

The basic comment on this new and threatening situation in the Near East is that the Allies missed their opportunity, just as they did in Russia, to agree upon a definite, sane and safe policy and to enforce it with united power and vigor. Now Turkey, as represented by the Nationalist or Angora Government headed by Kemal Pasha, is urging radical claims for a settlement that would again make Turkey a menace in the Balkans and in Europe and would restore the old rule of the Turks over Constantinople. Kemal has already issued a statement as to his demands. It includes Adrianople, all of Eastern Thrace up to the Bulgarian border, supremacy in Constantinople, and a control in the interest of all countries over the Dardanelles, in which apparently the Turks should have the chief part. Recent despatches declare that there is now a movement of Kemal's army in the direction of the Straits and that the military question there is serious.

Kemal's victory was celebrated in Constantinople by noisy demonstrations. There was rioting which threatened to be dangerous, when the Allied authorities put a stop to it.

Thus the Turkish rule, marked for centuries by slaughter, pillage, and hatred of all Christians, is again a disturbing and threatening factor in European as well as in Asian affairs. The Entente Powers had hoped to confine that rule to parts of Asia Minor, but, because of lack of unity of purpose and because of jealousy between the Powers, the situation has been allowed to become dangerous and extremely difficult of adjustment.

A LEAGUE AT SEA

THE discussion between Lord Robert Cecil and the Earl of Balfour at the third annual meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations now going on at Geneva illustrates the natural limitations of action in the League. Lord Robert, as quoted in the reports, thought the League was doing splendid work, but its large machinery was used for too small matters. He wanted the League, now that the time to forget war had come, to enter on a higher plane. And he especially thought it a reproach that the League had done nothing to restore peace in the Near East. Balfour replied: "The League has neither ships, men, nor money, so how could it deal

with a non-member of the League like the Kemal Government? There is a certain class of critics of the League, including Lord Robert Cecil, who regard the League as a substitute for the Governments, replacing the Foreign Offices and the War Department and occupying itself with all sorts of political questions, besides every branch of welfare work."

So far the Assembly has discussed in a general way and with no definite results large international questions like German reparations, disarmament (the League reports a reduction in Poland of a million men, in France of 200,000, and substantial reductions in Italy, Sweden, and Japan), the disposition of Austria (a destitute orphan among nations and sorely in need of a protector), but it seems more likely to do some positive good in its proposals on what may be called world welfare projects. About these projects a staff correspondent of The Outlook wrote from Geneva just before the League Assembly met:

"The League's campaign against the white-slave traffic has been far more successful than that against large armaments. In 1904 and 1910 certain international agreements with regard to this subject were concluded, but, unfortunately, did not secure a general adhesion; only thirteen nations signed them. Due to the League's praiseworthy energy, not only was a new and improved agreement drawn up, but thirty-three signatories have already been secured.

"A special tragedy is that of the fate of the several hundred thousand women (mostly Armenian Christians) whom the Turks have seized and imprisoned in their harems. In view of such a horrible destiny, the League has brought about co-operation among the interested Powers; it has even tried to bring moral pressure on 'the unspeakable Turk,' and has established homes for those who have been rescued.

"As the campaign against opium and other habit-forming drugs largely originated in America, under the leadership of the late Dr. Hamilton Wright, it is natural that we should take particular interest in the League's efforts to co-ordinate international activity in this respect. Mrs. Wright, herself an expert, has been appropriately appointed to the League's Advisory Board. The League invites all states, whether member-states or not, to ratify the Hague Convention (which was framed by Dr. Wright), and would enforce a law throughout the world that no opium shall be exported or imported without a written certificate from the country of importation that it is needed for legitimate purposes. Meanwhile the amount of opium necessary to

be grown for such purposes is being ascertained by reports from the various countries as to their annual requirements. The information thus obtained will provide the League with a basis for further measures for the better execution of the provisions of the Hague Convention. The League is also extending inquiries, through its Opium Commission, as to all harmful drugs.

"There are at least three reasons why Western Europe now contains Russian refugees. The first reason is because of the movements of armies in 1914, 1915, and 1916 to and fro across the Russian frontiers. The second reason is because of Bolshevik outrages. The third reason is because of famine and starvation. At least a million and a half of refugees need aid. What shall be done with them? There is not enough work to go round and the refugees are generally at a long distance from the few countries, like Bulgaria, for instance, where employment is to be had and where the cost of living is low. With regard to these unfortunate men, women, and children, the League of Nations has already accomplished a good work among its own member-states. England and France have agreed to support small groups of students and children; Jugoslavia has made arrangements to give employment to over half of the many refugees within its borders; Bulgaria has offered to receive twenty-six hundred new refugees and Czechoslovakia to receive no less than five thousand agricultural laborers, besides a thousand students and a number of children. Finally, our own American Relief Administration has approached the League, proposing co-operation with regard to some fifteen thousand Russian refugees who are in a peculiarly pitiable condition in Constantinople. It contributed \$100,000 conditionally upon the League's raising half as much again to transfer the refugees to other countries. The League did raise a third of this sum, but, as the prospect of getting more was not bright, American donors generously offered to make good the balance."

LAFAYETTE DAY

IN accordance with the custom established early in the European war by the Lafayette Day National Committee, September 6 was celebrated in New York and other cities as the anniversary of both the birth of Lafayette and the Battle of the Marne. In New York exercises were held in the forenoon at Union Square near the statue of General Lafayette. Dr. John H. Finley, formerly Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, and now one of the editors of the New York "Times" and author of a notable book on French culture

AND AM I THUS REWARDED?

(Henry VIII, Act III, Scene 1)

Rasuke in the Louisville Times



A FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY

From H. D. Cornwall, Louisville, Ky.

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



HARD BOILED!

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



IS HE KIDDING THE SOLDIER, THE PEOPLE, THE PRESIDENT, OR HIMSELF?

From L. H. Collins, Columbus, Ohio

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



WAITING FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN



(C) Keystone

GENERAL PERSHING LAYING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE LAFAYETTE STATUE
IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 6

entitled "The French in the Heart of America," presided at this meeting, at the close of which General Pershing—whose name will go down in history as the author of the phrase, "*Lafayette, nous voilà!*" (Lafayette, we are here!)—laid a wreath upon the statue of the great Franco-American Revolutionary patriot. There were anniversary services held in old St. Paul's Church on lower Broadway, and in the churchyard there was an interesting ceremony in which water from the Marne and earth from Ay, France, were placed upon the grave of the distinguished engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Roche-Fontaine, who served on the staff of Washington.

In the afternoon members of the National Committee escorted General Pershing and Count Charles de Chambrun, a great-grandson of Lafayette, to West Point, where a ceremony was held near the statue of Lafayette on the beautiful parade ground of the Military Academy. Colonel Franklin Q. Brown, of the National Committee, presided, and the attendance of the Superintendent of the Academy, with members of his staff, and a large body of the corps of cadets,

made of the occasion a beautiful military spectacle. The chief address was delivered by Maurice Léon, of the New York Bar, who originated the idea of the celebration of September 6 as the joint anniversary of the Battle of the Marne and the birth of Lafayette. Mr. Léon eloquently reviewed the attachment and sacrifices of Lafayette for the young American Republic, and the aid which more than a hundred years later the American people and American soldiers and sailors gave to the Republic of France in her struggle for liberty. The French and American Republics have many bonds of sympathy that they should foster in mutual understanding and in pursuing a common aim in the progress of democratic civilization. This was vividly suggested by an anecdote of General Pétain which Mr. Léon related:

In July, 1918, near the Marne, General Pétain, commander-in-chief of the French Armies, stepped out of his headquarters as the advance guard of the American forces were going forward to meet the German rush toward Château Thierry. He stood silently and for a long time watched them pass by, an unending column of splendid manhood. Then he came in. His officers listened for

a comment. It is reported that all he said was, "For us this is a transfusion of blood."

An inopportune thunder-storm drove the large audience which had gathered on the parade ground into the beautiful assembly room of Cullom Hall, where the Count de Chambrun, who is French Chargé d'Affaires in Washington during Ambassador Jusserand's absence, made a stirring address in finished English. General Pershing read messages from Marshal Joffre and Marshal Foch, and used those messages as the text for as delightful an occasional speech as could have been asked for by the most exacting critic. He said that he had not intended to take part in the "battle of oratory" of the day, but he showed himself as much of a master of oratorical technic as he is of military tactics. His presence and his speaking constituted one of the most graceful tributes to Lafayette that the day produced.

VARDAMAN LOSES HIS HOLD ON MISSISSIPPI

It is a pleasure to record the fact that Ex-Senator Vardaman has been defeated for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Mississippi. Vardaman and his kind have long been a drag upon the political life of their State. The contradictions of American politics have never been more clearly illustrated than by the fact that men like Vardaman, Russell, and Bilbo could be selected by the same electorate that chose the keen-minded John Sharp Williams as its Senatorial representative.

For a first-hand report of the feeling in Mississippi The Outlook telegraphed to Mr. Frederick W. Jones, of Hollandale, Mississippi, who recently contributed to this journal articles upon the flood menace and the insurance scandals in his native State. In reply to our query Mr. Jones telegraphed us as follows:

Vardaman's defeat means new political life for Mississippi, also a return of honor and the assurance of prosperity. Russell and Bilbo, the present Governor and his immediate predecessor, both of whom have brought scandal upon the office, went down with the ex-Senator. With them goes a hitherto dominant faction that has held power through demagoguery and corporation baiting.

The women of Mississippi in their first opportunity to use the ballot saved the day. In the first primary Vardaman led Stephens by 8,000 votes, but Miss Kearney, the third candidate, polled 18,000 and made a second primary necessary. In the interval between the two primaries she advocated the election of Stephens. Governor Russell's statement in Memphis after the first primary that he was writing many letters urging the election of Vardaman also cost the ex-Senator heavily. The Bilbo-Russell type of Governor with its

insane-hospital scandal and Birkhead seduction suit has but scant support among the women.

The election sets free forces of decency and fair play scarcely to be measured.

Corporations such as the great fire insurance companies driven out of the State by the revenue agent are assured of a larger measure of justice. Russell and Vardaman supported the agent in his raid. The primary has saved the State and the Nation from a peculiarly wicked act of fraud and deceit.

Vardaman, whose voice has thrilled thousands of his supporters in other campaigns, did not raise it once in this. His managers said his teeth had been extracted and he could not make himself understood from the platform. His campaigning has been done by proxy.

The future is bright. Next year some of the most conscientious political leaders the State has developed in a generation will be candidates for Governor, including Sennett Connor, the young Speaker of the House. A wondrous change from Vardaman, Russell, and Bilbo days.

Mississippi is to be congratulated.

WITH THE VOTERS AND CANDIDATES

THERE have been other interesting elections besides those in Mississippi. Wisconsin Republicans have again proved their loyalty to La Follette by giving him another nomination to his present office. Senator La Follette's hold upon his State is not easy to analyze. His record at Washington has been erratic. In judgment he has frequently been seriously at fault, although it certainly must be said that his vote has been governed by his convictions rather than by self-interest. Some of his success is due to the fact that though he was once classified as an insurgent, with a rod in pickle for any political machine, he has built up a personal organization in his own State which works on ball bearings.

In Maryland Senator France has, like La Follette, secured a renomination to his present office in the Republican primaries. He defeated Mr. John W. Garrett, who was Secretary of the Washington Arms Conference.

The Democrats can apparently take little comfort from the elections in Maine. Maine, as all Americans know, holds its State elections in September. The vote in this State has always been regarded as an indication of the general political trend of the country, the varying majorities of Maine serving as a political barometer. This year Senator Hale and the Republican State ticket have been re-elected to office by a majority which appears at this writing to indicate no significant loss of Republican prestige.



Harris & Ewing

H. D. STEPHENS, OF MISSISSIPPI

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION: THE COAL STRIKE

AFTER an inexcusably leisurely delay of a week or more following the general agreement of union leaders and operators to resume hard-coal mining, the contracts have been formally signed and actual work began in the mines on September 11; 155,000 workers reported and the number is increasing every day. The mines were closed 163 days, there has been no summer production, and it is obviously impossible to catch up with the shortage actually existing. Danger of an actual coal famine is averted; but the householder will have to get his hard coal in small quantities, and he is urged to save it by careful stoking and handling and to employ substitutes such as coke, hard-surfaced and screened soft coal, and wood so far as possible. Congress will probably soon send to the President the two bills (now in conference between the Houses) that in different form have passed both Houses, one setting up a fact-finding commission for the coal industry, the other providing against profiteering and for priorities and fair distribution of coal. Both recognize that a National emergency exists in the production, transportation, and distribution of coal and other fuel, but neither looks forward to future emergencies by providing a permanent National Coal Commission.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION: THE RAILWAY STRIKE AND THE INJUNCTION

AN effort still continues to put an end to the strike of the railway shopmen through a settlement between a group of Western roads and their men, with the hope that Eastern roads would

fall in later. This to some extent parallels the way in which the strike condition in the soft-coal industry was weakened. In both cases the result sought was that unions should abandon their demand for settlement on a National basis and that operators and workers who wanted to come together should be allowed to do so. The railway executives claim that, what with loyal employees and new men, they have a fairly competent force at work now and that before long the strike is bound to collapse of its own weight. On the other hand, Mr. Gompers declares that the shopmen's fight is now stronger than ever. The embargo on Western freight other than food announced by four Eastern railways is based on a desire to give coal priority, but labor men say that it indicates a shortage of locomotives.

In this situation it is doubtful whether the sweeping injunction asked by Attorney-General Daugherty is not a hindering rather than a helpful influence. At all events, it has been occupying the public attention and stirring up lawyers, economists, and industrial leaders on both sides almost to the exclusion of other controversies.

When the temporary Federal injunction came up in Chicago before Judge Wilkerson, who originally issued it, in an effort to make it permanent, an off-hand effort to have it canceled, made by the defendant's attorneys, was properly dismissed, and as we write argument is going on as to the facts on which the injunction is based, its Constitutionality, and its legality under the Clayton Act. We print below press despatches summarizing the allegations of acts said to be committed by members of the shopmen's unions or by their adherents and supporters, as presented in affidavits to support the Attorney-General's claim that a state of terrorism and sabotage exists amounting to a conspiracy to interfere with inter-State commerce and the transmission of the mails:

Twenty-five murders, some of men, women, and children who were not opposing the strikers but were travelers on trains.

Twelve trains abandoned in the deserts of California and hundreds of passengers, some very old, some babies in arms and some ill, forced to live in terrific heat for periods of from one to four days.

Approximately 950 mail trains forced to discontinue. A loss of \$75,000,000 suffered by California fruit-growers, unable to have their products transported.

Dynamiting, bombing, and setting fire to railroad property, including many bridges.

The removal of non-union coal cars from trains in Kentucky; tampering with the mechanism of 4,000 or 5,000

cars so they could not be moved and setting fire to others.

The drawing of spikes from rails in innumerable cases, endangering lives of workers and passengers.

It is understood that the Attorney-General has expressed willingness to make changes in the original restraining order as to phrases which are construed by labor leaders as interfering with proper liberty of speech and of legal personal action. This charge has been voiced by Mr. Gompers in vehement language, accompanied by the declaration that "It is a well-known and well-established fact that organized labor has discouraged the resort of the railway strikers or even their friends or sympathizers to violent or unlawful methods. They have been counseled to confine their activities within the province of their Constitutional right."

A NEW GOLF KING

THE Nation has a new amateur golf champion—a player who has never held that honor before. It was to Jesse Sweetser, a Yale undergraduate, that the wreath of victory fell.

Sweetser, in the course of the National tournament at Brookline, Massachusetts, defeated in turn William Hunter, a former British champion; Robert Jones, of championship caliber; Jesse Guilford, holder of the last year's American championship; and Charles Evans, who has twice won this honor. It was Evans who shared with Sweetser the final match of the tournament and who lost the chance of regaining his former title by a defeat of three down and two to play. Sweetser's deadly approaching was perhaps the deciding factor in his well-earned victory, though it would be hard to find any flaws in the rest of his game.

THE LABOR SITUATION

THE railroad strike still wends its weary way in spite of Attorney-General Daugherty's sweeping injunctions—or rather, perhaps, because of them. In *The Outlook* of September 6, Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt quoted Mr. William Carman Roberts, an expert in the knowledge of public opinion as expressed through the daily press, as saying:

Never in my whole experience have I known strikes to be so generally condemned. As a rule, newspapers are inclined to side with the "under dog." This time, with the exception of the labor press, they have been almost unanimous in denouncing the strikers, as the strikes appeared

selfishly inopportune, coming just when a return of prosperity was in sight. The railway strike especially invited censure.

Strikes feed upon public sympathy; nothing so weakens a strike as the lack of it. Entirely apart from Mr. Daugherty's failure to understand or recognize legal and ethical precedents in his sweeping application, it may be said that he was guilty of a serious tactical mistake. The first result of his effort was to arouse public sympathy, which the strikers had been steadily alienating, in behalf of the unions. That this is not an unfair charge is indicated by the sudden modification made by Mr. Daugherty in the form of his application for an injunction when the Administration at Washington began to get the reaction of public opinion.

Stripped of all its legal technicalities and verbiage, the principle upon which an injunction may justly be based is a very simple one. The only true function of an injunction is to prevent the performance of an act which may result in an irreparable injury if it is committed. For example: A telephone or a telegraph company is running its lines along a village street, and to accomplish what it desires threatens to cut down an elm tree a hundred years old. The only recourse for the village, or for the property owner on whose land the elm tree stands, is an immediate injunction; for if the tree is cut down, no amount of damages awarded by the court can reproduce the tree. A hundred years is required for such a reproduction. But if the company erects an unsightly pole on private property, no injunction is needed. The owner can appeal to the court, and if the court decides that the pole is an injury, it can be removed and the *status quo ante* re-established.

If it comes to the knowledge of the authorities that a train crew are planning to abandon a train in the midst of a Western desert, an injunction is the proper remedy, because when the train is once abandoned, no court can supply an adequate remedy. To enjoin men, however, from meeting or speaking in behalf of strikes or strikers is unnecessary, because incendiary language which is contrary to the statute law can be punished by ordinary judicial procedure. Government by injunction is fraught with danger to free institutions. Injunctions should be resorted to and granted by the courts only when it is apparent that this is the only method that can avert a fundamental social or individual wrong.

But Mr. Daugherty is not by any means the only man to blame. The American people must share the respon-

sibility with him. For the people through their representatives in Congress have by the Clayton Act exempted labor organizations and farmers' organizations from the operation of the statute law, and then, when labor organizations acting under that exemption try to do things which injure or incense the public, that public, or a portion of it, clamors for injunctions. Is not this really an illogical and foolish way to handle the problem?

How simple it would be if the principle of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which makes combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade illegal, were extended to all organizations, whether of capital, or of labor, or of agriculture. This would not, in spite of Mr. Gompers's alarms, prevent the individual workman or groups of workmen or great bodies of workmen from quitting their jobs or from collective bargaining. It would, however, give the public the protection of the courts, which would decide in the case of a great strike, like the coal strike or the railroad strike, what evidence there was of a conspiracy or of specific acts to restrain trade. If in addition the trade unions were incorporated with properly constituted treasuries making reports to the Government like the treasuries of every other corporation, they could be assessed damages for their illegal combinations in restraint of trade when the court so decided. This seems to us to be a prime and essential step to take before we can have any kind of logical and effective dealing with industrial conflicts in this country.

PUSSY-FOOTING

WE wish some modern Savonarola could preach a series of denunciatory sermons exposing the vice of pussy-footing. It is certainly one of the most pernicious and characteristic vices of present-day public men and governments.

What is pussy-footing?

The *Lusitania* was sunk by what the Federal Courts of the United States afterwards declared to be a murderous act of piracy, and some American statesmen were cautious in expressing any opinion in regard to it or in taking part in any public protest against it because their protest might affect the German vote.

That is pussy-footing.

Railroad strikers dynamite passenger cars; tamper with electric systems; endeavor to derail trains by removing bolts from the track; and abandon women and children to suffer from hunger and thirst in the desert; and states-

men advocate the return of the strikers with their seniority rights unimpaired because of the labor vote.

That is pussy-footing.

Both Houses of Congress have passed a Bonus Bill, but both Houses are aware that public opinion is against the plan and they are relying on the President to veto the final measure; they fear to act according to their convictions because of the soldier vote.

That is pussy-footing.

The Senate has adopted a Tariff Act which is acknowledged to be the worst hedgepodge that the history of American industrialism has yet produced; but Republican Senators, instead of voting against it, have quietly shelved it in conference, hoping that it will die an unnoticed death and thus relieve them of antagonizing the manufacturing vote.

That is pussy-footing.

Fortunately for American self-respect, this kind of pussy-footing is not wholly confined to this country. One of the worst examples of it has just come to our attention, and the English must bear the brunt of the accusation.

The Turks have been committing indescribable atrocities in the Near East. This is nothing new. The Turks have been doing this kind of thing for some centuries. The Rev. Ralph S. Harlow, Professor of History and Sociology in the American College at Smyrna, has just arrived in this country. He has been in correspondence with *The Outlook* for many months, and has given us information which has aroused our indignation with regard to Turkish savagery. Within a few days he has been in the office of *The Outlook*, and photographs which he had of acts of atrocious murder and assault by the Turks on the Armenians and other non-Turkish people were so sickening that it was almost impossible to look at them. The Turkish situation became so intolerable that a few months ago the British Government invited the American Government to take part in an official investigation and report of these atrocities. France and Italy were to join in the undertaking. After some hesitation the American Government accepted the invitation, and this acceptance was hailed with joy in these columns as an indication that our Government was prepared to do its share when it could in restoring a civilized equilibrium in Europe. That official investigation, if it had taken place, might not have resulted in any organized attempt to stop the Turkish torturers by force; indeed, our Government expressly reserved the right not to commit itself to any further action than that of investigation and report; but the investigation alone

would have had a great and far-reaching moral influence.

Our joy has now been turned into indignation by learning that just as the American Government was about to appoint its official representatives on the investigating commission, it received an official communication from the British Government saying that the original plan contemplated was impracticable, and suggesting that the whole matter be referred to the International Red Cross. What has happened undoubtedly is that such pressure has been brought to bear on the British and French Governments by Mohammedans in India and Egypt and Tunis and Algiers that Great Britain and France are pussy-footing.

No investigation by the International Red Cross can begin to have the effect on public opinion or upon the Turkish Government that the official Governmental investigation by Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States would have had. The whole plan has now ended in a complete and pitiable fiasco. We do not belittle the terrible problem which Great Britain has to face. A general uprising of the Mohammedan populations of India and Egypt as a method of expressing their sympathy with the Mohammedan torturers of Turkey would be a serious and perhaps a terrible menace to the British Empire. Nevertheless, pussy-footing never made, nor will it ever save, an empire.

DOG-DAYS

THE heat and vexation of the dog-days have plagued the world since the time of Pliny. This year they have culminated in a rather unusual outburst of international irritability. Mr. Kipling, for example, in an interview in the New York "World" reported by Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the English sculptress, says that Americans came too late into the war; that about all we did was to make eight per cent out of our war loans; and that we prevented the Allies from continuing the war and framing the terms of peace in Berlin. "They have got the gold," he says, speaking of us Americans, "but we have saved our souls."

Of course this has raised a storm of protest. It has been useful, however, in that it has brought to light an important historical fact. Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War, commenting on Mr. Kipling's assertion, says officially that General Pershing wished to continue to advance into Berlin, but that the hostilities were suspended and the Armistice signed when it was because of the insistence of Marshal Foch and the British General Haig.

We advise our readers not to take Mr. Kipling's strictures too seriously. He is

not a statesman, but a poet, and a rather irascible and temperamental one at that. Moreover, his reporter, Mrs. Sheridan, has an artistic and lively imagination, and is more interested in sensations than in statesmanship. The indiscretion of the interview is evidently not wholly Mr. Kipling's. In spite of his manifest and rather waspish desire to get under our skin, we shall go on reading "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "M'Andrew's Hymn" with equanimity and pleasure.

Another Briton has also succumbed to the heat of the dog-days. George Greenwood, of the "Daily Telegraph," in writing of the recent victory of American golfers over their British competitors, says:

Personally I see nothing wrong with British golf. The plain truth is we do not make a business of it, and I sincerely hope we never shall. . . . If the Americans in their pursuit of golf care to live on milk and fish, to eschew tobacco, and go to bed at ten o'clock, let them. I would rather see Tolley, Ray, and Vardon blowing clouds of tobacco smoke around the links than with their mouths full of chewing gum.

Dear! dear! If golf as a sport and a pastime is to be judged by the comparative moral advantages of chewing gum and tobacco, it will cease to be a pastime and degenerate into a mere educational system. The whole world seems to be becoming pedagogical and psychological. We do wish that Brother Greenwood would suppress his didactic tendencies long enough to let us get a little fun out of international competitions.

Another phenomenon of the dog-days is found in the tempest in a teapot which has been aroused by an article in a supplementary volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" on Mr. Newton Baker, Secretary of War in the Wilson Administration. Letters and interviews have appeared in the daily press denouncing the article because it calls Mr. Baker a politician. We think it was very wrong of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to do this. The "Century Dictionary" defines a politician as "one who is versed in the science of government and the art of governing; one who is skilled in politics." Mr. Baker is an able lawyer; a fine citizen; a delightful neighbor; a man of high ideals and aspirations; but one who was not successful as a politician under the foregoing definition. He did more than any other man, except President Wilson, to ruin the political fortunes of his party. His motives and ideals may have been, and doubtless were, of the highest, but the fact remains that he was not a political success. The editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in retort

upon his critics might recall the story of the Western editor who said of a man in his small town, "Bill Jones is so dirty and shiftless that he is not fit to live with pigs." On being asked at the point of a revolver to retract, he said in the

next issue of his newspaper: "We said last week that 'Bill Jones is not fit to live with pigs.' We apologize. He is fit to live with pigs." If the editor of the "Britannica" had said, not that Mr. Baker was a politician, but that he was

an unsuccessful politician, he would come nearer the truth.

All of which leads us to suggest that in the dog-days everybody should try to keep cool and wait with patience for the regenerating frosts of November.

WHAT DOES A STRIKE TOWN THINK?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY W. WORTHINGTON

"HE ought to be murdered!"

This is what his neighbor's wife thought, and said, as she watched him, conscious that the eyes of the town were upon him, as he returned to work before the settlement of the strike.

"The women are worse than the men to talk, more radical." So said the wife of a farmer who had moved to town.

I wanted to know how the people of Hillyard think and feel after two months with the railway shopmen on strike and with no immediate prospect of settlement in sight. So I spent a day talking it over with a minister, a banker, the Ford man, a farmer, a striker, a merchant, and anybody else that I could scare up a conversation with. Hillyard is a railway town—intermountain division point on the Great Northern and location of extensive car shops—just outside Spokane.

The man "who ought to be murdered" had gone to work under force of necessity, conviction, or persuasion, perhaps all three, and doubtless deeply troubled about questions of loyalty to himself, the union, and the company. But he found himself in deeper trouble than before; for when he appeared in the shops for work the strike-breakers looked upon him as England looked upon Benedict Arnold. He was a traitor to his union and his class.

"What in hell are you doing here?" he was asked. "We are strike-breakers. You don't belong with us." And they made it so intolerable for him that he was glad to quit and informed his friends of the union—friends no longer—that "he saw things differently now." He had forfeited the respect of his striking neighbors and was held in contempt by the strike-breakers. Whatever the rights and wrongs of it, a man takes his social standing, if not his life, in his hands when he tries to break into that situation.

This is only one of the little hells created by the labor war now in progress on the Western roads. Newspaper reports indicate that the same situation, or worse, obtains in other division towns.

An old man, long an employee of the company and with a pension coming soon, kept his job in the conviction that he had earned the right. His sons struck, and now they "don't speak." Men and women who are ordinarily

frank and outspoken in their opinions have "shut up." They will not discuss the situation. They "don't want to get into trouble with their neighbors." "Scabs" or strike-breakers live in the "shacks" or cottages provided by the company, mingle very little with the townspeople, and go strictly about their business when they do. They are paid in cash, so that they do not need to ask the banks or stores to cash checks. No one has been molested in a physical way, but there are many methods by which pickets, strikers, and even women and children can make life a social misery for any one who is a "traitor to his kind." Scab signs are posted in numerous places, in stores and windows of homes:

Don't Be a Scab

A scab is the most contemptible thing on earth (and more)

Be a Man

Pickets are seen singly and in pairs at all the entrances to the yards as well as at all street corners. Every man who looks like a worker is tackled without ceremony to learn his business or destination, and is made decidedly uncomfortable in his mind if he intends to work for the company. One young farmer, unshaven and looking a little rough, dismounted from the street car, was approached and asked his intentions. "None of your d— business," he shot back. "I don't ask you where you are going and what you're going to do."

One merchant said: "If it were not for the pickets, the strike would not last a week. Most of the men were not in favor of it, to begin with. There was no dissatisfaction here. They were called out by the unions. But the pickets make it so uncomfortable for a man that he can't stand the gaff."

A peculiar psychology exists. Among the strikers there is a tacit respect for the man who is frankly out for his own interests, as they see it. Thus old men who are nearing their pension age are permitted, or even asked, to retain their jobs. Superintendents and bosses down to but not including the "straw bosses" are supposed to be identified with the company; they are not permitted to join the unions and they are for the most part respected. At least they are not held in contempt as traitors to labor. The line is drawn at the "straw" or sub

boss who is a member of the union and who, if he keeps his job, is called a scab.

The unions practically control the situation, and public opinion, where it is opposed to the strike, is silent or finds only an underground expression. Business men who hold this position will, when approached, make an out-and-out declaration of sympathy for the strikers, and then, having paid tribute to "safety first," will, if conversation is extended, gradually reveal their true attitude, which is about as follows:

The strike was unjustified and not desired by the substantial men in the unions, but forced by the "higher ups." Jewell is accused of having "hidden out" for a few days after the strike was declared. Admissions of wrongs on both sides are admitted. It is war, and we will have to pay the bill. The strike is a poor method of settling a dispute and does not really determine the rights and wrongs of the question, any more than war does. Seniority, which is now the only bone of contention, cannot in fairness be granted. The President blundered when he suggested that the companies yield this point.

Farmers and those whose business is with farmers are the only ones who bluntly and frankly come out in opposition to the strike. The farmers' interest has been jeopardized. They are facing serious loss and inconvenience right now, with the possibility of greater or total loss in some instances as the result of the transportation tie-up. Milk sours on the sidings on account of delays and the bottom has fallen out of the perishable-fruit market. Hence the farmers are outspoken in condemnation of the unions, the companies, and the Government in its failure to deal with the situation strongly. Hopes of a farmer-labor bloc have been shoved some distance into the future. A farm laborer expressed sympathy for the strikers, and then said: "But there are some things about the unions that ain't right. If a man goes to work in the shops, they call him a scab. But these strikers go out and take my farm jobs away from me. I call them scabs just as much as the strike-breakers." A house painter, when the strike came on, found himself underbid and his business taken from him.

Strikers think that public opinion is gradually shifting to them. I am afraid it is the public opinion of their own cir-

cle and of the business that is dependent upon them, a part of which, at least, is not wholly outspoken. The public that stands "apart" watching the fight is quite impartial, criticising both sides and generally disgusted with two men whose interests are ultimately identical fighting each other and shifting the cost upon the spectator.

One of the striking shopmen, while defending his own position with evident sincerity but taking for the moment the position of the "suffering public," said with conviction: "The situation is intolerable and fearfully expensive. It should never have been allowed to occur, and there should be some Government agency with power to prevent its ever occurring again."

The original causes of the strike were:

Proposed wage cuts. Not strenuously opposed by the men.

Proposal to pay overtime only after ten hours. This threatened the eight-hour day, and was opposed.

Proposal to let out certain work by piece or on contract to non-union shops. This threatened the existence of the unions; to force down quality and increase accidents; to make work more irregular in the shops. Also opposed.

These contentions were granted by the roads when the Government interposed. Seniority was injected into the dispute by the refusal of the men to go to work after a certain date. By seniority is

meant the preference of older employees over the newer ones, together with certain pension accumulations. The right of an older employee to "bump" a later arrival seems to be regarded as worth more than the pension. Some did not know what their pension rights were.

Seniority is now the only thing that stands in the way of settlement, and strikers say that they will never go back to work without these rights. "Such a situation," they say, "would be intolerable." They say also that they have "millions" back of them, and that they do not need to go to work for a long time. The "Big Five"—engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and maintenance of ways unions—are contributing liberally for the support of the strikers.

The leading minister, a Congregationalist, is frankly and openly in sympathy with the strikers. He thinks that the responsibility for so managing things that industrial peace is possible clearly lies with the management of the roads. The great question at issue, he thinks, is not the daily wage, the eight-hour day, or the existence of the union, but the question of interrupted or seasonal employment. The daily wage is sufficient if work were constant. The irregularity of employment keeps the town constantly on its "uppers." Failure of the church and other social agencies for good is due in large measure to uncertainty of income. The contract-letting

proposal of the roads promised to increase this uncertainty and irregularity. The unions of course emphasize the danger to their organizations, but the minister is probably right. The union leaders are afraid for their jobs. There is a feeling that with a proper settlement of the troubles the unions would go out of existence.

The impatience of the public with the present war is in part due to the conviction that no one gains anything by it and that it is in no way an approach to a solution. There is in the Northwest one signal example of peace in an industry which before the war was "all shot to pieces" with radicalism, I. W. W.-ism, and sabotage. The lumber industry is at peace in the Northwest to-day largely on account of the influence of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, under the management of Norman F. Coleman, former college professor, Christian gentleman, and industrial statesman. They have brought into the business the principle of representation, and the entrance of the men into the problems of management and the entrance of management into the problems of the men has made peace possible through understanding. It makes profit sharing possible without calling it that and is a device to do away with the evils of absentee landlordism, so inevitable where capital is furnished by stockholders who live everywhere, as is the case with the railways.

THE REMEDY

SPECIAL LONDON CORRESPONDENCE

IN addition to the large loans America is making to Europe our statesmen are giving advice also. Lately Governor Cox, Mr. Frank Vanderlip, and Colonel House have been more or less interviewed. They are full of warning to Europe and suggested American financial intervention.

I am not sure that they are telling all they know. Here are the plain, unvarnished facts:

We haven't any free gold for Europe; what we have is pledged as security for the Federal Reserve paper money and as security for the depositors in the member banks. I have before me a letter from the Vice-Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, dated August 14, saying that the last statement of the combined liabilities of the Federal Reserve system and the bank deposits of the member banks showed that the "reserves" (that is, gold and silver) were less than fourteen per cent of such liabilities, and that the present reserves "are not higher than they should be."

Ours is not the only gold reserve in the world. Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia, France, and England have much gold. They hold it aloof, as they should,

instead of wasting it on a vain attempt to counteract the torrent of inflation now deluging Europe.

America believes in legitimate democracy, but she has reason to question the credentials of so-called democracies which make no attempt to keep their word. It is because Europe doubts the promise of Germany, Poland, Austria, and others to pay that their paper money is hardly worth its weight as rags. The first step in a wayward course is always the vital and tragic one; the others follow along in the same direction in spite of the protests of a weakened will to do otherwise.

It is absolutely impossible for the weak Socialistic Governments of Germany and Austria to stop issuing paper money.

The remedy, after all the dodging and side-stepping of theorists and practical politicians, is:

1. A new and strong government that will keep expenditures within income.
2. The creation of a reserve (on a gold basis) by such taxes and capital levy as may be necessary.
3. New paper currency to be issued against this reserve and redeemed when demanded.

4. The present worthless paper money to be called in and exchanged for the new currency on a fixed basis of 1,000 or 10,000 to one, as the case may be.

We must start with a strong government. Czechoslovakia has pointed the way.

You may ask, "What has Germany got to make a reserve out of?" Why, export credits and the present gold reserve of the Reichsbank, amounting to around \$250,000,000. That is much more than the entire gold value of the 200,000,000,000 paper marks or more in existence.

There are plenty of assets in all these countries which can be used for reserves, but there is no use trying to use them until the amount of paper money is limited.

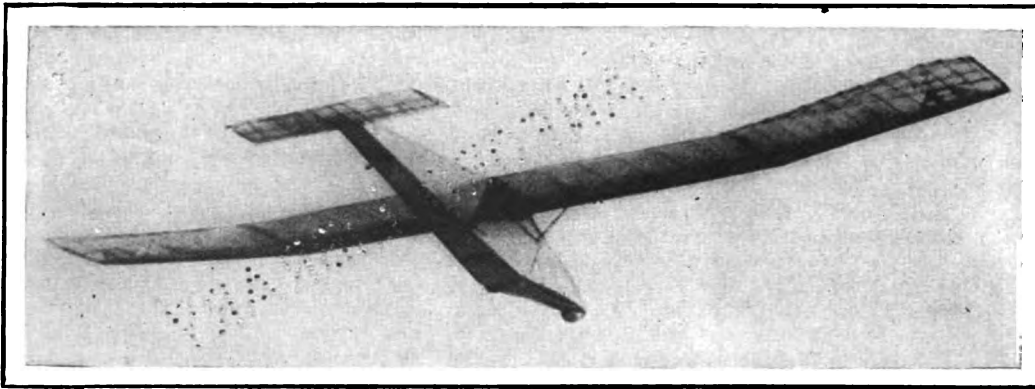
A change from the present control to a strong control may mean revolution; it may mean reversion to monarchies. I am not concerned about the name. I only point out the one and only remedy.

If some of the present so-called democracies go down, it will be small loss to the world. This old earth will continue to revolve, and a new and better government by the people and for the people may appear.

W. C. GREGG.

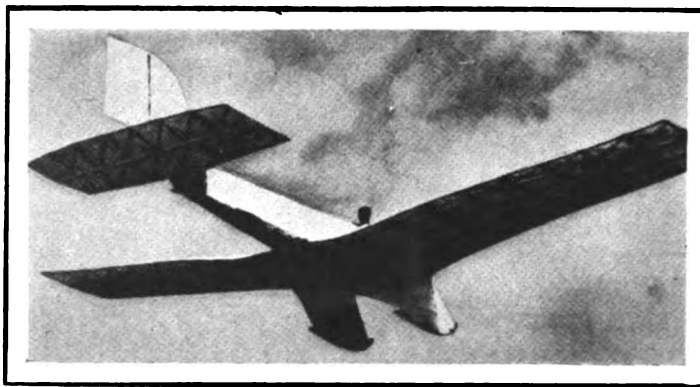
London, England, August 29, 1922.

THREE GERMAN BIRDS



F & A Photos

This is the "Vanipyr" in which Herr Hentzen flew for more than three hours in a test at Gersfeld, Germany. The records made by these German soaring planes have been discussed in recent Outlook articles and editorials.



International

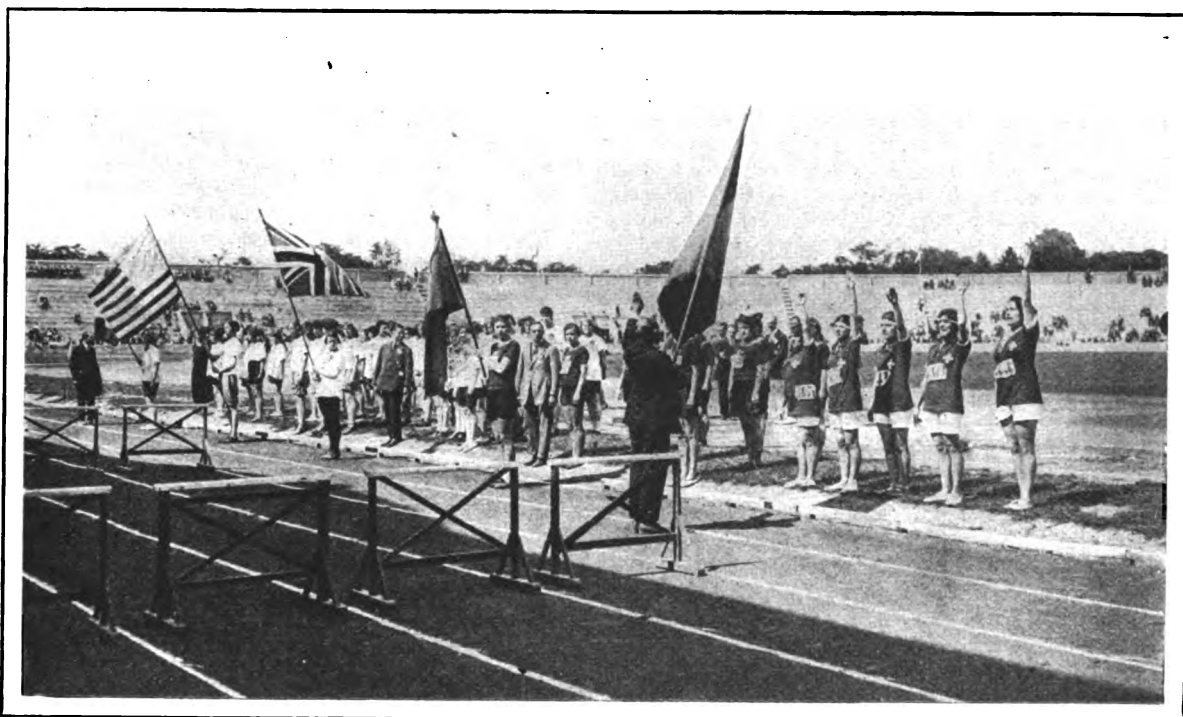
This glider, flown by Herr Klemperer, not long since won the first prize in a German competition by staying aloft for twenty-one minutes. In this flight it rose above its starting point and alighted only thirty feet below it.

Herr Martens' "Greif" flew for two hours and six minutes from the same hilltop which Herr Hentzen used for his record-breaking flight. The character of the country where the German tests were held is well shown. These soaring birds require for their flight the upward currents which occur in such a hilly country as this.



Wide World Photos

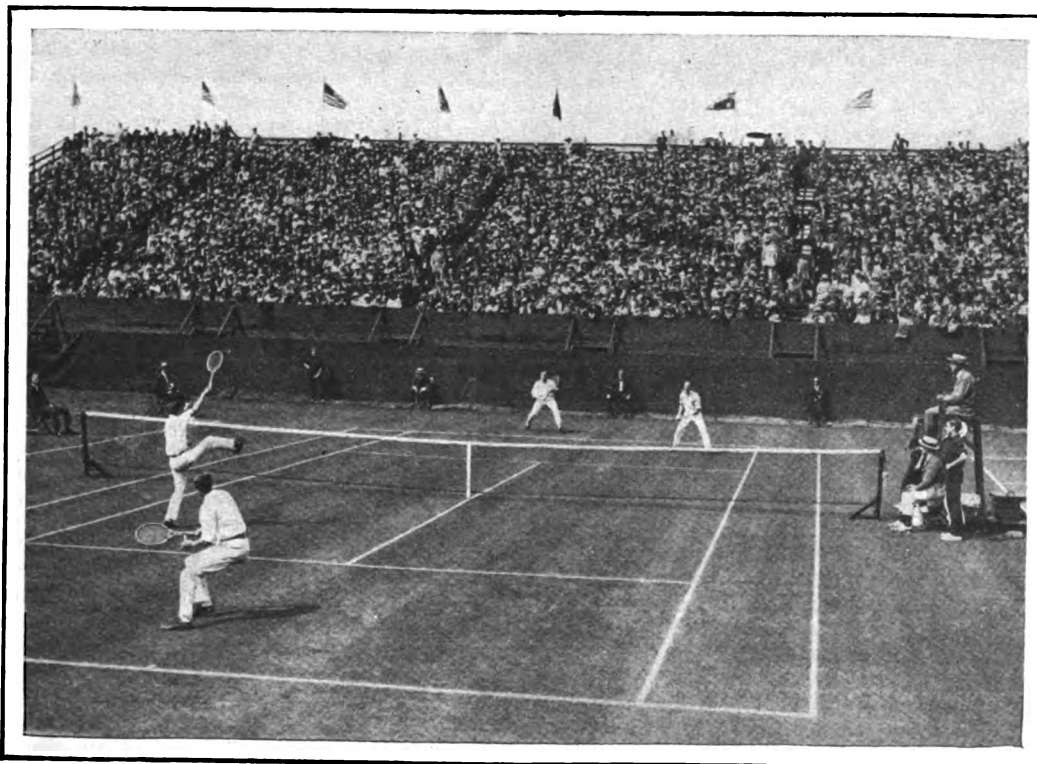
SCORE ONE FOR JOHN BULL, AND ONE FOR UNCLE SAM



Keystone

THE GIRLS' OLYMPIC GAMES AT PERSHING STADIUM, PARIS

Left to right: Americans, English, French, Swiss. In the contests the English ranked first, the Americans second



International

AUSTRALASIANS WINNING DOUBLES IN THE DAVIS CUP COMPETITION AT FOREST HILLS—THE AMERICANS WON THE CUP BY CARRYING ALL BEFORE THEM IN THE SINGLES MATCHES

The photograph illustrates a tense scene in the final set on September 2: It shows Vincent Richards at the left, in foreground, making a resolute fight against impending defeat. William Tilden is at his right. Across the net are Gerald Patterson—left—and Pat O'Hara Wood, the winning Australasians

PAUL

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHO is the founder of Christianity—Jesus Christ or Paul?

Lay readers may be surprised to learn that some theological scholars are quite seriously discussing this question, and that books have been written upon it. One or two scholars, more eager for novelty than for truth, have even claimed that Jesus Christ never existed. Others, more rational, think that Jesus Christ gave the religion but Paul gave the theology, and that the two are not consistent. Those who hold to this view in any of its forms must reckon with Professor Machen's book.¹ He is apparently as familiar with the Greek language as with the English and with life in the first century as with life in the twentieth. In his volume, a series of lectures delivered in the Union Theological Seminary of Princeton to theological students, he is an expert speaking to those who hope to become experts. Much of his volume would be interesting only to students of the Greek Testament. Its criticism of the New Testament is minute, almost microscopic, the work of a careful, able, and conscientious scholar.

But he seems to me more successful in his examination of details than in his mastery of great principles. Thus he puts emphasis on unreal antitheses. "Jesus for Paul," he says, "was primarily not a Revealer but a Saviour." Might he not be a Saviour because he was a Revealer? Again: "Jesus, according to Paul, therefore, was not a teacher but a Redeemer." And yet it is Paul who declares that Jesus came *teaching* us that we should live soberly, righteously, godly, looking for the appearing of God. Professor Machen lays great stress upon the contrast between the supernatural and the rationalistic interpretation of the Gospel and upon the recognition both by Paul and by the Gospel of its supernatural character. But he scarcely recognizes the possibility of an opinion which is gaining currency in the churches, and perhaps still more outside the churches, of the mystical character of Christianity. If its mystical character be recognized, it is seen to be both a supernatural and a rational religion; for mysticism involves a personal experience of and companionship with a supernatural Person, and as a human experience it is capable of rational investigation and interpretation.

There are two conceptions of religion: one obedience to law, the other spontaneous life. Every teacher realizes the difference between the pupil who is not interested in music but conscientiously practices her hour a day and the pupil

who loves music and enthusiastically practices in her eager desire to acquire the capacity to play. Every pupil recognizes the difference between a teacher who sets her pupils tasks and sees that they are accomplished and the teacher who inspires in her pupils a love for learning and a desire to acquire it. Obedience to law was the religion of Pharisaism in the first century and of Puritanism in the eighteenth. The religion of spontaneous life is well expressed in a saying attributed to Augustine, "Please to do right, then do as you please."

Paul was brought up in the religion of the Pharisees "as touching the righteousness which is in the law, found blameless." But he was not satisfied. The conscientious legalist never is satisfied. Though he has kept all the commandments from his youth up, his soul still cries out within him, "What lack I yet?" What he lacks is spontaneity of life. And life is always a gift; it is never self-created.

When Paul discovered this difference between law and spontaneous life and accepted the gift of life, he became possessed with an irresistible passion to give it to others. He became an evangelist. He has been studied by philosophers as though he were a philosopher.

He was not a philosopher; that is, he was not interested to give the world a new system of theological thought. He was the herald of a new life; and he had an overmastering desire to give to others the life which Jesus Christ had given to him. He traveled from province to province proclaiming the glad tidings. He was an orator, and wherever he could get an audience there he found a pulpit—a Jewish synagogue, a Greek schoolroom, a Roman forum, the public street, a prison yard, anywhere, everywhere. As soon as he had kindled a flame of devotion in the hearts of a few disciples he left them to give their message to their fellow-men and traveled on to lay new foundations in a new field. He was a pioneer as well as a missionary, and it was his ambition to preach where no one had preceded him. His epistles are not theological treatises written by a philosopher interested in framing a philosophy of religion. They are the letters of an evangelist, warm with the enthusiasm of an ardent soul, written to give counsel, warning, and encouragement to little fraternities which had been gathered by his labors and looked to him as their spiritual father.

Inspired by his faith, which was much more than a doctrine, Paul was not content to remain in Jerusalem and make of Christianity a Jewish sect. The Christian life was God's gift to the

whole world, and he went out into the world, in spite of bitter opposition, within as well as without the churches, to give this gift to the Gentiles, as to the Jews. Circumcision was a Jewish ceremony as old as the Jewish nation; but when he found that it interfered with his mission to the Gentiles he simply discarded it, as General Booth subsequently discarded the sacraments when he found that they interfered with his mission to the outcast in London. When Paul was criticised for so doing, he simply replied: "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God." He was not an Anarchist, or what the theologians call an Antinomian; he recognized the value of law as a standard of character, as a restraint on lawlessness, and as one of the fruits of the new life. But it was not medicinal. Brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees and familiar with its phraseology from his youth up, he used the language of Pharisaism to overthrow Pharisaism, the language of legalism to destroy the spirit of legalism, and he sought to substitute therefor the freedom of a life of faith and hope and love freely given and to be joyfully accepted.

The Greeks were more interested in speculative philosophy than they were in spiritual life. Paul seems to have feared lest he should be mistaken for the founder of a new school of philosophy, and he protested. "The Greeks," he said, "seek after wisdom, but we preach a Messiah crucified, to the Greeks foolishness." It is pathetic that the Church which he did so much to create has done what he feared—developed a system which they call by his name, "Pauline Theology."

He proclaimed a Messiah who was a Saviour because he was a Revealer. The Messiah he preached revealed the true nature of God—a God who came to seek and to save that which was lost, a missionary God, a life-giving God, a God whose righteousness rightens all who accept his gift of life. There is no evidence that Paul ever saw Jesus. There is no evidence that he had ever seen before his conversion any of those fragmentary narratives of which, subsequent to his conversion, the present Gospels were composed. His faith in the Messiah was a mystical faith. In one of his letters he gives an account of his conversion. "It pleased God," he says, "to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen." His faith was not derived from, though it was confirmed by, what he later learned of the earthly life and tragic death of Jesus.

Christianity, according to Paul, says

¹ The Origin of Paul's Religion. By J. G. Machen, D.D., Assistant Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis at Princeton University. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Professor Machen, "is both a life and a doctrine—but logically the doctrine comes first." But Paul was not interested in the logical development of a system of thought, he was possessed by an irresistible desire to possess himself and to impart to others the Christ life. Nothing seemed to him too great a sacrifice to accomplish this, his life purpose. He had the temperament of John Wesley, not that of John Calvin. Whatever may be true in philosophy, in life experience precedes definition. The child loves his mother before he knows

what love means or what mother means. In the history of religion, life has always preceded theology. The Christian faith was seen in the first century, but the Nicene Creed did not appear until the fourth century. The *life* is the light of men. When Professor Machen says that life is the expression of the doctrine and not *vice versa*, he contradicts both psychology and history. It is not more certain that stars preceded astronomy, flowers preceded botany, and language preceded grammar than that religious experience preceded theological

thought. The thing to be defined came before the definition.

There is much in "Pauline Theology" inconsistent with the simple life and teaching of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels; but nothing inconsistent in the epistles of Paul if they are read as the letters of a missionary and an evangelist. On the contrary, of all the disciples of Jesus Christ, the two who have most clearly understood his secret and interpreted the source of his power are Paul and John—and they are both mystics.

PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

BY H. G. LEACH

PRINCE EUGEN of Sweden would have proved himself a prince among men as well as a prince among painters, there is little doubt, even had he been born, like Zorn, the son of a Dalecarlian peasant woman, or, like Carl Larsson, the son of a day laborer. His paintings would have sold for princely sums on Fifth Avenue and hung in metropolitan galleries. Had his royal origin not placed a ban upon commercializing his genius, the school-houses and public buildings of Stockholm that glow with his inspired frescoes would have nothing to show the visitor but whitewashed walls or tawdry ornamentation. Instead, a painter-prince, seated on his scaffold like any other workman, has labored, month after month, with loving hand and without compensation to share his own dreams of color with the children of Sweden.

It will be recalled that the present reigning dynasty in Sweden, the Bernadottes, with their passion for arts and letters, is of comparatively recent origin and of French descent. The great-grandfather of Prince Eugen and his brother, the present King, was Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, one of the eighteen marshals of France under Napoleon, who was elected Crown Prince of Sweden on August 21, 1810. His wife was Désirée Cléry, daughter of a Marseilles banker and sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife. Bernadotte was a veteran of every Napoleonic campaign and had been French Minister of War. The arbitrary election by the Swedish Government of a French general to succeed the infirm and childless Charles XIII, although one of the most singular freaks in history and the sort of political patchwork that usually proves to be a short-lived experiment, resulted in turning a new corner in the prosperity of Sweden. For Bernadotte, both as Crown Prince and as King Charles XIV, transferred the powers of leadership and organization he had exhibited under Napoleon to the unqualified service of his adopted country, and his energy and public spirit have descended in large measure to the four

members of his family who have succeeded him to the throne of the Northern Kingdom.

Prince Eugen of Sweden, the King's brother, is generally recognized to be one of the world's great painters of landscapes and of the luminous northern summer nights. His personality corresponds best with the schoolboy's conception of one of the noblest of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, a Sir Galahad or a Gawain. My own first meeting with him will always be a refreshing memory. It was the summer after the war, when all men's minds were turned to peace and reconstruction and the thought that somehow the world was to be made over and that it was to be a better world. It was felt that America would contribute to the new day, and there was a tendency in the Scandinavian North, as in the other parts of Europe, to idealize America and Americans and a curiosity to know more about our ways and our habits of thought.

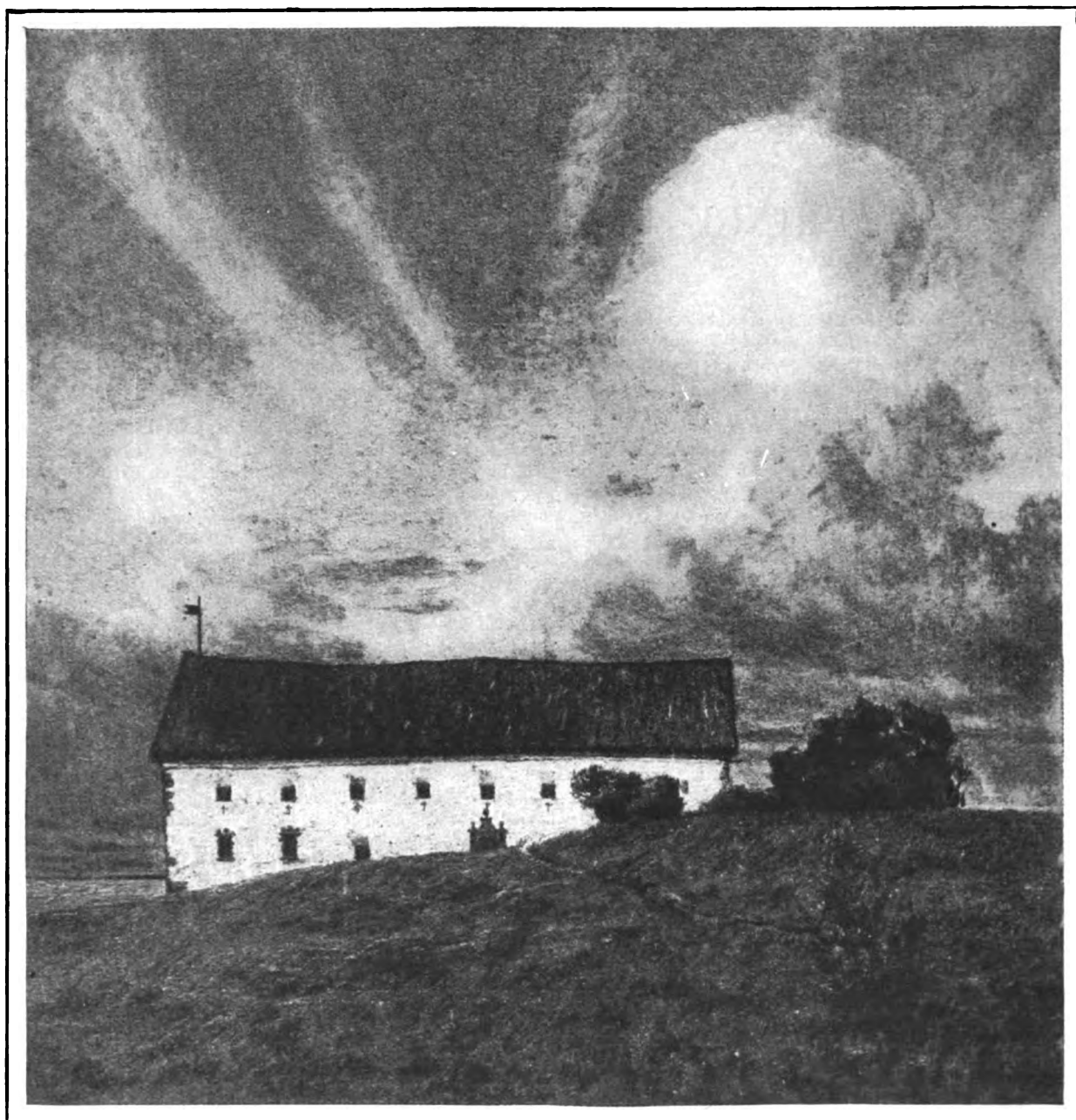
When we reached the inn in the country near Stockholm where we were to meet for an informal supper, the Prince drove up. We were presented to his Royal Highness as he stepped out of his car. It was an evening late in May, a month before high midsummer, and yet so early in that Northern latitude the afterglow of the sunset lingered on long into the night. As Prince Eugen, tall, quiet, and gracious, stood there in the deepening rosy light with the dark spruces in the background, he seemed more part of a picture than a reality.

It was a happy party of artists and their friends who gathered around a very festive Swedish board in the historic old inn. War restrictions on food had largely been suspended, and the Swedes, who had grown thin during the previous terrible year, were now trying to get back into their usual stalwart form. As for the liquid accessories to the feast, the Swedes follow strictly the old motto of the Greeks, "Nothing in excess." For they live happily under the sanest prohibition regulation in the world, the so-called "Stockholm System"

of Dr. Bratt, whereby spirits are doled out according to the just needs of the population. Dr. Bratt did not interfere with the glasses set before us that night, as they had been carefully selected to meet the approval of that arch-connoisseur of the good things of life, Anders Zorn, who was enjoying to the full the last summer of his life. There was in particular one guest who occupied as much attention as any one at the table. This was Zorn's Pekingese dog, "Liten," which we would translate "Tiny," his boon companion in his last years. Tiny sat on Zorn's shoulder a good part of the time, where Zorn fed him and carried on with him a conversation of questions and comments, to which the little creature responded with bright eyes and intelligent head-shakings. Whenever Zorn talked to the other guests, Tiny began to bark to call attention to the neglect. Prince Eugen, the real presence of the evening, partook lightly both of the refreshments and the conversation, always attentive and yet often, it seemed, in a pleasant reverie.

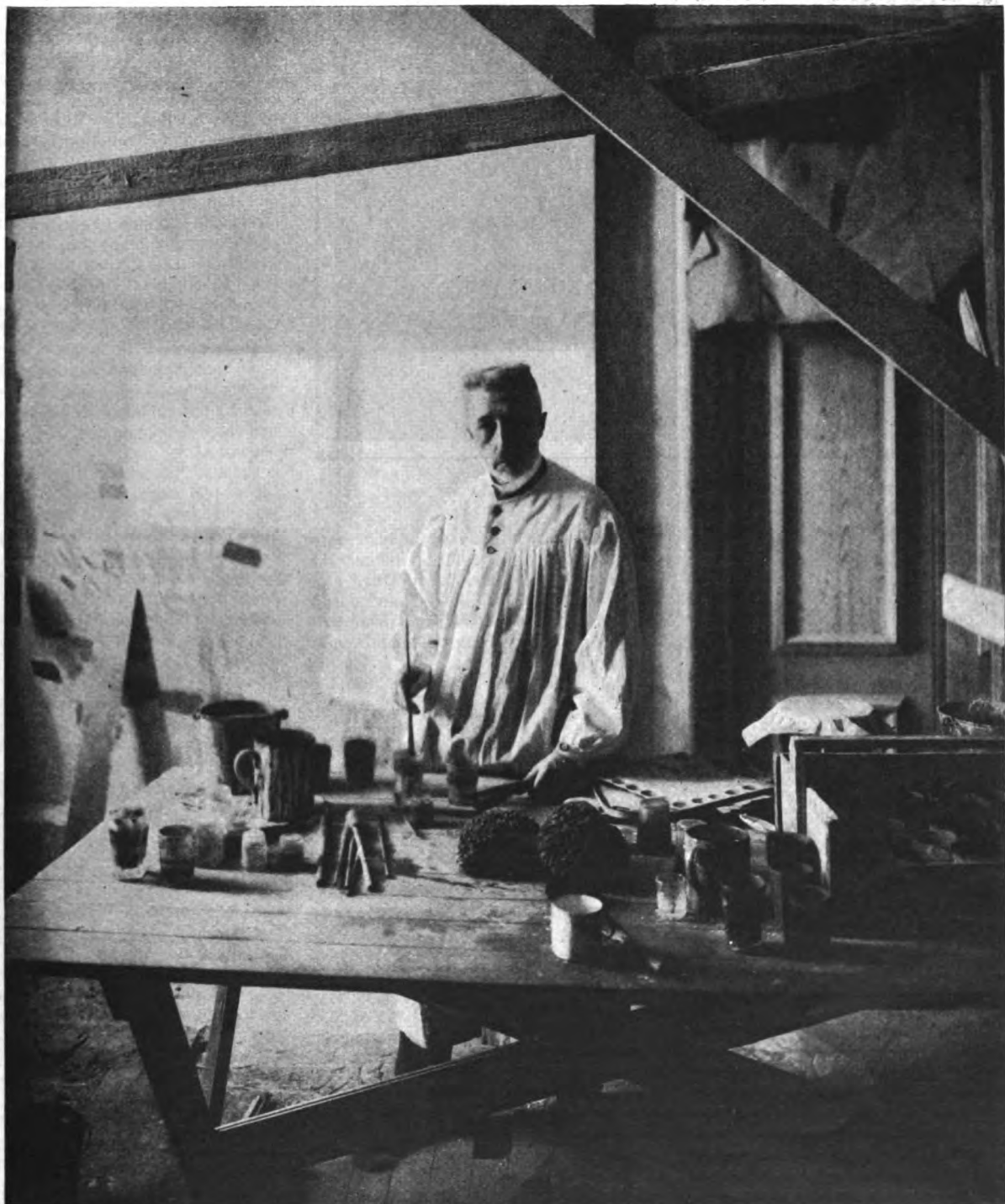
In the course of the evening I found myself seated between the two artists and engaged in a social-economic discussion. That same Prince Eugen, who as an artist had turned from presenting brooding landscapes destitute of man to painting the factories and the busy shipping scenes which he saw from the windows of his home, was as a man interested in his fellow-men and longed to help solve the insoluble riddles of labor and capital. In terms of praise he gave his conception of our American workingmen. They seemed to him more fortunate than their fellow-laborers in other lands, with their baths and cleanliness, their better education and apparent consideration for others. Zorn, who had visited America several times and had opportunity to study conditions here, smiled at the Prince's idealistic conception of our Utopia and in kindly humor tried to disillusion him of some of his dreams.

Another happy memory of that summer is an evening in Prince Eugen's home, the palace of Valdemarsudde



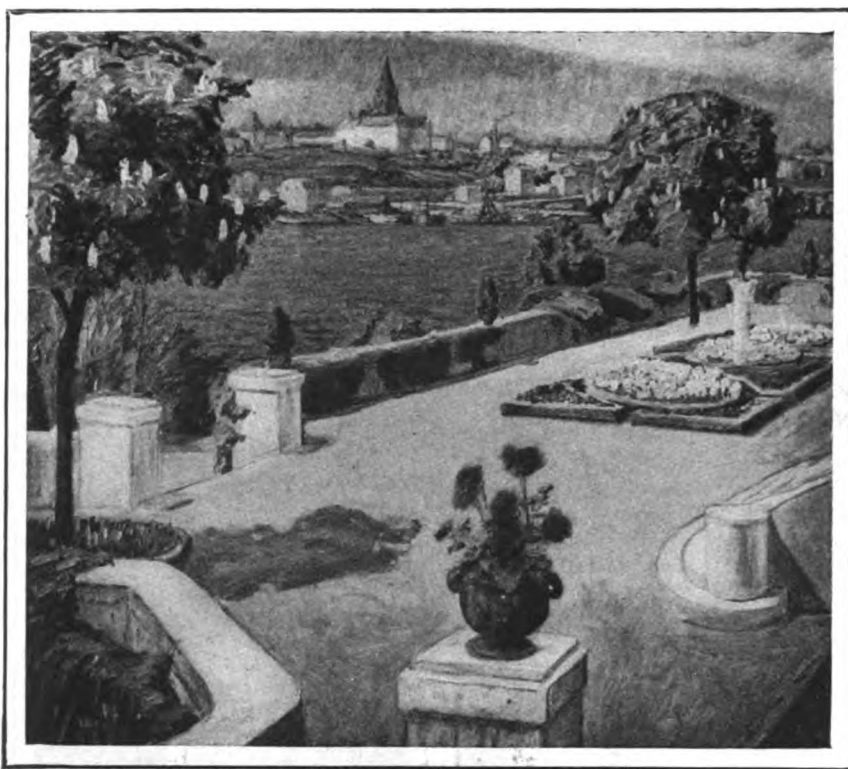
Courtesy of H. G. Leach, New York City

THE OLD PALACE—A PAINTING BY PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN



Courtesy of H. G. Leach, New York City

PRINCE EUGEN IN HIS WORKROOM IN THE NEW TOWN HALL, STOCKHOLM



Courtesy of H. G. Leach, New York City

A LATE PAINTING BY PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN SHOWING THE VIEW FROM THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME

This residence was built by the Prince on a terraced promontory commanding a view of the harbor of Stockholm. Across the water is the southern quarter with its factories. Every ship that goes down to the sea or to the thousand villa colonies of the Skärgård or archipelago of Stockholm passes by Valdemarsudde. In the still glowing summer night we wandered over the terrace, looking out on the sparkling waters reflecting the lights of the ships, or stopped to inspect a statuette or a fountain or to pluck a flower in what seemed to all of us an enchanted garden. Leaving the garden, the Prince took us to his private gallery, connected by a corridor with the main building, where he has assembled a collection of the work of his friends and contemporaries. Returning to his drawing-room, we saw the gem of his collection, a painting by the mad artist Josephson, once rejected by the state, but now regarded as one of the art treasures of Sweden. This painting, the "Water Satyr," represents a male creature playing a violin beside a waterfall.

That evening ended, as all Swedish supper parties, with tea served indoors in the drawing-room. By the window sat Zorn with a box of cigars beside him, enjoying to the full the contours and color of the Northern summer night. Prince Eugen remained standing, and when he looked out of the window his eyes seemed to be searching in the bright Northern night for hidden, spiritual contacts and themes for his paintings.

Some twenty-five years ago a Swedish art collector, Mr. Thorsten Laurin, a friend of the Prince, conceived the

happy thought of making a systematic effort to bring real art into the schools. He and his associates maintained that every schoolroom should contain at least a first-class reproduction of some masterpiece of art to which the pupil could daily accustom his eyes. Not only this, but they were so ambitious as to hope that living artists would paint for the schools or sell their work for a reasonable price to serve the popular cause. The society which they founded is called *Konsten i skolan* (Art in the School). No one has taken a greater interest in the work of this society to propagate art in the schools than Prince Eugen. With princely generosity, he has ordered paintings for this purpose from his fellow-artists. Not only has he played the part of Mæcenas, but he has often stood for months at a time decorating with his own brush schoolhouses in process of construction. In 1904 he executed for the auditorium of the Northern Latin School in Stockholm a decorative panel of a Swedish summer landscape. More famous is his large fresco of the city of Stockholm bathed in sunlight in the auditorium of the new Östermalm Latin School, in Stockholm, a schoolhouse built in a remarkable return to mediæval monastic designs by Ragnar Östberg, the architect who designed the new Town Hall.

This theme of the open sunlit landscape was expanded two years later in Eugen's triumph in the monumental-decorative style, the altar-piece for the church at Kiruna, north of the Arctic Circle in Lapland. This church is something quite unique in ecclesiastical architecture. There is nothing like it under

the sun, for it is an attempt to symbolize the artistic aspirations of the Lapps, who themselves have no other buildings than their wigwams of reindeer skin. Prince Eugen's task was to create an altar-piece, and he approached it in a spirit of reverent inspiration. Conceiving that the Lapps and the people of the Arctic in their dreams preferred to picture sunny southern lands, he has chosen a landscape from a more sunny part of Sweden. No temple or human figure disturbs the scene. A clump of trees occupies the center of the picture, with a blue light around their crowns. The whole peaceful landscape is blessed by the rays of the sun. On entering the church at Kiruna one needs no sermon nor choir to stimulate to worship. Prince Eugen's altar-piece, pervading the place, impels one to bend his knees and lift up his heart. While there is no text, the work seems to be suffused with the spirit of the Twenty-third Psalm: "He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul." Few modern paintings, whether secular or religious, have been more truly the result of inspiration than this painting, utterly devoid though it is of any conventional religious symbolism.

Prince Eugen is still in the prime of his powers as an artist. During the last years he has devoted practically all of his working hours to decorating the new Town Hall of Stockholm. Month after month Prince Eugen has gone daily from his palace to this building while under construction, finding his way in and out among the workmen, to paint on its walls a series of motives from the shores of Stockholm. These are now finished. In the winter of 1920, Prince Eugen made a pilgrimage to Greece and Italy. Always a student as well as an artist, Prince Eugen came under the spell of the decorations in Tuscan palaces, from the end of the fourteenth century, and when he returned to Stockholm he took his studio again to the Town Hall, to a smaller room, where he began a new series of paintings under Italian influence. To get them done in time he had to give up all his plans for the summer. These decorations are ornamental and make use of only three colors—red, gray, and black. Among the motives used are Swedish shrubs and the arms of heroes of Swedish history.

During these last years the people of Stockholm have been able to point with pride to the walls and towers of their new Town Hall reflected in Lake Mälär, and to tell the stranger that within, where the masons and plasterers had finished, their painter-prince was at work with the rest, leaving a synthetic memorial of his glorious art and his love of their city. In the future tourists of every country visiting Stockholm will go to the Town Hall in much the same spirit with which they enter the palaces of Italy, to see the inspired labor of the patriotic painter-prince who "for the joy of the working" has consecrated his genius to his country.

WHEN THOSE WHO HAVE LOVED US AND DIED

BY ALINE KILMER

WHEN those who have loved us and died look down and see us truly,
Stripped of the glamour that clothed us, our shuddering souls laid bare,
Do they turn their eyes away from us, sad with the bitter knowledge
That only the merciful veils of sense had made them find us fair?

Do they see how feeble our bravest fight, how soon we strike our standards?
How many the shameful wounds we bear, how few our noble scars?
Or in our night when God seems gone and heaven far off and forgotten,
Do they see the marsh-lights we follow wildly, thinking we follow stars?

Can they see that the earth we walk is only a shifting quicksand?
That our very virtues are snares where we writhe in impotent fear?
Do they know how we pray through the midst of our sins asking for pity and pardon,
Offering childish inadequate gifts to the Lord who weeps to hear?

How can they bear it at all, if they love us ever so little?
How can they bear to watch the way we struggle and fall and rise?
So they may keep their love for us and still find joy in heaven,
Surely God must have mercy on them and lend them his pitiful eyes.

THE BOY MAKES THE MAN

AN APPRECIATION OF GOVERNOR NATHAN L. MILLER, OF NEW YORK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

NATHAN L. MILLER, the present Governor of the State of New York, has become a National figure. It is a fitting time to appraise him from the root up. Whence came he? What are the dominant characteristics of his personality? What are the guiding principles of his career? What sort of a public record of accomplishment has he? How comes it that he is in high favor with the political machine and yet a leader of sound public policy? What is there about him that should appeal to the Mississippi Valley and to the Pacific Coast as well as to the State of New York? Has he the permanent quality of National statesmanship?

The story of his beginnings is the simple American story of a plain home in the farming country of Cortland County in the commonwealth of New York, the story of a hard-working mother with a vision for her son, the story of a boyhood and young manhood of struggle out of narrow and difficult circumstances into an environment where his conspicuous talents might have full play.

His parents were rent-paying farmers with inconsiderable property of any kind. His greatest inheritance was the inheritance of every real man—a real mother of noble character who sacrificed for him and kept him in school as best she could until he graduated from the

Cortland Normal and became a teacher.

I met recently a classmate of the Governor's in the Cortland Normal of the year 1887, who gave me her impression of the boy of that period. "He seemed but a mere lad," she said, "although he was about eighteen years old. He was small of stature, no taller than the smallest girl in the class. He was diffident and very modest about his attainments, with that indefinable quality which came in later years sometimes to be interpreted as cold austerity. But it was never that. He was never cold and haughty. There were always a graciousness of manner, a cordiality and faithfulness in friendship, a firmness in decision, and a genuineness of character which impressed us with his straightforward honesty. He was particularly brilliant in mathematics and Latin, because of his keen, shrewd mind. 'Little Nate,' as he was jokingly called, was not only our schoolmate, but our friend, our brother, our comrade in all the activities of those never-to-be-forgotten days."

For several years the boy Nathan taught school near his home in order that he might attach himself to a law office in Cortland and become prepared for the legal profession. He never had the training of the great law schools of the country, but his mind natively was deep and shrewd and wise and there are

few graduates of Harvard Law or Columbia who to-day can match him in legal learning or acumen.

He scraped along on his own resources, a poor boy in the best sense of the term. Soon he was elected school commissioner of his district, and shortly afterward was admitted to the bar. His talents were legal and political from the beginning. He at once displayed great ability at the bar. His neighbors are witnesses that there never was anything mercenary about his practice. He had no thrifty regard for money. Up to the time of his going upon the bench of the State of New York poor people were mainly his clients. The fact that they could or could not pay had not the slightest influence upon the way he handled their cases. He gave the best that was in him always. He became by all odds the chief trial lawyer of his county at thirty-five, when he was called to the bench. He was a jury lawyer, forceful and eloquent. His experience on the bench has taken a great deal of that particular quality away from him, but his rational sway over the jury mind is a part of the tradition of his county in his early period.

Beginning in his twenties, he showed great adaptability to politics. His first political address was in the little country village of McLean, where he was



Photograph by C. H. Overton, Cortland, N. Y.
NATHAN MILLER IN 1887, AT THE AGE
OF 18

teaching at the time of the organization of a Harrison and Reid campaign club in the fall of 1892. The village folks thought he did exceedingly well; so well that when, in the following winter season, a home talent dramatic entertainment was given in McLean, the young school-teacher was invited to participate. The community also remembers about this that his talents in drama were as inadequate as his campaign speech had been triumphant. Miller never was an actor. He never could be. Whatever he thinks or whatever he does has naturally the clear merit of being real, genuine, and straightforward.

In 1897 the Republican party in his home county was very badly beaten by a fusion ticket, and the time was ripe for a change in leadership. It came the next year, when Miller, at the age of thirty, became the undisputed political head of his county. In 1902 he was appointed Comptroller of the State of New York to fill an unexpired term, and at the succeeding election retained his seat by the vote of the people of the State. In less than a year, however, he was appointed by Governor Odell to succeed Justice Burr Mattice, who had died.

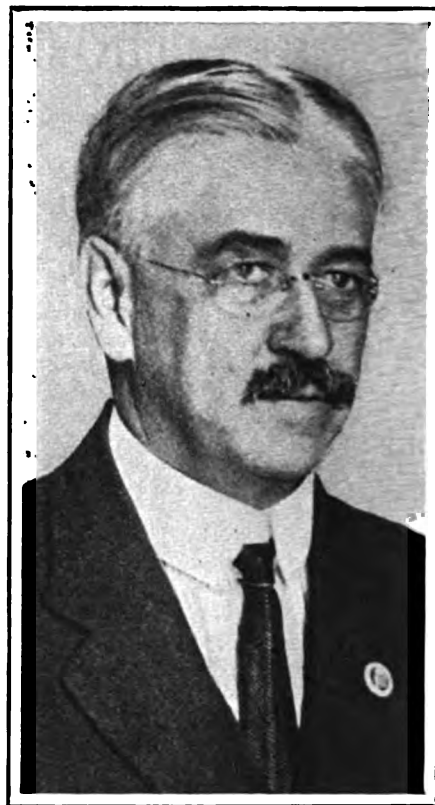
It was this ten-year period from 1892 to 1902 which gave him his practical grip upon the machinery and organization of politics in the State of New York. He sat with the Platt leaders in the frequent meetings in the city of New York. He learned exactly how the wheels go round and why they go. Naturally loyal though he was to the

party organization, he perceived already that some of the Platt practices were exceedingly harmful to the party and the country. He grew up in the old school of politics and his later judicial training made him cautious and conservative. Nevertheless nothing has ever counted so much with Nathan Miller as integrity and reasonableness in any public man or in any party policy. And his old acquaintances in politics laud his sound judgment as an organization man and his unerring instinct as to what was the right thing to do.

Miller's early profound political experience has been of enormous advantage to him as Governor. He understands the psychology of the average party man and political leader in the State of New York as no Governor has in the present generation. He has been able to work with the politicians in and out of the Legislature with less friction than has been the case with any Governor I have ever heard of. They feel him to be in a very real sense one of their kind, and when he asks them out of his clear vision and determination and intelligence to do things which they never dreamed of they just do them without cavil or reproach.

It is this early cautious organization training in the old school and the long separation from active issues while he was on the bench and a naturally quiet and unheated mind which give in Governor Miller the accurate impression of a conservative personality. Many individuals of a progressive temperament have consequently been misled into the belief that the Governor was a friend of reaction. There is nothing in that. Whether they say much about it or not, dyed-in-the-wool business and political reactionaries in the State of New York are as disappointed in Miller as the most hectic liberal. When the Governor took firm hold of the deplorable transit situation in the city of New York, the more reactionary representatives of the property interest in metropolitan transportation were in high glee. They are more sober now. The Miller policy in New York traction affairs lends itself as little to reactionary injustice as it does to Hearstian or Hylanian demagoguery. And certain politicians are not reconciled at all to the Governor's waste-saving reforms. The light of reason and sound sense illumines brightly the economic and political area of the commonwealth under the Miller leadership. There is not much room for the bogies of reaction or radicalism within range of the Miller vision.

It is true that the Governor has grown in sensitiveness to wise measures of human advance since he has been at the head of the government in Albany. Early in his administration progressive persons thought that they detected a defect in sympathy on the human side of government. Whatever there was to that is an aftermath of a necessarily secluded life upon the bench in the



(C) Paul Thompson
GOVERNOR MILLER OF NEW YORK
(A recent photograph)

period between 1903 and 1915, when the country was ablaze with liberalism under Roosevelt and his compeers. Transport a judge from the bench once again to the human arena of politics and government, and you must give him as much time as a kitten to get his eyes open. We all remember how it was with Hughes in 1916. But if a judge has it in him, as Hughes has and Miller has, he soon sees things as they are forming in the mold of the popular will, and guides his policies rationally in accordance therewith.

I call Governor Miller a conservative liberal. He is willing to go as far in reasonable advance as the government and the people are able to pay for and manage measures of advance. The trouble with the radical liberal in most periods, but especially in the present economic crisis, is that he would have us in hot water and bankruptcy at the same time. Miller would make us think as we go and pay as we go and always have a little balance of caution in the policy and money in the treasury. His administration at Albany has been characterized by intelligence, economy, and responsibility. In a time of chaos Miller would lay anew in industry and politics the economic foundations of an ordered liberty. The Port of New York, the transit system of the metropolis, the barge canal, the unused water powers of the State, the penal and charitable institutions, the government bureaus, the political machines, have all felt the molding and developing touch of the

master hand. And liberal measures of progress have not been forgotten. The juvenile court idea, which Judge Lindsay has made immortal, is established by the Miller administration for the commonwealth of New York. Hereafter dependent, delinquent, and neglected children will be taken care of without giving them a criminal record, and those of them who prove worthy and competent will have their chance in the human society of which they are a part.

Another important piece of evidence of liberal interest in human welfare on the part of the Miller administration is to be found in the establishment and generous endowment of a division of maternity, infancy, and child hygiene in the State Department of Health. This piece of humanitarian policy is designed to accomplish under State auspices, State rules, and State funds much more than is contemplated by the widely heralded Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act of the National Congress. New York accepts no funds from the National Government, repudiates the Sheppard-Towner Act as an encroachment in a subtle fashion upon the activities of the States, but undertakes on its own initiative to protect to its utmost mothers and little children not knowing how or not able to care for themselves.

Miller was a member of the highest courts of the State of New York between 1903 and 1915. He was on the trial bench for a little more than a year, when he was designated by the then Governor Odell to the appellate division of the Second Department in Brooklyn. He remained there until he was selected by Governor Hughes in 1909 for the First Department of New York, because Hughes wished to make the First Department a very strong appellate division. Here he stayed until 1912, when Governor Sulzer designated him to sit on the Court of Appeals. He therefore had in the Comptrollership and the various courts a wide administrative and judicial experience. Abruptly in 1915 he resigned from the Court of Appeals before he was forty-seven years of age.

The sources of his power are clear. He has by nature a very keen legal, analytical, logical mind, with a fine edge from experience. He has the capacity to devote himself assiduously to his daily task. In spite of a somewhat frail body from boyhood, he can assimilate any quantity of hard work. His mind is able to concentrate closely upon an argument and take eagle flight through briefs and records to find out what the issue is. While he was a local political leader in his young manhood, he was noted for his remarkable judgment. He was a strategist of no mean order. And these qualities have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. And withal he is very quiet and modest and even-tempered, with nothing vindictive in his nature; a very courteous man, patient, unruffled, and unafraid.

There is about him no sentimentality and almost no visible emotion. But that there is a deep vein of true sentiment in him, let the following attest. One of his first acts after he had begun to accumulate a surplus in the law was to purchase a fine farm of seventy-five acres near the village of Cortland, upon which he placed his father and mother in their declining years. They had lived on the farm a very short time when his mother, of whom he was very fond, suddenly died. A little time afterward he came from New York to spend the Sunday in the village of Cortland, and asked one of his closest friends to walk with him to the cemetery where the body of his mother was buried. It was a site which he himself had selected, so he told his friend, on high ground overlooking the little farm of seventy-five acres, which, he said, had been the center of almost the whole of the unworried content and happiness which his mother had ever known.

The taunt of the demagogue seeks to brand Miller as a corporation lawyer on the ground that he has frequently been since he left the bench the attorney for corporate business. Corporation lawyer as an opprobrious epithet came with the wave of emotional liberalism out of the West, where the main form of corporate business is the railway and where the term corporation lawyer means a railway counsel who lobbies in Washington and is the hired man of railway power, with at least the assumption running against him as a free and independent American citizen. In the East, on the other hand, any man who aspires to the front rank of legal eminence is sure to be the counsel in much corporate business, because in the East the main forms of business are corporate in character.

And many lawyers of the first rank and of the first quality of citizenship, who keep the door of their offices wide open to all who may wish to enter as clients, naturally have much corporate business as their experience and reputation enlarge. But the real men among them are not affected in their obligations or opinions as American citizens. Lesser ones among them may, and unquestionably often do, imbibe corporate bias which they sometimes carry with them into citizenship and government. But the real ones do not. One afternoon at two o'clock, when the Great Northern Securities case was before the Supreme Court of the United States, a representative of Morgan and Hill appeared at the office of Elihu Root and retained him as counsel. At four o'clock on the same afternoon Edward H. Harriman, who was arrayed against Morgan and Hill in the substance of this famous case, also appeared in the office of Elihu Root, seeking to retain him as counsel. If Harriman had arrived at ten minutes before two instead of at four o'clock, Mr. Root would have been Harriman's counsel, and not Morgan's, before the Supreme Court of the United States. But when Elihu Root was in the Senate of the United States or was High Commissioner of the American Nation at The Hague or in the great international conference at Washington, his country was his client, and all the powers of an intellect unsurpassed in this generation were employed for his country.

When Nathan L. Miller left the bench, he became the counsel for a great corporation. But he retained the right to have private clients and argue cases, and his most important business until he became Governor was the defending of causes of great moment before the First Department Appellate Division and the Court of Appeals. The point is that he has a mind of far too great keenness and integrity to be influenced by corporate bias. Throughout his term as Governor his State has been his client.

He is a National example. There is no State in the Union where precisely the things which most need to be done in the present governmental crisis have been so well done as in the State of New York under the Miller Governorship. And he has maintained a practically perfect party solidarity in the Legislature. He has recognized the unquestionable fact that the American system of government cannot work without responsible leadership, and he has had the human tact and the practical sagacity as well as the high intelligence to furnish the leadership.

Miller can think. And he can act. And he has the courage to do the thing which for the moment may be unpopular, but which is right and is rapidly discovered to be right by public opinion. In the possession of these qualities he is a National asset. The country at large has too few like him in the high places of power.

"Ireland Revisited"

FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a keen student of the problems of his native land, presents an extraordinarily clear picture of conditions in Ireland in an article which will appear in next week's Outlook.

What Bernard Shaw said to him concerning De Valera is as compact and trenchant a comment upon the folly of the Irish Republican leaders as anything we have seen. It represents Shaw at his best.

THE INARTICULATE YOUNG

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

NOT that I pretend to be one of them, though small Elizabeth did say a while ago that "Aunt Caro would never grow up, would she?" And I assured her solemnly that I never would. For, as every devotee of Barrie knows, youth is a matter of the spirit. I am sure that, like my young contemporaries of the moment, I was much older at eighteen than I ever will be again, should I live to be eighty. It is fortunately going somewhat out of fashion now to think that youth has no problems. Why, there is no period like it for a sense that all the weight of the world is on one's shoulders. Indeed it is, too, for the ignorance of youth is a far heavier burden than the wisdom of age. By thirty we have learned to "pass the buck," and by forty we have built up an effectual system of defenses, so that we avoid the impact of burdens which we cannot lift efficiently. Sometimes, indeed, we build our counter-offensive so well that it repels all attacks, but of that species I shall not speak. Youth, however, is comparatively naked. Its armor is weak, and it is open to the penetration of every burden which blows where it listeth. No, I do not think I should like to turn the clock back, myself. If years have brought me a touch of rheumatism now and then, they have also brought me the blessed assurance that I need only assume the special burden which is made with a hollow fitted to my individual shoulder measurements.

My young friend Lucy and I have been reading "Dancers in the Dark" and other productions of the "young intellectuals." She is perplexed by them, being herself "young," sweet-and-twenty, as we once said, and a collegian. She says that she knows some girls that maybe are like that girl in "Dancers" and some fellows that could pose as world-weary youth if there were any one to pose before. But her chief worryment is the kind old ladies and dear old gentlemen who think that all girls and boys of the college type indulge in cheek-to-cheek dancing and petting parties. I could tell her of a greater danger than that, but I refrain. She has enough on her mind now.

I suggest that she and her sort do some writing on their own account, but, as she justly says, she is too busy doing her daily work. Now Lucy could, I think, qualify as an "Intellectual," whether she ever makes Phi Beta Kappa or not. Even in my own day we did not think that a sure augury of intellectualism, and experience has not increased faith. I remember a most "shocking" damsel, one whose gyrations were quite of a piece with the ultra-moderns, who "won" Phi Beta Kappa, married a col-president, and settled down into the conventional of small-town host-ess. The mediocrity which enveloped

her was complete. The "young intellectual" of our class, with leanings which were whispered to be ultra-radical and dangerous, now writes sonnets of impeccable purity of style and ultra-orthodoxy. For we had quite a collection, even twenty years ago.

When I was Lucy's age, I knew a woman about whom many spicy stories lingered from the days of my mother's youth. She retained a great deal of vivacity of manner and witty conversation, which made her amusing company for the world of her daughter's contemporaries. And her daughter was the most properly brought up, carefully chaperoned, prosaic maiden you could imagine. I think that is about the usual way, my dear Lucy. These pseudo-horrifying young people are the alternate swing of the pendulum, offspring of my whilom friend and harking back to their grandmothers in a good many cases, even if the dear old ladies do deny the day ever existed when they were young clips themselves. There were girls who did things we did not approve when I was in college. I make no doubt that there are many more of their kind now in the sedate halls of Alma Mater; but there are more girls there too. The proportion may be larger, but that it is very much larger I doubt.

The trouble is, Lucy, that the *shouting minority* always gets the most attention. Sometimes the shouters are on the right path, and sometimes not; but so goes the world, so goes progress, if you will. We must not suppress the shouting, because it will break out somewhere else if we do, like tying down the safety-valve; and, besides, we cannot raise much if we do not plow up the ground. To-day they are using dynamite, and say it does the business much more efficiently.

These young people are silly, vulgar, if you will, and bound to no good end, apparently; but, take my word for it, they'll get switched off into the freight yard and lost in ten years. They have no pertinacity, even for evil. This is the time when their blood runs fast, and they must get the superfluous energy out of them. The country is over-prosperous and bread easily won, so there is no saving grindstone of toil to "take it out of them." But out of them it will come, Lucy, some day. "The Ten Commandments will not budge, and stealing still remains but stealing." Of all the self-ordained reformers and radicals of my day, there is not one who has achieved any influence in the world's affairs unless he or she has undergone a conversion to the wisdom which is alone serviceable. I used to worry over them too a little, though not a great deal, having enough to do to attend to my own more pressing problems. I think that the fact that my interests lay in the classics and

history helped me to keep my head and saved my tears, for I read in Horace about willful maidens who were acquainted with all viciousness clear to their rosy finger-tips, and many admonitions to the Roman youth to remember the *integer vita* of the preceding generations. Horace is fine reading to-day. True, Rome fell because her civilization broke down under the assaults of luxury and vice. Perhaps ours will do the same? It may be, Lucy, it may very well be.

The more you read history, the more profoundly and deeply, the more you will be impressed with the certitude of ancient truths. As a condition of our ability to choose right we must be able to do otherwise. I know all the arguments of your young friends concerning economic or philosophical determinism, but life has shown me too many facts to take their theories very seriously. That's one of the burdens that youth bears, but learns in time to shift. Of course some one may say, if I bring up Lincoln as a man economically and hereditarily doomed to failure, that Lincoln was a transcendent genius, not a norm by which other men may be judged. On the other hand, the job offered to him was one needing a transcendent genius. There are countless lesser jobs, all mighty necessary in the economy of things, and all open to men of lesser genius, who can do them in as high a degree of comparative perfection as Lincoln did his. And, Lucy, I've seen man after man and woman after woman rise out of the most impossible circumstances and do that very thing. That's one of the advantages of years. You can explain the working of the machine by facts from your own experience. You saw just a little of it in our economics class this year, didn't you? Peggy was a dear girl, a most attractive girl in her way, and her violent modernism nearly swept a lot of you off your feet. It sounded rather good—to sweep away all the old injustices, all the old inequalities, all the old slaveries—until you began to test out her theories. Then you found how much had to go along with them. Marriage, for instance. There should be no unhappy women, bound to cruel husbands whom they did not love. Until you realized that along with the overthrow of the bonds of matrimony must go the home, the loving care of father and mother for the children, the ideals of duty, of stability, of faith and honor to a pledge. I watched you day by day under the assaults of Peggy's glib tongue and her woeful ignorance of the facts of history. She somehow thought she was Minerva, sprung full armed from the head of Jove, until we began to test her, to bring her up against actualities. You remember the day she used the example of the Pilgrims to bolster up her arguments for

Communism, and when we told her it was a failure, said that was because the men who tried it were a "bunch of theorists and intellectuals, and didn't know how to work." Shades of our hard-working and high-minded Pilgrim ancestors! When we showed her that the contrary was in fact true, that the failure of the Plymouth experiment was due to the same thing that has caused the downfall of the Russians, was the same old truth that work as a means of grace stands foremost, that to labor is to pray as truly in the twentieth century as in the eighth, you experienced a remarkable revulsion of feeling towards Peggy. I think Peggy did you

a lot of good. You saw just how foolish and hollow her ignorant theories were, and in time you saw just her own measure of selfishness and instability. The world will teach Peggy—in fact, you taught her maybe more than she taught you—but meanwhile she taught you a tremendous deal.

Lucy, dear, our civilization may fall, just as that of the Jews fell after the days of Solomon, or as did that of ancient Rome. When a mother disciplines a naughty child, she is not thereby ruining the child's life; on the contrary, she is preserving it, she is teaching it needed lessons of self-control, of power to choose the right.

So, my dear Lucy, don't worry over these "young intellectuals." They'll get over it in time, and a new crop take their place. Just remember that there are really a very great number of people in the world who think just as you do and are striving for just the same honorable and clean and forthright aims. Very many more of you, in fact, than of the weaker kind, that Peggy represents. Only you are inarticulate, she is glib. She has to be, poor thing! All the right, all the security, is on your side, Lucy. Her volubility is really an effort to justify herself to her own conscience. It is too bad she should waste so much effort on such a useless task.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER III—FIRST TURKISH MISSION

I WAS naturally disposed to be an independent in politics, especially in city and State politics, where sometimes the conflict of character and personality called for more consideration than in those larger National campaigns of opposing issues. I was a believer in election reform, and in later years became president of an organization for vitalizing the party primaries.

The William R. Grace-Tammany fight in New York in 1882 was the first political campaign in which I took an active part. Grace was an excellent Mayor, gave the city a good business administration—so good and so independent that Tammany refused to renominate him. But the independent voters gave him a banner and backing; Republicans, too, joined the ranks; and Grace was re-elected.

In this campaign I served as secretary of the Independent Executive Committee, with Frederic R. Coudert as chairman. Two years later, being then in business, I aided in organizing the Cleveland and Hendricks Merchants' and Business Men's Association, which paraded 40,000 strong from the lower end of Broadway to Thirty-fourth Street.

A few days before the election the Republican managers called a ministers' meeting in New York. About six hundred clergymen, representing all denominations, assembled at Republican headquarters to meet the candidate. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, a brilliant orator, was selected to address them. In concluding his speech, which on the whole was dignified and temperate, he stigmatized the Democrats as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

Mr. Blaine, great politician that he was, failed to repudiate the sentiment on the spot. Extraordinary efforts had been made, and with some measure of success, to secure the Roman Catholic vote.

I was present at Democratic headquarters when the reporter who had

been sent to this meeting returned. Senator Gorman asked the reporter to read from his shorthand notes. When he came to the expression, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," it immediately arrested the chairman's attention. He had the reporter write it out. The Democratic managers saw its importance, and had the whole country placarded with posters headed "R. R. R.," with many additions and variations. The election proved very close, the victory depending upon the vote of New York. The official count gave the Presidency to the Democrats by only 1,047 votes. Without doubt, the number changed by Dr. Burchard's remarks decided the election.

Because of the closeness of the New York vote the Republicans did not at once concede Mr. Cleveland's election. There was a feeling of nervous apprehension. Jay Gould, who controlled the telegraphic lines, was accused of holding back the returns. The Tilden-Hayes contest was recalled, and the recollection did not serve to allay the fears of the Democrats.

It was imperative that the uncertainty be dispelled and that confidence be expressed in the announced result. So the Merchants' and Business Men's Association held a victory mass-meeting at the Academy of Music, then the largest auditorium in the city. This celebration had an assuring effect throughout the country. August Belmont was chairman, and I, as secretary, presented the resolutions. Among the speakers were Henry Ward Beecher, Daniel Dougherty of Philadelphia, Algernon S. Sullivan, and others. Beecher's eloquence was interspersed with humor. Replying to waggish remarks that Cleveland would not fit in the Presidential chair because of his avoirdupois, Beecher said:

"If the chair is too small, then make it larger."

The campaign over, I devoted myself

again to business. When a member of the National Committee with whom I co-operated while organizing the merchants' movement asked whether there was any political office I aspired to, I replied that my only wish was that Cleveland should live up to the political principles which brought him the support of so many independent voters.

MARYLAND SENATOR PROPOSES DIPLOMATIC CAREER

A talk I had almost two years later, however, resulted in a shifting of my plans for the future. In September, 1886, I was in Chicago on important business. At the Palmer House, where I was stopping, I met Senator Gorman, of Maryland, who had just returned with several other Senators from a Far Western trip.

One evening, while we were sitting together and talking of matters political, the Senator mentioned that during the trip he and his son had read my book, "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States." He remarked that it aided him towards a clearer view of the sources and early growth of our form of government. This remark was followed up with a surprising suggestion. S. S. Cox, the Minister to Turkey, had resigned, or was about to resign, the Senator said, and he would like to recommend me to the President for appointment to that post. It would provide suitable circumstances, he added, for further studies of government.

The entire conversation served to make me think along new lines. Occupying my consciousness, it diverted my course in a way of which I had not dreamed. I was married, had two small children, and with these responsibilities was deeply absorbed in making my way in business. I had no thought of a political career, nor of service in the diplomatic corps. I had never



Oscar S. Straus, from a photograph taken in Constantinople in 1888, soon after his arrival in Turkey on his first diplomatic mission

given much attention to our foreign relations.

When I returned to New York, I conferred with my father and brothers. They encouraged me wholeheartedly, saying they would look after my interests and not permit them to suffer. Without this generous offer on their part the position would have been impossible, for to maintain it adequately would require an expenditure of several times my salary.

The salary of Minister to Turkey had been reduced to \$7,500, though subsequently restored to \$10,000; and in order to live properly we had to rent a winter house in the capital and a summer house outside, or live in hotels, as Mr. Cox and his predecessor, General Lew Wallace, did. General Wallace was restricted to his salary, and felt compelled to decline the invitations of his colleagues because he was not in position to reciprocate. His "Ben Hur," by the way, he had written before his sojourn in the East, and not afterward, as is often supposed.

Shortly after this time the relations

between Senator Gorman and President Cleveland became strained. This had the effect of shelving all his recommendations for appointments. The Senator apprised me of the situation, and advised me to use such influence as I might be able to command.

Originally the post had not been of my seeking, but now that my expectations had led me to make all sorts of new plans I wanted to see it through. Help was freely offered, and from sources so gratifying that a mere expression of interest would have been flattering.

I also conferred with Carl Schurz, with whom I stood on intimate terms, and with John Foord, another friend. In the early 80's we used to have a lunch club that met about once in two weeks at a little French restaurant, Louis Sieghortner's, at 32 Lafayette Place, now Lafayette Street, in a house that had been a former residence of one of the Astors. We used to discuss various political and reform matters—the "Mugwump" movement, the Cleveland campaigns, or what not. There were ten or twelve of us, and Carl Schurz was one:

Charles R. Miller, a leading editorial writer of the "Times," who died on July 18, was another; and John Foord, whose death by accident occurred in Washington only a few days ago as I write, was another. Foord was then editor-in-chief of the "Times." He took up my appointment with both President Cleveland and Secretary of State Bayard. Schurz encouraged me and said he would speak to Oswald Ottendorfer about having me appointed. Ottendorfer, proprietor of the "New-Yorker Staatszeitung," was a client of our law firm and knew me well. Subsequently I saw him, and he wrote to Cleveland strongly recommending the appointment.

Cleveland was favorably impressed, but hesitated. America's chief concern in Turkey, he said, was the protection of the American missionary interests. He would not like to appoint any one to this mission who might be objected to by the two missionary societies, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the Presbyterian Board of Missions.

A. S. Barnes, the publisher, was an important member of the American Board. Barnes knew me well. He had been in frequent consultation with our law firm when we represented Brooklyn in its action to compel the Atlantic Avenue Railroad to sink its tracks. Barnes brought the matter before his Board, resulting in its Prudential Committee sending a letter to Cleveland expressing full approval of my appointment. They merely suggested that I be asked not to hold any receptions on the Sabbath, as one of my predecessors had done. This intimation was not necessary, as I would naturally have refrained from offending the religious sensibilities of my nationals at that post.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

The greatest American preacher of his time, Henry Ward Beecher, heard through one of his trustees of Plymouth Church that I was being considered for the Turkish post, and that there was some hesitation about appointing me because of my religion. He wrote a notable letter to the President on February 12, 1887. I am happy to be the possessor of the original, which was given me by Governor Porter, then the First Assistant Secretary of State, and I quote from it:

Some of our best citizens are solicitous for the appointment of Oscar Straus as Minister to Turkey. Of his fitness there is a general consent that he is personally, and in attainments, eminently excellent.

But I am interested in another quality—the fact that he is a *Hebrew*. The bitter prejudice against Jews, which obtains in many parts of Europe, ought not to receive any countenance in America. It is because he is a Jew that I would urge his appointment as a fit recognition of this remarkable people, who are becoming large contributors to Ameri-

can prosperity and whose intelligence, morality, and large liberality in all public measures for the welfare of society deserve and should receive from the hands of our Government some such recognition.

Is it not, also, a duty to set forth, in this quiet but effectual method, the genius of American government?—which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them without regard to civil, religious, or race peculiarities as common citizens? We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany. We reject no man because he is a Frenchman. Why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey? The ignorance and superstitions of medieval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age. But how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew, I cannot imagine. Christianity itself sucked at the bosom of Judaism. Our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in Evolution—and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock on which it was grown.

While recuperating at Atlantic City from a cold I received news of my appointment. A few days later I was taken on a department tour through the intricacies of relations with the Ottoman Empire under the guidance of the Third Assistant Secretary, John Bassett Moore, now the noted authority on international law, and Alvah A. Adee, that distinguished veteran of the State Department, who has broken in diplomats to

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Henry Ward Beecher

State
and
July 17/67
July 12. 1867
Brooklyn N.Y.

Prover Cleveland

Dear Mr. President

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their duties for more than forty years. With Adee at his desk the Department could always carry on.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The day I arrived in Washington I called upon the President. Replying to a question, I told him I would leave for my post April 9.

"That is businesslike," he said. "I like that."

He seemed to be very much pleased with the reception of my appointment by the press throughout the country.

My selection as the head of an important mission appeared to the press all the more significant because of the Kelley trouble two years before. A. M. Kelley, of Richmond, a Cleveland nominee for Minister to Italy, was declared *persona non grata* by the Italian Government because he once publicly denounced King Victor Emmanuel for his treatment of the Pope. Cleveland then appointed him Minister to Austria-Hungary, but that nation, then a member of the Triple Alliance, preferred to present objections rather than displease her Italian ally. Austria-Hungary used as a basis for her objections the fact that Kelley's wife was a Jewess. The President and Secretary Bayard were incensed. Both rebuked this religious bigotry publicly, the President in his annual Message to Congress and the Secretary of State in the

following answer to the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Washington:

It is not within the power of the President, nor of the Congress, nor of any judicial tribunal in the United States, to take or even hear testimony, or in any mode to inquire into or decide upon the religious belief of any official; and the proposition to allow this to be done by any foreign government is necessarily and *a fortiori* inadmissible.

Two days later, by appointment of Colonel Lamont, the President's secretary, Mrs. Straus and I, accompanied by brother Isidor and E. G. Dunnell, New York "Times" correspondent, called on Mrs. Cleveland in the Green Room of the White House. I vividly recall this visit. Mrs. Cleveland came into the room with a sprightly and unceremonious walk, very friendly, with charm of manner and a sufficient familiarity to put us entirely at our ease. She was a very handsome woman, with remarkable sweetness of expression, and her appearance symbolized beauty and simplicity.

What most impressed me about the Clevelands, after these two visits, was the simple, unassuming manner that was so in keeping with the spirit of our laws and the democracy of our institutions. Verily, I thought, in the words of Cleveland himself, "a public office is a public trust," and while administering such office we are but for a time the servants of the people.

LONDON AND PARIS GRACIOUS TO AMERICAN ENVOY

Before leaving Washington we again called on the President, as agreed. In his entire conversation and attitude he expressed satisfaction with my appointment. He said he understood the missionaries were doing good work, and he felt sure from what he had learned of me that they would receive impartial and just treatment at my hands. He commented on the fact that the press of the country had been so unanimously in favor of my appointment.

"I wished they would go for you a little; I have something to give them," he said. From Mr. Dunnell I learned later the meaning of this remark. He had received a letter from the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, highly approving of his appointing me as Minister to Turkey and indorsing me of their own accord in unqualified terms. This letter he was holding to give to the press should any unfavorable comment be made because a member of the Hebrew race was being sent to a post where the Christian mission interests were so large.

Mr. Cleveland's parting remark to me was: "I know you will do well; I have no trepidation—none at all."

On Saturday, April 9, at 6 A.M. we—my wife, Aline, the younger of our little daughters, and myself—sailed out of the harbor on the S.S. Aurania. My one prayer in bidding farewell to my home

was that I might find no vacant seat round my table upon my return, and that I might discharge my high trust with credit to my beloved country and with honor to my friends and myself. For this no sacrifice would be too great.

London and Paris were hospitable and gracious to an American envoy on his way to the Orient. In London I got the Turkish view of affairs while dining with the veteran Turkish diplomat, Rusten Pasha, who represented the Sultan at the Congress of Berlin. I met many literary people, editors, authorities on constitutional government, with whom I was eager to exchange opinions.

We spent one pleasant evening with Dr. and Mrs. John Chapman, of the "Westminster Review." My article on "The Development of Religious Liberty in America" was appearing in a current number of the "Review." The Chapmans were good friends of George Eliot and Professor Lewes. In fact, the novelist and the professor first met at the Chapman home. Dr. Chapman also told me that he was the one who first employed George Eliot in literary work. He became editor of the "Review" in 1851 and engaged her as associate editor.

The impetuous personality of General Boulanger, the fire-eating Teutonophobe Minister of War, dominated the thought of Paris. The idol of the revanchists and the populace in general, Boulanger was at this time about fifty years of age, but looked younger. Of pleasing appearance, with brown hair and closely trimmed beard, he seemed more Anglo-American than French.

We were at luncheon at the beautiful residence of Count Dillon, outside of Paris. The General entertained us with an account of his experiences as the delegate of France to our Yorktown Centennial Exhibition.

"With your American officers I travel as far as the Pacific Ocean. They show me their fortifications. They ask me what I think."

Turning to Mrs. Straus, he continued, with a twinkling eye: "You know your American fortifications. What can I say? It is not for a guest and a friendly fellow-soldier to tell how antiquated and insignificant these fortifications are. No! So I say: 'Splendid! Never have I seen such protection; and why? Because no country has two such big ditches in front of their fortifications—the Atlantic and the Pacific.'"

When the champagne was being drunk, each made some observation. Turning to the General, I said: "May you administer the War Department so well that posterity may honor you as the great preserver of peace!"

To this he responded that for fifteen years France had pocketed insults, and the time had arrived when she must be ready for the offensive. At a subsequent meeting he asked whether I would be willing to assume charge of French interests in Turkey if war came. I said that, while I was personally willing, this

was something for my Government to decide.

The subsequent meteoric career of Boulanger is history. For two years his personality dominated French politics and became an open menace to the Republic. Then came his fall. He fled from Paris when a warrant was signed for his arrest, and was afterwards condemned for treason. In 1891 he committed suicide on the grave of his mistress in a cemetery at Brussels.

While in Paris we dined with Mr. and Mrs. William Seligman. Among the many distinguished guests was the noted Hungarian artist, Munkacsy, who painted "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters" and "Christ before Pilate." Mrs. Straus's face seemed to interest him very much. The dinner over, he sat beside her all evening. He admired her plain style of hair-dress, remarking it was most becoming and natural. He intimated that he wanted to paint her face in a picture, and expressed great regret when he learned that we intended to leave Paris in a few days. A heavy man, with bushy hair and beard, and with unusually small and inexpressive eyes, he looked a laborer; in fact, he was a carpenter before he became a painter.

He talked little. His wife, showy and loud, presented a strong contrast. After dinner, we were entertained by a young musical prodigy who has since become famous in his profession throughout the world, Joseph Hoffman.

CONSTANTINOPLE, CITY OF PICTURESQUE DIRT

We left for Vienna on May 10. At that time there was no railway connection with Constantinople. The Oriental Express went by way of Bucharest to Varna, on the Black Sea. From there we went by steamship to Constantinople. The view as we passed through the Bosphorus and approached Constantinople had the effect upon me of a dream. I suddenly realized how much of my Homer I had forgotten—the Homer on whom I had spent years of hard study. However, most of us meet so many new subjects that have a more direct relation to our surroundings that it is next to impossible to get that "elegant leisure" necessary for a continued interest in the classics.

My predecessor, S. S. Cox, having been given the sobriquet of "Sunset Cox" in the States, had christened the Legation steam launch Sunset. When we reached the quay at Constantinople, we were met by the Sunset, with the officials of the Legation and Consulate aboard. There being no residence at the Legation, we took an apartment at the Royal Hotel. Later, with summer approaching, we engaged the entire second floor at the hotel in Therapia, some twelve miles from Constantinople on the Bosphorus, near the entrance of the Black Sea. Several other Ministers lived at the same hotel.

Our first impression from the windows



The harbor of Constantinople

of the Royal Hotel in Constantinople was of picturesque dirt. As Mrs. Straus said at the time, dirt not only on the hard earth roads and the people, but even on the dogs. In time, however, one is less impressed by the dirt than by the picturesqueness—the venders calling out their wares of fish, fruit, meat, vegetables, all carried on the edges of baskets covered with leaves; the water-carriers with their urns carried on yokes; and the veiled women.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was in Constantinople as a special envoy to negotiate regarding the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt. Acquaintance with him soon ripened into friendship. He was in that awkward situation which sometimes develops when special envoys are sent on missions into territory already represented by an accredited diplomat. There was an evident estrangement between Wolff and Sir William White, the British Ambassador. Both were exceptionally able men.

Wolff, being detained longer on his mission than he had anticipated, was also compelled to seek rooms at Therapia. He was unable to find suitable accommodations, so we shared part of our suite with him. This arrangement proved to be very pleasant and diplomatically advantageous. I got the benefit of Wolff's tried experience in Oriental diplomacy.

Frequently we all dined together in the large *salon* of our apartment. Our party usually included the Dutch Minister, Baron van Tets, and his wife, both very charming. Baron van Tets subsequently became Minister to Berlin, later Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Immediately after my arrival at my post I communicated with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Said Pasha, to present my credentials and arrange for

an audience with the Sultan. It was one of the insidious peculiarities of the Sultan to delay audiences by making successive appointments and postponements. This—or so the Sultan must have thought—might impress the new representatives of foreign governments with the importance of his Majesty.

At this time also Ramazan, the month of fasting, was observed, and only the most pressing official functions took place during that time.

AN AMBASSADOR'S £300 WIFE

We looked forward with more than usual interest to the evening of our dinner at the Persian Embassy. The Persian Ambassador's wife had been a Circassian slave whom he bought for three hundred pounds, with a horse thrown into the bargain. However, everything and everybody was quite

European, and there was nothing extraordinary about the occasion, after all. The Ambassador's wife was of course typically Circassian; chalky white skin, soft black eyes, small features, an unattractive figure unattractively dressed, with whom conversation was almost nil because she knew only Turkish.

The streets of Pera, the European part of Constantinople, are exceedingly narrow and very hilly, for the city is built on several hills, like ancient Rome; in addition they are poorly paved and dirty. This makes driving dangerous; and, as in mediæval times, sedan chairs are quite generally in use as a means of conveyance for the ladies of the diplomatic corps and the wives of the higher Turkish officials, especially at night to dinners and other official functions. Two sinewy porters carry these chairs, one in front and the other behind, and they shuffle along with considerable rapidity. Usually the lady is carried while the gentleman, preceded by his kavass in the case of a diplomat, walks alongside, except in inclement weather, when he follows also in a chair.

I am reminded of the wife of the German Ambassador at the time, a large, heavy woman, whom the porters quite justly charged double. She, however, was entirely oblivious of her extra avoirdupois and always complained of the injustice of these porters. The Austrian and Russian Embassies were particularly difficult of approach by conveyance other than the sedan.

We certainly were living in a new sphere of life, in a strange land among strange people with customs and habits that brought to mind the age of the patriarchs. There was much to see where some thirty nationalities lived and did business as if in their own homes—much to wonder at, much to deplore, much to praise and admire.

IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE

ABDUL HAMID's reception of an American diplomat is faithfully described in next week's installment of "Under Four Presidents." Even the egg-shaped coffee cups resting in jewel-studded holders are depicted. The Sultan is further described at his prayers in the mosque. Mr. Straus reports a series of interesting diplomatic tangles, including his defense of the sale of the Bible in Turkey, and his reopening of the American missionary schools. He concludes the chapter with a vivid account of a journey to Cairo and a close-up of the Khedive.

A FORT WHICH NOT EVEN PACIFISTS OBJECT TO

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



A FOREST SERVICE LOOKOUT STATION PLACED ON A THIRTY-FOOT STEEL TOWER LOCATED ON BLACK FOX MOUNTAIN, IN THE SHASTA NATIONAL FOREST

Watch towers such as these are forts holding the line against the invasion of ever-threatening fires—of fires which neither give nor take quarter

From Everett Smith, McCloud, Cal.

THE BOOK TABLE

SUMMER NOVELS WORTH WHILE

THE midsummer novels have been unusually notable for that season as to intrinsic value or authorship, or both. There are not many single weeks even in the full flood of the fall season that bring into the Book Table stories by such well-esteemed writers as Mrs. Wharton in this country and Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Maxwell in England, to say nothing of half a dozen others which certainly are not "hot weather novels" in the sense of being as light and unenduring as summer butterflies.

Mrs. Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon" is cosmopolitan in setting and scenery, so that she now shows us New York's social "upper class" (horrid phrase) out of their habitat. It is inevitably compared with "The Age of Innocence," and by some critics with her first success, "The House of Mirth." Probably these three books have attracted more readers than any of her other novels, not because they are finer in execution or in study of social philosophy, but because they are more definite in setting and plan. In the new book, as invariably with Mrs. Wharton's work, the writing is restrained; it has no appeal to emotionalism or mere love of excitement. She creates her characters, each clearly marked with individual moral and mental traits; then she places them in certain conditions to which they must inevitably react in accordance with character. In this story, for instance, a charming and cultivated young couple, with a wide circle of society friends but without much money, deliberately marry with the idea of "carrying on" for at least one year by complaisantly accepting favors of substantial value; in a superior kind of way they live on their friends. But they find that this entails submergence of self-respect, and indirect payment involves disintegration of moral independence. They differ as to how far their complaisance can be carried; and on that rock their marriage nearly wrecks, to be saved by final recognition of the fact that happiness does not really depend on luxurious living and society ostentation, but on something quite different. The romance bestowed by wealth loses its glamour and the romance of life and love as they rest on independence prevails. "Oh, the blessed moral strength that wealth confers!" proves an illusory sentiment. Mrs. Wharton is too good an artist to argue the case; she lets the people and the circumstances bring the answer. The situation is held close in hand and the reader's interest is never allowed to drop. "The Glimpses of the Moon" cer-

tainly sustains its author's recognized position among the leaders in American fiction.

W. B. Maxwell's "Spinster of This Parish" is the story of a woman's love for a man, a love that could be restrained by no obstacles, broken by no hardships, destroyed by no conventions of society. If the lives of these two people had been actual, theirs would have been one of the few surpassing love stories of history. Legally she is his mistress. The man so honored is an explorer, a seeker of fame and danger, an erratic, boyish, self-confident figure. His wife is hopelessly insane, divorce impossible under English law. But the young, quiet, reserved girl Emmeline breaks with her parents, accompanies her beloved explorer to South America, nearly dies and suffers terrible dangers in crossing the Andes with him, for many years comforts and aids him in his efforts to reach the South Pole, cherishes belief that he is alive when every one else believes he has perished, and finally, in advanced middle age, when the insane wife dies, the "spinster of this parish" is wedded to her man. All this is saved from being ignoble by the spinster's dignity, devotion, and steadfastness.

The way in which the spinster's story is introduced to the reader is singular and arresting. When she is asked for counsel by a young girl whose marriage is opposed by her parents, the spinster advises conciliation rather than rashness and says that she "has her reasons." Then the author remarks, "Her reasons were these"—and practically the whole narrative follows. It is strong in its appeal to one's sympathy, but not given to sentimentalism. In absorbing story interest it is, in my opinion, far away ahead of most recent novels.

"This Freedom" is the title of the eagerly expected new novel by the author of "If Winter Comes." It is hardly fair to hope from any author who has just had practically every one reading one of his books that he should forthwith duplicate or exceed that success. It is enough to hope that he will turn out sound, interesting work on a level with his other literary performances. This and more can truly be said of "This Freedom." It will be widely read and justly praised, although there is in it no one single character who appeals so persistently to one's sympathy and liking as did Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes." This new book is more of a problem novel. Its style is oddly ejaculatory; the pages abound in short, sometimes repetitive sentences that

strike at the same point again and again. The girl Rosalie, who somewhat precociously sees that men have things all their way and that they are important even if generally "beasts," chooses to rival men in their own field, becomes an expert financier and a banker, then, with her husband's agreement, tries to be both a home-maker and a business woman, and falls lamentably in getting her children started right in life. Their tragedies convince her that "this freedom" of hers is a failure, and the book ends with a new start in making a real home influence for her grandchild. Criticism and comparison aside, this novel is sure to provoke discussion and will be read by every one who wants to keep abreast of the most important fiction work of the year.

For the lover of the robust and adventurous plot story with added literary ability I find among the midsummer books three especially entertaining and worth while. Mr. Bacher's "In the Days of Poor Richard" not only gives us a delightful picture of Benjamin Franklin the man, but also stirring incidents of Indian fighting and historic glimpses of England and America in Revolutionary times. Mr. Warwick Deeping in "The House of Adventure" shows that a vigorous and striking novel of the Great War and the days just after can be made into spirited fiction, despite some people's prejudice against war novels. One particularly enjoys the introduction of Clemenceau at the end as informal judge of village villains. The tale is alive with incident and crises of danger and love. Mr. Sabatini's "Captain Blood" is a semi-historical story beginning with the Monmouth rebellion and then taking the hero to the West Indies as a labor-slave. His intrepidity and resource make him a captain of buccaneers, and later, like the famous pirate Morgan, he becomes commander of a British warship. The book is not quite as good as "Scaramouche," for that was singularly original in subject and treatment, but "Captain Blood" nevertheless has a good chance of being also a best seller.

In a quieter vein and both marked with sincere workmanship and sound spiritual psychology are Elsie Singmaster's "Bennett Malin" and Edith Dart's "Sareel." The first is an unsparing analysis of a would-be author of prodigious conceit whose self-magnification brings injury to all about him; the second, a surprisingly delicately wrought picture of the love and personality of a

¹ In the Days of Poor Richard. By Irving Bacher. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

² The House of Adventure. By Warwick Deeping. The Macmillan Company, New York.

³ Captain Blood. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

⁴ Bennett Malin. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

⁵ Sareel. By Edith Dart. Bont & Liveright, New York.

¹ The Glimpses of the Moon. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

² Spinster of This Parish. By W. B. Maxwell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

³ This Freedom. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

workhouse girl (Sareel is short for Sarah Hill)—a "helpless inarticulate victim pursued by vindictive destiny,"

yet brought into a safe haven at last by her stanchness and basic firmness of character. R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY KING'S COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By W. C. King. The History Associates, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Novel features accompany this popular history of the Great War. The pages are broken up by boxheads and black-face sub-heads, topical but not alphabetical indices precede the chapters, and detached "visualized charts" are inclosed in envelopes. These features will scarcely appeal to readers of conservative taste. The story of the war includes its aftermath, the work coming down to "the eighth year of the war," as the author calls the year 1921. The book brings out strongly the evil aspects of German militarism. The style is crisp and incisive, and many of the Great War's dramatic events are presented in vivid word pictures.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

JOHN MASEFIELD: A CRITICAL STUDY. By W. H. Hamilton. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50.

An aid to the immortality of Mr. Masefield that by turns embarrasses the admirer of his art with its unrestrained hyperbole and gratifies him with an occasional flash of acute insight. In interpretation and discriminating criticism much of the book is almost wholly deficient; it is saturated with enthusiasm that one could wish more finely tempered by intelligence.

POETRY

NEGRO FOLK RHYMES. By Thomas W. Talley, of Fisk University. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

Professor Talley's idea in the compilation of this stout volume was a praiseworthy one, for, while a deal of attention has been paid to Negro spirituals, but little examination of the more purely secular music has been made. He falls in a laxity of investigation which permits the inclusion of distorted Mother Goose rhymes and even some of Stephen Foster's melodies as examples of folk rhyme peculiar to the Negro alone. It is to be expected that a certain amount of material, stanzas, lines, and phrases from other literature will be found embedded in Negro folk verse, but certainly an entire bit of alien work, however distorted, is not to be regarded as an authentic part of that rich heritage. So excellent, however, is much of the work which the compiler has painstakingly set down that he may well be forgiven his lack of exactitude. Much of the material is of a broad comical order, but there are times when the reader will observe the primitive singer fumbling toward a poetical utterance.

IN APRIL ONCE. By William Alexander Percy. The Yale University Press. \$1.50.

The idea that a lawyer is too matter of fact to write poetry has been exploded by Edgar Lee Masters and Arthur Davila Locke. To be added to the ranks of

poetical lawyers is the name of William Alexander Percy. In his book (it is a second volume of verse by him) he betrays a legal mind by sticking closely to safe precedents. Although his poems are in old measures and his themes are time-honored subjects, he does manage to imbue them with an individuality, although it must be admitted that it is not emphatic. He adds to the "Do you remember" school of poetry (always a weakness of *young* men) the following piece, which may be quoted as representative of the book:

TO BUTTERFLY

Do you remember how the twilight stood
And leaned above the river just to see
If still the crocus buds were in her hood
And if her robes were gold or shadowy?
Do you remember how the twilight stood
When we were lovers and the world
our wood?

And then, one night, when we could find no word
But silence trembled like a heart—like mine!—
And suddenly that moon-enraptured bird
Awoke and all the darkness turned to wine?
How long ago that was! And how absurd
For us to own a wood that owned a bird!

They tell me there are magic gardens still,
And birds that sleep to wake and dream to sing,
And streams that pause for crocus skies to fill;
But they that told were lovers and 'twas spring.
Yet why the moon to-night's a daffodil
When it is March—Do you remember still?

Old-fashioned? Yes, but there will be many to like it.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

SONG OF SONGS (THE). Translated by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$3.

There are two interpretations of the "Song of Solomon," the one adopted here by Dr. Jastrow and in his English Reader's Bible by Dr. Moulton, which regards it as a collection of ancient love songs; the other, adopted by Ewald and by Renan, which regards it as a love drama. Dr. Jastrow's argument against the latter view would be conclusive if by a love drama we understood a modern play acted on the stage of a theater with change of scenery and a great company representing the royal Court. But it loses its effect if we regard it as a song drama recited or sung by an Oriental story-teller. On the other hand, if

it is only a group of love lyrics of a decidedly sensuous character, we cannot but wonder how it ever found its way into an anthology of religious literature, whereas it distinctly belongs there if it is a drama in which love and ambition are rival suitors of a woman's heart and in which love triumphs with the declaration by the peasant lover:

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance
of his house for love,
He would be utterly contemned.

As "love lyrics of ancient Palestine" we can well let the Song of Solomon be forgotten, but as a love drama it will never lose its literary beauty or its moral power.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES (THE). By Thomas James Norton. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Frederick A. Ogg and P. Orman Ray. The Century Company, New York. \$3.75.

RUSSIA TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Paul N. Millukov. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

POETRY

SELECTED POEMS OF LAURENCE BINTON. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

JESUS AND LIFE. By Rev. Joseph F. McFadden, D.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE WORLD TODAY. By Grace Hutchins and Anna Rochester. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.

LIFE STORIES FROM THE OLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Jenny B. Merrill, Ph.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.

LITTLE BOOK OF SERMONS (A). By Lynn H. Hough. The Abingdon Press, Cincinnati.

NEW CHURCHES FOR OLD. A Plea for Community Religion. By John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

UNUSED POWERS. By R. H. Conwell. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.

SCIENCE

BOOK OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE. By A. F. Collins. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Sport

CHASING AND RACING. By Harding Cox. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

HISTORY OF FLY FISHING FOR TROUT (A). By Major John W. Hills. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$3.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEHIND THE MIRRORS. By the Author of "The Mirrors of Washington." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

BOOK OF THE PIKE (THE). By O. W. Smith. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$3.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION (AN). By Pitman B. Potter. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

INTRODUCTION TO WORLD POLITICS (AN). By Herbert Adams Gibbons. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

YOUTH AND THE OPEN DOOR. By George R. Wells. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

DU PONT



Into your home He has brought a wealth of Comforts!

WHEN you reach the close of this paragraph, stop reading for a minute examine the room you are sitting in, its furnishings and fittings then with that picture in your mind, try to imagine the same room in your great-grandfather's day (stop here and look and think!)

. quite a difference, wasn't there, in the two rooms? In yours are comforts and conveniences that your great-grandfather never even wished for . . . they were unthought of in his day.

Commonplaces they are in your eyes, but in your great-grandfather's eyes miracles! Yet this wonderful change in life has come only in this past century the century that has seen the Chemical Engineer take his rightful place in the world's industries. For it is he who, more than any other, has wrought this difference in the surroundings of life and brought into your home a wealth of comforts.

* * *

THE contributions of the Chemical Engineers of the du Pont Company to the comforts and conveniences of today's life, are a source of no little pride to us.

The du Pont Company has from its very beginning been building upon the foundation of chemistry and has always been one of the country's large employers of chemists. When the invention of dynamite and the appearance of other high explosives began to call for



increasingly higher types of chemists, for men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, it was but natural that the du Pont Company's leadership brought together one of the finest chemical staffs in America. And also it was natural for this chemical staff, in its researches seeking to improve du Pont explosives, to come upon other uses for the materials they worked with, and so in time came a series of du Pont products seemingly unrelated to explosives.

Thus came improved Pyralin for toiletware and many other articles—better Fabrikoid for the upholstery of fine furniture, for luggage, binding books and scores of other uses. These are examples of the way in which du Pont Chemical Engineers have adapted different products for your use from similar basic materials.

Thus came a complete line of paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers for the decoration and preservation of the country's homes, cars, furniture, etc. Thus arose, too, the manufacture of dyes, which are based upon the same materials that explosives are based upon, and thus also came many chemicals that America's industries must have.

* * *

ON all of these products, so varied in usefulness, you find the du Pont Oval as a guarantee of excellence and as a sign that they come to you through the aid of du Pont Chemical Engineers.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



Around the World

by Specially Chartered New, Oil-burning
Cunard Liner

SAMARIA

20,000 TONS

January 24 to May 31, 1923

Sailing Eastward from New York

CRUISE LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS

One long Springtime around the world—127 joyous, crowded days of fascinating visits to the nations of the world and the wonders of ancient history—to picturesque Mediterranean cities, alluring Egypt—four weeks in India, Dutch East Indies, and Straits Settlements—to Saigon in Indo-China, to the Philippines and China—two weeks in Spring-crowned Japan—to Hawaii and homeward by San Francisco and Panama Canal.

The beautiful, well and adequately appointed and exceptionally suitable steamer plus the definitely limited membership will assure to each guest the greatest comfort, privacy and personal attention. This is a Golden Jubilee Cruise, celebrating the 50th year since the first world-tour was conducted by Thomas Cook, the founder of our organization.

Full Information and Literature on Request

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Avenue
Boston Chicago Los Angeles Toronto
Philadelphia San Francisco Montreal Vancouver

"Don't-Snore"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S., Canada, U.K., Britain, Patents
STOPS SNOZING STOPS MOUTH BREATHING
Sent on approval to any reliable person, 12-CZ 52-30
SIMPLE DEVICE CO., Middleburg, Va., Box 22

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

The New Year's Issue of

The Jewish Tribune

will be of distinctly artistic value, and dedicated to the great event of the year, the Palestinian Mandate, which practically assures the rehabilitation of the Holy Land.

In keeping with the importance of the event, the issue will be handsomely printed and will be a souvenir number to be treasured in every home as something worth while. Anyone desiring a copy should write to The Jewish Tribune, 1328 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamps for 25c., and the copy will be promptly forwarded. The issue will appear on the twenty-second of September.

A PLAIN TALK ON ADVERTISING

BY ROGER C. HOYT

WHEREVER one turns to-day, he is confronted by advertisements.

They fill up two-thirds of your favorite magazine or newspaper. They stare at you from enormous billboards and are painted on the sides of buildings. They glitter in huge electric signs which turn night into day. If you ride in a street car, your attention is caught by a many-colored card telling you to "Chew Wrigley's Gum" or how to "Keep that School-girl Complexion." Advertisements stare you out of countenance or sneak up on you surreptitiously. But you can't dodge them. You naturally ask, "What is this all about?" "Are such huge expenditures for advertising justified?" "Are these advertisements truthful or misleading?"

There is still too much mystery in advertising. Some people regard it as a mysterious something which will bring miraculous sales overnight. Others, of a more suspicious nature, look upon advertising as a modern gold brick and the advertising man as the natural successor to the patent-medicine faker who sold hair oil, warranted to grow hair on a billiard ball in twenty-four hours, from a soap-box in the village street.

Again, many people regard advertising as an unwarranted expense which increases the cost of the article advertised. How often the question is asked, "Who pays for the advertising?" And, judging from the many attempted answers, even the advertising men themselves have rather vague ideas on this point.

Perhaps a very brief statement of how properly applied advertising really works will therefore be of interest.

I think this whole subject can be greatly simplified if we consider legitimate advertising as just plain "news."

Some years ago a wonderful machine was devised which with a good deal of scratching and rumbling succeeded in reproducing a feeble imitation of the human voice. This was a remarkable invention, and due comment was made in the newspapers. A few people even had courage enough to buy this curious box which, when properly coaxed, emitted a weird assortment of sounds, to the delight of their invited audience and dismay of the next-door neighbors. Then an enterprising business man in Camden, New Jersey, started making improvements in this talking-machine and at the same time started telling people about the new invention. It is true that he paid the magazines and newspapers to print this news and called his announcements advertisements. But what he was really doing was to spread the news of this new form of entertainment broadcast over the land and thus bring to the people a deeper and more intelligent appreciation of good music. Is not the news that Caruso's golden voice can still be heard in one's own home of more genuine value and impor-

ance than the latest divorce scandal or murder case?

Let me carry this thought of "news" a little further. Consider life in a typical American home to-day as compared with that of a generation back. What has brought about the great change in the standard of living? I do not hesitate to attribute it largely to advertising, which is only another name for the dissemination of news regarding articles which make for a fuller and more enjoyable existence.

Very likely the maid is awakened in the morning by a Big Ben alarm clock. She hastens to prepare breakfast, consisting of Sunkist oranges, Yuban coffee, Quaker oats, toast made from Ward's bread, and some crisp strips of Beechnut bacon to serve on a Valsparred table. In the meantime the master of the house is bathing in a Standard sanitary tub with Ivory soap; shaving with Colgate's cream and a Gillette safety razor; donning his B.V.D.'s, Cluett shirt and collar, Holeproof hose, Hart, Schaffner & Marx suit, and Regal shoes. After breakfast he grabs his Stetson hat, jumps into his Buick car, equipped with Goodyear tires, and rides over Barrett Tarviated roads. At the office he sits at a Globe Wernicke Desk and dictates letters through a Dictaphone, which are transcribed on an Underwood typewriter and filed away in a Library Bureau filing cabinet. On his way home he stops at the florist's to "Say It With Flowers," and in the evening enjoys his Robert Burns cigar while listening to the latest fox-trot on the Victrola. And advertising furnished the original impulse for this entire day's programme.

Advertising, because of its news value, has thus been a dominant factor in raising the standard of living and bringing greater comfort and a more healthful and happier life to millions of Americans.

But advertising must also justify itself from an economic standpoint. If it is a tax on the community in the form of higher prices for advertised products, as is frequently claimed, can it be justified? The old question arises, "Who pays for the advertising?"

In my opinion, this question is just about as foolish as to ask, "Who pays for the railways?" or "Who pays for the telegraph and telephone?" These are generally accepted and recognized means of distribution. The railways convey and distribute goods; the telegraph and telephone distribute necessary news and information. Both are indispensable means of communication.

It is true that the country has recently been complaining of high freight rates. But suppose there were no railways. How much would it cost then to transport a barrel of flour from Minneapolis to New York; or a ton of coal from Scranton to Boston?

Suppose there were no telegraphic communication. How much would our

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country.

WEAR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES AND SAVE MONEY.

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 and \$4.50 shoes for boys, best in quality, best in style, best all around shoes for boys.

All W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you.

It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

Write for Catalog Today
Pres. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
1078 Park St., Brockton, Mass.

A PLAIN TALK ON ADVERTISING (Continued)

trade-marks, and good will among its assets at a valuation of \$54,000,000.

And so I think I may safely say that advertising renders a distinct and valuable service to the people of this country. Its news value has enabled progressive manufacturers to tell their story in the quickest and most economical manner. It has raised standards of living, developed a keener appreciation of the beautiful, promoted better health and sanitation, and greatly increased our National wealth.

Manufacturers of bath-tubs and soaps have advertised cleanliness into the consciousness of the American people. Tooth-paste manufacturers are preaching care of the teeth and proper dentistry; food manufacturers are teaching a more careful regulation of one's diet; the largest manufacturer of eye-glass lenses is now spending several hundred thousand dollars to educate people to take proper care of their eyes; a maker of beds talks about the hygienic value of restful sleep.

Makers of pianos and graphophones are selling good music to the public. The stars of grand opera may now be heard in homes from Maine to California; publishers are advertising good literature.

Florists are urging us to "Say It With Flowers." Manufacturers of greeting cards suggest the more widespread distributing of seasonal greetings.

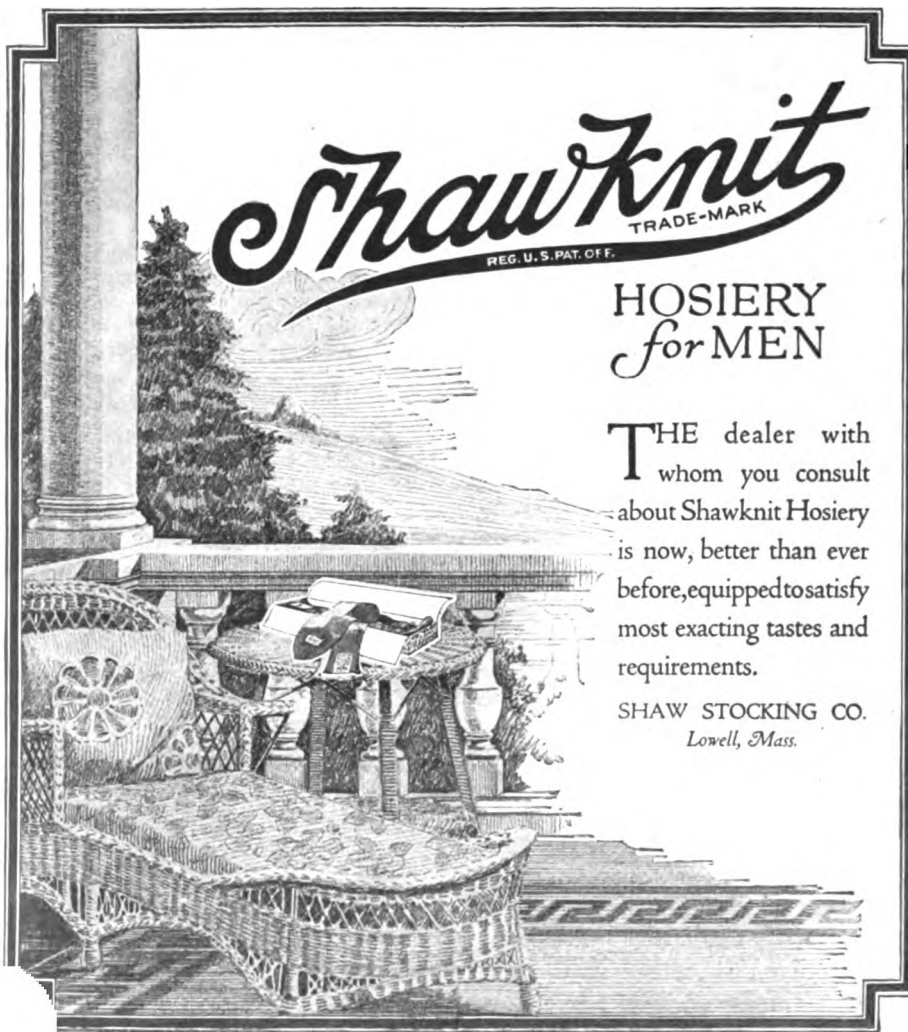
Building material associations are telling us to build our own homes with pine, or redwood, or brick, or stone, as the case may be. We are then advised to roof with fire-proof shingles to avoid fire loss. The paint manufacturers press their slogan—"Save the Surface and You Save All."

Our wives are saved much drudgery by widely advertised appliances such as electric irons, stoves, washing-machines, vacuum cleaners, and kitchen cabinets. Electric fans keep us cool in the summer and heaters keep us warm in the winter. Our whole course of life from the hygienic nursing bottle to the copper-lined casket is made smoother and richer by advertising news which tells us how to secure all those things which may make life really worth while.

And so when you pick up your favorite periodical to-night, don't tear out the advertising pages and cuss the publisher for wasting such a large amount of good white paper. But stop and consider these same advertisements as "news" announcements of the best things which human ingenuity has devised for your comfort, edification, and enrichment. If you will look at the advertisements from this point of view, you will be the gainer in health, wealth, and happiness.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



Shaw Knit
TRADE-MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSIERY for MEN

THE dealer with whom you consult about Shawknit Hosiery is now, better than ever before, equipped to satisfy most exacting tastes and requirements.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

BY THE WAY

"Tut-Bits," the English repository of selected humor, seldom gives credit to the sources of its selections, and many of them strike the reader as the kind of thing he has seen before but can't exactly place. Perhaps this example is a new one—or is it really from Joe Miller?

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this tale before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?

The following, also from an English periodical, the "Weekly Telegraph," strikes a fresh note:

A little girl stood weeping by a pillar-box. Noticing her plight, an old gentleman asked her what was the matter. "I—I wanted to post a letter," she replied, between her sobs, "and not having a stamp, I put two-pence in the slot, but—no stamp has come out!"

Immediately the old gentleman burst into tears. "What are you crying for?" the little girl asked.

"To think," he said, chokingly, "that a nice little girl like you should try to get money out of me with such an old chestnut as that."

Portuguese men are not specially noted for their strength, the champion wrestlers and pugilists being of other nationalities, but Portuguese women, according to a writer in the "Wide World," are enormously strong. "These women," he says, "think nothing of carrying a box weighing well over a hundredweight on the top of their heads. A woman porter carried my steamer trunk, weighing a hundred and twenty pounds, in this way to my hotel, for at least half a mile, up steep hills the whole way! Every conceivable kind of load is carried in this way. Peasant women will carry a closed umbrella neatly balanced on their heads. I once saw a woman coming into market with a sleeping infant in a small round basket on her head, one hand holding the basket and the other an umbrella to shield off the strong rays of the sun."

The "Cornell Widow" thus out-Herrick's Herrick:

Whenas in knickers Julia goes,
Till then, methinks, one scarcely knows
The purpose served by common clothes.

For when I drop my eyes and see
Parentheses from foot to knee,
Oh, how her rashness shocketh me!

A Spaniard writes to the New York "Times" deprecating any attempt to formulate a universal tongue. French, he says, is such a language. "It is absolutely the only language which foreigners can pronounce well, standing midway between the frightful concentration of the English words and the terrific stretching of the Italian and the Spanish words, which offer to foreigners an in-

"The Wild Leopard Has Broken Loose!"

A GREAT wave awash over the ship! A leopard cage turned over, its rotten bottom smashed in—and the leopard loose in a forest of oil barrels on deck!

Frank Buck, collector of wild animals for zoos and circuses, tumbled out of bed at five in the morning by an excited officer. It was up to him to get the animal.

A panic among the passengers! Buck and the ship's officers on edge in the battle to get the animal again—*alive!*

What would you have done?

Buck tells what he did with this beauty of the jungle, and he tells a host of other remarkable tales of adventure in the checkered career of a wild animal collector. In the October

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE on the Orient

More than 50 Illustrations
Special Photograph Insert

Snapshots from Mr. Buck's October installment of beast-and-bird collecting stories:

"As I did the orang rushed towards me. I took another step backward, standing in the position of a boxer. He raised his head a trifle. I hauled off with a good swing. It caught him right on the point of the jaw..."

"At every port (Sumatra) three or four trappers come down to the boat with a crate of monkeys, a couple of tiger cubs, a gibbon, or a baby rhinoceros."

"The snake—twelve and a half feet long—was very wild and every time I approached the box, beat its head against the wires. . . . It has been estimated that 20,000 Indians a year are killed by cobras. . . . Almost all other wild animals will try to get away as soon as they scent man, but the cobra rises up off the ground and glides straight for his opponent. . . . Between me and freedom was the snake . . . not more than three feet from me. . . . If I had had a broom or a heavy stick, but . . ."

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Other Features in the October ASIA

The Price of Blood

By Chester C. McCown

"You must sleep, but we must take revenge on the enemy," Ahmed chanted at the open grave of his mother, who had been killed in a woman's quarrel through which two Arab families of cousins were plunged into a blood feud. Here is seen honor being strangely appeased today according to the law as it existed even in the time of Abraham.

Overcrowded India

By Harold Cox,
Editor of the Edinburgh Review

India has less than two-thirds the area of the United States, but the population is three times as large. The struggle for mere existence is so intense that the lower castes live in a horror of poverty, sickness, starvation and ostracism. Will Indian mothers continue to beget children in the numbers they have?

Amphibious Wanderings in the Near East

By Gertrude Emerson

From Port Said to Constantinople, signagging in and out along the coast of Asia Minor, on the *Falilana*—"a rotten old tub" which, however, proved the means of leading Miss Emerson to strange scenes and enthralling adventures. A delightful, sensitive and sincere article holding a dozen romances in one.

Ashore at Pago Pago

By Edward A. Salisbury

Of all the islands in the South Seas under direct rule of the white man, American Samoa is the only place visited by Edward A. Salisbury where he found the natives really happy, and where the race instead of dying out is increasing and improving. Why? Read what this traveler saw there.

Rosaries of the Great Religions

By Dr. Cornelius H. Patton

Do you realize that no less than three-quarters of the human race use rosaries in their religious devotions today? The Christian Church uses them; Mohammedans, Buddhists, and many other Eastern sects count their prayers by beads. The story of these aids to meditation and the deep psychological reasons for the survival of the rosary are found in this convincing and beautiful article.

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Two very attractive large rooms, together or singly. 3 minutes from station, easy commuting. Excellent cuisine, comfort and home life.

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Italy To let, comfortable furnished apartment from November 1. Conveniently and pleasantly situated. Moderate terms. Address STEGE, 4 Via Montebello, Siena.

New York City. Unusual apartment, 4 rooms, bath, electricity, steam heat, etc., on brow of hill overlooking Hudson and Riverside Drive. Garage. Address 8,197, Outlook.

Board Wanted

PAYING GUESTS

Member of Outlook staff and his wife desire to share a pleasant home as paying guests from October 1 to June 1, within reasonable commuting distance of New York. Garage facilities are required and location near golf club desired. 8,165, Outlook.

Real Estate

BERMUDA

Bermuda—For Rent Furnished cottage, 5 rooms. \$100 per month, \$500 six months. Dr. A. H. FRITH, Hamilton, Bermuda.

CONNECTICUT

Summer Residence with 51 acres of park wood. FOR SALE. \$8,000. Bargain. Ideal location. DeTallac, owner, Colebrook (Beech Hill), Conn.

BUNGALOW with north-light studio, near Silvermine artists. 2 stories, 8 rooms, 3 chambers, sleeping porch, casements, timbered living-room. Garage. Acre. \$8,000, terms. Large acreage if desired. Hour out. FURNISHED. Main line—Norwalk. I. F. CONANT, 132 E. 19th St., New York.

FLORIDA

In Florida—For Rent

Two completely furnished cottages, modern improvements; one 3 rooms, bath, for \$225 for season; other 8 rooms, sleeping porch, sun parlor, garage, dock, \$500, November till May. E. J. BLAIR, Cocoa, Fla., Box M. Fishing, hunting. Facing Indian River. Secure now.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

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If you wish to purchase a beautiful summer estate situate on one of the Great Lakes, within thirty-five miles of one of the large cities of the United States by good automobile road and by water, advise the address below and particulars will be sent you. The house is recently built, of Colonial type, and contains seventeen large, cheerful rooms, including a ball-room and music-room on the third floor, with adequate heating plant for winter use if desired. The grounds are beautifully laid out, cover about thirty-seven acres, and contain caretaker's lodge, large garage, boathouse over 120 feet long and all other necessary improvements for first-class summer home. Address 8,221, Outlook.

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FOR SALE Modern 8-room house, 2 1/2 acres. Gas, electricity. 2 baths, hot-water heat. Variety of fruit. Shade trees and shrubbery. Barn and hen-house. Implements. Address owner, M. O. ALEXANDER, Vineland, N. J.

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ESTABLISHED, exclusive girls' boarding school of Washington, D. C., seeks woman of administrative ability to take charge of academic department and who could invest several thousand dollars, taking part interest in school. Fine opportunity. State age, experience, and give references. 2,185, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. A Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

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EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study of money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet C.M.-21. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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To Proprietors of Winter Resort Hotels

Many advertising schedules for the fall and early winter are now being made up.

The special classified Hotel Section of The Outlook offers a most effective and economical means of reaching many thousands of Outlook readers who take winter vacation trips.

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Department of Classified Advertising

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HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—A young college woman as assistant chaperon in a school who would like to be trained to become a secretary. 2,088, Outlook.

WANTED—Young lady's companion to act as chaperon during winter in Washington. Refer English woman. References required. 2,089, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined Christian woman to live some service to semi-invalid and a little help in the household in exchange for pleasant room, board, and slight remuneration. Several hours free during the day for other employment. Send communications to 2,124, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant as waitress in family employing dietitian and governess. No servants. Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

MOTHER'S helper willing to do upstairs work while children are at school. Long Island. \$60. 2,128, Outlook.

WANTED, in family of 4 business women: Great Neck, Long Island, working housekeeper. Very comfortable room with bath, light work, good home, moderate wages will be offered to right person. Address 2,140, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Young nursery governess for boy 9 and girl 5 years. In country, near New York. 2,090, Outlook.

WANTED—Protestant governess in western Massachusetts for two children, seven and one-half, girl and boy both in school mornings. Good health and even disposition required. Must be able to sew well, fond of out-of-door, and willing to co-operate in general family life. State experience and references. Position permanent. Address Box 107, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wanted as governess for two girls 9 and 6 years. Near New York. Capable of assuming charge of household. Must be of pleasing personality, adaptable and pleasant disposition. Age not over 45. Highest references required, and given. Apply, giving full particulars, to 2,117, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—French Protestant, for girl of nine. Lessons in English and piano. State experience, references, and salary. Mrs. John J. Bishop, Columbus, N. J.

EXPERIENCED governess to teach boy 7, and physical care of girl 4½. State age, method of teaching, experience. References. Connecticut summers. Florida winters. 2,147, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse, refined, sunny disposition, desires position as companion to elderly person, couple, or semi-invalid. Free to travel. References. 2,088, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse would care for invalid or children going to California, via Panama or rail. 2,131, Outlook.

Business Situations

TWO experienced dietitians desire openings other than hospital, November first. 2,084, Outlook.

TRAINED college woman, 2 years' experience, desires position as director of industrial cafeteria, school cafeteria, or dining room. 2,141, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG Englishwoman, highly educated, experienced, traveled, amiable disposition, desires position as companion or secretary. 2,111, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position as managing or companion housekeeper. Willing to travel. Highest references. 2,123, Outlook.

UNDERGRADUATE nurse, with experience, wishes position as nurse, companion. Good traveler. References. 2,112, Outlook.

WOMAN, cultured, Protestant, good traveler, desires position chaperon or companion. 2,127, Outlook.

ENGLISH gentlewoman desires position as companion or governess for child over two years. References. 2,129, Outlook.

COMPANION to young girl. Aalst with studies. Half time. 12 years' experience. Excellent references. 2,116, Outlook.

REFINED young woman desires position as companion for lady wishing to spend the winter in either California or Florida. Miss A. H. Scholl, Mullica Hill, N. J.

CALIFORNIA—Young woman in social work will chaperon young person or take invalid to the coast. 2,119, Outlook.

CHRISTIAN young lady of culture, personality, capable, experienced, traveled, desires direct home for gentleman (Protestant) with motherless children, or companion, chaperon, "elder sister," to lady or girl going South. Superior references given and required. 2,126, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housemother or chaperon in boys' school or club. 2,134, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION—Lady or children school age by Protestant, as family-member. Traveled. Neat sewer, knowledge millinery, adaptable, resourceful, conscientious. Suburb, country. 2,123, Outlook.

CARE of home and children with one or more maids wanted by capable American woman. 12 years in last position. 2,132, Outlook.

COMPANION—secretary and dietitian with lady traveling or family with little children. Care for children, sew, drive car. Pratt graduate. 2,133, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as nursery governess, mother's helper. Preferably near New York. Experienced. Miss Burrill, 8 Solon St., Wellesley, Mass.

CULTURED young lady, pleasing personality, desires position as traveling companion, companion, or home secretary. Excellent references. 2,137, Outlook.

RELIABLE, well educated woman desires position with child over two years old. Speaks English and German. References. 2,145, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary—cultivated woman, 35—to someone spending winter in California, abroad, or in travel. 2,149, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

REFINED, well educated French woman desires position as governess to children or useful companion. Is accustomed to traveling, good sewer. Country preferred. Best of references. Miss O. Vernon, care Mrs. G. A. Chett, Williamstown, Mass.

VISITING tutor-governess to children over six. German, French, piano. 12th year. Prepare for regents. 2,116, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN requires position as governess-companion, or take full charge of small child. Locality no object. 2,121, Outlook.

MATURE teacher, A.M., Ph.D., available. Classics, or psychology—sociology. Two terms post work, Chicago University. Earnest, good speaker. Good references. 2,139, Outlook.

TUTORING—College preparatory history, English, French, German or Spanish readings. Radcliffe A.M. Experienced. References. 2,144, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR adoption—Two very intelligent little girls: one, ten years old, brown hair, grey eyes, slender; one, eleven years old, dark hair, brown eyes, tall and sturdy. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption—Twin boys ten years of age and their sister eight years of age, all sturdy, healthy children of American parentage; very blond and blue eyed. Prefer to have the twins taken together. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

BOARD, room, and tuition free to ten boys willing to wait on table in Eastern preparatory school. 2,132, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

CHILD or young girl accommodated in my home in Colorado Springs. Excellent environment. Intelligent care. Open air school. References exchanged. 2,084, Outlook.

EXCELLENT opportunity for boy from 12 to 16 years. Home and tuition in private school in return for help in the house and on place. Address B. K., 2,109, Outlook.

NEW England hollyhocks from an old England garden. Generous package, 10c. Daphne Ely, Tinker Lane, Lyme, Conn.

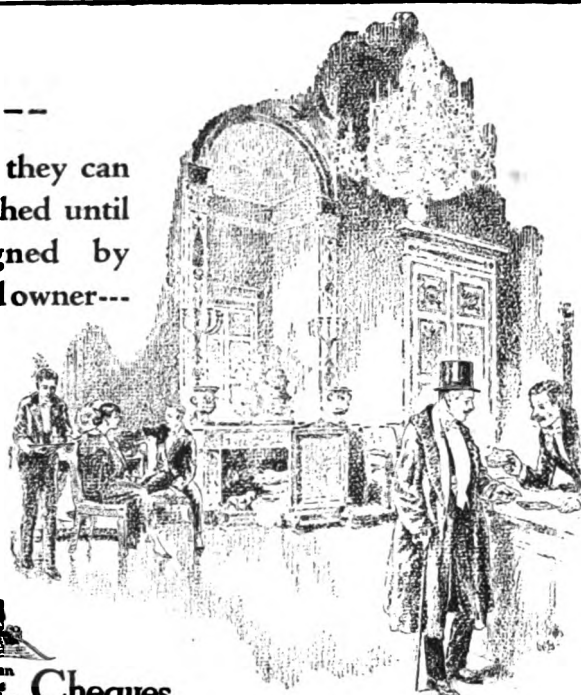
VALUABLE old violin and old Paisley shawl with scarlet center for sale. 2,134, Outlook.

HIGH school, normal, business, law, engineering and college courses thoroughly taught by mail. For special rates, address Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

THE Olivia Sage School of Practical Nursing offers a one year's course in special bedside nursing to a limited number of women. Classes are formed twice a year. Pupils receive maintenance, uniform and salary. Apply to Director, New York Infirmary for Women and Children, 321 East 15th St., New York.

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BY THE WAY

(Continued)

vincible obstacle. The best linguists on earth, the Russians and Hollanders, speak French perfectly, German fairly well, and English in a most distressing manner. Even in this hemisphere south of the Rio Grande English is practically unknown, whereas ninety per cent of the educated classes speak French as fluently as they do their native Spanish or Portuguese."

John Morley, when editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," had for an assistant another distinguished journalist, W. T. Stead. Morley, according to a recently published book, had the scholar's predilection for experts, while Stead questioned their availability in journalism. "Suppose you had to have an article on sun-spots," said Morley, "would you get an astronomer to write it who knows everything about the subject, or a journalist who knows nothing?" "The journalist, most assuredly," Stead replied; "if you get an astronomer to write the article he will write it for astronomers, and use terms which your readers will not understand. The net effect will be that your reader will not learn what you want him to." "But," queried Morley, "is that not setting ignorance to instruct ignorance?" "By no means. It is setting a man who is intelligent to tap the brains of a specialist, and then to serve up his knowledge so that it can be understood by the ordinary reader." Apparently the debate ended here.

An advertisement in a New York newspaper is contributed by a reader who thinks it is as remarkable as any in the "agony" column of the London "Times:"

Wanted.—Well-known poet will exchange manuscript of unpublished volume of verse for use of sparsely furnished cottage for Summer. Address Poet, —.

"A man went into a store and bought a pair of shoes for \$10, and gave the storekeeper a \$50 bill in payment. The shoe man went to the butcher to change the bill, returned and gave his customer \$40 in change. Later the butcher found that the \$50 bill was a counterfeit and the shoe dealer refunded him \$50 in good money. What was the shoe man's loss?"

So writes a subscriber, little knowing, apparently, that he has stated a problem that has taxed the powers of the ablest minds for generations. From a chap-book of the Middle Ages we extract this answer:

"Thys wycked swindleer made his eschape with the shoes and £8 (\$40) in goode monnaie. The merchaunt keppe £2 (\$10). Later hee had to coughe up ye £2 (\$10) with £8 (\$40) of his owne cashe to ye butchyr. So hee loses £8 (\$40) and ye shoes. N. B. If ye shoes coste hym £1 (\$5) to make, hys loss is onlye £9 (\$45)."

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS— BELOW THE EQUATOR

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

POR Charlie Chaplin would be sorely distressed if he saw how coldly his films are received on the other side of the globe.

America's Sweetheart also would not be satisfied with her far-away audience. These queer Peruvians, Chileans, and half a dozen of other recently movie-infected nationalities of South America, all of them are blind to the charms of your Mary.

It is not so much the fault of the players as the film-makers. What is considered "sure fire" in the States does not work there, below the Great Belt. Happy endings leave the audience dissatisfied. The inevitable embrace in the last reel is not seldom met with an open sneer.

Strange creature is the South American. No less than half a dozen murders (on the screen) can satisfy him. Suicides are even more in vogue. And if you want to please his heart thoroughly, kill the hero and make the heroine fade away, mourning him! He is just like a Russian, in this respect.

One of the pictures most popular in South America was "Hijas Perdidas" (Perished Daughters), a melodramatic German production, with a broken-hearted parent in the last scene. He discovers his son lured into a bad house kept by his own daughter! This is meant as a punishment for the sins of his early youth.

There is a nice dying scene, besides, and several love's illusions smashed. Also a couple of ruined girls. Lot of unpunished villains. Tragic ending. The public was delighted.

I am not going to analyze thoroughly the whys of such attitude. It was formed partly because of the Latin craving for stark realism; its tragic stories serve as a consolation for these people whose living conditions are often beggar-like. There is a kind of perverse cheerfulness in the thought that others have to suffer also.

North American optimism is seldom met with among those somber half-Spaniards. Indian blood, freely mixed with the Latin for centuries, probably has something to do with their fatalistic outlook on life. Whatever are the reasons, one is clear: the public below the equator wants tragedies. And the bloodier the better.

This is written partly for the benefit of the film manufacturers; they may some day come to reason and abandon shipping to the far South the "sunny" American dramas. But, aside from this charitable purpose, I strive to remind American readers, actors, and photoplay-writers that the taste of the masses is not standardized the world over. So, in order to gain either world-wide market or world-wide fame, they should season their Extra Sweet Syrup Productions with the bitter spice of pessimism which the public likes immensely—below the equator.

Frederic Taber Cooper, in The New York Herald, says of "This Freedom":

"This volume is destined to be the season's chief bone of contention, the most hotly challenged and debated, quarreled over, wrangled over, praised and exalted for its farsighted wisdom and splendid courage; denounced and flayed for its blindness, its bigotry, its deliberate falsification of life."

THIS FREEDOM

By

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of

IF WINTER COMES

Already it has been praised by John Clair Minot in *The Boston Herald*, W. Orton Tewson in *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*, as well as by Mr. Cooper in *The New York Herald*—flayed by Heywood Brown in *The New York World*, and by Burton Rascoe in *The New York Tribune*—both praised and flayed by Katharine Fullerton Gerould in *The New York Times*, and by Edwin Francis Edgett in *The Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Cooper is right. The early reviews prove his statement. "This Freedom" will be more widely, more heatedly discussed than "If Winter Comes"—which means that you MUST read it.

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The Outlook

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Vol. 132 September 27, 1922 No. 4

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Address all communications to

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

FEW American writers, explorers, lecturers, and special correspondents are better known than George Kennan. As the special correspondent of *The Outlook* in the Russo-Japanese War; in Cuba, in the Spanish War times; in Martinique after the great volcanic eruption; and in other countries, Mr. Kennan has done some of the most notable special correspondence work in the history of this journal. He had for a great many years the pleasure of a peculiarly intimate friendship with Alexander Graham Bell. In this article he is perhaps the first to write about Dr. Bell with hardly a mention of the telephone. The article will be found, we are sure, to be the more interesting in that it is personal and reminiscent rather than scientific in its character.

HERBERT GORMAN is contributing assistant to the New York "Times" Magazine and Book Review Section. He has been spending the summer at the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, principally occupied in finishing his novel, correcting proof on a book of verse which is appearing in the fall, and putting together the Peterborough Anthology.

O. M. KILE, formerly associated with the American Farm Bureau Federation, and an authoritative writer on farm problems, has been in close touch with the members of the Congressional Commission which conducted investigations into the costs of distribution and the effect on the farmer of the pending Tariff Bill, and has given the subject considerable independent study. Mr. Kile is the author of "The Farm Bureau Movement," and writes regularly for the leading agricultural publications.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. MCINTOSH of the United States Navy makes readable a scientific subject. His article was announced in our issue of September 13 as written by Lieutenant Tinker. We wish to correct that statement and apologize for the substitution of names in our advance notice. Lieutenant-Commander McIntosh has been stationed at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola and is a frequent contributor to "Sea Power," "The Naval Institute Proceedings," and numerous aeronautical magazines.

DR. FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT is Chaplain of Saint Luke's Chapel in Paris. During the war he was Chaplain of the 144th Field Artillery in France and before that Rector Emeritus of Trinity Church of San Francisco.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT is secretary of the Conference on Unemployment which was called by President Harding in 1921. He graduated from Harvard in 1910 and assisted in the English Department for two years. For two years he was on the editorial staff of the "American Magazine," and in 1914 went to Europe as war correspondent. He entered the American Red Cross in France, July, 1917, and was decorated for his war services by France, Italy, and Belgium.

A neglected American type depicted by people who know

Real People who are Real Successes



MEREDITH NICHOLSON



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By VICTOR MURDOCK, *Federal Trade Commissioner and author of FOLKS*

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By MEREDITH NICHOLSON, *the well-known novelist*

Many articles have been written about conspicuous men whose careers are notable successes by reason of their wealth or professional positions, but every town has another type—the average successful American who has done his duty to his family and his community and has reached a position of trust and honor in the minds of his neighbors which cannot be measured in the usual terms of success. It is this type of American which will be depicted for the first time in a series to which the three noted writers mentioned above have contributed. To begin

in the OCTOBER SCRIBNER'S

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HONOR ROLL
and HISTORICAL TABLETS
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Stephenson

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*Whenever soap comes
into contact with the
skin—use Ivory.*

Winter ahead!

Down with curtains, off with
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with rugs!

And—

"Good morning, Mr. Robin-
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Curtains! Cretonne, silk, lace
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open-window fluttering—almost
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and wipe off suds with a damp
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restored. Safe for the finest
Orientals! For complete direc-
tions see booklet referred to at
left.

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economically for such household
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so fine that millions of people pre-
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with it every day.*

Have you ever listed the seven
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fine soap should have? They
would probably be:

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|---------------|-------------------|
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| 2 Whiteness | 5 Abundant Lather |
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The Outlook

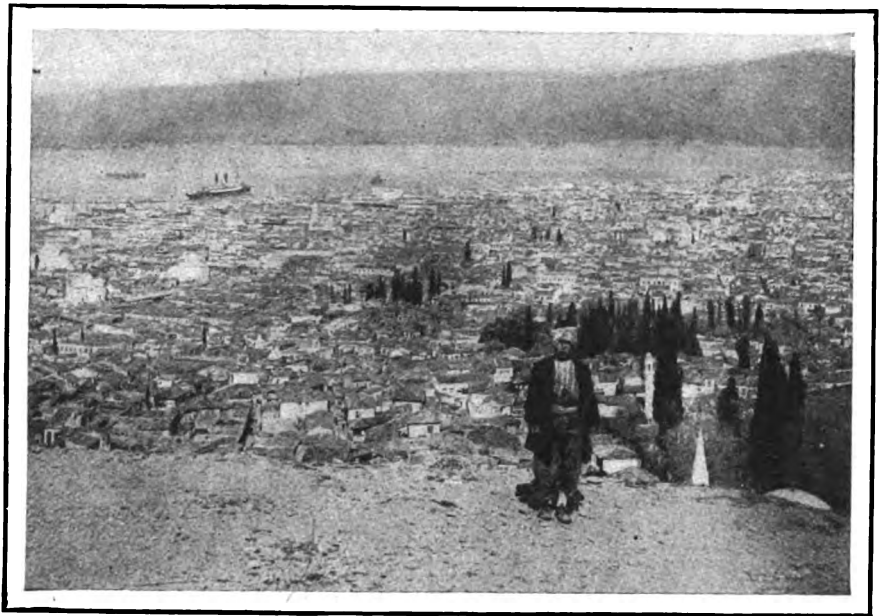
SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

THE DESTRUCTION OF SMYRNA

THE unresisted entrance of Kemal's Nationalist army into Smyrna was followed, as has so often been the case in Turkish victories, by rapine, slaughter, and fire. Smyrna, a city of some 300,000 inhabitants, is little but a heap of ashes and ruins; only a part of the Turkish residence quarter remains untouched; for three days the fires burned practically unchecked. No one knows how many Greeks and Armenians perished. A terror-stricken mob of people sought refuge on the waterfront and overcrowded the foreign ships in the harbor. The American war vessels there, we are glad to report, rendered efficient and humane assistance within their limited power. Foreign schools and institutions, some of them American, went down in the general combustion, but so far as is known American teachers and workers (except perhaps a few naturalized American citizens) escaped alive and are actively engaged in relief work.

There is danger that, in the centering of interest in the grave international issues raised by Greece's overwhelming defeat, attention may be diverted from the humanitarian side of the problem. Whatever else is done, the Powers should take steps to prevent the recurrence of massacre and devastation in the Near East. In this America has a right and duty to be heard, both because of the extent of our benevolent and commercial interests and because American lives are involved. We shall unquestionably join also in the needed relief work.

We should also let our National protest be heard as to the crimes committed against civilization and humanity under the guise of warfare. From time immemorial Turkish victories have meant massacre, cruelty, and slavery, and Kemal's triumph is no exception to the historical record. It is reported that the Assembly of the League of Nations, after listening to an earnest plea from Dr. Nansen, indicated that it could only by resolution express "an ardent desire" that something be done. In some way the world must put a stop to barbaric slaughter in the Near East, and our responsibility and duty did not lapse because we do not take a part in the political and territorial questions involved. The Kemalist Parliament is reported as asking that the League of Nations and a neutral commission investigate the atrocity charges.



(C) Underwood

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SMYRNA BEFORE THE CONFLAGRATION

WHAT WILL TURKEY GAIN?

THE story is told by Mr. Cunliffe Owen in the New York "Times" that three hundred years ago, after a disastrous war, the Sultan of Turkey ordered to be recited in every mosque this prayer, "May the Angel of Discord, who has always been our ally, come again to our aid, and confound our enemies." Once again indecision and lack of a united purpose among the Powers have put the Turkish armies into a threatening position, and will almost certainly gain for Turkey important concessions. We hear very little now of the demand, so strong just after the Great War, that Turkey must be put out of Europe and kept out. Greece has been allowed, and by Great Britain encouraged, to occupy territory in Asia Minor; she has been driven out and disgracefully beaten; no one doubts that Turkey will hold on to Anatolia. There is a strong probability that she will receive concessions in Thrace, and she is clamorously demanding Adrianople and supremacy in Constantinople itself.

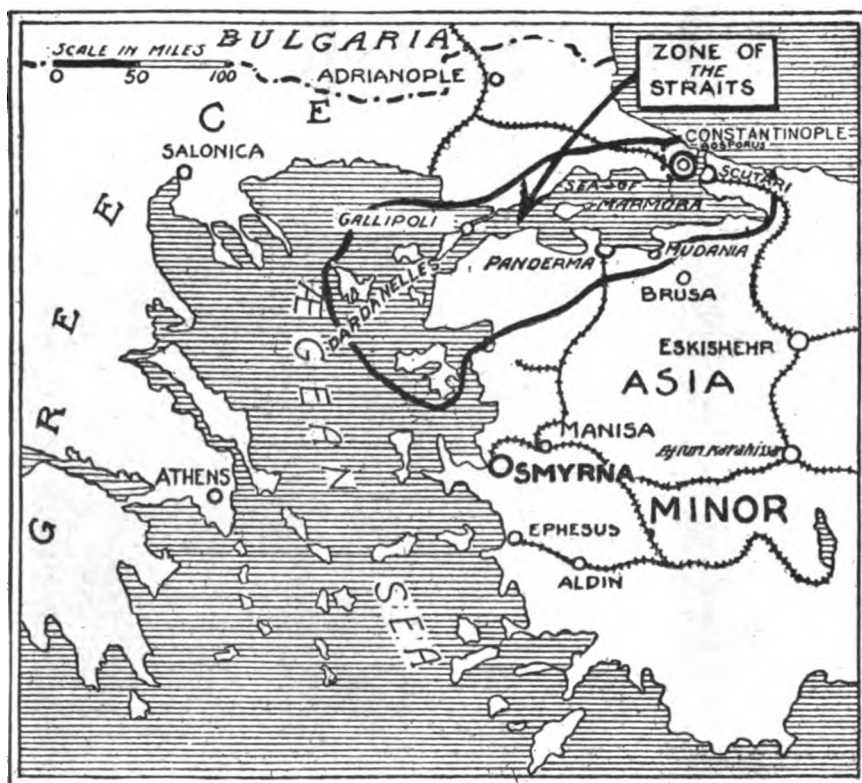
If one thing is patent, it is that the old Entente Powers must cease their shifty indecision and secret promotion of individual ambitions and unite in a common policy. Russia openly favors Kemal and threatens to aid him; with the Russo-German treaty signed at Genoa in mind, there are future possibilities of a German, Russian, and Turkish combination in Near East affairs that may not be disregarded. "A rein-

vigorated Entente is needed to face a reinvigorated Turkey," says one writer.

On one point the Entente Powers should join: that the Dardanelles and the passage to the Black Sea must be kept open, free, and neutralized. Alarmed by Kemal's threats made in the first flush of victory, Great Britain at once instituted a vigorous military policy, landing troops and guns at Chanak (on the Asian side of the Straits), sending large reinforcements to her already large naval force in the Straits, urging the Balkan countries to aid in the defense, and even inviting Australia and Canada to send military contingents. The attitude of some classes in Great Britain was less warlike, and for two reasons: one was the evident dislike of a large part of the British press and people to anything like a new war; the second was the expressed belief of France and Italy that a peaceable agreement might be reached around a council table.

General Townshend, of Kut-el-Amara fame, is reported as saying that England must "get out" of the Near East; he is one of those who fear the effect of a strong policy on Mohammedans in India and Egypt. On September 19 it was officially stated in London, after a Cabinet meeting, that Great Britain will defend the Dardanelles alone if the other Powers refuse to join, while Kemal has had the audacity to ask that his army occupy Thrace during peace negotiations.

The real danger point is the part of



Courtesy of the New York "Times"

THE STRAITS, THE NEUTRALIZED ZONE, AND SMYRNA

Angora, the seat of Kemal's Nationalist Government, is about 150 miles east of Eskişehir

the neutral zone that lies in Asia—clearly shown on the map printed on this page. Kemal's troops have in some instances overstepped the neutral line; if his army enters the zone in force on the plea that it should be part of Turkey's Asian possession, a difficult and dangerous situation may arise. The indication as we write is that the whole Near East question will be taken up quickly by a conference of the nations involved.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

Is there danger of another general European war? This question has been anxiously asked since the present crisis arose. It seems unthinkable and is certainly highly improbable, but there are peculiar dangers in the situation; and the way to avoid serious complications is to recognize them and deal with them.

A special correspondent of The Outlook now in Europe, Mr. W. C. Gregg, cables us as follows:

"England has done so much to thwart France in her expectations from the Versailles Treaty that she is fearful of the loyalty of France in the Turkish trouble. Almost frantic appeals appear in British newspapers for Allied unity. England and France make a poor double team. This fact more than anything else threatens the peace of Europe. Safety lies in the understanding which France has with Poland and the Little

Entente. If this is a real military combination under French leadership, the peace of Europe will probably not be disturbed by an attempted German comeback. Any reasons for further European wars are offset by political confusion, lack of preparedness, and by the French army, which at this moment is the principal safeguard of civilization."

POLITICAL HOPES: BLASTED AND BLOSSOMED

THE Democratic hope that Senator Lodge might fail of renomination in Massachusetts had little tangible basis. The result of the primary by which he was nominated by a three-to-one vote bore out the predictions of all observers familiar with conditions in Massachusetts. For Governor, Massachusetts chose to renominate the present holder of that office, Channing H. Cox. Governor Cox's opponent was Attorney-General J. Weston Allen, who did such good work in securing the disbarment of District Attorneys Tufts and Pelletier for using the machinery of government for private extortion.

If the Democrats are disappointed in the renomination of Senator Lodge, they ought to be pleased over the defeat of Cole Blease for the Governorship of South Carolina. It is probably a tragic confession of editorial ignorance to admit that we know very little of the record of his victorious opponent, Mr. Thomas G. McLeod. To know that Cole

Bleaze has been defeated is, however, adequate ground for congratulating the State of South Carolina.

The present Governor of Georgia, Thomas W. Hardwick, has been beaten for renomination by Clifford L. Walker. Five years ago Governor Hardwick was Senator from Georgia and was beaten for re-election mainly because President Wilson threw his influence against him. In the present contest he apparently owes his defeat to his former ally, Thomas E. Watson, of vitriolic pen and the United States Senate. Governor Hardwick also incurred the hostility of the Ku Klux Klan by his praiseworthy attempt to make that organization of misguided nativists unmask.

AN ARMY, NOT AN ASSOCIATION

THE Salvation Army is unique among benevolent associations in that it is under the absolute rule of one man. As in every other army, the General commands; the officers and soldiers obey. That great genius, William Booth, built the organization on the army type because he saw the possibilities of discipline, obedience, the uniform, and the band—militancy, in short. In many ways the plan has worked marvelously well. The Salvation Army has fought a good fight; one does not have to agree with its theological tenets (few, perhaps, know or care precisely what they are) nor to find its methods always dignified; what matters is that it has been of vast helpfulness in seeking out those who are sick, poor, and hopeless—whether in body, mind, or soul—and bringing to them Christian brotherhood and aspiration.

Under the direction of Commander Evangeline Booth the Salvation Army in America has made remarkable advances in numbers, in efficiency, and in popular esteem. It is, we believe, the largest existing branch of the Army. Its war work was beyond praise. Literally it befriended the American soldier; and no American soldier who saw its work in France will ever fail to remember its friendly spirit. While its capital and property holdings are said to have increased by \$22,000,000 under Commander Booth's direction, an astoundingly large percentage of the income received goes directly to the needy and to actual work; the officers, from Commander Booth down, receive, above actual expenses, what would be called pitifully small pay were it not that every one knows that they literally give themselves, and that their devotion is unbounded.

In view of what the Army has accomplished, it would be rash to say that hereditary supremacy has not been wise

TO SHOW HOW COSTLY SUMMER WAS

(Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 9)

Cassel in the Knoxville Sentinel



WHO SAID THE PUBLIC IS IGNORED?

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

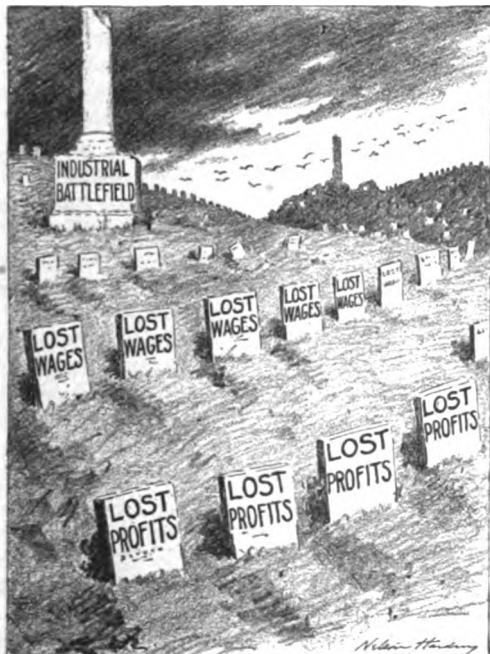
Kirby in the New York World



PERFECT TEAM WORK

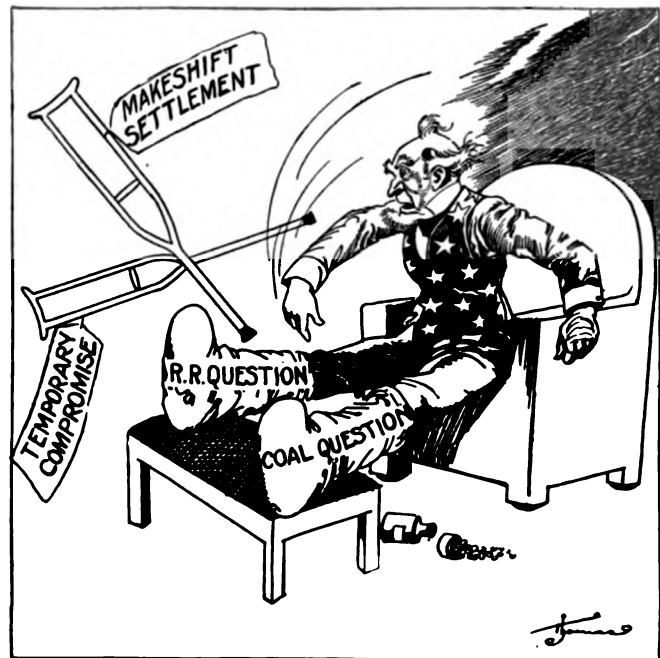
From Joseph B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE WASTE OF WAR

Thomas in the Detroit News



"I DON'T WANT CRUTCHES—I WANT A PERMANENT CURE!"

for this special form of activity. But it is natural for American laymen to wonder whether an infusion of democracy in government might not be desirable here.

When, the other day, Commander Evangeline Booth, head of the Salvation Army in America, received from her brother in London, Commander-in-Chief Bramwell Booth, polite and appreciative marching orders, she accepted them without a word of complaint; she is a good soldier; she knows how to obey. In due time she will return to England to accept any command or work assigned her. It is reputed that General Booth proposes himself to supervise from London the American organization through the co-operation here of three Commissioners, in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. All this is quite correct legally and quite within the rules and methods of the organization. But again the American layman may express the hope that the head of the Army and his staff will give due emphasis to the fact that the great body of the Army on this side of the water is American and that practically all the money contributed is American and that care will be taken to assure the public that American ideals and wishes will be considered in the management of the Army. It was largely the feeling that this was not the case which led to the split in the organization about twenty-five years ago.

CHINA AND AMERICAN SECTARIANISM

At the recent National Christian Conference in Shanghai it was reported that 120 different religious communions from the Occidental world are now working in the Oriental republic. Native Christians are tired of explaining to the people why Southern Methodists are found in Northern China. Translating such words as Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian leads to results that rejoice the facetious but which do not contribute to edification. People who are critical of mission boards may understand a little better why denominationalism continues in China by a study of recent history among the Disciples of Christ. The reports issued at their convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, the first week in September, and the discussion of these reports, throw a great light upon the problem. From the face of the documents it seems that Disciples missionaries, who were immersionists at home, have not been very zealous in pushing the denominational dogma beyond the sea. Chinese Presbyterians and other pedobaptists moving into a district where only Disciples churches were found were received as Christian brethren and put to work. They became church officers and were even employed



(C) Underwood

DONALD B. MACMILLAN

as mission workers. So little account did the missionaries take of denominational distinction that they in some instances reported these unimmersed people as members. A conservative minister of America visited the mission fields last year with an interpreter, and these facts were brought to the attention of the American constituency in an unmistakable way, compelling the mission board to admit most of the allegations, and to try to explain them.

The Disciples of Christ at Winona Lake have answered the demand of the Shanghai Conference of native Christians with denial of their request for Christian union. The missionaries are warned that if they take pedobaptists into the native churches as full members they will be recalled, though as a compromise measure the board has replied to an inquiry from the Rev. E. K. Higdon in the Philippines that he may believe in "open membership" if he will agree not to practice it without the consent of his board. That the board is disposed to be as generous as its constituency will permit is seen in the indorsement of the practice of enrolling "guest members" from other communions. If the missionaries do their duty, they must make these "guest members" know that such members are deficient in the matter of baptism from the Disciples standpoint.

Very few Disciples missionaries who have been on the field in the face of naked paganism care much for the theological disputes at home. They see that the only hope of the infant Christian movement in China is co-operation and the erasure of all denominational labels. Chinese leaders have served notice that they will have none of our Occidental denominationalism when they are able

to support the Christian movement without foreign money. Christianity halts in China not because of narrow-minded native leadership in that land, nor because of bigoted missionaries, perhaps not very much on account of ignorant board members at home. It is the sectarian preacher in America who threatens to boycott the missionary task when it gets too liberal who is responsible. Only as broad-minded laymen in the churches are able to modify this noisy sectarianism will China win the chance to become Christian.

NEW POLAR GEOGRAPHY

THE return of the Arctic explorer Donald MacMillan from his year's voyage in the Arctic seas is an interesting event in the world of science and exploration. As in his former expeditions, Dr. MacMillan has brought back valuable contributions to our knowledge of that portion of the ice-bound seas which has never been thoroughly explored. The value of such observations is not of a sensational character but it is no less serious and important.

The region just explored by Dr. MacMillan is on the upper and western coast of Baffin Bay. It now appears that the geography of this region has always been incorrectly charted on the maps. The MacMillan expedition succeeded in penetrating further into these unknown regions than anyone but the Eskimo has ever gone. It will be remembered that five years ago this explorer returned after four years spent in the Arctic the result of which was to disprove the existence of the supposed Crocker Land. It appeared that what was supposed by Admiral Peary to be a newly found stretch of land was in fact the effect of a mirage. Now Dr. MacMillan reports that the entire map of the coastline of Baffin Bay will have to be revised. It has been charted on maps in accordance with the reports of an explorer commonly known as "Northwestern Fox." His dash in this vicinity was made three hundred years ago, and no one since that time has penetrated so far along that coast. Now MacMillan has followed Fox's road and gone considerably beyond it, and, as was almost to be expected, he finds that Fox's charts abound in error.

It is interesting to report that under the modern and scientific methods of exploration carried out by this expedition and recommended by Peary and Stefansson it was conducted with perfect safety and comparative comfort.

There are great possibilities of discoveries that may be of practical value in the far north. Even if this were not so, there is something in the nature of mankind which will never be satisfied

until the whole surface of the earth is thoroughly explored and mapped.

THE TENNIS CROWN STAYS PUT

The tennis crown of America still rests on the head of William T. Tilden, 2d, of Philadelphia. In the recent national tournament at Germantown, Pennsylvania, Tilden fought out the finals with William M. Johnston, of California. The present trophy had been twice won by each of the finalists, and this year's victory gives Tilden permanent possession.

The experiment was made in this year's tournament of "seeding the draw," instead of leaving the arrangement of the players entirely to fortune. The most noteworthy contestants were planted through the list in order to preserve as far as possible the best contests for the last. The scheme, which brought Tilden and Johnston into the final bracket, worked admirably. Johnston took two sets from his opponent, and then Tilden was forced to win three sets straight in order to gain the victory. The come-back of Tilden under such circumstances afforded a thrill which the spectators will not soon forget.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

The contest for America's Cup developed into a travesty on one of the greatest of sports. The beautiful and fragile toys developed by that historic event we trust will never be brought forth again. It will be a disappointment if the next challenge from England is not made and accepted under rules which will produce vessels rather than the playthings of millionaires.

Since the last contest for America's Cup there have been two Anglo-American team races of a type which deserve hearty encouragement. Last year four American yachtsmen took their six-meter racers to England and suffered a defeat in British waters. This year four British boats were brought to Long Island Sound for a return match. The American challengers were the victors.

These international races are run on a point basis. The winner of the race is given one point for finishing and one additional point for each beaten contestant. Thus, if eight boats are entered and finish the race, the winner scores eight points for her team, and the second seven, and so on down the line. The present series of six races was won by the Americans by a score of 111 to 104. Even with boats of the six-meter class the sport is not one for those with slender purses. It would be an interesting experiment to attempt to build up an international one-design class. In such a case team matches of even an international character could be held frequently at a minimum of expense, for

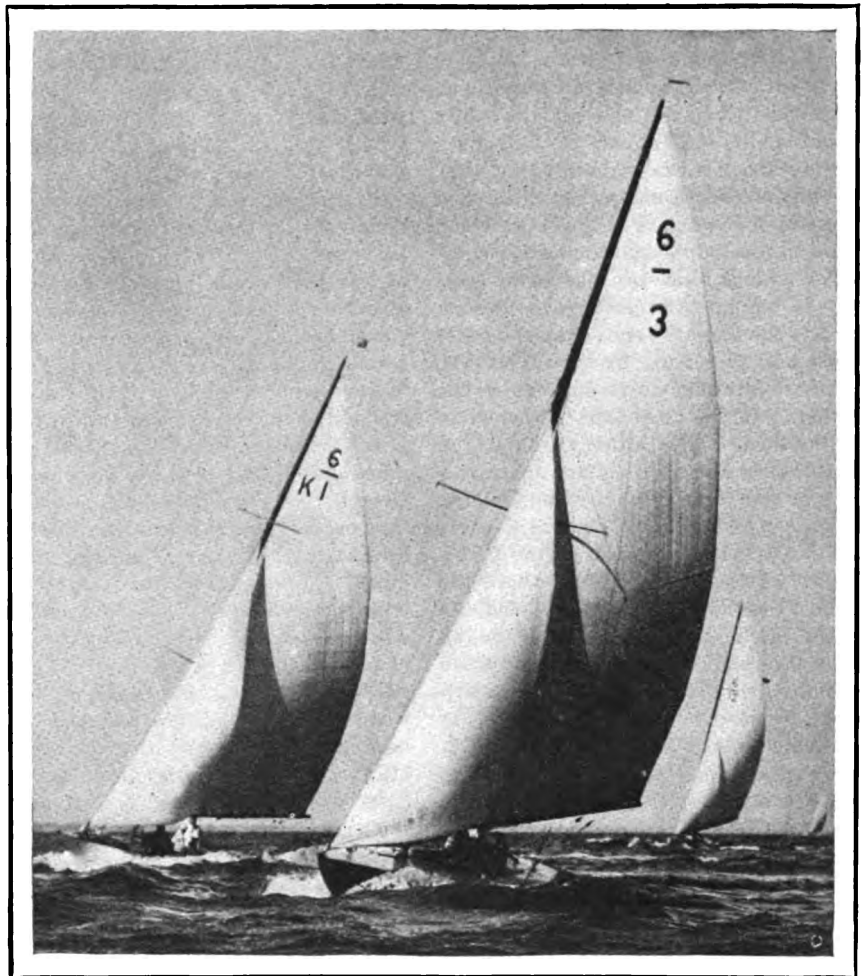


Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

GREBE (AMERICAN) LEADING REG (BRITISH) IN THE FINAL DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL RACES IN LONG ISLAND SOUND OFF OYSTER BAY

it would only be necessary for helmsmen and crews to cross the Atlantic to challenge or defend the trophy at stake. By holding enough races so that each helmsman and his crew could sail all of the boats in turn, an absolute equality of conditions could be created.

The one-design idea has been the making of our small-boat sailing, for it has afforded the best possible training for our young yachtsmen.

It is recognized, of course, that the present method implies both a contest in yacht design as well as yacht handling. To limit an international contest to vessels of one type would eliminate what has been regarded as an important feature of such races; but the gain might more than offset the loss.

LABOR BANKS

It is hard to understand the curious inconsistency of labor leaders except on the ground that we are all human and are therefore all more or less inconsistent.

While during the past summer the leaders of labor organizations have with one hand been knocking down industry, with the other they have been building it up. There are now nine or ten labor banks in operation in this country—that

is to say, banks organized and in the control of trade unions. There is one at Cleveland, Ohio, conducted by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; another at Hammond, Indiana, conducted by the same Brotherhood; a savings bank at Washington, D. C., belonging to the Machinists' Union; a trade union savings bank at Seattle, Washington; the Finnish Mutual Savings Bank, under labor management, at Superior, Wisconsin; and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Bank at Chicago, Illinois. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers has applied for a bank charter in St. Louis, Missouri; a labor bank is planned at Birmingham, Alabama; a labor trust company is reported to be in process of organization in Philadelphia; Pittsburgh is about to have a labor bank; two are planned at Cincinnati, one by the Machinists' Union and one by the Railway Clerks' Union; and labor banks are being organized in San Bernardino, California; Detroit, Michigan; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Kansas City, Missouri; Tucson, Arizona; Spokane, Washington; Dallas, Texas; and Three Forks, Montana.

Of all these banks the pioneer and

most successful is the Cleveland Bank, of which Mr. Warren Stone, head of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood, is President. The Locomotive Brotherhood Bank at Cleveland, and all the other labor banks, differ not at all under the law from banks generally, but they are introducing some rather novel and interesting methods. The Cleveland Bank, for example, has disturbed some of its competitors in that prosperous city by paying a larger rate of interest for city and county funds than the other banks had agreed to. The result is said, by a well-informed correspondent of *The Outlook*, to be that the Locomotive Brotherhood bank, although it has a capital of one million dollars and a surplus of one hundred thousand dollars, and is a member of the Federal Reserve System, is not a member of the Cleveland Clearing-House. The Cleveland Bank, 51 per cent of the stock belonging to the Locomotive Brotherhood as an association and 49 per cent being owned by individual members of the Brotherhood, proposes to pay a dividend to stockholders of not over ten per cent when earned, and to distribute its surplus earnings over that amount to depositors in an increased interest rate. This is somewhat of a novelty in banking, and is raising some discussion in Cleveland. We imagine, however, that the depositors are not objecting.

Every believer in thrift and prosperity must welcome the creation and successful administration of these labor banks. *The Outlook* certainly welcomes them. But they confirm its opinion that trade unions ought to be put under the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, exactly like unions of capital. One law for all is what has made the American Federal Reserve banking system a success and what has enabled these labor banks to spring into being. The trade unions which have wisely organized these labor banks should be held as responsible to the law when they combine to restrain trade, as they should be protected by the law when they combine to promote thrift.

PROHIBITION

IN its issue for September 9 the "Literary Digest" summarizes the results of its poll on prohibition. It reports a total vote cast of 922,383 individual ballots. Of these, 38.6 per cent voted for enforcement of the present law; 40.8 per cent for a modification permitting the sale of beer and light wines; and 20.6 per cent for a repeal of the Amendment. The poll was an enterprising and interesting one, but is not quite so significant as it appears on the face

of the returns; for we do not believe that those who voted for a modification of the law, so as to permit the consumption of beer and light wines, realize what their vote actually meant.

The Constitution now forbids the manufacture, sale, or importation of intoxicating beverages. The Volstead Act defines as an intoxicating beverage any beverage containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol. If the Volstead Act is so modified as to permit the consumption of beer and light wines, which would require at the very least a ten per cent alcoholic content, the country will inevitably have a return of the saloon problem. Beer and light wines must be sold if they are to be consumed. Even if they were not sold for consumption on the premises and the sale were limited to "bottle trade" at groceries or other similar places there would rise triumphant in all its glory the old back-room-grocery barroom—one of the worst phases of the American saloon. If the 40.8 per cent of the "Digest's" voters who want "light wines and beer" had been fairly presented with the indisputable fact that the legal sale of beer and light wines means the revival of the saloon problem, we do not believe it is extravagant to assume that at least half of them would have voted against the saloon.

If our assumption is correct that one-half of those in the "Digest's" poll who voted for modification would have voted against the return of the saloon, the real significance of the poll is that at least sixty per cent of the balloting was in favor of prohibition—prohibition, at least, of the liquor saloon as it used to exist in this country, and as it still exists as a terrible social sore in Great Britain.

In spite of the reports in the daily press of bootlegging, deaths from wood alcohol, and the violation of the law in the clubs and restaurants of the large cities, scientific and impartial statistics prove, we think, that the social and economic results of the operation of the law so far are beneficial. The "Manufacturers' Record," of Baltimore, has issued an exceedingly interesting report of a country-wide inquiry it has made of the effects of prohibition on American industry. An overwhelming majority of the leaders of industry favor it. Postal Savings Bank deposits as well as deposits in regular savings banks, especially in industrial centers, have grown. Crimes and convictions due to drunkenness have decreased. Hospitals report a marked falling off in cases of alcoholism and secondary diseases due to alcoholism. These social and economic gains are not matters of guesswork but of carefully compiled statistics. The "Scientific

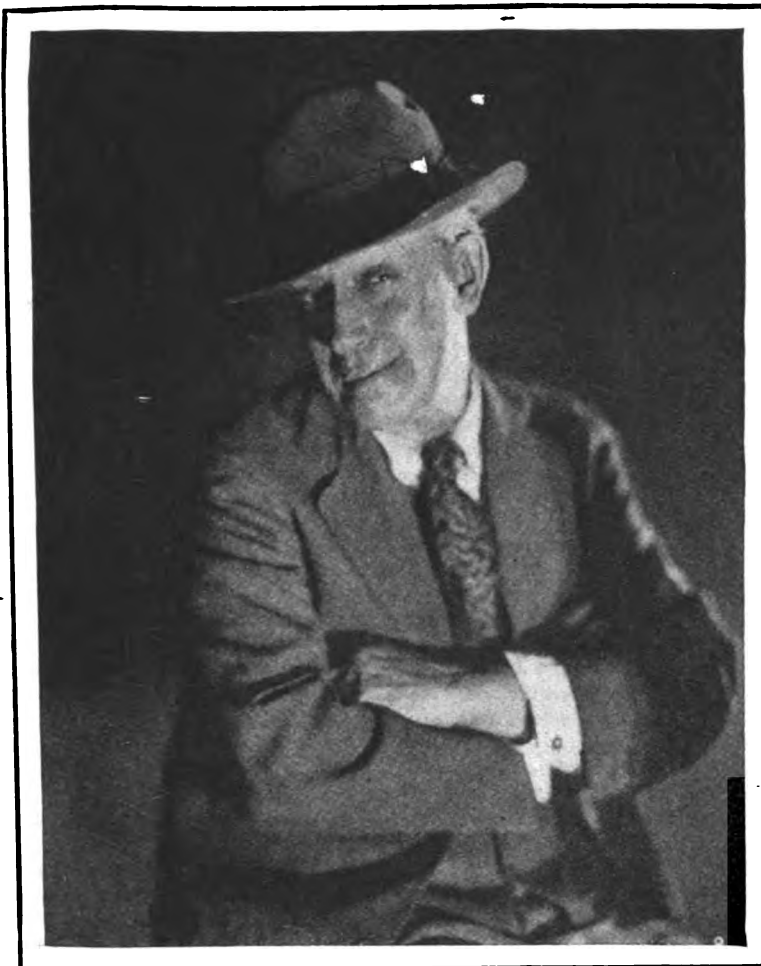
Temperance Journal," of Boston, published in June a complete, elaborate, and impartial survey of the situation in Massachusetts, and quotes Dr. Charles W. Elliot, of Harvard, a man of scientific type of mind who weighs his words, as saying to the Massachusetts Legislature: "Evidence has accumulated on every hand that prohibition has promoted public health, public happiness, and industrial efficiency. This evidence comes from manufacturers, physicians, nurses of all sorts, school, factory, hospital, and district, and from social workers of many races and religions laboring daily in a great variety of fields. This testimony also demonstrates beyond a doubt that prohibition is actually sapping the terrible force of disease, poverty, crime, and vice. These results are obtained in spite of the imperfect enforcement in some communities of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution."

Nation-wide prohibition is a magnificent and unique experiment. Time only, and a fair trial, can demonstrate whether it can be made a permanent success. But it at least deserves a fair trial, and so it seems to us that every man who wishes his family and his country well will by his vote for members of Congress this autumn sustain strict enforcement in order that the men and women of the oncoming generation may have a chance to determine from experience what the permanent policy of the country shall be regarding alcohol as a beverage. We have little doubt that, with fair play and a chance to study actual results over a reasonable period of time, the verdict of the coming generation will be against alcohol, as the verdict of our generation has been against morphine and cocaine.

THE OLD SOAK

ONE of the most fertile imaginations in America is possessed by Mr. Don Marquis, now columnist for the New York "Tribune." The delightful succession of characters which have emerged from Mr. Marquis's brain and served as the vehicles for his philosophies and his antipathies constitutes a most agreeable chapter in the writings of the present day. None of his figures perhaps has yet attained the universal popularity of Mr. Dooley, but many of the creatures of his brain seem almost as much alive as the hero of Archey Road.

News that "The Old Soak," vehicle for Mr. Marquis's antipathy to prohibition and his recognition of both the vices and the imaginary quality of the so-called virtues of alcohol, was to appear on the stage made many theater-goers look for-



Photograph by Abbe

HARRY BERESFORD AS THE OLD SOAK AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATER,
NEW YORK CITY

ward to the opening night with their risibilities on the *qui vive*. From the reception which was awarded the play it is quite obvious that most of the theater-goers were not disappointed in their expectations. The probabilities are that Mr. Marquis's comedy will have a more prosperous career than that of the Old Soak himself.

The play was in some measure a disappointment. The fertility of Mr. Marquis's imagination seemed to have exhausted itself in the creation of the chief character and in some of the dialogue. Both in plot and situation the play is almost wholly lacking in originality. The wealthy and sanctimonious banker, the wayward son, the actress who was better than she seemed—we have met their like many times before. They afford typical examples of the kind of literary characters at which Mr. Marquis himself delights in poking fun. The setting for "The Old Soak" is, in fact, so obviously ready-made that we suspect that Mr. Marquis utilized it with his tongue in his cheek. The obviousness of the setting probably will not detract from the popularity of the play for that large portion of the theater-going public which likes to have the

occasions for a tear or a laugh pointed out well in advance. If they run across stock signals to "Smile here," or "Weep now," it makes it all the easier for them to enjoy the progress of the drama under consideration. They will find plenty of sign-posts in Mr. Marquis's dramatization of "The Old Soak."

THE SUPERIOR RIGHT

SECRETARY HERBERT HOOVER has the reputation of being a doer rather than a talker. Yet on occasion he can put a truth of import in as clear and forcible a fashion as any speech-maker of them all. Such an instance was his affirmation of "the superior right of the public" in a recent talk before the Salesmen's Association of the American Chemical Association. He was speaking directly about the coal strikes, since composed by what many think is but a temporary truce—a truce based on realization that the industry can for the present at least furnish high wages and high profits and with precious little reference to the rights of the public for service and fair prices. In plain, round terms Secretary Hoover denounced the outrage to the public's

superior right in basic and universal industries at times when "the whole Nation once every two years or less can be pushed to the precipice of want and commercial collapse; when we are brought to consideration of price-fixing against extortion in time of peace; when hundreds of thousands of workers, not only in the industry, but outside of it, are thrown into skimping and starving, and when the Nation is made to suffer the shame of Herrin and rampant crime that has followed in the train of strikes."

Later he defined what he meant by this superior right as "the right of the public to a continuous supply of its vital necessities and services upon terms fair to the employer and employee. When these various rights [collective bargaining, the National basis of unions and employers, and so on] infringe upon the public right, then the dominant right is public right."

All of this applies to other basic industries as well as to coal. That even in the strikes just settled the public interest has not yet been guarded is indicated by the remark of Senator Cummins on the day when the Senate passed the Coal Anti-Profiteering Bill, after the strike was settled, that "Profiteering is more general now than it has been at any time since the strike. If there ever was an emergency, it is now." How such an industrial war as we have been going through works widespread injury to classes that have nothing whatever to do with inciting or settling railway and coal strikes, is shown from Mr. Hoover's view, expressed on another occasion, that the greatest loss is caused to the farmer who has to accept low prices because the railways cannot transport his crops. So, too, Governor Miller of New York has denounced the obduracy of striking railway shopmen against fair offers of settlement, saying that in effect they declare: "We must maintain our stranglehold until, not our adversary, but the public, is brought to its knees." He asserted that it was such a thing as this that he would make a serious penal offense.

It is for the people at large to declare and enforce this superior right through their elected representatives in Congress and executive office, but also through exercising their industrial intelligence to understand business and economic processes. Some of the considerations involved are discussed in this issue in an article by Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt, which includes some expression of Mr. Hoover's views as to business cycles.

In wars between capital and labor the public is not an indifferent neutral; its resources are exhausted and its rights are outraged.

A GERMANIZED ENGLISH POLICY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

THE other night, the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung"—still a powerful paper—aptly quoted Bismarck's phrase regarding Russia and Austria: "Between these two states the relations can become better or worse; they cannot remain as they are."

I—GERMANY

Ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, over three years ago, Germany has unceasingly endeavored to escape the terms it imposed upon her. For instance:

(1) Her real armament is greater than that to which she has a right.

(2) The trial of her war culprits, imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, has been insufficient and in some cases ridiculous.

(3) She has not delivered coal and wood as agreed.

(4) She has lowered her exports and augmented her imports, especially in articles of luxury, instead of limiting those importations to articles of necessity.

(5) In order to show an apparent bankruptcy, the Germans have sent much of their capital to other countries, a leakage estimated at from \$1,000,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000.

(6) With the same end in view, the German Government has greatly augmented the personnel and therefore the total of salaries in its postal and railway services.

(7) Finally, also with the same end in view, the Government has pursued a policy of lowering the exchange value of its monetary standard by enormous emissions of paper money. It has put forth such a large number of paper billions that its printers must now work their presses continually night and day in a fruitless attempt to provide themselves with an adequate medium of exchange. At present the attempt to keep up takes an incredible number of paper marks.

Hence the German Government has certainly not done all it could to increase its receipts, to lessen its expenses, and to prevent its capital from evading the just demands upon it.

Apparently the Government has adopted three rules of conduct:

First, it does not intend to pay for reparations a single mark more than is actually forced upon it.

Second, it seems to think it quite within its right to create deliberate bankruptcy in order to obtain easier terms from its creditors.

Third, it thinks that all its recent policy will give a prodigious boom to its industry.

Now, however, with the recent great fall in the value of the mark, the German banks can no longer finance German industries in their necessary purchases of raw materials. If there is no upward turn in the situation, there will

be an army of the unemployed. Then many stores and shops will close for want of custom. A comparatively small quantity of foodstuffs, if any, will be ordered from abroad. We may hear also of insufficient crops in Germany. There may even be some starvation.

Can the present Government withstand such a crisis? Suppose it cannot and is overthrown? What kind of a government would succeed it? A monarchist and reactionary Government? Or a communist-bolshevist affair? Either would menace not only the execution of the Versailles Treaty but also the actual peace of Europe infinitely more than does the present Government—which should be upheld wherever possible.

Certainly no nation of the Entente wants Germany to escape the punishment she merits for her culpability in starting the World War. But no country wants to reduce Germany to economic or political impotence. If any country wanted to bring about Germany's ruin, it would only have to allow those great German industrialists who have been exploiting the people to go on lowering the value of the mark; or to permit the conspirators, whether monarchists or bolshevists, to continue their daily and nightly work of trying to destroy the present republican régime. No, the Entente is not acting that way. Nor is France in particular.

II—FRANCE

It is unfortunately too easy for us in America to forget that France fought for us for three years before we entered the war, that France did deeds of heroism at the Marne and at Verdun really for us too as well as for herself.

If we have not seen with our own eyes the devastation in France wrought by the Boches, it is difficult to comprehend that they have destroyed no less than ten French departments; that they have killed thousands and thousands of Frenchmen in battle; that they have outraged and mutilated women and children; that they have demolished buildings—churches, schools, factories, homes; that they have ruined mines, forests, orchards, vineyards. For years the Germans had been preparing for a war with France and in France so that they might devastate it to such a point as to make its rehabilitation impossible.

France has indeed suffered much more than has any of her allies. Not one of them has had so much territory devastated as she has; not one of them has lost so many men or so much material.

The difference between France and the other allies, especially England, is being continually accentuated by the talk concerning German payments. The proportion which France will receive is 52 per cent and that of England 22 per cent, a

seemingly just proportion because, among the reparations, the Versailles Treaty included pensions. And that in spite of American opposition. It was easy to see that if pensions had not been included in the total of reparations, France would have received in the neighborhood of 75 per cent and England only about 5 per cent.

Since the war closed France has done all possible to rehabilitate herself. To repair her devastated departments she has spent millions of dollars. The total sum, though large, can repair but a small part. But the sum represents all that France can find or borrow. For the rest she asks for the execution of the Treaty of Versailles.

When the French look at their country, they see no results of reparations; they see no security.

No country has so much need of security as has France, because no country is so much threatened. In the ultimate analysis, security is not only necessary for France herself, it is the only base on which the reconstruction of Europe can rest.

Where is such security to be found? At present only in the French army. Yet, in England and America, France is blamed for wishing to maintain her present army. Instead of blaming her, she may well be excused. It is not her fault; the fault in the first place is with the English and American Governments, who have not kept their pledges with France to protect her against Germany, pledges made when the Treaty of Versailles was signed.

In view of her alarming economic situation, Germany requests a remission of debts, a so-called moratorium, until 1925. Her creditors want to do all they can to aid Germany in her distress consonant with their own self-respect. In this regard the policy of one of the Allies—France—has been characteristically French; the policy of another of the Allies—England—has become, unfortunately, Germanized.

France will not consent to accord a moratorium without the assurance, by guaranties given, that the German payments for reparations will begin again. Any other means would be, in French opinion, a denial of justice, first, toward the creditors, and, next, towards Germany herself. For a moratorium, pure and simple, would only encourage the German industrialists and profiteers in their speculations, the German Government in its obstinacy, and the German people in their illusions. For the whole world, indeed, the result would be a catastrophe if one followed this abysmal course. The only conditions on which France will consent to accord a moratorium are conditional on Germany's giving guaranties. France has wanted to include among these German mines and forests. Other guaranties to

be demanded might be, for example, the control of import and export licenses, the establishment of a customs boundary on the Rhine, a supplementary percentage on the value of Germany's exports, a certain percentage on the receipts of dye works, and, finally, a monthly deposit of a certain quantity of gold in a foreign bank.

In all this France is convinced that she will never get anything from a Germany which is not equally convinced that, in the last analysis, France is prepared to act coercively. It is because of this conviction that Premier Poincaré acted as he did during a recent week in Alsace in expelling certain Germans. This policy, nevertheless, though based on justice, can easily go too far. M. Poincaré saw it and modified it immediately. It would be regrettable for French as well as for German interests if too rigorous measures were taken.

III—ENGLAND

What a difference between France and England! In England we see a country better prepared than ever to repel aggression, a country with no devastated provinces, a country whose commerce is ever more powerful and whose finances are so satisfactory that a beginning may be made in paying the debt to the United States. The ends which England proposed at the beginning of the war she has obtained.

England remains always "a nation of shopkeepers." She does not wish to lose any customer; certainly she does not wish to lose one of her best customers, Germany.

Hence what we sometimes call "the Keynes school" has made its way in that country. Instead of imposing very

severe financial reforms on Germany (including even the nomination of an Allied counselor at Berlin, who would have the right of veto on German expenditures, a sort of impartial liquidator of no matter what Entente nationality, even American), now we see that England wants to give Germany a moratorium without any guarantees whatever! There you have a Germanized policy.

Its topmost height was reached day before yesterday when the British delegate in the Committee of Reparations publicly made his confession of faith before the Commission had handed down its decision. He said that England wanted to give Germany time enough to pull herself together and to meet her engagements—so does all the world. But, he added, the only means to this end is to give her a very long moratorium and not to put any obstacle, such as rigorous guarantees, in the way of getting back her credit. Any other policy, he proclaimed, would have the result of dissipating hope of obtaining actual or eventual reparations; any other policy would ruin Germany—and not only that, it would entail an inevitable and immediate repercussion in other countries, that is to say, it would bring about a world catastrophe.

So spoke the British delegate. Suddenly and publicly he announced his personal opinion concerning the secret debates which his colleagues were still having. Such an act is like that of a judge who gives out an opinion before the court in which he is sitting has adjudged the case.

Naturally this act has encouraged the German people in their illusions, their misunderstandings, their obstinacy. Naturally, also, the act, with the implied

strength of the British Government behind it, will push the German Government more than ever to extremes. It is not surprising, therefore, that to-day we find in the telegraphed editorials from the German papers the echoes of the opinions of the people and the Government—a joyous chorus of praise for the Germanized English policy.

IV—BELGIUM

As she was at Genoa, brave little Belgium is also now particularly worthy of attention, admiration, and respect.

By virtue of her right of priority, established by the Treaty of Versailles, Belgium should receive any present German reparations. In the desire to bring about an arrangement fairly satisfactory to all the Entente Powers, the Belgian Government has made a proposal which last night the Commission on Reparations accepted. It is that, instead of the cash payments due to the end of the present year, the Allies are to accept payment of these amounts in six months' German Treasury bills, payable in gold, and *guaranteed* in such manner as may be agreed upon by the German and Belgian Governments. If there is default in agreement, the bills are to be *guaranteed* by a sufficient deposit of gold in some foreign bank acceptable to Belgium.

And yet, with guarantees twice repeated in the agreement, so worthy a paper as the London "Telegraph" actually proclaims it, as per report just here, "a defeat for France." On the other hand, to-day's "Journal de Genève" more justly concludes that "*la politique française a enregistré . . . un succès indiscutable.*"

Geneva, September 1, 1922.

BUSINESS MEN AND BUSINESS CYCLES

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

SECRETARY OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONFERENCE ON UNEMPLOYMENT

IT is not solely an American riddle—this so-called business cycle which brings the United States alternately fat and lean periods, these booms and slumps that are the plague of business to-day. No industrial country is free from its influence—America least of all.

Now, what is the remedy?

Lopping off the peaks of booms and filling up the valleys of slumps to make business more nearly level, by applying to the future a knowledge of the past.

Business moves in a ceaseless ebb and flow, sometimes high and sometimes low, but never the same. The only normal thing about it is its continuous change. Business at an eternal sameness of level would be wholly abnormal. In fact, the idea of a normal business level has wrecked many a concern—dry rot and self-satisfaction are deadlier than fall of prices and lack of orders.

In forty years we have had five seri-

ous depressions: 1883-6; 1903-4; 1907-8; 1914-15, and 1921. In other words, within the lifetime of the average man there have been five industrial catastrophes in which the unemployed have been reckoned by the millions and the idle capital by the billions. We are just emerging from the latest of these business horrors, when all the resources of the Government and of private persons in better position have been called upon to care for those who, through no fault of their own, have been thrown out of work because there has been simply nothing for them to do.

The time is coming when the forehanded business man is going to be able to take in sail before the storm strikes him, because his business barometer will warn him in advance.

Let us analyze a cycle, beginning, because we have to begin somewhere, with the revival of activity.

Revival at first is confined to narrow limits, but it spreads in an ever-widening circle because the more active businesses must perforce buy raw materials and supplies from other industries, which in turn buy from others, and so on and on.

As they buy they employ more labor, they borrow more money, they expand their plants. These make higher profits, increase family incomes, and widen demand. Retailers begin to buy from wholesalers, who in turn order from manufacturers, and they from producers of raw materials. All this while the sun is shining and everybody begins talking prosperity, so that orders are plentiful and prices boom, while buyers rush into the market to secure stocks before prices go even higher. Wholesale prices mount and retail prices follow. Wages rise; discount rates increase; interest rates move upward; stocks and bonds are car-

ried along with the rising tide of prosperity.

As the profits increase, heavier orders are placed and large contracts for new construction are made. Again, these still further swell the physical volume of business and help to drive prices farther upward. The boom is on. And this prosperity contains within itself the seeds of future depression. As old contracts expire, new ones are made at higher costs—materials, interest, rents, salaries, all go up. Out-of-date equipment and uneconomically located plants are called into use. Everybody bids for labor and wages mount, with overtime and bonuses common. Labor and management decline in efficiency, because undesirables are employed, and when jobs are easy to get men do not put forth their best efforts.

Finally comes the time when the supply of funds at the old rate of interest lags behind the volume of business. New bonds can be floated only at higher rates. Capital gradually grows scarcer. This reduces the prospective margin of profit, and here and there a new venture is postponed. So certain businesses which depend on industrial expansion for their own prosperity begin to feel a tightening of the lines. Buyers are starting to defer the execution of new plans. The demand for consumer goods is rapidly reaching its climax. With the restriction of those businesses which have to do with industrial expansion comes a lessening in the orders to enterprises that furnish them with materials.

High interest rates force the unloading of stocks previously held off the market to be sold at higher prices. Profits begin to waver; wary creditors conjure up imagined losses because of the shrinkage in the market value of the enterprises to which they have lent money. They begin to refuse renewals of old loans; they press for a settlement of outstanding accounts.

And so liquidation starts in and rapidly extends, because as one enterprise is called on to pay its maturing debts it makes similar demands of its own creditors.

A new phase develops—industry is forgetting about profits and trying to forestall bankruptcy. Instead of trying to make sales, executives devote their energies to saving money. Expansion gives way to contraction, securities begin to fall and commodities follow the downward trend. Credit adjustment has created a crisis. In the old days, right here would we have had a money panic, but the Federal Reserve Bank Law has given us a safety-valve and the impending depression is industrial rather than financial.

It comes on fast; just as prosperity began cumulatively, so depression starts in the same way. The discharge of wage-earners lessens consumer demand. Savings go and family incomes fall. Investor demand diminishes, because people with money will not go into new rises while business is depressed.

This causes further contraction, and every reduction of employment creates another reduction of consumer demand, which further depresses business demand and discourages investment. As prices fall, competition is keener for the remaining business. Every reduction in price is the progenitor of another reduction. Wholesale prices tumble first. Raw material falls faster than manufactured goods. Lessening profits spread discouragement and check enterprise; but right here when things are blackest are the germs of revival.

Costs of doing business are being reduced. Labor and management become more efficient as jobs grow scarcer. Economy is the watchword. Loosely organized concerns are reorganized to save them from disaster. Rents and salaries are pruned, old debts are written off, and inventories are revalued. Production sinks to lower levels and the demand for accumulated stocks slowly makes itself apparent. Articles used as long as possible wear out and must be replaced, and the first step towards revival is the fact that the demand for goods finally ceases to shrink.

With all these readjustments the crisis is gradually overcome and recedes into the past, and hoarded-capital held at low rates of interest seeks outlet at more attractive yields. A few bold ones put their money into new enterprises; business prospects brighten with the payment of old debts and the disappearance of accumulated stocks. Prices slowly stagger upwards; the banks have money to lend and want to lend it, and so revival starts in ever-widening circles and the business world is back where it began.

To attempt to blot out such an economic process would be futile. It simply cannot be done. Every period of "prosperity" has in itself the very forces which will eventually make for its undoing. Credit is at the bottom of the matter, and business cannot exist without credit.

But the business cycle, in part at least, can be controlled.

But how?

Last October the President's Conference on Unemployment, after adopting a series of recommendations for temporary measures of relief, suggested that an analytical study be prepared of the causes of the business cycle and an attempt be made to collect facts and statistics as to the best methods for offsetting bad results of the periods of expansion and depression which have been characteristic of our industries. Secretary Hoover, Chairman of the Conference, appointed a committee on the business cycle, namely: Owen D. Young, Chairman; Clarence Mott Woolley; Joseph H. Defrees; Matthew Woll; Miss Mary Van Kleeck; and Edward Eyre Hunt, Secretary.

The work of making the survey of the business cycle has been undertaken by the National Bureau of Economic Research, Inc., 175 Ninth Avenue, New

York City, of which Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, the American authority on the business cycle, is Director.

The Committee is to report in November. It will make certain definite recommendations. Some of them will deal with the part which the Government is to play and some of them with industry's share in the new business life of the Nation. Statistics of course will have much to do with the solution of this problem of the business cycle, to which forehanded men are looking as a possible way out of their many troubles.

Taking this for granted, what are some of the proposals for controlling the business cycle? Various authorities have suggested certain possibilities. Government and railway purchases may be used as a balance-wheel to steady the business mechanism. Rolling stock might be ordered over the whole period of a business cycle, reducing the volume of orders in good years and increasing it in bad ones. The Government might hold back its great projects in years of intense activity and not bid against private enterprises for labor and materials, postponing its best efforts to seasons of dullness, and thus providing work for the workless and markets for those who have stocks of material to sell. It has been suggested also that roads be built in bad times and that colleges, schools, and Federal building projects be pushed when labor is idle and prices are low. In the aggregate this will be a very material help.

Mr. Hoover has outlined further remedies. He advocates the systematic forecast of business conditions. Present statistics are inadequate, because they do not cover the field and they do not bring to one business what is going on in another one. Such a knowledge is now possessed by the few, but if our plans work out it will be the property of the many.

This is not mere theorizing. Many industries have solved the problem for themselves already. It is the boast of some of them that they were able to forecast the acute depression of 1920 by fully six months, so that they were able to go through the crisis without discharging a man or clipping a dollar from their dividends. They did not buy in the boom, but they devoted all their energies to selling in the slump. They cut down production, they reduced prices, they paid their debts, they discounted their bills, they liquidated their inventories, and wrote off bad accounts ahead of hard times.

What the Committee hopes is to help many business men by informative statistics and their own business barometers to gird themselves against future depression. Thousands of American business men, by wise thought and careful planning, can largely control the cycles of depression by forecasting the course of their own particular business.

This is the first time that the problem has been resolutely attacked. It is a

real effort to deal fundamentally with a failure in our industrial and economic organization which is as old as industrialism. Mr. Hoover says:

There is a solution somewhere, and its working out will be the greatest

blessing yet given to our economic system.

This is a long-time job. It is an old and world-wide industrial problem which we can solve only by American ingenu-

ity and sticktoitiveness. This dismal economic phenomenon has been endured too long by civilization without an organized attempt to combat it.

The time to begin an effective, vigorous, aggressive attempt is to-day—now.

IS THE FARMER "GOLD-BRICKED" AGAIN ON THE TARIFF?

BY O. M. KILE

EVERY time the farmer touches the tariff he gets burned.

It was so in the 60's, when the farmers entered into a deal with the Eastern manufacturers to outvote the South and put through a programme of protective tariff and free Western lands.

It was so all through the years when the farmer's voice was strong in condemning the tariff, yet his vote was too weak to upset it.

It bids fair to prove true again to-day, when the farmer admittedly has the votes and the power in Congress to get just about anything he wants.

"If the present Tariff Bill goes through, it will impose a charge on the American people of between five and six billion dollars in excess of the actual amount necessary to offset the difference in wages here and abroad," says Gray Silver, head of the organized farmers' legislative activities at Washington.

The farmer seems to have been out-traded. He has come to the point where he needs some tariff protection against a few products, such as wool from Australia, frozen eggs from China, lemons from Italy, and hides from South America. Except for these products and a few others, tariff protection is practically useless to the farmer. Of what good, for instance, is a tariff on corn or most grades of wheat, when the American farmer must export these products and sell in competition with the producers of all the world? On our really important crops—the crops that bring in the money—tariff protection means little to the average farmer.

Yet Congress has liberally provided him with a nice, fat, new tariff on nearly all agricultural products. The farmer can't say that the tariff-makers in Congress never did anything for him. They have. They have been most generous with their tariffs—on farm products that do the farmer no good. And then, having done this, what could be fairer than to give everybody else high tariffs on their products too? Certainly the farmer should not object to that theory, the tariff-makers argue. So, as Mr. Silver points out, the farmer is placed in the position of paying billions more for the things he has to buy and receiving tariff benefit on a few comparatively insignificant products.

The farmer believes in protecting in-

fant industries and in protecting against ruinous competition, but what raises his ire, and what should raise the ire of all consumers, is to see tariffs used merely for the purpose of raising prices in this country. For instance, a tariff of twelve dollars is asked on ammonium sulphate, a fertilizing material, at the very time the producers are selling large quantities abroad. Glove manufacturers are asking several hundred per cent duties on grades of gloves not even made or likely to be made abroad.

But how, you ask, has it been possible for the tariff-makers to put this across if the farmers hold the balance of power in Congress?

Well, in the first place, they haven't finished the job of putting it across yet. Not quite, but they very likely will.

The difficulty comes from the fact that the agricultural bloc is a bi-partisan organization. And the tariff is not a bi-partisan matter. It has furnished the chief party issue during all these years when party issues were scarce. A lot of Democrats have come out in favor of protection of certain specific things, and some have even adopted the idea of sufficient protection to overcome the difference in labor costs here and abroad. But it is not quite possible yet to get the two parties to lie down together on the same tariff bed. Not even in the agricultural bloc.

You see, tariff isn't essentially an agricultural question, although it of course affects agriculture. So the bloc members and the Farm Bureau leaders very wisely agreed right at the start not to touch the tariff problem as a bloc. Tariff has never been discussed at a single meeting of the agricultural bloc.

Now a new bloc has arisen in the Senate—a so-called agricultural tariff bloc. It includes some twenty-five Senators, all Republicans, and mostly from the mountain States and the Pacific coast, but for some unexplained reason including Senator New of Indiana, Senator Willis of Ohio, and Senator Keyes of New Hampshire. Its chairman is Senator Gooding of Idaho, and it includes several members of the regular agricultural bloc, notably Senators Capper and Ladd. It holds regular meetings and works on the Senate tariff-making committee with considerable effect.

But this is not an agricultural organization. Certain agricultural groups, like

the poultrymen, the wool men, and the butter producers, who want high tariffs on their products are glad enough to accept the help of the tariff bloc. But the big and powerful agricultural organizations like the Farm Bureau and the Grange take little notice of and have very little to do with the tariff bloc as such. The reason is that all the bloc's efforts are to increase tariffs; they are doing nothing to get schedules cut down on the products the farmer and the consumer have to buy.

The opportunity for this unsatisfactory situation arose when certain farm organization leaders, with more vehemence than logic, asserted last fall, "We are going to ask for the same tariff protection the manufacturer gets." This statement was later corrected to read, "We insist that tariffs be such only as are necessary to overcome the difference in the cost of production in this country as compared with costs in foreign countries." But the damage had been done. The manufacturer said: "All right; we are perfectly willing to give you the same kind of tariffs we take. We want high tariffs; you may have high tariffs, too, on your farm products."

Right there the farmer was out-traded. Whether or not he can improve his position before the Tariff Bill is finally passed remains to be seen.

What the farmers' organizations are working for now is to take the tariff out of politics.

They want a non-partisan tariff board that will make scientific determinations as to just what duties must be laid to make up the difference between labor costs here and abroad, investigate special exceptions to this general rule, and then present a Tariff Bill to Congress to enact with but brief discussion and few modifications. The American Farm Bureau Federation has indorsed and is working for the Frelinghuysen Bill designed to accomplish this purpose.

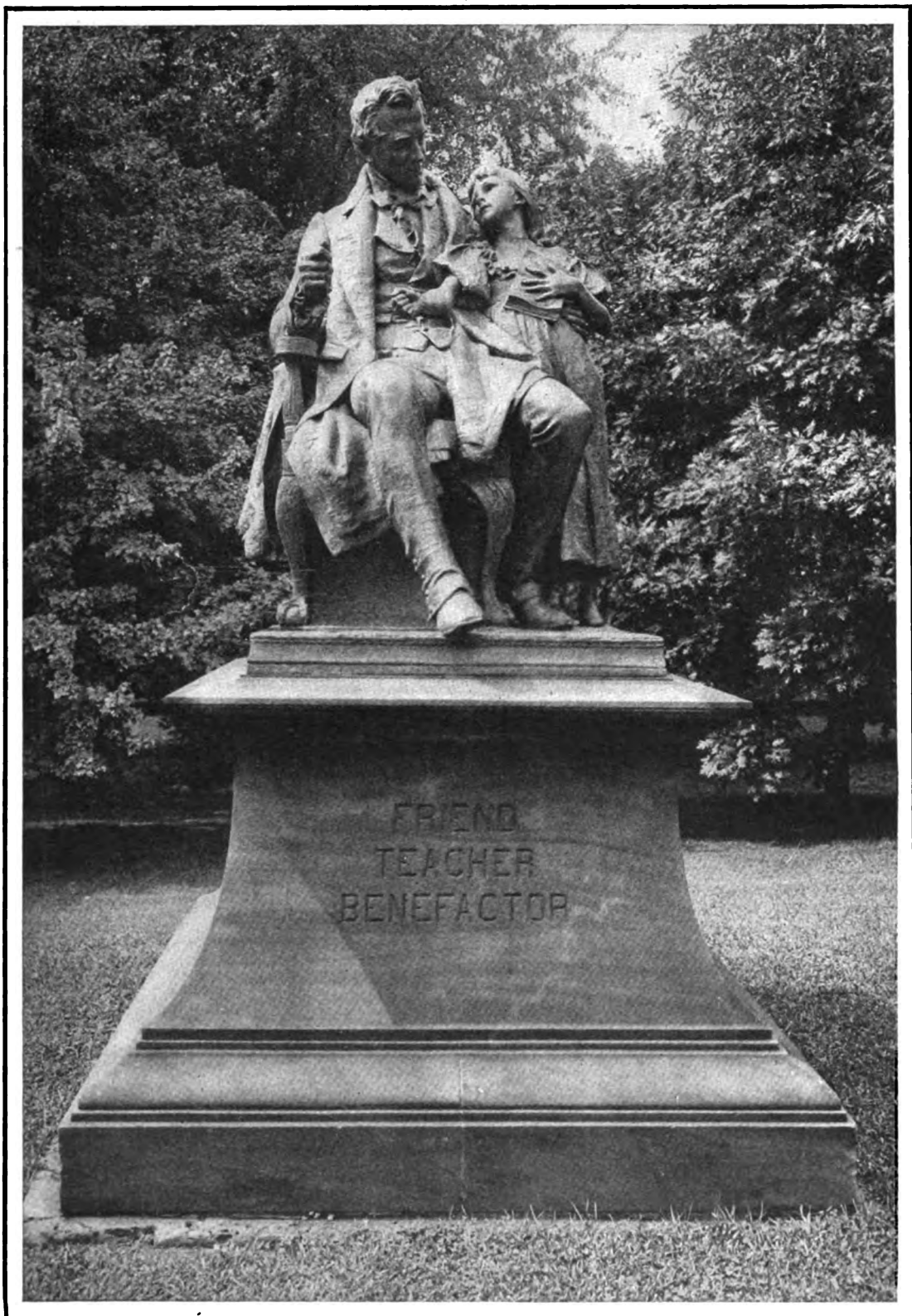
Can it be enacted?

Senator Gooding says: "Not until the South is educated away from the free-trade idea."

Senator Ladd says: "Tariff can and must be taken out of politics. It will only be a little while longer now until this is accomplished."

Give the farmer a little more time, and he may yet learn how to handle the tariff without getting burned.

AMERICANS WORTHY OF



(C) Harris & Ewing

**STATUE OF THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, TEACHER OF DEAF MUTES, BY
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH**

Dr. Gallaudet founded the first school for deaf-mutes in the United States, and Gallaudet College, on the grounds of which the statue has been erected, is the only college which gives degrees to deaf-mutes. The fund for the statue was subscribed to by alumni and alumnae of the College in all sections of the country.

ENDURING BRONZE



Dorr News Service

A NEW STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BY J. E. FRASER

This is the first clay model of a new statue of Alexander Hamilton, designed by James Earle Fraser, which will be cast in bronze and mounted on a pedestal of Stony Creek granite, at the entrance to the Treasury Building, Washington, D. C. The statue, it is announced, will be dedicated by President Harding in October

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IT was with a shock of deep personal grief that I received, a few days ago, the announcement of the death of Alexander Graham Bell. I had been closely associated with him for more than thirty years, and had come to know him intimately, not only as a scientist, but as a comrade and friend who was interested in all the things that I most cared for, and who shared with me the happiness that he himself derived from the study of science, the love of nature, and the pleasures of outdoor life. For twenty-five years I sailed with him, hunted with him, and camped out with him in a country which was then little known, but which afterward attracted wide public attention on account of his love for it and long association with it. In the close intimacy of camp, log cabin, sailboat, and wilderness I came to know him well and to feel for him the deepest affection and respect. I never made any notes of my association with him, and I have doubtless forgotten many incidents that would throw light on his character and life; but I still remember a few, which may have interest for those who did not know him personally.

I made his acquaintance in the city of Washington nearly forty years ago; but I did not come to know him well until 1889, when we began to spend our summers together in eastern Nova Scotia. There, on the island of Cape Breton, where we both had summer homes, we were very closely associated, and there I first became interested in his scientific work. His house and laboratory were situated on the southeastern side of Baddeck Bay, nearly opposite our cottage, and, as all his more spectacular experiments were tried either on the bay or on the side of the promontory beyond it, they were in plain view from our veranda. Soon after he made Baddeck his summer home he became interested in the problems of aeronautics, and after studying the action of the wind on movable planes he took up the development and improvement of the cellular or box kite. This seemed to have great lifting power, and he hoped that by increasing the number of cells and making them tetrahedral in form he could create a structure that when forced through the air by a powerful motor would actually fly. Scores of times, in the first years of our life in Baddeck, we rushed out on the veranda, glasses in hand, to watch one of Mr. Bell's kites as it rose, like a huge empty honeycomb of red silk, into the upper air. These kites, which were made in Mr. Bell's laboratory under his direct supervision, were carefully built structures of bamboo, silk, and piano wire, and were as perfect in workman-

ship and finish as a Stradivarius violin. He finally made a monster kite, of a hundred cells or more, which was capable of supporting the weight of a man; and Lieutenant Selfridge,¹ who had been sent to Baddeck by the War Department to observe Mr. Bell's experiments, offered to go up in it. The kite carried him successfully to a height of a hundred feet or more, but finally settled down with him into the lake. Subsequent experiments showed that, while the cellular kite had great lifting power when flown at the end of a cord, the surface friction in the multitudinous cells was so great that no motor then available could force it through the air rapidly enough to make it rise. Mr. Bell afterward co-operated with Curtiss and Selfridge in flying-machine experiments at Hammondsport; built a successful airplane in Baddeck, and suggested various modifications in structure which made the machine much more safe and stable in the air.

Some of his experiments, in the early stages of his aeronautical work, seemed to me as queer as they probably were instructive. One day, I remember, in Baddeck Mr. Bell, Professor Langley, and Simon Newcomb spent an hour or two in dropping a cat, back downward, from a balcony, in order to study the way in which she turned herself in the air so as to alight on her feet. I presume it was Mr. Bell's idea, but none of the trio seemed to be conscious of the humorous incongruity between the fame and scientific standing of the experimenters and the trivial nature of the experiment. To them it was interesting as a problem in physics, while to the unsentimental observer it was chiefly notable as an amusing eccentricity of great minds. To see the most noted inventor, the most eminent physicist, and the most distinguished astronomer in America solemnly engaged in dropping a cat back downward from a balcony seemed to me funny enough to make even the cat laugh. It was reported in Baddeck that summer that when Professor Langley returned to Washington he contrived and constructed a mechanical cat which turned itself in the air precisely as the living animal did. Whether this was true or not I never knew; but it seemed likely enough, because Professor Langley at that very time was engaged in flying-machine experiments with whirling planes.

Mr. Bell's kite experiments occupied several years, but he did not confine himself to problems of aeronautics. His

active brain was amazingly fertile in ideas and expedients; the range of his interests was very wide, and he thought of and constructed all sorts of things, from the induction balance and the telephonic probe to the graphophone and a machine for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. A series of experiments that interested him for a long time—in fact, almost up to the day of his death—had for its object an improvement of the Nova Scotian breed of sheep by means of artificial selection and mating. He gave a great deal of thought to questions of heredity and eugenics, and long before he discontinued his kite experiments he was engaged in an attempt to create a variety of sheep that would bear twins regularly and triplets frequently, and thus reproduce itself with great rapidity. These experiments were completely successful so far as the establishment of the desired breed was concerned, but whether the gain in fertility was not counterbalanced by a deterioration in flesh and wool I do not know.

Any matter that happened to interest Mr. Bell he studied with patient care and investigated by means of original and often highly ingenious experiments. At one time, I remember, his attention was drawn to the waste of heat that results from the burning of fuel in open fireplaces. He at once began a series of experiments to show how great this waste is and to prove that most of the lost heat might be conserved. One afternoon he took me up into the attic of his house to show me a wool-packed tank holding a hundred gallons or more of water whose temperature had been raised to 168° by the conserved heat of an ordinary kerosene lamp burning in a room two or three stories below.

At another time he became interested in the distillation of salt water for drinking purposes. Off the coast of Nova Scotia fishing dories frequently get lost from their ships in fog, and their occupants suffer greatly from thirst before they can reach the land. To Mr. Bell this seemed unnecessary, and he invented a compact and portable still, which occupied very little room, but which could turn salt water into fresh fast enough to sustain the life and mitigate the suffering of two or three men who might happen to get adrift in an open boat. When the miniature yacht Typhoon sailed from Baddeck for England, two or three years ago, it was provided with one of these stills for use in case of accident or emergency.

At one time Mr. Bell was greatly interested in astronomy and meteorology, and in the fall of 1897 I was present at

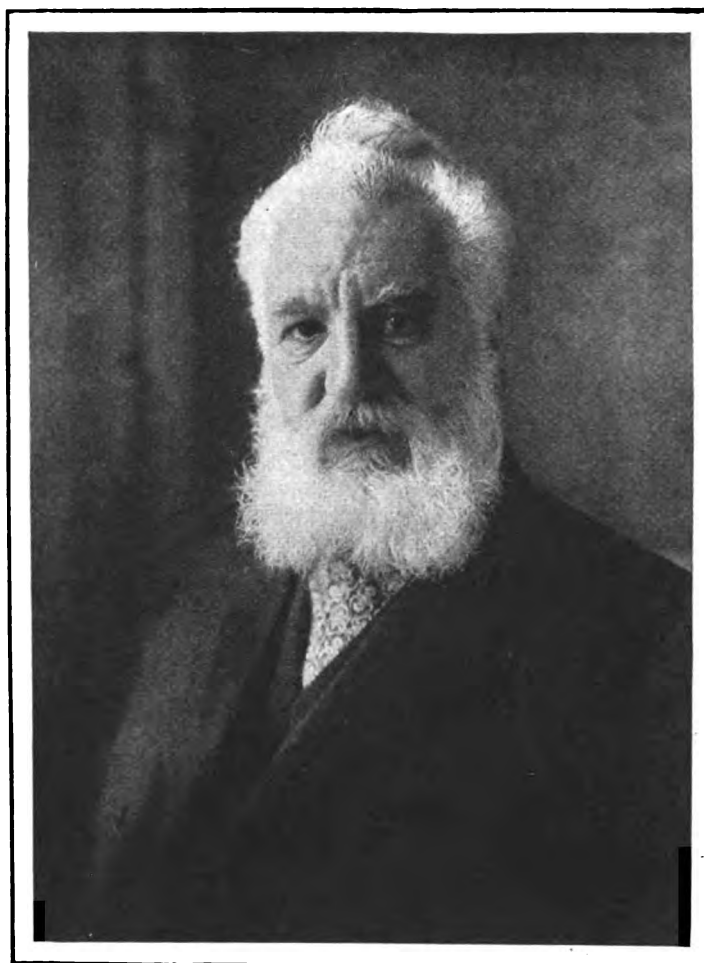
¹ Killed September 17, 1908, by an accident, while he was flying with Orville Wright at Fort Myers, Virginia.

the laying of the corner-stone of an observatory which he erected near the point of his promontory and in which he afterward installed a fairly large celestial telescope. About the same time I happened to see the fall of a very brilliant meteor in bright sunshine and in the middle of the afternoon. Mr. Bell made me write an account of it for "Science," and a few days later, learning from farmers that it had fallen near the source of Middle River, he drove thirty or forty miles in search of it. But the country in that region was wild, wooded, and mountainous, and he did not succeed in finding it.

Mr. Bell's working methods were painstaking and systematic. When he took up for investigation any matter, great or small, he went back to the beginning of research in that field and experimented for himself, regardless of all that had been done later by other students. When I once suggested to him that he might economize time by accepting facts already well established and pushing on from the known to the unknown, he replied that he got more useful ideas by finding things out for himself than by relying on the work of other men. Perhaps he did. He was untiring in experiment, had wonderful industry, and never allowed himself to be discouraged.

The daily routine of his life in Baddeck was very simple. In the forenoon—generally the *late* forenoon—he went to the laboratory to watch the work there in progress, and then to his office, in a small detached building, where he looked over records, considered problems, and made notes of matters that he wished to discuss with his engineer assistant, Mr. Baldwin. He was always a voluminous note-maker. Perhaps the long litigation over his telephone patent made him appreciate the importance of dates and records; but certain it is that he committed to paper every constructive idea that occurred to him, and every stage of its development into a plan, an experiment, and finally an invention. He also published on his estate a weekly paper called the "Beinn Bhreagh Recorder," which contained notes of his kite, sheep, and other experiments, as well as items of interest to his friends and employees. It was a mimeographed journal and had a circulation of only fifteen or twenty copies; but from it might be compiled a fairly comprehensive history of his experiments and their results.

In the late afternoon, when he had finished his work, Mrs. Bell usually came for him and they walked home together along the beautiful road that he had built from the head of the bay to the point of the promontory. In the evening he read his mail, talked with his family or friends, looked over the newspapers and magazines, or went to the piano and played an accompaniment for chorus singing, of which he was very fond. His serious reading was generally done late at night, after everybody else had gone to bed. He was semi-nocturnal



(C) Harris & Ewing

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

in his habits, and often sat up until two or three o'clock—sometimes later—and made up arrears of sleep in the early hours of the next day. Once a week, on Sunday, he retired to a house-boat, anchored or drawn up on the beach in some beautiful, secluded place, and there became absolutely incommunicado for twenty-four hours. It was an inflexible rule that during this one day he should not be visited, telephoned to, or disturbed unless in case of death, fire, or other great calamity. In this house-boat he prepared his own meals, ate them alone, and took care of himself generally.

Among the many tastes and feelings that Mr. Bell and I had in common, the one that made him most sympathetic to me was his love of nature. It was that, more than anything else, which first made Cape Breton Island attractive to us both. He took delight in water, woods, and mountains, and was never happier than when he was out on the inland sea of Cape Breton in one of the various boats that he designed and built. Frequently, for a week at a time, he and Mrs. Bell would live in a house-boat in some secluded harbor or cove, fishing, dredging up oysters, and exploring in skiff or canoe the neighboring coast. Then, when they next took an outing, they would drive in a "gypsy wagon"

along one of the many picturesque roads that intersect the island, or follow up some clear, dashing trout stream which tumbled down in rapids and cascades from the higher hills. Always on such excursions they bivouacked or camped out wherever night overtook them.

In the fall of 1893, while exploring with E. J. Glave¹ a wild part of the island, twenty-five or thirty miles north of Baddeck, I visited for the first time a group of small but beautiful lakes situated at a height of twelve hundred feet above the sea on the forested watershed where the Baddeck River has its source. The largest of these lakes seemed to me particularly attractive, and a little later, that same fall, I bought from the Government one hundred acres of wild land on its eastern shore and put up there a comfortable log cabin which we named "Cariboo Camp." The next fall Mr. and Mrs. Bell came out to visit us, and were so delighted with the woods, the scenery, and the exhilarating air that they built a cabin of their own, about half a mile from ours, and persuaded Professor Langley to join them in buying two square miles or more of wild land around the whole group of lakes, so as

¹ For six years one of Henry M. Stanley's pioneer officers in Central Africa. He died of tropical fever on the lower Congo about two years after his visit to Baddeck.

to protect them in future from timber speculators and lumbermen.

For the next twelve years we all went there every September and spent from two to six weeks in boating, trout fishing, exploring, and blazing trails through the forest. There Mr. Bell, who loved solitude and the wilderness, was perfectly happy and contented—at least for a time. The nearest farmhouse was many miles away over a difficult trail, and when night settled down on the lonely lake the profound stillness was broken only by the soft hooting of owls, the occasional bark of a fox, or the wild, wailing cry of a loon. But even in this congenial environment Mr. Bell wanted something that would give occupation to his active mind, so one fall he proposed to me that we make a survey and a map of the lake without instruments. As the lake was fairly large and extremely irregular in outline, I did not see how it could be done until he took a large sheet of paper, adjusted it so that its sides were exactly north and south, laid a ruler across it, took a sight along the edge of the ruler at a cape on the other side of the lake, and then with a pencil drew a line across the paper in the direction of the sight. "That," he said, "shows the compass bearing of that particular cape from this particular spot and, to a certain extent, locates both. Now if you keep the paper adjusted in the same way with reference to the points of the compass and take, say, twenty sights across it from twenty different positions at that and other features of the coast, the intersections of your lines, when connected, will make a rough outline of the shore." The scheme worked perfectly. We took hundreds of sights across the lake that fall, and made a large detailed map of it, with a possible margin or error of only a few feet. Then, by measuring a base line stretched across the lake on floats, we got the scale, which was 456 feet to the inch. This method of mapping a lake seemed to be Mr. Bell's own idea. I had never before heard of it, and I don't think he had. At any rate, he seemed to be greatly pleased when it "worked out" successfully.

Although Mr. Bell was born in Edinburgh and spent a large part of his later life in Nova Scotia, he was a patriotic American and loved and admired his adopted country. His greatest invention was made in Boston, his permanent home was in Washington, and American institutions represented his ideals of freedom, opportunity, and progress. When the United States went into the World War, he established a boat-building plant near his laboratory in Baddeck, increased his force of workmen, and turned out a large number of lifeboats for the Allied fleets.

During all this time he took an active interest in the affairs of the little village where he had his summer home. He helped to support the public library and the fisheries' protective association that I founded in Baddeck; he lectured fre-

quently on scientific subjects in the court-house or in his wife's "Gertrude Hall;" and fitted up a large recreation-room in his warehouse, where he met his workmen once a week and interested them in talk, discussions, and entertainments which he himself planned and directed. On the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Cape Breton Island by the Cabots he called the attention of the village to the historic importance of the day by emblazoning the name "John Cabot" on the side of his mountain in huge illuminated letters, and a little later he and his father, Alexander Melville Bell, impersonated John and Sebastian Cabot at a costume ball given by the villagers in the courthouse.

Mr. Bell spent the summer and fall of every year, and sometimes half the winter, in Baddeck; but he always maintained a permanent home in Washington, and some of my pleasantest recollections of him are connected with the informal receptions that he and Mrs. Bell gave, on Wednesday evenings, to the scientific men of the city. They were not "society" affairs, nor were they ever reported in the newspapers, but they were more instructive and entertaining than anything of the kind that I have ever known. There was always a definite programme, planned and arranged by Mr. Bell himself, but the programmes were infinitely varied and covered almost every known field of exploration and research. If a man had done, planned, or found out something new, it was always at one of Mr. Bell's "Wednesday evenings" that he first made it known. Usually, one of the scientific men would talk or read a paper on some subject that he had recently studied or investigated. Then the experts present would discuss it, ask questions, or make pertinent comments and suggestions. The subjects presented were of great diversity and ranged from the indigenous races of China to the life history of eels, and from the latest volcanic eruption to cancerous growths in living plants with highly interesting specimens.

At these weekly gatherings Mr. Bell was at his best. He guided and stimulated the discussions with infinite tact, and if the proceedings threatened to become dull his wide knowledge and fertility of resource enabled him to enliven them with suggestive comments or turn them suddenly into a new and wholly different channel. One evening, I remember, a well-known geographer and explorer read a paper on the Alaskan boundary. The paper was interesting enough, but it was not provocative of animated discussion and only a few of those present had anything to say about it. Then Mr. Bell, remembering that I had just been expelled from Russia, gave a new turn to the proceedings by saying:

"Our friend Mr. Kennan has recently had an interesting experience with boundaries; perhaps he will tell us what

happened when he last crossed the boundary of Russia."

Although taken by surprise, I gave a brief account of my arrest in St. Petersburg and my expulsion from the Empire.

"To be suddenly arrested," said Mr. Bell, "is an unpleasant experience. I wonder how many of us have had it. Will those of you who have been arrested for crime please hold up your hands?"

There were present fifteen gentlemen of the highest social and scientific standing, all of them with a National and most of them with an international reputation. Among them were the secretary of the Washington Academy of Sciences; the chief curator of the Department of Biology in the National Museum; the president of the Washington Anthropological Society; a gold medalist of the Société Géographique de France; the chief of the Weather Bureau; the Surgeon-General of the Army; the chief hydrographer of the Geological Survey; the inventor of the telephone; and half a dozen biologists and geologists of the first rank. To suppose or suggest that any one of them had ever committed a crime seemed preposterous; and yet eleven of them, with Mr. Bell at their head, held up their hands. The effect of this bombshell of inquiry upon the audience was highly amusing. Every one of the eleven looked at his neighbor with amazement, as if to ask, "What did you do?"

Finally, Mr. Bell, with a beaming smile, said:

"Only eleven out of fifteen! That's not so bad. We might all have been arrested. Suppose now we confess what our crimes were."

Amid laughter and humorous banter from all sides, Mr. Bell admitted that he had been arrested on the Canadian border as an escaping embezzler. The president of the Anthropological Society told us how he had been chased and arrested for running by a German toll-gate, and the chief of the Weather Bureau described an encounter that he had with the police in Chicago when, after a desperate fight in the dark, he was dragged downstairs and taken in a patrol-wagon to the station-house as a bank burglar. I cannot now remember the crimes or misdemeanors of which the other eight scientists had been accused, but I still have a vivid recollection of the skillful way in which Mr. Bell turned an evening that threatened to be dull into one of the gayest and most entertaining of the season.

Mr. Bell's last work in Baddeck was connected with the water. He had always been interested in boats, and had tried many experiments with sails, hulls, and methods of propulsion. Shortly after the war he invented and built a flying-boat, driven by aerial propellers, which rose into the air on submerged planes and attained a speed of seventy miles an hour. At the time of his death he was engaged in perfecting a naval target of improved form which could be

towed swiftly by a destroyer while another warship fired at it.

All of his experiments, successful and unsuccessful, were characterized by novelty and originality, and his work in

many fields added greatly to human happiness and left a permanent impress on the world.

It was eminently fitting that he should be laid to rest on Beinn Bhreagh, the

"beautiful mountain" where he had enjoyed so many years of happiness, and where his grave will have almost the sacredness of a shrine for those who loved him and worked with him.

IRELAND REVISITED

BY FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

"RETURN trip to Cork, please," said I to the agent in London, as I was booking for Ireland.

"Sorry, sir, but we can't book you beyond Dublin—things are too uncertain over there," he replied, smiling.

"Right-o, Dublin it is," I added, and he stamped my ticket. Then the music began.

Avoid the night express, if you can. It was two o'clock in the morning, bleak, cold, and wintry, when the London express pulled into Holyhead Station. The Kingstown steamer was at the dock, under full steam, ready to start, but a close line of military had yet to be passed.

Napoleon speaks somewhere of the value of "two in the morning" courage. It is a great asset.

Although there are no custom duties between England and Ireland, every passenger is obliged to undergo the closest inspection. Nobody is immune. There's no royal road to Dublin. It was a minute search for firearms—for any kind of weapon.

Then we embarked and pointed towards Ireland's Eye. It is a comparatively short run to Kingstown, but, as much always happens during that turbulent trip, let silence reign. Suffice it to say, 'twas a rocky road to Dublin.

Right on the dot of seven we steamed into Kingstown Harbor. The sun was well up, and the freshness of things, the glorious deep green of the sloping hills, was a picture for the gods.

There was much hurrying and scurrying when the train, a few minutes later, slowed up in Westland Row Station, in the heart of Dublin. At once I was struck with the martial air about the place. It reminded me of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris during the great war. Uniformed men of the National Troops, as young-looking as senior Boy Scouts, were in evidence on every hand. With bristling arms they expressed authority and claimed respect.

A small army of jaunting-cars, drawn up in line, awaited the call of weary passengers. Strange to say, there was no shouting, no yelling of hotels. "First come first served" was the order of the day, and there was no delay.

"Jury's Hotel," I called out to the driver, as I jumped up on the seat, satchel in hand. In my college days that was a well-known meeting-place for the "Trinity boys," and I was hoping to renew acquaintance. The driver smiled

at the name of "Jury" as he flourished his whip and started his horse.

When we got outside the station he slowed up and quietly remarked: "Jury's Hotel is no more, sirr." That was my first surprise.

"The Gresham," I ordered, and I began to sense an alteration in my plans. The cold morning, acting on an empty stomach, was not conducive to happy thoughts. The driver seemed to realize this, for he dropped his jaunty air as he replied: "Begor, sirr, I was searchin' the other day in the ashes of the 'Gresham' for a 'momentum' when the Free State fellows drove me off with the point of their guns."

He drove aimlessly on, while my mind was working.

"How about the 'Metropole' on Sackville Street?" I asked, wondering what the reply might be.

"Sure, 'twas turned into a cinema hall long ago, sirr, and the front of it is riddled with bullets," he sadly replied.

My trump card was the "Shelbourne," on Stephen's Green, but I was holding it up my sleeve, for the rates were like the Ritz of London and the stakes too high. I made one more try.

"Bring me right away to the 'Ham-mam'!"—and there was a tone of desperation in my voice. The sympathy of the driver was at last aroused.

"You're out o' look, sirr," and he added, lowering his voice: "'Twas mined tin days ago by De Valera, and is fined in to keep the dust from flyin', sirr."

I had reached my limit. So far, the driver was a distinct negation. His charges were piling up as we drove around the circumference looking for the center. His manner, I confess, irritated me.

"Dublin Castle!" I shouted, and I seemed to crumple up with a feeling of despair.

That driver had a delicious sense of humor, sure enough. He pulled up his horse with a close rein and settled down for the heartiest laugh I have heard in Europe. Even the horse seemed to sense it, for his ears were turned towards his master and he tried hard to turn his head. When the laugh-wave swept by, the driver's face assumed a solemn tone as he said:

"Dublin Castle, God forgive us! Dublin Castle! Hotbed of murderers and adults! Ireland's hell! War and pestilence and famine all in one! Divil a Dublin Castle for yer honor! No, sirr, the name's not fit for the like o' ye. Lave it to me. Ye'll be in a feather bed to-night that Daniel O'Connell himself might envy!"

He was the son of a prophet. As it turned out, not a hothouse plant in the Hotel Crillon of Paris was as snug and cozy as I found myself during the days that followed.

When the room was secured, I turned to my driver and asked, "How much?" Tim (his name was Tim) had a quizzical look in his kindly eye as he turned his cap around in his hands.

"Sure, I'll lave it to yer honor."



MR. CLAMPETT'S JAUNTING-CAR

a long wait at the station, and didn't I keep ye out o' Dublin Castle?"

We parted on good terms.

Breakfast over, I wandered down Dame Street into College Green, on my way to Trinity College. Reports had crossed the Irish Sea that old Trinity had gone the way of the Four Courts. Visions of wreckage were imaged in my mind.

My old Alma Mater, founded in 1590, with its massive buildings and classic walls, stood out in noble, bold proportions, complete and beautiful. I stood at the entrance, as the names of world-known men, who did honor to her memory, floated before my vision. Dean Swift and Berkeley, Burke and Goldsmith, Lecky and—but why continue? Their names are legion. Pride and gratitude filled my heart. I doffed my hat to the statue of Edmund Burke and bowed my head before that of Oliver Goldsmith, and crossed the entrance.

Old Williams, porter of the generations, dread of tardy freshmen, was at his post. After the first word was over, I asked, "How are things in the city?"

His answer was unique, forceful, true.

"They call it civil war, sir, but the name is too respectable. A small army of highwaymen, brigands, under De Valera and Childers are trying to outdo the Germans in wanton destruction, but the end is in sight."

That sentence told the story in its bare truth. No truer statement was made to me in Ireland.

After two hours of sacred wanderings within old Trinity I walked down Westmoreland Street, over O'Connell Bridge, and entered the finest boulevard in Ireland.

Sackville Street was filled with soldiers. Reserves of the British army in their khaki, soldiers of the Free State in their dark-green uniform, numerous bodies of young men in civilian clothes—"Irregulars" in disguise—armed lorries rushing by, bristling with rifles ready for action, men of the Constabulary moving slowly on.

But the strangest thing of all was the attitude of the people. Peaceful London was over-serious, gloomy. Warlike Dublin was gay. And this in the very face of wholesale destruction.

Sackville Street is in ruins. In the very center of the boulevard, the invincible Admiral Nelson, lifted high on his monument, stands, one-armed, commanding, as if in the throes of Trafalgar. The man and the pillar are covered with bullet marks. The beautiful buildings below Nelson's Pillar, once as graceful as the best in the Champs Élysées in Paris, are in ashes. The General Post Office, greatest of them all, is in ruins. Between the Post Office and Gilbey's wine store stands the gutted Y. M. C. A. building.

In big, golden letters were the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and every letter was mutilated with shot.

The lamentations of Tim, my driver, "me home to me."

The Gresham, the Hammam, the Metropole hotels were in ashes, mined by the forces of De Valera.

From Nelson's Pillar to Parnell's Monument was pile upon pile of ashes. The Huns took revenge upon a hated enemy on their soil. The Irish "Irregulars" wantonly destroyed their own.

Hailing a jaunting-car, I drove towards the North Wall to view what was left of the Custom House. Then, turning in our tracks, we drove along the banks of the Liffey to study the most wanton destruction of all in this cataclysm of blind hate.

The great law buildings, known to the

A WILDCAT GOES BACK TO FRANCE

Soldiers of the A. E. F. are finding their way back to France to revisit the battlefields upon which they and their comrades made history. Mr. Thatcher T. P. Luquer, of the 306th Engineers and the 81st Division, which wore on its shoulders the insignia of the wildcat, tells the story of the change in the devastated regions of France since the A. E. F. came home, in a forthcoming issue of *The Outlook*.

world as the Four Courts, are blotted out. Its Library, precious as that of Louvain, was burnt with fiendish design. Thus records of priceless value in the history of justice in Ireland were turned into ashes.

This was enough for a day. I envied the light-heartedness of the people.

For five busy days I moved about Dublin, renewing old friendships. My business was to find out the sentiment of the people. How was all this idiotic destruction viewed by the "man in the street"? I met clergymen, of Catholic and Protestant Churches, physicians, attorneys-at-law, and the verdict was unanimous. "The Free State movement has come to stay. Childers and De Valera are doomed."

My friends were not in favor of my entering the interior. Bridges were blown up. Tracks were destroyed. There was no train schedule. Frequent ambushes, raiding parties.

The outlook was not encouraging; but I determined to visit my relatives in the south.

The Southwestern train to Waterford was impossible, as a bridge at a town called Ballyhale had been mined. After a weary day of it I reached Waterford by way of New Ross.

That historic city of some 25,000 peo-

ple is known as the "Urbs Intacta" (city untouched). When Oliver Cromwell threatened to destroy it, the Mayor of the city handed him the keys of the city, and it was saved; hence the name.

In the strange paradox of history it was saved by Cromwell and wrecked by De Valera.

Dublin was repeated. Hotels, post office, destroyed or gutted. Wanton destruction on all sides.

In Hearn's dry goods store on the Quay there was a cheap sale. Bullet-riddled blankets were offered at reduced prices. There were "Fire Sales" along the water front. This beautiful city, the joy of tourists, looked like a watering-place "out of season." The "Irregulars" left behind them the chaos of brigandage.

For seven days I was the guest of my relatives. We visited the home where Lord Roberts, once Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, was born and reared, passed by the residence of the Redmond brothers, once high in the ranks of the Nationals in the British House of Commons. Strange memories were ushered in.

Chums of my childhood, fellow-scholars of old Trinity, were rounded up. Olden days revived. Everywhere, without exception, the yearning of the people was for the Free State Government.

"If an election took place to-morrow," said a prominent attorney-at-law, "ninety per cent of the electors would vote Free State."

Bernard Shaw was in Waterford, awaiting a train for the Fishguard steamer *en route* to London. Interviewed, he had this to say of De Valera:

"Of course he can enjoy the luxury of dying for Ireland after doing all the damage he can. 'What matter if for Ireland dear we fall?' is still the idiot's battle song. The idiocy is sanctified by the memories of a time when there was nothing to be done for Ireland's freedom but to die for it; but the time has now come for Irishmen to learn to live for their country—instead of which they start runaway engines down the lines, blow up bridges, burn homesteads and factories, and gain nothing by it except such amusements as making my train from Waterford to Rosslare several hours late. Ireland would be just as free at this moment if I had arrived punctually. You see, the cause of Ireland is always dogged by the ridicule which we have such a fatal gift of provoking and such a futile gift of expressing."

"I suppose it will have to be settled, as usual, by another massacre of Irishmen by Irishmen."

The words were scarcely uttered when, at a point not far from where they were spoken, the idol of the common people, the man who won the respect of Lloyd George, the romantic figure of the whole tragedy, Michael Collins, fell by the bullet of a fellow-countryman, with the prayer "Forgive them!" on his dying lips.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER IV—FROM A DIPLOMAT'S NOTE-BOOK

AND now that I had been received and entertained by about everybody in Constantinople, it was time for my audience with the Sultan, who came last, like the prima donna. The official functions at the palace under Abdul Hamid were always dignified and punctilious. Royal carriages were sent with escorts for myself and staff. At the entrance of the palace I was met by the Introducer of Ambassadors, and we proceeded to the *salon* of the Grand Master of Ceremonies. I was then joined by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and conducted into the presence of the Sultan by the distinguished soldier Osman Pasha, famed as the hero of Plevna, who was then the Grand Marshal of the Palace.

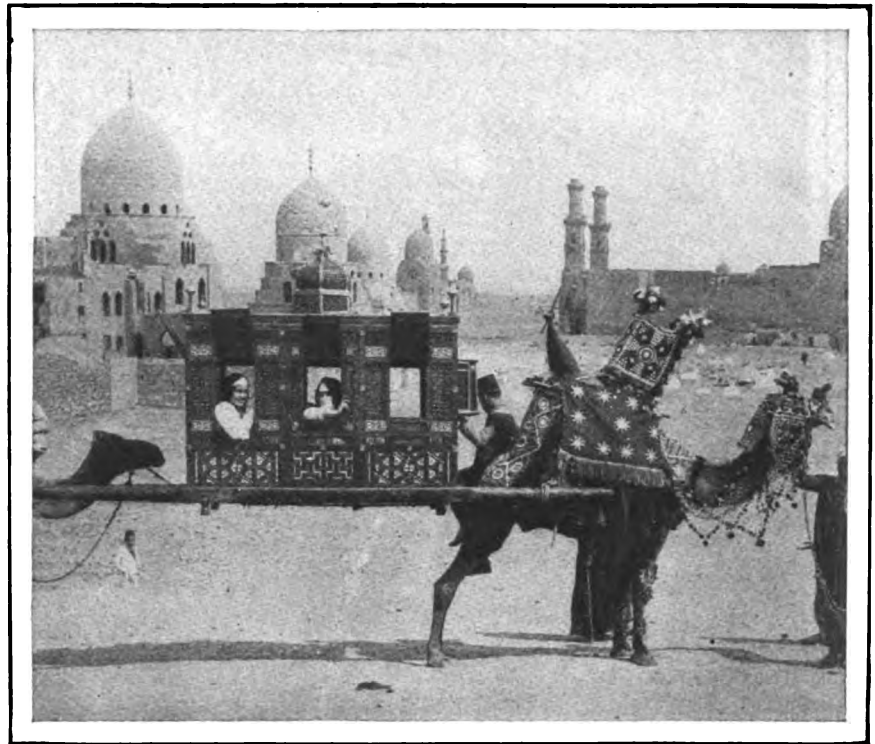
The Sultan, standing, received me in the audience room. He was small, spare in frame, with a short, full black beard. A few years later, when his beard turned gray, he dyed it henna. He wore a plain black frock coat, buttoned to the neck. His complexion was sallow, his nose prominent and aquiline, and his eyes dark, sparkling, animated.

The formalities, presentation of credentials, and brief set addresses on both sides were soon over. His Majesty sat down and invited me to do likewise. Turkish coffee and cigarettes were served—the coffee in egg-shaped cups resting in jewel-studded holders. The conversation was interpreted by my dragoman (the Turkish name for an interpreter). The audience concluded, we returned to the Legation in the same stately manner. Then we gave a reception to the American colony, almost exclusively composed of the missionaries resident at Constantinople, the President and Faculty of Robert College, and the Home School, which was then located across the Bosphorus at Scutari.

On the day preceding my audience I presided at the Commencement of Robert College, located at Roumeli-Hissar, of which the venerable Dr. George Washburn was President. The Commencement was similar to commencements at home, excepting that the orations of the graduates were spoken in the various languages of the East, besides English and French. The Turks at that time could not understand the benevolent purposes which inspired, on the part of the Americans, the establishment of colleges and schools throughout the Empire. Their experience with the various institutions of other nations made them extremely suspicious.

THE SULTAN SAYS HIS PRAYERS

Friday in the Turkish Court was *Selamlık*, when the Sultan attended the mosque for prayers. It was always cele-



(C) Underwood

Sedans in America roll on wheels. But the originals are carried by camels in Cairo. The autobiographer visited Cairo in 1888, in connection with a series of conferences with the governors-general of various Turkish provinces

brated with pomp and splendor. The Ministers and Ambassadors were expected, as a matter of good will, to attend this ceremonial occasionally.

A description of this ceremonial which I jotted down a long time ago is as follows:

The Sultan's residence is known as Yildiz Palace, Yildiz signifying star. The mosque he usually attends is in the vicinity of the palace grounds, distant about four hundred yards. The visitors are received in a small house or kiosk beside the mosque, where a special suite of rooms is reserved for the diplomatic corps. Ten or more regiments on horse and foot are stationed around the elevation stretching from the palace grounds encircling the mosque.

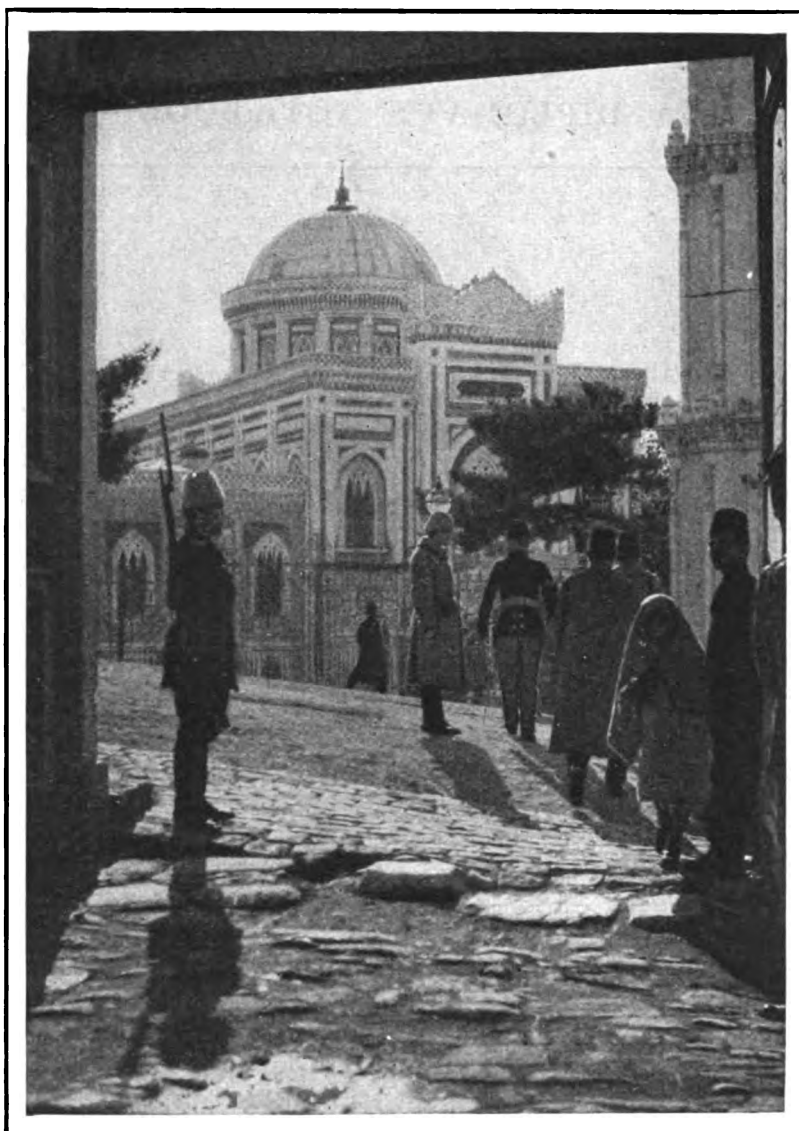
All is in readiness. At about eleven o'clock the gates of the palace inclosure are thrown open. The Sultan is seen in an open barouche, Osman Pasha sitting opposite him. Following the barouche are usually the leading officials of the Government and army officers. The regiments are drawn from different parts of the Empire, and are dressed in glittering uniforms denoting the section from which they come. The most resplendent are the Nubian and Arabian regiments. As the Sultan passes, troops and officials, as from one throat, cry thrice, in Turkish equivalent, "Long live the Sultan!"

He then enters the mosque, and all is still while the prayers are being read. This occupies about thirty minutes. The Sultan then stations himself at a window in the mosque, and the troops file by, the band playing the national march. The Sultan is known to be constantly in fear of assassination, and seldom appears in public except on these occasions. He shows timidity in his expression.

One of his aides-de-camp reports to him the diplomatic representatives and other distinguished persons who are present, and thereafter returns with some gracious message for each. While the prayers are going on in the mosque coffee and cigarettes are served to the guests in the little kiosk. Several carriages, open and closed, together with several saddle horses from the royal stables, are brought down to the mosque. The Sultan chooses which shall be his conveyance for the return to the palace. He usually selects a two-horse topphaeton, and, himself taking the reins, he drives back to the palace, accompanied again by Osman Pasha.

DIPLOMATIC TANGLES

The decorative things are what many people think of exclusively when considering the career of a diplomat. These



International

The Sultan's private mosque in Constantinople, where Turkey's ruler said his prayers amid pomp and splendor

are necessary enough in the promotion of good relations, but diplomats do not get their work done at functions.

There were a number of important diplomatic questions between the United States which gave rise to recurring vexatious differences.

Like China, Turkey had treaties with various European nations granting extra-territorial rights to their nationals. Foreigners were to be judged by their own ambassadors and consuls in both civil and criminal suits between one another. In crimes or offenses committed by foreigners against natives jurisdiction, by long usage, was exercised by the consular court of the person accused. Foreigners were to be exempt from all taxes except on exports and customs.

Such a juridical anomaly is necessary where foreigners have no confidence in the administration of the government under which they reside. These rights of foreigners were very irksome to the Turkish Government and derogatory to

its sovereignty. Some countries, especially Russia, in return for other advantages were not insisting upon their claims under the capitulations, and this encouraged the Ottoman Government under various pleas to resist claims, especially as to criminal jurisdiction over the nationals of other countries, including our own.

We had had a series of treaties with the Sublime Porte since 1830, but there had been many disputes as to the interpretation of the various articles. The treaty of amity and commerce of 1862 was abrogated upon expiration at Turkey's request, which left various controversies subject to the discrepancies of the earlier treaty of 1830, about which was a dispute as to translation—an irritating condition.

Similar troubles arose from the treaty of 1874 of naturalization and extradition. This treaty, after conclusion, was amended by the Senate to provide for a requisite of two years' residence in the country of naturalization after issuance

of naturalization papers. The amendment was accepted by the Sublime Porte with a declaration of interpretations. The United States Government, however, did not accept the interpretations, and the treaty remained in abeyance.

During this time a number of Christian subjects of the Porte, principally Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, came to the United States and remained just long enough to become citizens. Thus freed from Turkish jurisdiction, they returned to Turkey. Many were arrested on charges of being involved in alleged conspiracies against the Ottoman Government. These frequently recurring cases produced considerable irritation. At many times there was a severe strain upon the relations of the two countries.

It was felt that the treaty of naturalization and extradition, with the two-year clause, the same as we have with other nations, would prevent subjects from seeking naturalization in America for no other purpose than to escape liability as Turkish subjects on their return.

One of my first diplomatic efforts was to effect an adjustment of these difficulties either by a new treaty or acceptance of the treaty of 1874 as amended by the Senate. After long and tedious negotiations by an exchange of notes, the Ottoman Government accepted the treaty as amended. I received a flattering cable of congratulations from Secretary Bayard and a letter from Assistant Secretary Adeed, in which he wrote:

Whatever may be the outcome of this negotiation, you are to be congratulated without stint on having achieved a decided diplomatic success by causing the Government of the Porte to recede from the position which it took in 1875, with respect to the Senate amendments, and to which it has so pertinaciously adhered ever since, until you wrought a change of heart and induced it to take a more rational view of the subject. This makes it far easier for us to deal with the question now as justice and equity and due respect for the rights and privileges attaching to American nationality may demand.

As fourteen years had elapsed since the negotiation of the original treaty, it was thought best that the matter should be again submitted to the Senate. Some of our leading missionaries, instigated by prominent Armenians who had become naturalized and returned to Turkey, opposed ratification. No action was taken by the Senate. It was a discouraging situation and difficult to explain to the authorities of the Porte, as by instructions I had assured them that by their acceptance of the amendments negotiations would be concluded.

In the meantime many cases arose, some of a very serious nature, regarding the protection of American citizens of Turkish origin who, upon return to Turkey, became involved in political agitation or who were accused of crimes. Ten years later, on my second mission

to Turkey, I was instructed to renew the negotiations, but the Ottoman authorities were unwilling. We were left without a treaty of naturalization.

REOPENING AMERICAN MISSIONARY SCHOOLS

Governmental hostility to the four hundred American missionary schools in Turkey was stimulated by Russia and by the priests of the French Jesuit and Catholic institutions. The Turks were accustomed, besides, to look for sinister motives underlying the spending of so much money. The Greeks and other nations had fostered political designs there under the cover of scientific and benevolent organizations.

Before my arrival, beginning with the winter of 1885, thirty American schools were closed by the authorities. The pretexts were flimsy. Schools, it was alleged, had not submitted study programmes, text-books, and teachers' certificates to the Government. This was quite contrary to the facts.

At the same time the Sublime Porte used another method to hamper the schools. A new law was proposed by the Sublime Porte for the governing of foreign schools in the Empire. Schools, according to this law, must have the Sultan's *irade* or sanction. Such schools as did not receive this sanction within six months were to be closed by the authorities.

It was no easy matter to have this proposed law modified so as not to disturb existing schools or further development of these schools.

Though I argued the matter again and again with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and got him to permit the reopening of the schools, it remained an unexecuted promise. In order to take the promise out of the nebulous atmosphere of officialdom and make an actuality of it, I decided to visit the various consulates and confer with the missionaries on the spot. In the middle of February, 1888, I visited Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beirut, Mersina, and Smyrna and conferred with the *valis* or governors-general of the respective provinces. I instructed the missionaries to prepare for the opening of the schools, and under my directions such schools as had been closed were immediately opened. The progressive closing of these schools since 1885 seriously threatened the existence of all the American schools, and therefore it was important to reverse the Government's policy. Secretary Bayard on May 24, 1888, wrote me as follows:

The ability, tact, and energy displayed by you in the prosecution of this delicate and important question is deserving of the greatest credit, while the success which has finally crowned your efforts is exceedingly gratifying and entitles you to the Department's special acknowledgment.

SALE OF THE BIBLE DEFENDED

At the same time that the Turkish authorities made their drive against the



(C) Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

The smoking hour in a cafe in Cairo. At the time of Mr. Straus's visit, Egypt was still under Turkish suzerainty

missionary schools they arrested the agents of the American Bible Society and the British Bible Society who went about selling Bible tracts. These agents were known as colporteurs.

I protested against these arrests and secured the release of the agents one after the other. Then I argued for the rights of these colporteurs before the Grand Vizier, the venerable Kiamil Pasha, the most enlightened statesman of the Turkish Empire. I based the right to dispose of these tracts upon the general principles of commerce, arguing that, once the authorization of the censors for printing and publishing a book had been obtained, a prohibition of its sale was in restraint of commerce. There was no reason why different regulations should be made for book hawkers than for hawkers of any other article.

The subject being presented in this matter-of-fact way, the Grand Vizier agreed with my conclusions. Orders that no further arrests be made were issued. Those already arrested were ordered released. The British Bible Society, which benefited equally by this decision, conveyed its thanks and appreciation through my colleague, Sir

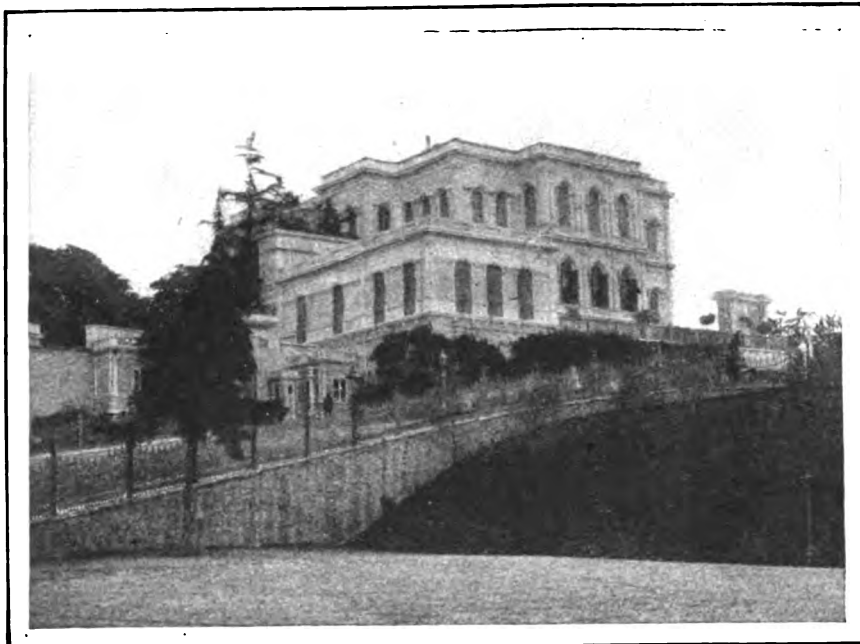
William A. White, the British Ambassador.

A JOURNEY TO EGYPT

As I have stated, I obtained permission from the Secretary of State in March, 1888, to visit some of our principal consulates to bring to a conclusion on the spot various matters about which I had negotiated with the Porte.

My wife and my little five-year-old daughter, Aline, with her nurse, accompanied me. We took a steamer to Alexandria, and from there went to Cairo. At that time Egypt was still under Turkish suzerainty. Our Consul-General and diplomatic agent there was John Cardwell. We also had the pleasure of frequently meeting Anthony M. Kelley, to whom I referred earlier in this account. After his unfortunate experiences with the appointments to Italy and Austria-Hungary, President Cleveland appointed him one of the American judges of the Mixed or Reform Tribunal at Cairo. We saw much of him and his charming wife. He was a learned jurist and was highly respected as one of the ablest judges of the international tribunal.

I had also a pleasant conference with Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord



Paul Thompson

Yildiz Palace, Constantinople—"The official functions at the palace under Abdul Hamid were always dignified and punctilious"

Cromer, the British agent and Consul-General in Egypt, who was then at the height of his career in the reconstruction of Egypt. I also came in contact with Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar or Commanding General of the Egyptian army.

Nubar Pasha was the foremost statesman of Egypt. He was an Armenian, educated by the Jesuits in France. His general knowledge was extensive. He had the wide outlook of the European statesman of the first rank with all the subtlety of an Oriental. It was he who conceived the plan of introducing a legal system and good government into Egypt and of creating the mixed tribunals or international law courts. He acted in sympathy with Lord Dufferin's programme for the reorganization of Egypt. Consequently, he was highly regarded by the British.

The Khedive, Mohammed Tewfik, son and successor of the extravagant Ismail, of Suez Canal fame, entertained us. He was about thirty-six years of age. Without his fez he might have been taken for an Englishman. He spoke English perfectly, and his conversation showed he was well informed about the governments and peoples of Europe.

He desired to bestow a decoration upon me, but I informed his aide-de-camp that under our system our diplomatic representatives were not permitted to accept such distinction. Within an hour after my first call upon him, which was made by appointment, he, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, called upon me at the Hotel Shepherd. Next day he decorated the manager of the hotel, which, it was stated, was done in my honor.

A few days later Mrs. Straus and my-

DRAMATIC PHASES OF DIPLOMACY

The inside stories of a number of dramatic episodes in Mr. Straus's diplomatic career are related in next week's installment of the Autobiography. Mr. Straus describes his journey to Jerusalem, where he found under arrest by the Ottoman authorities hundreds of Jewish pilgrims to the Holy City. He at once demanded the release of these immigrants, holding that they were imprisoned contrary to treaties with the United States, Great Britain, France, and other Powers, and secured their release. The distinguished autobiographer tells how he secured the Sultan's permission for American scholars to undertake important Babylonian excavations. He describes Baron de Hirsch at odds with the Turkish Government regarding railway and other concessions, and tells of the invitation extended to him by both parties to arbitrate the disputes in return for an honorarium of 1,000,000 francs, and his declination for diplomatic reasons of the astounding offer, but his willingness to sit as a mediator should the negotiations at any time require it. The story of the Sultan's farewell to America's Minister on the latter's return home is included in next week's installment.

self were invited to lunch with the Khedive. It was an unusual menu. The names of the dishes had been devised for the occasion, and included such oddities as "crevettes à l'Américaine," "bombe à la Lincoln," etc. I recall the Egyptian quail as specially delicious. It is larger and plumper than our quail. In season, when they migrate from the north, they are trapped in great numbers, and they can be bought in the markets for a plaster (less than five cents) each.

A CARGO OF MISSIONARIES AND RUM

From Cairo we went direct to Beirût, where, in connection with the opening of the schools, I came in close relationship with our leading missionaries.

The missionaries at Beirût of the Presbyterian Board of Missions and the members of the Faculty of the Syrian Protestant College were an exceptionally fine lot of able and devoted men. The nature of their work was not, as generally supposed, to convert Mohammedans to Christianity; the number of such converts was few and far between. Mohammedans are sincere and intense upholders of their faith, which they look upon as the one faith. They regard Christianity as inferior and less rational.

The converts were almost exclusively among native Christians, Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and Maronites. The chief result of their work has been educational, carried forward by a religious spirit among people who have a less enlightened form of religion and among those whose form of Christianity is of a semi-pagan character. At the time of my visit, the Presbyterian Board alone had over one hundred schools throughout Syria, mostly located in places where previously there had been no schools of any sort.

Chief among the missionaries who consecrated their lives to their work I recall the venerable patriarch, the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, a man of learning, energy, and wisdom. In 1910, near the close of his career of service, his book "Fifty-three Years in Syria" was published. He gives in much detail a description of his departure from Boston in December, 1856, on the Sultana, a bark sailing for Smyrna, which had on board besides himself nine other missionaries and a cargo of New England rum. Truly it may be said the cargo was spirited as well as spiritual.

One of the missionaries aboard that interesting vessel was the Rev. Daniel Bliss, who became President of the Syrian Protestant College. I found him to be a minister and educator of the finest type. The first President of the College, he was succeeded in 1902 by his already distinguished son, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, who continued with renewed vigor the work of his father, enlarging the scope and curriculum of the College, so that it became through its thousands of graduates in arts, science, and medicine a potent force

throughout the whole Near East. I became very intimate with the younger Bliss during my subsequent missions to Turkey, and lastly in 1919, when he was present at the Paris Peace Conference in behalf of Syria. He was then suffering from a serious malady, and died the following year in America, honored, beloved, and respected in both the Old World and the New.

While writing of these men I want to express my admiration for several other of the American educators and missionaries in Constantinople: Dr. George Washburn, President of Robert College;

Dr. Albert L. Long; and Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor. Dr. Washburn was a statesman no less than a college president. His knowledge of the diplomatic East was thorough and reliable. Bulgaria at one time was largely governed by officials who had graduated from Robert College, and they looked to Dr. Washburn as their chief adviser. The British Ambassador frequently consulted him and was much influenced by his advice. He understood the Turks and, like others of the College Faculty, spoke their language.

In the year 1888 I secured, after ardu-

ous negotiation, permission for the erection of a new building for Robert College and a house for the President. After the permission was obtained and the papers were being prepared in the office of the Grand Vizier, some enemy of the College so manipulated its permission as to strike out the permit for the addition to the College. This caused great anxiety, as the building was in process of erection. But by reason of my good relationship with the venerable and enlightened Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, I secured for both buildings the Sultan's *irade*.

THE WIND TERROR OF THE EAST

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH, S.C., UNITED STATES NAVY

FORTY thousand Chinese have perished within the past few weeks, victims of a storm of wind and rain which swept ashore at Swatow. In 1913 thousands were drowned in the harbor of Hongkong by a similar storm. Only recently Congress was asked to provide relief for the planters of Guam, many of whom had been ruined by a hurricane. Not long ago a great passenger liner, loaded with passengers, was destroyed in the China Sea. Macao and Manila are constant sufferers from these terrible winds, and hundreds of houses are unroofed and blown down every year on the shores of the Inland Sea of Japan and the southern coast of Hondo, the largest island of the Japanese Archipelago.

These terrific winds, called typhoons, are noticed by the world only when they cause some disaster appalling in its totals of lost life and destroyed property. They are noticed by the world *only when they come ashore*. Every year, however, seamen fight them week after week, month after month, from early June to late November. Hardly a fortnight passes in the summer and fall without its Pacific typhoon; and the most terrible of them stay at sea during their entire course.

We have disastrous hurricanes that sweep our Southern coastal States, but these hurricanes are born in the Caribbean Sea or the Gulf of Mexico. Their course is broken by islands, large and small, and the shores of the mainland are very close. A circular storm is like a rolling wheel—any little pebble or bush can affect its course and speed. A patch of woods or a moderately high hill can materially diminish the storm's force. The hurricanes which damage the coast of Louisiana and Mississippi are those which have managed to slip through the narrow channel between islands off Yucatan, and so reach our shores with their fury still immature but unhampered. In the broad Pacific there is nothing to stop them. Day after day the typhoons swing across open water, gathering speed and strength as

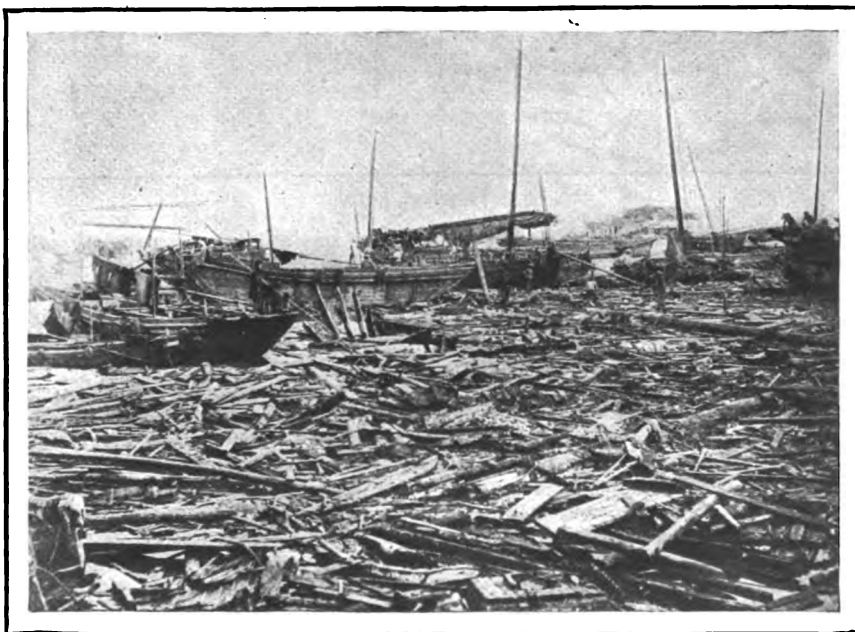
they gradually curve northward, until by the time they reach the broad side of China they have becoming yelling, destructive giants.

Two things are necessary to start a circular storm: a quiet, sheltered, windless area and a hot sun. When these two things combine, a typhoon is invariably started. If the earth's blanket of air revolved with the earth, there would be areas of perpetual typhoon, and China and Florida would escape. However, as the earth spins it trails the air behind it, like streamers on an electric fan; and so, once started, the typhoon begins to slip to the westward, left behind by the hurrying earth. When the birthplace of the storm is surrounded at fairly close range by hills and rocks, forests and cliffs, the storm soon breaks up. When it has the open sea for a playground, it grows in size and violence, gradually drifting northward, pushed by the resisting quiet air which it is disturbing, until its strength

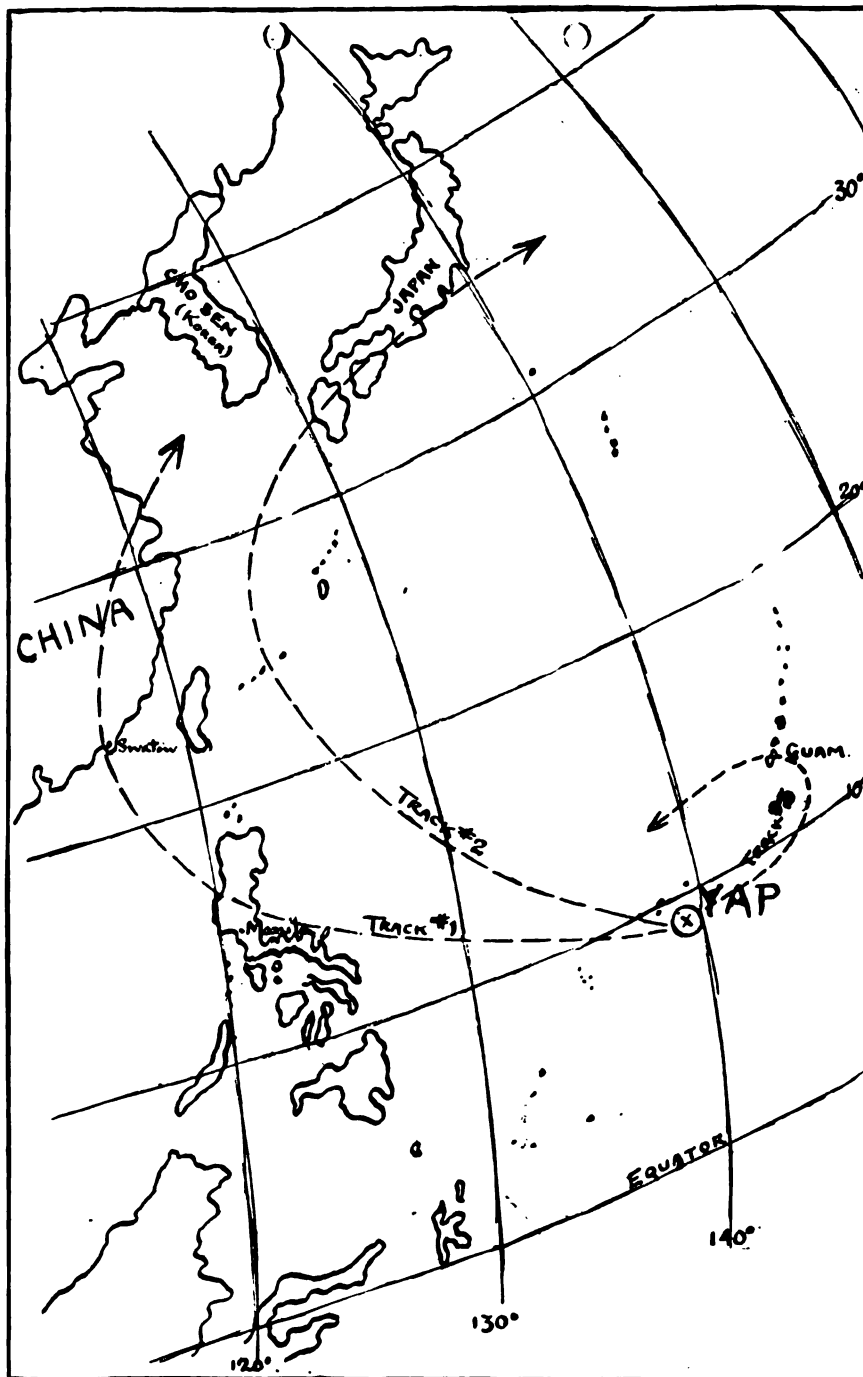
wanes and the backlash of its own fury drives it northeast and out to sea again, dying as it strikes the cold air currents of the fortieth parallel.

The physical laws involved are the simple ones that heated air rises and that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. The hot sun beats down on the still air and overheats it. Immediately it begins to rise, leaving a partial vacuum. Cooler air from all sides moves in to fill up the depression; but air from all sides at once cannot reach it, so a whirl of air forms around the hot area as water running out of a bathtub whirls down the pipe. In this case the air whirls *up* instead of down, pulling up the sea and increasing the vacuum itself. Once firmly established, this air eddy starts to roll westward, and the mischief is on its way.

Contrary to one's first and natural conclusions, a typhoon travels very slowly—usually between five and ten



Underwood



THE TYPHOON AREA

miles per hour, and practically never over eighteen or twenty. The movement of the storm itself is not dangerous. The intruding currents of cool air, radiating from the still, empty, slow-moving center like sparks from a pin-wheel, however, reach terrific speed. Their velocity is roughly the square of the rate of progress. That is, if the storm is moving forward at five miles an hour, the concentric winds are running twenty-five miles an hour. By the time the center has reached a speed of ten miles the whirling winds are making one hundred. The upper limit of possible velocity of typhoon winds has ever been measured—the instruments blow away at anywhere from one hun-

dred to one hundred and twenty miles. When one considers the power of such frightful wind velocities, the amount of damage done does not seem unreasonable; but when we stop to consider that as the storm center passes, the wind, which has been constant, suddenly and without warning starts to blow just as hard in the direction exactly opposite to its former course, the wonder is that anything survives. I have seen sturdy coconut trees stand for hours of the first half of a typhoon bent double, their fronds trailing out in the wind as rigid as steel rods. And with the first screaming assault of the reversed wind of the second half those same trees were ripped to splinters, solid twenty-pound green

cocoanuts as big as footballs sailing down the gale like scraps of paper. The terrible loss of life in the "sampan cities" of China, where thousands of people live their entire lives in houseboats moored in regular streets and blocks along the fringes of the bays, is inevitable once the typhoon center comes near. Row after row of floating homes is hurled on the beach in a smother of stinging foam and green water; then the wind shifts and the tangled mass is carried shrieking out to sea. When a steamer's only hope is to run away, upon what can a houseboat depend for safety?

Ordinarily, whirling tropical storms do not occur before July 1 nor after November 1, inspiring the old "Western Ocean" warning of—

June, too soon.
July, stand by.
August, you must.
September, remember!
October, all over.

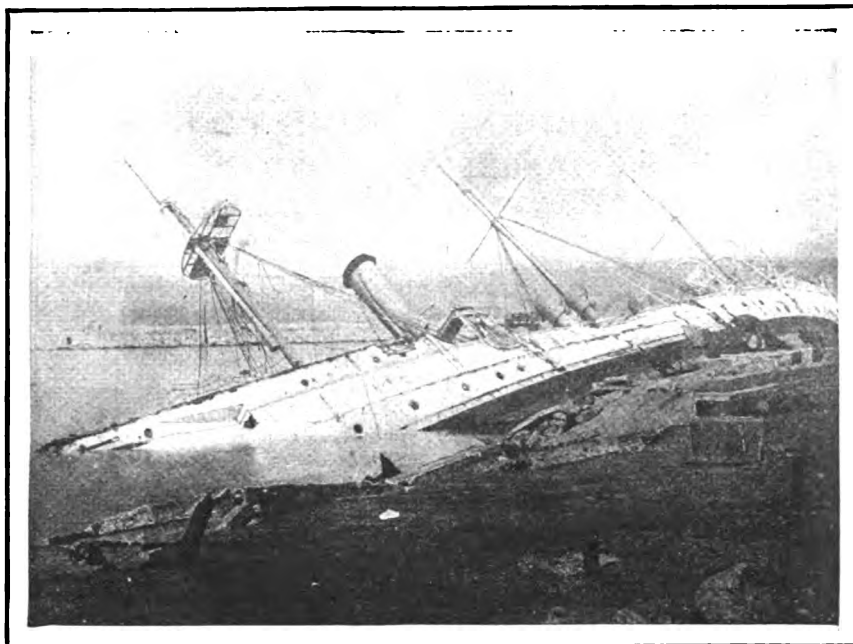
An unusually warm spring or an unduly lengthened summer sometimes causes storms in June and November, and these storms, when they do occur, are often the worst of the season. These calendar limits are fixed by the semi-annual shift in prevailing winds across the two oceans. From November to June the trade winds blow briskly from east to west, and nowhere except in the Gulf of Tehuantepec, under the lee of Mexico, does a "quiet, sheltered, windless area" exist. The Caribbean and the Pacific are cool and the air is constantly moving. In May or June of each year the trades die out and the monsoon, blowing from the southwest, hot, sickly, and moist, takes its place. The mountains of Honduras and Nicaragua shelter an area large enough to breed hurricanes during this time; and to the northward of the high mountains of Borneo, ten degrees "above the line," the island of Yap lies in the hot sun, without a breath of cooling breeze until the trades come back in November. Yes, the same island of Yap which tried to brew trouble of another kind last year—Yap of the Pacific cables and the stone money. The Swatow typhoon, like all other typhoons, was born in Yap.

A wonderful old man in Manila, called Father Algué, has told the world a great deal about typhoons. His instruments are known in every weather-forecasting station. His books are on board every modern vessel; but his greatest work has been the cable service of the observatory he founded, a service which saves thousands of lives a year. Years ago, in Guam, before the first symptom of a storm developed locally we used to receive Father Algué's cables telling us of a coming typhoon, its course, and the hour and minute it would reach us. Sometimes he became personal, as in one message reading: "Tell transport Sherman to leave Apia Harbor before six o'clock to-night if she wishes to see Manila this voyage!"

Father Algué's records of storms, ex-

tending over many years, show that all typhoons follow three general tracks—two usual, one eccentric. Those that start slowly take an initial course nearly due west, gradually gathering headway, until by the time they have reached full power and swing sharply to the north they have also reached the Philippine Islands or the China Coast. (Track No. 1 on the chart.) If they begin violently, their full force has passed in the empty sea before they sweep across southern Hondo. (Track No. 2.) And about once or twice a year, for reasons not yet thoroughly understood, a typhoon attains its maturity too soon, goes insane, and flies the wrong way. (Track No. 3.) These maniac typhoons are short-lived, like other maniacs, and rarely last longer than just long enough to uproot the coconut trees from which Guam makes its livelihood.

Outwitting a typhoon is an exhausting but exciting adventure when a ship is not too close to shore—"has plenty of sea room." First of the many warnings that presage the storm is a thick, still heat. Then the wind begins to sidle about in tiny puffs, its direction veering 180 degrees in two or three minutes. The second day long, thin fingers of white cloud radiate from some one point on the horizon, like bony fingers of a giant hand, and an opaque white haze hangs in the far distance, although the sky is bright overhead. Then for two or three days the clouds, at first white, then gray, then purple black, climb steadily, massing higher and higher. The fitful gusts grow stronger, and at night you wake, straining your ears. There is nothing to hear but the palm leaves rattling in the gusts; but you have an eerie sensation that some one in the distance has screamed. By this time the islanders are watching the wind anxiously. If it keeps on shifting, well and good, for the center is passing by. If it steadies to one point of the compass and slowly rises, the storm is heading straight in the observer's direction, and it is coming from a point forty-five degrees to the *right* of the direction of the wind. The wind is tangent to the side of the center, so a steady wind means a constant bearing of the storm itself. If the shipmaster finds himself to the south and west, he need not be particularly apprehensive. He has only to keep the wind on the left side and astern, changing his course as the wind shifts, for he is outside of the storm's curve, is keeping a constant, wide angle between his course and the bearing of the storm center, and consequently, every mile he steams is a mile farther away from trouble. When he finds that his ship is inside the curve of the typhoon, however, he has an anxious time ahead of him. To try to cross ahead of the center is perilous. To go back may be to run full into it. Once caught, his only course is to slow down to bare steerage-way and keep his ship from falling into the trough of the sea, broadside to the wind. He may put out a



Brown Bros. THE BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR PHOENIX WRECKED BY A TYPHOON

"sea-anchor"—a triangular sail stayed out with spars, thrown over the bow and towed as his ship is blown backwards, its drag "keeping her nose up into it." In this way, if his ship is stout, he may ride through a very severe typhoon indeed.

On shore of course the problem is different. One cannot maneuver his house across a thousand miles of territory to evade a dangerous wind. One can only try to make his house secure. The

islander's thatched and wattled shack cannot be closed up; so the entire family work like busy ants guying up the walls like a tent. To hold down the roof, the man of the house takes ten-foot or twelve-foot sections of old bamboo, punching out the joints until he has a dozen or more long buckets about four or five inches in diameter. He ties these bamboos together with a foot or so of rope, in pairs, and throws them, open and up, across the ridgepole of his hut, until his entire roof is covered. The rain quickly fills the buckets, and the weight thus gained is sometimes enough to save the roof. With the more solidly built houses of the white men there is but one salvation—to keep the wind out of the house. Doors must be closed and bolted, the cracks stuffed with rags. Heavy, solid wooden shutters, sliding in grooves outside the windows, are closed and fastened with hooks. The wind must not be allowed to enter, for, once inside, it will explode a frame house like a bursting shell or blow the windows and roof away from a stone building. A defective lock on the massive front doors of the Kow Loon Yacht Club in 1913 gave way under the blast of a typhoon, and as the roof flew away it carried with it the ruined fragments of the finest collection of Chinese antiques in Hongkong Harbor. The interior of the building was completely wrecked.

The problem was simple in my house in Guam. It was squat and low and coral-built, and was in the lee of a high cliff. It was uncomfortable to sit for hours in the hot, wet dark of the tightly sealed house, watching the rain leak through where the gale had driven it under the tiles, but the only real sufferer was my cat. Unable to hunt for rats during the storm, she had to be fed on salmon and sardines, and it invariably gave her indigestion.

"GREEN GOLD OF THE TROPICS"

The tropics raise some things besides typhoons—green gold for instance. Newton Fuessle, in *The Outlook* of October 4, tells the story of a vast industry built up in our American tropics by American enterprise and American money.

THE BOOK TABLE

SWINBURNE'S HOME LIFE

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE home life of a genius is often so disappointing, so sedentary and uninspired a process of incubation that it is always wise to approach books that treat of such intimacies without too great a measure of expectation. This warning is hardly necessary to lovers of Swinburne, for his home life with Walter Theodore Watts Dunton at The Pines, Putney Hill, was no secret. Mrs. Watts Dunton's "The Home Life of Swinburne,"¹ if we except the hodge-podge of tea-table anecdotes and small talk which gives it a gossip interest, brings hardly anything new to the subject. Watts Dunton's valiant rescue of the brandy-drinking pagan poet from a sick-bed, in Great James Street and the nursing of that poet (a process that took thirty years) is ancient history. Most readers know all that they need to know about the carefully regulated days at The Pines, and, indeed, Mrs. Watts Dunton's book proves that they know all that there was to know. The whole thing formulates itself into a rapidly ossifying brain and childlike existence that assuredly was not stemmed in any degree by Watts Dunton. It is impossible to assert at this late date that The Pines did, or did not, destroy Swinburne as a great poet. It may be true that he would have destroyed himself, anyway, if Watts Dunton had left him on his sick-bed in Great James Street. Indeed, evidence would seem to favor such a theory. Mrs. Watts Dunton is furious enough about those critics who have ascribed Swinburne's lessening vitality as a poet during the last thirty years of his life to the influence of Watts Dunton. "There is no chapter in literary history," she asserts, "dealing with men's friendship more lovely; and yet envy and spite have tried to disfigure the public aspect of this sweet and sacred thing."

In the past I have leaned toward the theory that Watts Dunton's influence on Swinburne was as bad mentally as it was good physically, and nothing that Mrs. Watts Dunton has to say in this volume would seem to shake that theory. She looked upon her husband apparently as a sort of reincarnation of Alfred Tennyson's good old Victorian King Arthur. He possessed toward Swinburne what Mrs. Watts Dunton quite rightly calls "the mothering instinct." She asserts of her husband: "His anxiety for his [Swinburne's] physical welfare, his great interest in his mental output, his concern for his domestic comfort and for his amusement were beautiful to witness." "Walter," she re-

marks in another place, "ruled him by love, guided him by advice, and influenced him by suggestion." All this, it must be remembered, is written about him who, as Max Beerbohm once put it, "erstwhile clashed cymbals in Naxos."

Now, there have been two theories prevalent concerning the sad débacle of Swinburne's later years. One is that the poet needed alcohol to whip his brain up to the proper point of ecstasy in order to write his greatest poetry, and this is the sole theory to which Mrs. Watts Dunton pays any attention. She is horrified at it, and quite properly so, for there is no proof that Swinburne wrote any of his greatest poetry while under the influence of alcohol. But the second theory is not disposed of so easily, and perhaps this is why Mrs. Watts Dunton ignores it. That theory is based on the premise that Swinburne's poetry fell off during his later years because Watts Dunton's stodgy mind began to permeate and influence the inspiration of the poet. Of course Swinburne would not write about Faustine again with Walter's careful eye upon him. The poet had been set down in surroundings that made such a procedure impossible. He was in a Victorian household where everything moved like clockwork. He got up and breakfasted about ten o'clock, read the daily paper, ambled about Wimbledon Common, drank a bottle of Bass at the Rose and Crown, had luncheon, an afternoon nap, wrote from four o'clock until six, read aloud until 7:45, had dinner at eight, and then retired to his library. And that for thirty years was the life of the man who shifted the values of mid-Victorian poetry! One can but regret Watts Dunton's "great interest in his [Swinburne's] mental output" and the fact that he guided the poet "by advice and influenced him by suggestion."

Nothing but gratitude can be extended to Watts Dunton for his activity in 1879, but it is to be regretted that it had to be Watts Dunton. His was a calm, moderate, machine-like, critical mind, full of the milk of human kindness, but hardly capable of intensifying the vagaries of genius. Swinburne did not live his own life at The Pines, whatever Mrs. Watts Dunton may say. The evidence is too strongly on the other side. The poet led Watts Dunton's life. In spite of the dynamic qualities of Swinburne's brain, it is obvious that he was weak and easily dominated. He had no head for practicalities, and it was easier to let other people do things for him than to do them himself. And because of this, because he took the line of least resistance, was nursed back to health and then permitted himself to be coddled for

the rest of his life, we have the figure of the dapper little gentleman who would observe the picture of a baby and coo, "Oh, the little duck! Did you ever see such darling dimples? Just look at those sweet little arms! Isn't he perfect?" Mrs. Watts Dunton, by the way, sets this speech down with the utmost gravity.

Except for inconsequentialities and a number of minor anecdotes of some interest there is nothing new in Mrs. Watts Dunton's volume except the rather touching chapter recording the poet's last days. Here she does reach a certain height of poignancy, although, to be quite honest, she fumbles it through an inveterate sentimentality which makes itself manifest throughout the book. I do not remember that the last days of Swinburne have ever been so minutely described before, and it may be of some interest to set down part of Mrs. Watts Dunton's narrative. She writes:

A nurse was stationed on the landing outside his room with the door open, for in his lucid moments it would have irritated him to see a strange woman sitting by his bedside. Walter prepared both nurses for the possibility that their presence might excite their distinguished patient to the utterance of "Elizabethan language," and requested them not to go near him except when absolutely necessary. Upstairs in his room, although by now he was gaining strength, Walter lay in bed strained and nervous, wondering what the issue would be. At intervals I would go down to Swinburne to take little messages to him from Walter. I found that he absolutely refused to allow the nurse to administer oxygen. Though he was sometimes delirious, he was conscious enough to know that a stranger was bending over him, and when she attempted to place the tube near his mouth he beat it away with his hands, crying out in an enfeebled voice, "Take it away, take it away!"

But the nurse's science told her that oxygen was necessary, and accordingly Walter's influence was asked for and promptly used. Acting as Walter's proxy, I went to Swinburne's bedside and told him that Walter considered the oxygen to be akin to a sea breeze, and that it would do him all the good in the world. He opened his eyes and gladly allowed me to put the tube quite near his mouth as he inhaled the vapor without another murmur.

It was painful sometimes to watch him hurl the blankets off his chest and shoulders as he tossed about in a state of high fever. No sooner had the nurse or I replaced them than he would again try to fling them off. Occasionally he would talk wildly for a long while without stopping. I remember the nurse asked me in what language he was talking. I could catch a word here and there as he muttered long sentences with aston-

¹The Home Life of Swinburne. By Clara Watts Dunton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

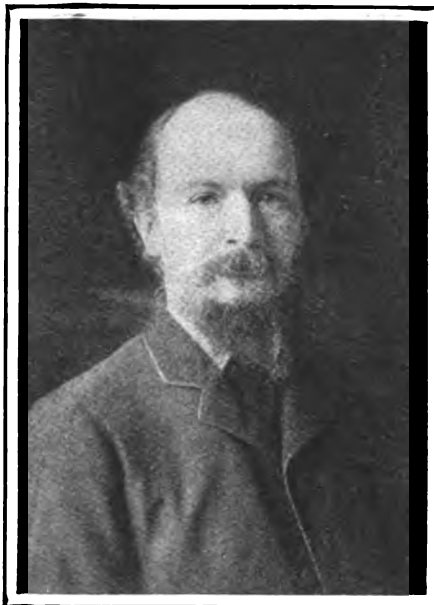
ishing rapidly, and an occasional phrase in his disjointed monologue made me guess that he was speaking or reciting in Greek.

It was in this manner, the victim of double pneumonia, that Swinburne died on the morning of April 10, 1909. It is pathetic to note that the dying poet, dreamer to the last, would take his oxygen only after it had been urged upon him as something akin to a sea breeze. He who had been a stormy petrel in his younger days never lost his passion for the sea.

The picture that Mrs. Watts Dunton draws of Swinburne as a bibliophile is pleasing, but it is hardly as arresting a portrait as that furnished some years ago by Max Beerbohm, who passed an afternoon with the poet among his rare first editions. Swinburne's passions were few, and Mrs. Watts Dunton is careful to note them all. There was Victor Hugo, for instance, and there was Dickens. Several pages are given over to a description of Swinburne as a reader of Dickens. He was a very bad reader, according to Mrs. Watts Dunton, although in later years she became rather fascinated by his delivery. It seems that Swinburne would attempt to convey character by the tones of his voice as he read, and, as the poet was far from being an actor, the attempt was generally a failure. His high falsetto voice must have been a surprising thing. Another enthusiasm was the blossoming hawthorns on Wimbledon Common, and great was Swinburne's excitement the season he wheedled Mrs. Watts Dunton into accompanying him on a trip of inspection to them. "I found that he knew each one separately and individually," writes Mrs. Watts Dunton, "as one knows old friends. He ran from one to another, jumping over the numerous intersecting dikes and ditches and giving me his hand to help me to leap over to his side. When he got to one large hawthorn of divine loveliness, he paused for a long time in front of it and drew in long deep breaths, as though he were inhaling the subtle emanation of the blossoms he so rapturously adored, and softly and repeatedly ejaculated, 'Ah-h-h!'" And of course his enthusiasms for the sea and babies are repeatedly emphasized. One chapter deals almost wholly with efforts to find a likely shore resort for the poet, and there is quite a pathetic touch in the account of Swinburne's sad discovery that he was getting too old to remain very long in the water.

Although unimportant, there is much to amuse the reader in the two chapters concerning Swinburne's fads and his difficulties as a man of business. He never would let a tailor measure him, because he did not like the idea of foreign hands travelling over his body. This necessitated all his suits being cut from the one he possessed. Checks were an abhorrence to him and he never cashed them, sometimes thrusting large ones away in odd corners, where they

remained hidden for months. He was averse to carrying small coins, and this appears to be part of his aristocratic heritage, for he feared contamination from them. Christmas was a gala time at The Pines and many were the mysterious proceedings on Swinburne's part as the holiday drew near. He was meticulous in his selection of Christmas cards, and great was his delight when he discovered any with ships upon them.



From a photograph (O) by Elliott & Fry, London
SWINBURNE

Of all the people who came to visit Swinburne but one is selected by Mrs. Watts Dunton for special mention, and this proves to be the novelist F. Marion Crawford. Swinburne got on very well with him, and so too, apparently, did Watts Dunton and his wife. Mrs. Watts Dunton even mentions such trivial things as Swinburne's predilection for blue writing paper and for Samphire Soap. She informs us that his newspaper was the "Daily Telegraph," there being "too much 'We-lishness' about the 'Times.'" Although Mrs. Watts Dunton is careful to state that Swinburne was not eccentric, it is hard to resist a smile at her description of the poet's appearance. He braced his trousers so high, she asserts, that he showed several inches of white sock. "Furthermore, he had a curious prancing gait, and his deliberate way of flinging out his feet before him as he trod the ground reminded one of a dancing master or a soldier doing the goose-step."

An entire chapter is devoted to the bard's humor, but the evidences of it offered are pretty sad. For instance, Mrs. Watts Dunton covers a lot of paper describing one anecdote which culminates in the fact that Swinburne read "Walter Watts" into the obituary of "Richard Watts" in Dickens's "The Seven Poor Travelers." There is nothing brilliant in this, and as one looks through the book, observing the various remarks ascribed to Swinburne, one

wonders at the dullness of the poet. We have Mrs. Watts Dunton's word for it that he scintillated at times and that his exhortations were fearsome and wonderful to hear, but there are certainly no examples of any such wit or exhortations to be discovered in the book. One cannot but reach the conclusion that the author of "The Home Life of Swinburne" has left much unsaid and has carefully selected those few tidbits of information with which she does interlard her appreciation of the poet. In no sense of the word does this volume close the door to the biography of Swinburne. Edmund Gosse did not do it, and neither does Mrs. Watts Dunton. Of course the hostess of The Pines is attempting no such thing, but even the ground which she has selected for herself is so meagerly scraped at as to make it imperative that an authentic history of those last thirty years be yet written. It must be remembered that she did not become a part of the menage at The Pines until the very fag-end of Swinburne's life, and much of her observation was made through the eyes of a girl, and a girl very much in love with Theodore Watts Dunton at that. It was but natural that she should have seen Swinburne through the eyes of her husband.

Certain sillinesses creep into the book. For instance, there is the gravely delivered information that Swinburne carefully folded up his napkin after a meal. Did Mrs. Watts Dunton imagine that her readers would jump to the conclusion that the poet flung it upon the floor after he had satisfied his appetite? It is easy to perceive why certain people have asserted that this volume is in bad taste. It is really not so, for the enthusiasm and undoubted love for the poet of the woman who wrote it lift it from any such quagmire. But it does have its lapses, and a rather serious one is the unconscious belittlement of Swinburne that runs through it. It is a loving belittlement, but it is insidious. It strips and presents as practically helpless a character that must have possessed many sound masculine traits. True enough, Swinburne's anger is hinted at, but, being hinted at, it is quickly slurred over. Mrs. Watts Dunton is striving to place a halo on a head that had been haloed long before she was born, and with a flaming halo that she can hardly comprehend. There is no doubt that the young pagan Swinburne gradually metamorphosed into the quaint little Victorian gentleman who never ran far from his masculine nursemaid, Watts Dunton, but there is hardly any need to rub it in so vigorously.

There is a psychological problem implicit in the career of Swinburne that will be worked out some day, and it is safe to assert that Mrs. Watts Dunton's volume will prove valuable at that time. And it will prove valuable, not for the conscious information she gives, but for the unconscious betrayals which she does not perceive and never will be able to perceive.



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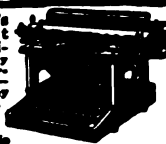
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THE PIONEER

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

LONG years ago I blazed a trail
Through lovely woods unknown till
then,
And marked with cairns of splintered
shale
A mountain way for other men;

For other men who came and came:
They trod the path more plain to see;
They gave my trail another's name,
And no one speaks or thinks of me.

Another's name my trail may bear,
But still I keep, in waste and wood,
My joy because the trail is there,
My peace because the trail is good.

MY PIECE OF GARDEN

A WHITE COTTAGE, green blinds and ivy vines. A garden filled with flowering shrubs, pink peonies, blue larkspur. There is a soft tinkle of a fountain, and a sweet, delicate fragrance fills the air. A porch shaded by elms and pines. On the porch a white-haired gentlewoman of about threescore and ten, knitting her lovely yarn of blue, lavender, pink, and yellow.

The gate latch clicked. A young girl in organdy and leghorn hat walked slowly up the cool, shady path. Her eyes were full of sorrow, perplexity. A smile of welcome, a loving kiss. "This is a wonderful place, dear Lady Lavender. 'Tis peace, perfect peace. No sin nor trouble could live in here, yet just outside greed makes the world hideous. There is so much that is wrong. I am young, my life before me, but I have no aim. Tell me, dear Lady Lavender, what can I do to help destroy this ugliness of the world?"

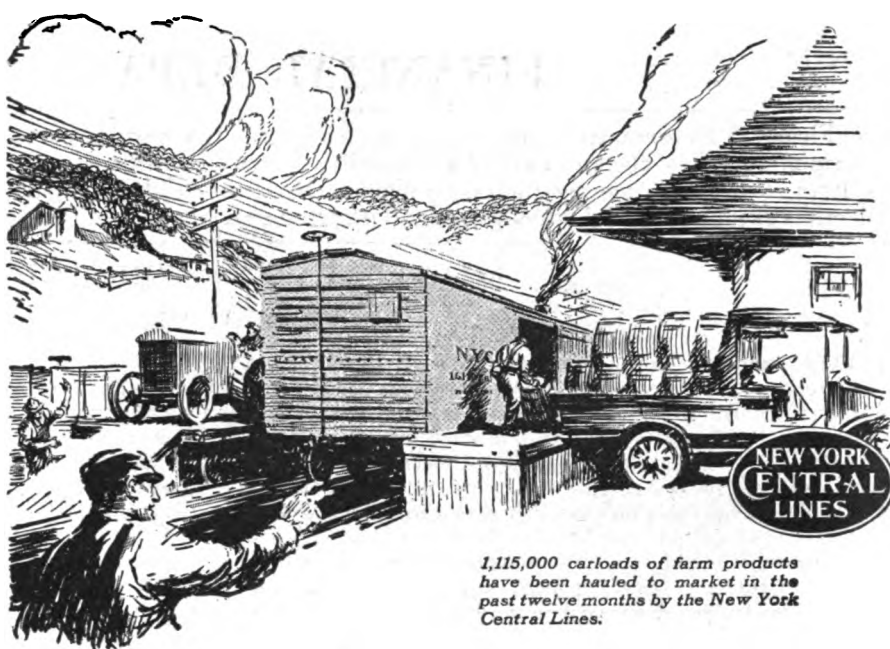
Patiently sat the little old lady, listening once again to the cry of the young. "What can I do? My dear child, once upon a time there lived a boy who desired great riches and power. He gained the coveted riches by advertising his wares upon huge painted signposts along highways, destroying beautiful views, disfiguring the landscape, stealing from all who passed by the beauty that might have been theirs. Stealing that which is far more precious than mere money, yet the criminal went unpunished, though truly hated, this man behind the painted signs.

"With riches in the bank, he longed for happiness and began wandering the world over hunting happiness, contentment. He built hospitals, organized uplift societies. At last he came to a beautiful gate, knocked, heard a voice say, 'Enter, stranger.' It was the sunset hour—all about was enchanting beauty: a waterfall in the distance, a stream of sparkling water. Flowers covered the ground beneath ages-old trees. 'At last,' thought he, 'I have found perfect beauty, happiness.' Then, turning, he

saw an ugly spot, not large, but covered with rank weeds, unsightly sand, and ant-hills. Indignantly he turned to the man by his side and said: 'Why is not this spot attended to? Why is it left to mar the garden?' 'It mars the garden far more than you know, stranger,' the man replied. 'From this miserable spot millions of weed seeds fly over the place. Hours are spent each day weeding, ever weeding; many a man, many a woman, might have had time for greater things but for this cursed spot. It has stolen hours of ease—hours that might well have been filled with nobler things. Only hard labor has saved the beauty of the garden.' 'Then why, in the name of beauty, don't you care for it?' 'That is the tragedy, stranger; we cannot. It is the law of the garden that each man must care for the piece of ground given him, his work cannot be done by another; and the man to whom this ground was given was not willing to work here; he wanted to do greater things—build hospitals, organize societies for the relief of the weary. Had he remained and attended to his ground, he might have saved many from being ill and weary.'

"The stranger flushed with indignation. 'Tell me, who is this wretch that has so neglected his piece of work that little children grow tired, men and women downhearted? Tell me the name of the man who builds hospitals and allows such carelessness as this to harm mankind.' 'John Brown, of Yorktown.' The stranger staggered, grew pale, and muttered to himself: 'John Brown, of Yorktown. My unkept piece of ground. Hours wasted undoing the work of those seeds, and I thought the task given me of no consequence; too small a piece of work for me. And here, too late, I find it's a piece of ground in the midst of beauty, destroying beauty.' His head dropped, he would have fallen but for the quick arm of the gardener. 'I am old; oh, for my youth, my strength, that I might make this spot like unto the rest of the garden, or even strength enough to clear my small piece of ground! Yes, to even leave it bare, but not, oh, not a curse to mankind!'"

The sweet-voiced woman looked up, and saw a tear in the little visitor's eye. She put her arm about her. "Shall we, dear, have tea under the trees? And now tell me about your pretty new frocks." A half-hour passed. Later the girl in organdy, with a bright, happy, contented smile, entered an old-fashioned home. She kissed the crippled father and put her arm about the gentle woman at his side. "No need, mother, darling, worrying about me any longer. I am not going away. I am going first to attend to my piece of the garden." She ran upstairs singing. The father turned to the mother. "Why, Peg is like a ray of sunshine to-day." "Yes, father, I feel ten years younger since she entered that door. And did you hear the happy ring in her voice when she said, 'I am not going away'? But I wonder what she meant when she said, 'I am going to attend first to my piece of the garden.'" L. A. G.



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"CAPITAL IS INTELLIGENT"

BY PAUL TOMLINSON

CAPITAL and labor are almost always fertile topics of conversation. The coal strike and the railway strike have brought them prominently to the fore once again, and talk of the strikes usually leads to a discussion of our whole industrial system. It is to be expected that many divergent opinions are held of the merits of capital's stand as opposed to that of the unions, and on the other side the unions' actions as they affect and are affected by capital. It is not my purpose here to express an opinion on this absorbing subject, but merely to quote an opinion I heard offered a short time ago, and

pass it on to my readers for their consideration. It offers interesting food for thought.

Capital and labor were under discussion. "I don't by any means approve of all the methods and practices of either," said one member of the group. "I hold no brief for capital any more than I do for labor—of course I use the terms in their widest application—but personally I am for capital."

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because it's intelligent."

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can object to labor unions, for, properly run, they have in them great possibilities of good. In union there is strength, is a saying which may apply to organizations of laboring men as well as to bodies politic. But simply because a thing is inherently good is no guarantee that in practice it will work out for good. Further, it is an unescapable fact that a nation, or a business, or an individual, or an association of any kind which ignores everything but his or its own desires and wishes is due for trouble.

Labor—meaning many labor unions—has in numerous instances during the past few years pressed its own claims without regard for their effect upon the rest of the community. That is not only a selfish policy, but short-sighted, and the result has been a great loss of prestige to the unions and a sharp decline in the number of men enrolled on their lists of members.

Labor has not been intelligent, and is paying the price. Ill-advised strikes have not only alienated public opinion, but caused serious dissension in the ranks of the unions themselves. While waiting at a railway station the other day I fell into conversation with one of the company's employees. I asked him what he thought of the shopmen's strike. "My own union was on strike a couple of years ago," he said. "I was out for three months, and the only result was that at the end of the strike I was five hundred dollars poorer than when the strike started. If my union strikes this time, I resign."

Actually many union men have surrendered their cards because they are unwilling to strike themselves or pay assessments for the support of those who are out. In other words, many union men are in doubt about the degree of intelligence being shown by their leaders.

Production is the source of all wealth, strikes hinder production, and the strikers can no more escape the results than any one else. Unions in many cases consistently aim to keep down production, having the misguided notion that by so doing they are benefiting themselves, when, as a matter of fact, it is the laboring man who is the greatest sufferer from such a condition. Another assumption on which the unions are prone to act is that every man's work is equally valuable. But it isn't, and it never can be. This assumption kills the efficient man's initiative, however, and deadens his ambition. The good man earns no more than the shirker, so what's the use in trying? Any system which breeds this attitude cannot rightly be termed intelligent.

The argument may be advanced that capital is not intelligent, but merely powerful. The answer to that is that power which is not backed by brains is always of short duration, and capital has not only been powerful for a long time, but is still fairly robust even in these days of sovietism and communism and syndicalism. Capital is strong because it has recognized the existence of economic laws, while labor, to its sorrow, has frequently assumed they can be



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

overlooked or ignored. Russia, of course, is the "horrible example" of what happens when these fundamental facts are disregarded.

Supply and demand is the basic principle on which all business is conducted. Men who conduct successful businesses must keep constantly in touch with the demand for their products and fix the supply to meet it. There is considerable agitation for year-round employment for everybody, and some day it may be possible to accomplish this. But is it fair to an employer to expect him to keep his whole force employed, when he knows he cannot find a market for the goods produced? Every one knows that at harvest time a farmer needs lots of help, but who expects the farmer to keep all of that help on his pay-roll throughout the winter when there is little work to do? Businesses also have their harvest times and their winter seasons, and their help, too, must be regulated to meet these requirements. If it is not, the business is doomed to certain failure. No employer throws men out of work for the fun of the thing; he realizes that if his plant can be operated at capacity he personally will benefit along with the others, and it is not human nature willingly to forego profits.

Similarly, most employers—capital—realize that it is good business to keep their employees contented, to pay them good wages, and furnish them with good working conditions. Supply and demand, however, must largely determine wages, and when wages are cut it is because of this economic law and not capital trying to grind down labor. All of which is bound to bring hardship upon individuals; but no workable suggestion has ever been made as to how this situation can be avoided. In our present state of development it seems impossible to make everybody happy, and the policy which does the most good for the greatest number is the best one to follow. Moreover, if any one argues that the laboring man is not well off under a capitalistic system, let him compare the condition of labor under such a system with its condition in a place where capital does not control.

Capital may not always be as generous as it might be, and yet there are hundreds of instances to prove that it is not as "hard boiled" as it is sometimes pictured. Whether the motive is philanthropic or shrewd, is beside the point. Probably it is a combination of both; but the fact remains that capital has for years been growing constantly more alive to the interests of labor and working in those interests. Which is no more than intelligent.

Many people may not agree with all these sentiments. But, I believe, most people must agree that capital is powerful whether it is intelligent or not. And its power comes from the possession of

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

money. Money may be the root of all evil, but in this world, to date, nearly every man is for himself, and money is a very convenient weapon to have in the battle of modern life. Labor appreciates its value just as much as does capital, and dues and assessments are an important part of union activities. And every intelligent, far-seeing man realizes that with money—or capital—his chances for success are greatly enhanced. Intelligent use may not always be made of money, but no one can deny that it is intelligent to save and invest money. Capital, no matter how small, spells power, and power means independence, the goal of every ambitious man.

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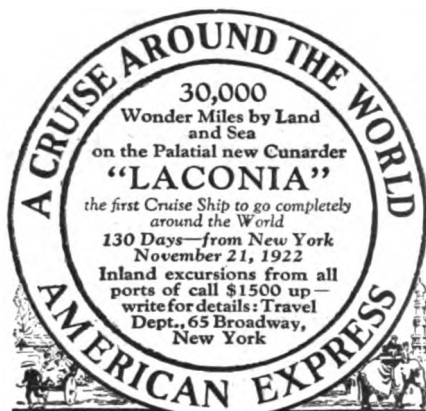
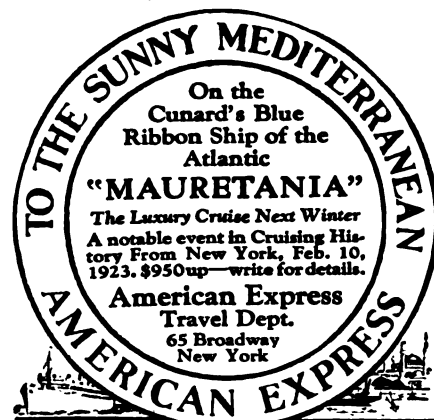
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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK



SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

TWO experienced dietitians desire openings other than hospital, November first. 2,054, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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UNIVERSITY graduate desires winter position tutor, companion, secretary or governess, traveling or in Cleveland, Ohio. 2,159, Outlook.

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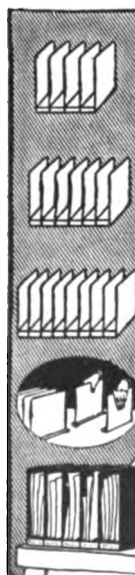
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BY THE WAY

SOME tourists tell stories of unpleasant experiences in Europe, and the "Ocean Ferry" finds pleasure in offsetting these by relating the following incident: "A steward on the liner Lapland, following the ship's arrival at Antwerp, found a large roll of American bills under a pillow. He promptly took it to the purser, who found it totaled \$750. The two men hastened to the pier and found the woman who had occupied the stateroom just entering a taxicab. She was astonished to find that she had left her money behind, and, accepting it with thanks, entered her cab and departed without mention of reward. The steward was commended by the management."

"There is a gratifying note to most of us," says the "Ocean Ferry," "in the statement made by the chief steward of the Majestic to the effect that bacon and eggs hold their own against fashion on board the Majestic and lead in popularity as a breakfast dish, while apple pie is the most popular dessert at lunch." Thus all the frothy inventions of French chefs beat in vain against the rock-ribbed conventions of the Anglo-Saxon and his American collaterals.

Visitor from the home of baseball (as reported by London "Punch"): "Well, I'm glad I've seen cricket. I've seen St. Paul's and the Abbey, and they are good goods. But when it comes to hush and the subdued atmosphere, old cricket's got 'em beat."

A man recently left his glass eye in a New Jersey hotel where he had stopped and wrote to the manager asking its return. The manager sent the lost article back and said that it was the first eye he had found since the hotel opened. Articles most commonly left by guests, he added, are pajamas and nightgowns, of which he has a choice collection awaiting their owners' return. Other things frequently left behind by travelers are jewels, umbrellas, canes, brief cases, and razors.

Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, condemning a certain theological controversy, said he was reminded of the colored preacher who began a sermon, "Bred-ern and sistern, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made outer wet clay and set up 'gainst the palin's to dry." A dissenting member of the congregation arose and said, "Pawsin, if Adam was de first man, den who-all made de palin's?" "Bre'er Simpkins, set down," said the parson disgustedly: "sech fool questions as yourn would upset any system of theology."

The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad will celebrate on October 10 the seventieth anniversary of the operation of its first passenger train. The Rock Island was the first road to reach the Mississippi River, building into the city whose name it carries in 1854. Originally only forty miles long, the system now controls eight thousand miles of railway in fourteen States.

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Vol. 132 October 4, 1922 No. 5

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

THATCHER T. P. LUQUER graduated from Columbia in 1889 with the degree of C.E., and started private practice in 1900 as a supervising and consulting engineer. As soon as the World War began he attended the Plattsburg M. T. Camps, drilled with the New York Training Battery and attended courses of lectures on military subjects. He received his commission as Captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps in 1917, and in a little over a year rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Overseas he was cited in Division orders and recommended for promotion to Colonel for his signal services. At present he has a colonelship in the Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps and is assigned as Corps Engineer of the XIIth Corps of the Organized Reserves.

SENATOR DAVENPORT, at The Outlook's request, is sending us a series of letters on the political situation in the Middle West. The first of his correspondence appears in this issue under the title of "Giving the Middle West the Once Over." This will be followed in the October 11 issue by a second letter on the League of Nations and the attitude of the Middle West toward the Tariff Bill.

NEWTON FUESSLE, author of "The Green Gold of the Tropics," gives from his own experience, gained while on a trip through Havana, Panama, and Costa Rica, an account of the development of the banana industry.

THE much-abused and frequently slandered profession of teaching should be congratulated on having so doughty a defender as Mr. William McAndrew. Mr. McAndrew is Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of New York City.

BARRETT HARPER CLARK, who contributes to our Book Table an article on "Booth Tarkington, Dramatist," was at one time an actor and assistant stage manager with Mrs. Fiske. Since 1919 he has been instructor in the drama every summer at Chautauqua, New York, and has been of remarkable service to dramatic art. Mr. Clark is a most prolific writer on his favorite subject. He is the author of "The Continental Drama of To-day," "British and American Drama of To-day," "Contemporary French Dramatists," and other volumes, and has edited and translated many plays from the French and Spanish. He was dramatic director at Camp Humphreys and a member of the Committee on Public Information during the war.

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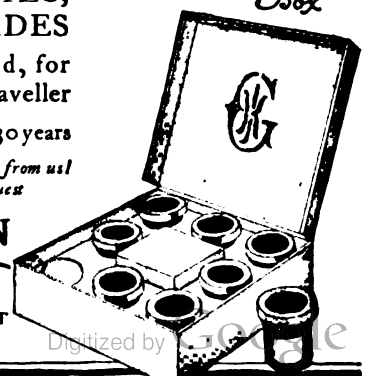
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A RIGHTEOUS WAR

By Carl G. Lewis

THE LATTER DAY SAINT CHURCH

The Latter Day Saint or Mormon Church, as it is often called, is divided into two principal factions. One of these factions under the leadership of F. M. Smith has headquarters located at Independence, Missouri, which place was appointed Zion or principal and permanent gathering place of the Saints by Joseph Smith, the first prophet, seer, and revelator of the Latter Day Saint church, and the man through whom Mormonism originated. The other faction is called the Brighamite or Utah Mormon church, and has its present headquarters located at Salt Lake City. My reference books, however, consisting of the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Corrected Bible, are those of the Reorganized faction, with headquarters located at Independence, Mo., yet the quotations produced here are parts of those communications which, coming through Joseph Smith, the first prophet, have been accepted as revelations from God by the general vote of not only the Reorganized faction, but the Brighamite faction, as well; the sections, etc., of the Brighamite books being numbered somewhat differently than the Reorganized.

GOD APPROVES OF WAR

The question of the legality of war making has been much discussed in all parts of the country and I am anxious that God's law concerning it, given through the grandfather of the present President F. M. Smith, be given to people who are not of the Latter Day Saint faith. I am doing something unusual in directing those not of the Latter Day Saint faith, or the Gentiles as they are called, in how to find those parts of the Reorganized books which so far have been withheld from them, but I feel that I am justified because of the great need of all people for Godly laws to govern them in their actions toward each other. First, I will reproduce paragraph six, of the revelation composing section ninety-five of the Doctrine and Covenants, to show that a command from God is always necessary before war can be engaged in legitimately. It reads as follows: "Behold, this is the law I gave unto my servant, Nephi; and thy father Joseph, and Jacob, and Isaac, and Abraham, and all mine ancient prophets and apostles. And again, this is the law that I gave unto mine ancients, **that they should not go out unto battle against any nation, kindred, tongue, or people, save I, the Lord, commanded them.** And if any nation, tongue, or people should proclaim war against them, they should first lift a standard of peace unto that people, nation, or tongue, and if that people did not accept the offering of peace, neither the second nor the third time, they should bring these testimonies before the Lord; then, **I, the Lord, would give unto them a commandment, and justify them in going out to battle against that nation, tongue or people, and I, the Lord, would fight their battles, and their children's battles and their children's children**" (this means that God would do the fighting but would exercise his power through them as is shown by the following four words given special emphasis) "**until they had avenged themselves** on all their enemies, to the third and fourth generation behold, this is an ensample unto all people, saith the Lord, your God, for justification before me." Nephi, of Book of Mormon fame, Joseph, Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham, the men

referred to above, were all great prophets of the Lord through whom the Lord communicated his will to the people, and as President Fred M. Smith is the leading prophet of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints today, it would be through him that a commandment to make war would of necessity have to come to the Reorganized people.

I now wish to reproduce paragraphs eight and nine of the revelation composing section one hundred two of the Doctrine and Covenants, in connection with the paragraph quoted above. Paragraph 8: "Now, behold, I say unto you my friends, in this way you may find favor in the eyes of the people, **until the army of Israel becomes very great; and I will soften the hearts of the people, as I did the heart of Pharaoh, from time to time, until my servant Baurak Ale, and Baneemy, whom I have appointed, shall have time to gather up the strength of my house, and to have sent wise men, to fulfill that which I have commanded concerning the purchasing of all lands in Jackson county (Missouri) that can be purchased, and in the adjoining counties round about; for it is my will that these lands should be purchased, and after they are purchased that my Saints may possess them according to the laws of consecration which I have given; and after these lands are purchased, I will hold the ARMIES of Israel guiltless in taking possession of their own lands, which they have previously purchased with their moneys, and of throwing down the towers of mine enemies, that may be upon them, and scattering their watchmen, and avenging me of mine enemies, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.**

9. But firstly let my ARMY become very GREAT, and let it be sanctified before me, that it may become fair as the sun, and clear as the moon, and that her banners may be terrible unto ALL NATIONS;" (please notice that this nation is included also) "that the kingdoms of this world may be constrained to acknowledge that the kingdom of Zion is in very deed the kingdom of our God and his Christ; therefore let us become subject unto her laws."

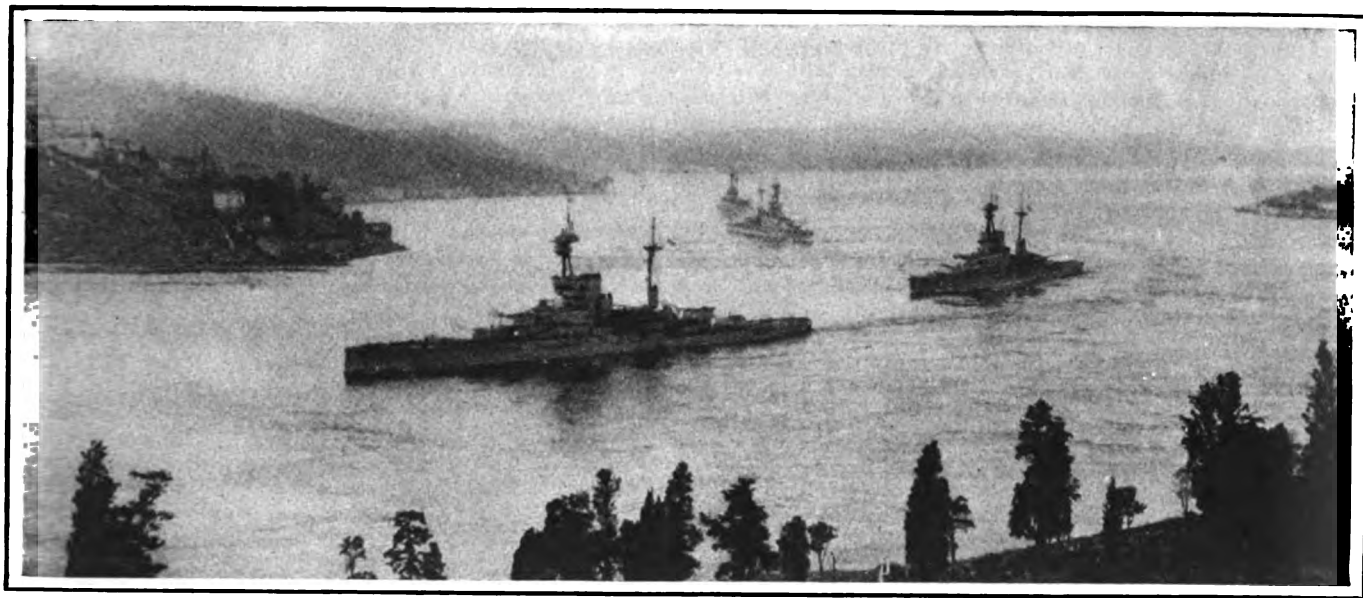
After reading these revelations we can understand why it was that the Saints maintained an army. An army is not formed, trained, and equipped with arms of war without a reason. It is intended for the prosecution of war providing war should become necessary. However, this army, due to lack of obedience to the revelations of Joseph Smith, and to a lack of numbers, failed to meet the emergency, and when the crisis came some of the Saints were killed and the rest driven out of the country by armed mobs.

But a belief that this reverse to the Latter Day Saint cause could have any permanent results, has never been entertained by the followers of Joseph Smith, who are justified in their firm belief of ultimate success by this revelation, composing paragraph eight of section sixty-four, of the Doctrine and Covenants. "And even the bishop, who is a judge, and his counselors, if they are not faithful in their stewardships, shall be condemned, and others shall be planted in their stead; for, behold, I say unto you that Zion shall flourish, and the glory of the Lord shall be upon her, and she shall be an ensign unto the people, and there shall come unto her out of every nation under heaven. And the day shall come, when the nations of the earth shall tremble because of her, and shall fear because of her terrible ones. The Lord hath spoken it."

An article of equal interest is to follow in the next number of The Outlook. Do not fail to read it.

The Outlook

OCTOBER 4, 1922



Wide World Photos

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN THE BOSPHORUS, WITH ROBERT COLLEGE AT THE LEFT

TURKEY AGAIN A EUROPEAN POWER

WHATEVER else may be the result of the concessions by Great Britain, France, and Italy to Mustapha Kemal's demands, it is certain that Turkish power will be re-established in Europe on an extent not dreamed of at the close of the Great War. Even if it is granted that liberal concessions were necessary after the complete victory of the armies of the Turkish Nationalist Government, it is certainly humiliating to the Great Powers of Europe, and demoralizing especially to British prestige, that so complete and far-reaching submission has been made to their former enemy, the ally of Germany. When Kemal was asked to meet the representatives of the Powers in conference, he refused to do so unless in advance of such a conference assurances were given him that his principal demands would be granted. Now that he has been given that assurance, he has shown no hurry to accept the offers made him. The note of the Allies to Kemal was dated on September 23, and up to September 26 no reply had been made.

The terms of the joint note were almost submissive in tone. Poincaré for France, Curzon for Great Britain, and Sforza for Italy asked the Turks "to be good enough to let them know" whether Turkish representatives would be sent to a conference of those nations

and of Japan, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece to be held at Venice or elsewhere. They "take this opportunity to declare that they view with favor" Turkey's demand to be put in power again in eastern Thrace along the line of the River Maritza, which includes Adrianople and territory that most of us supposed had been lost to Turkey forever. The note does not even mention the willingness of the great nations to let Turkey keep all of her former territory in Asia Minor; she holds that, or most of it, by force of victory, and it is tacitly agreed that she shall retain what she has. As to the other points of real importance such as the freedom of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus and the protection of non-Mohammedan peoples, the note of the Allies proposes to leave the matter under the guidance of the League of Nations and offers to support the admission of Turkey to the League. They confirm their former assurance that Allied troops will be withdrawn from Constantinople as soon as the final treaty of peace has been settled. In return, they warn the Turks under Kemal from entering into the zone of neutrality on the Asian side. This seems to be about all that the Powers still urgently insist upon, and Kemal has at least twice since negotiations have begun allowed his troops to violate the neutrality of the zone, with constant danger whenever this happens that fighting may begin

between the Turks and the British forces near Chanak.

THE NEAR EAST STILL A DANGER CENTER

DESPITE Lloyd George's optimistic view of the situation that followed his first alarm, the situation in the Near East is still dangerous in the extreme. As we write, reports both from Smyrna and Constantinople say that there is imminent danger of a renewal of the massacres in Smyrna and of an attack upon non-Turks in Constantinople. The Earl of Balfour, for instance, is reported on September 26 as saying that he had information that showed "danger of a great calamity in Smyrna," and one despatch from Constantinople even names the exact day upon which it is believed that the Christian section of the city may be attacked by the worst element of the Constantinople Turks. Such outbreaks, if they occur, would complicate the general danger of disorder and might simply demand military intervention from the Powers.

The result of the conference indicated by the note of the Allies would, of course, be to destroy completely whatever may be left of the Sévres Treaty, which was signed but never ratified. The occupation by Turkey of eastern Thrace would make a new and always threatening situation in the Balkans, and the attempt to draw new lines for the neutral zone as it exists and to guar-

ante the freedom of the Straits presents many difficulties.

Lloyd George said only a few days before the note was signed, "It would be a peril of the darkest kind if we permitted the army which has left Smyrna a heap of blackened ruins to cross over into Europe until permanent peace has been established, and until the conditions of that peace are clearly defined." Yet Kemal, as we write, is reported to be insistent upon the immediate entrance of his army into Thrace to drive out the Greeks from territory assigned to them by the Powers after the Great War.

Features of the situation as it strikes an American observer in London are shown in the following cablegram, dated September 22, from a special correspondent of The Outlook, Mr. W. C. Gregg:

The safety of Europe at present seems to lie in its physical weakness rather than in the strength of its diplomacy. The British Government announced its programme of armed resistance to certain Turkish advances and afterwards consulted its allies. To an American observer this looks like a mistake. They also seem quicker to appreciate a Turkish threat against their commercial use of the Dardanelles than to appreciate the emotions of France at delayed German reparations. The London press is almost unanimous in condemning the Turkish bungling of the Lloyd George Government, and there is more talk about a general election. Winston Churchill's prominence in the present crisis reminds the people of his Gallipoli campaign. One paper prints a picture of a vast British cemetery in Turkey with a heading, "No more of this." There is much clamor for calling Parliament. As yet the Prime Minister has made no sign of compliance. If this were America's tire-trouble, our President as well as our people would be looking for Congress to put on its overalls. It will all blow over shortly, unless the Turks get brash and try to cross the Dardanelles. We must not forget the two other sore spots in Europe, Austria's imminent financial collapse and Germany's ugly mood. Germany carries a pistol in her overcoat pocket; her fingers feel for the trigger as her mind dwells on the success of the Turks.

Another interesting view of the situation will be found in the London correspondence from General Sir George Aston on another page.

THE HERRIN GRAND JURY DOES ITS DUTY

THE country has followed with keen interest the progress of the investigation into the horrible murders committed near the Herrin mines last June. The local spirit of apathy and indifference as regards the punishment of the criminals was marked. But the spirit

of the people of the State of Illinois, once thoroughly aroused, insisted through its State officials that the arm of justice should not remain inert. Now the special Grand Jury which has been hearing evidence at Marion has returned a long list of indictments. It not only finds indictments against individuals for crime, but it charges the authorities with failure to protect life and property and even criticises the mine owners as "woefully ignorant of the danger or blindly determined to risk strife and conflict if profit could be made."

The number of indictments found indicates that the Grand Jury was fully convinced that this was a group crime, not a spontaneous outbreak of rage among

THERE are those who dream of Mauretania's docking at the wharves of Proctor Knott's "zenith city of the un-salted seas."

There are those who claim that the whole proposal to carry ocean-going steamers through the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes is chimerical.

The arguments for the practicability of the proposed development of the St. Lawrence waterway were never more simply or clearly stated than in Gilbert H. Gilbert's forthcoming Outlook article.

It should be read by both dreamers and congenital pessimists.

individuals. The total number of indictments was 214; 44 of these indictments were for murder, 58 for conspiracy to murder, 58 for rioting, and 54 for assault with intent to murder. Among the men indicted for murder are two important officials of labor unions.

The report of the Grand Jury which accompanied the indictments was a full and graphic account of all the circumstances that led up to the crime and all the terrible barbarity of the crime itself. The Grand Jury declared forcefully that the attack of June 21 was the result of a conspiracy which had been gathering and organizing for several days; it quotes the telegram from John L. Lewis, the President of the United Mine Workers of America, which states that members of the organization "are justified in treating this crowd as an outlaw organization"—the posting of this telegram in the neighborhood of the mine has been

regarded as one of the inciting causes of what happened. After describing the cold-blooded murder of the employees after safe conduct had been promised them, the finding of the Grand Jury remarks: "The atrocities and cruelties of the murders are beyond the power of words to describe. A mob is always cowardly, but the savagery of this mob in its relentless brutality is almost unbelievable. The indignities heaped upon the dead did not end until the bodies were interred in unknown graves."

The Grand Jury of the county in which this crime took place has now faithfully and thoroughly done its duty. The country will continue to follow with the utmost intentness the progress of these criminal cases as they come before trial juries.

THE LABOR INJUNCTION

As was generally expected, Judge Wilkerson, of the Federal District Court at Chicago, has sustained the sweeping injunction recently issued by himself as a temporary measure. It is now binding as a preliminary injunction, which may be made permanent or may be passed upon by the United States Supreme Court.

In statements made by Judge Wilkerson he sustains broadly the contentions made by Attorney-General Daugherty. His main point is that the evidence of illegal and criminal activities by the striking shopmen, their unions or their supporters, is such that there was proof of a criminal conspiracy to interfere with inter-State commerce. Judge Wilkerson declines to admit as valid the contention of the defendants that participation by them in any illegal act had not been shown. The Judge says that the acts committed were "on such a large scale and in point of time and place so connected with the admitted conduct of the strike that it is impossible on the record here to view them in any other light than as done in furtherance of a common purpose and as part of a common plan." He cannot, therefore, he says, reach the conclusion that "those who were at the head of this combination did not actually know that these things were being done."

The injunction order as it stands forbids any participation in acts tending to interfere with railway operation by officers or members of the shop crafts belonging to the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor.

The weak point in this kind of dealing with labor matters is that, when the question is as to the actual decision whether a given individual has in fact committed an illegal act or has com-

HOW IS THIS DERIVED?

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Marcus in Forbes Magazine



NOTHING TO RUN ON

Uncle Sam—"But in building the car you forgot to supply an engine."

From J. A. MacArt, New York City

Kirby in the New York World



DRIVEN OFF AT LAST

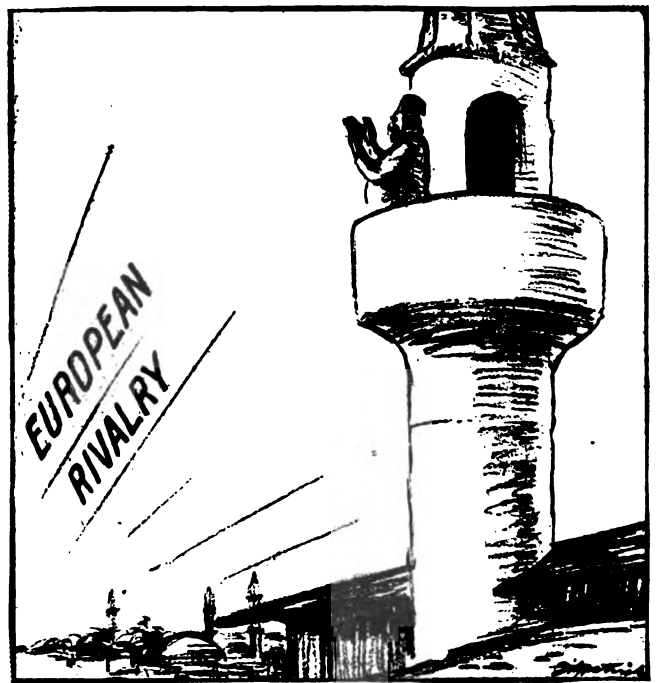
Pease in the Newark Evening News



FLOCKING TOGETHER

From Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Dispatch



THE TURK GREETES THE DAWN

bined with others to commit acts amounting to a conspiracy, the truth or falseness of the allegation must be decided by a judge without a jury and that the person arrested is dealt with for contempt of court in disobeying the court's orders and not for having committed acts against the statute criminal law.

Meanwhile the strike of the railway shopmen is growing feebler, and it is quite probable that actual prosecution under the injunction will not take place.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

It will be a disaster if political partisanship is permitted to damage or destroy the Federal Reserve System. If the Federal Reserve Board had not been in existence during the great European war, we should unquestionably have had a currency panic and a financial crisis in this country more disastrous than the three or four which struck the country down during the life of the National Banking Act.

In spite of the fact that the richest manufacturer in the United States is reported to have said that "history is all bunk," it is a good plan occasionally to recall history in discussing current political questions. The Federal Reserve System works so well, so smoothly, and seems so well established, that the man who fears its destruction by political partisanship is called an alarmist. But the United States Bank, which a hundred years ago saved the country from the same kind of economic disaster from which we have been saved in the last eight years by the Federal Reserve Bank, was destroyed by political partisanship. History shows over and over again that what has been done once can be done a second time. Perhaps a National banking system might be devised which would be more efficient, more just, and more uniform in its social benefits than the Federal Reserve System, but so far it has proved itself to be the best system that this country has ever had, and better than those of many other civilized countries. Nevertheless, it is being attacked, and the center of attack is the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. W. P. G. Harding. His term has expired, and the President has not yet made an appointment to fill the vacancy. Governor Harding is at present holding the office until his successor is appointed. We think it may be said that the soundest and wisest financial advisers of the President are urging his reappointment. Indeed, the name of one alone of his sponsors is enough to carry the confidence of the country. We refer to Senator Carter

"No man knows more about the

operation of the Federal Reserve Law than Senator Glass; no man has a greater interest in its continued success as a public institution; and no one man had more to do with the successful legislation which established it. If Senator Glass believes that W. P. G. Harding is the best possible nominee for Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, we do not much care to consider the arguments or criticisms of the opponents of the appointment.

A LIVING CHURCH

AMONG the more important communions in America, the Protestant Episcopal Church is by no means the largest, but it exerts an influence out of proportion to its size. Its triennial Convention which recently had its session in Portland, Oregon, was an event of wide public interest. The proceedings of that Convention were reported in the daily press as news of importance to readers not affiliated with that Church or any Church.

One reason for this is the strategic position which the Protestant Episcopal Church holds in certain centers of population. Another reason is its place in the early history of the Nation. Perhaps the chief reason, however, is the fact that it is what may be called a root communion.

It is the same reason that explains the influence of such relatively small countries as Ireland and Scotland. Numerically, the Irish of Ireland are almost negligible in the total mass of humanity; but they constitute a root nationality, they are a parent stock. Millions of people, therefore, who are not Irish at all are concerned with what is happening in Ireland as they would not be with the doings of four or five million people without history or common origin who might happen to inhabit the same island.

Somewhat similarly, the Protestant Episcopal Church constitutes a parent stock in Christian faith and practice. The symbol of its ancestorhood is the Book of Common Prayer. Though it is the authoritative compendium of Episcopal liturgy, it is in practice the heritage of as many Protestant bodies as may wish to claim it. Its collects are the common possession of all churches. Its phraseology has entered into the language almost as definitely as that of the English Bible. The fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is in a peculiar sense the trustee for this treasury of worship and literature is an indication of the special responsibility that rests upon that Church and the public concern in its actions.

On this account, the most important

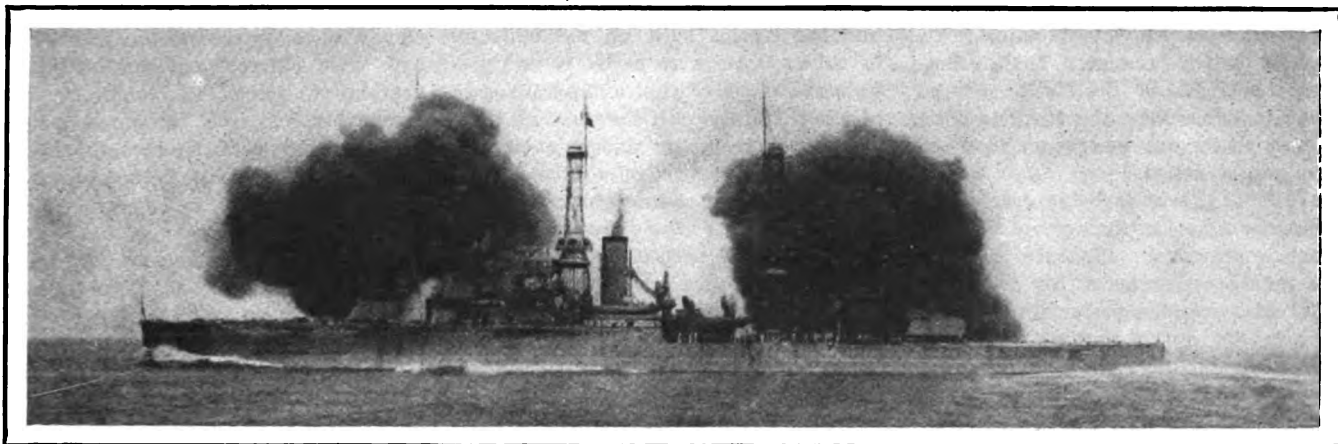
action of the recent Convention at Portland was the revision which it made of the Book of Common Prayer. In The Outlook for September 6 the Rev. Dr. E. C. Chorley, Historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in special correspondence gave an account of some of the more important changes recommended by the commission appointed nine years ago for that purpose. It is not practicable here to refer to all these revisions. A number of the changes which were adopted merely record a change in point of view of the Church as a whole toward certain customs and in certain human relationships. For example, it is no longer contrary to the rubrics of the Church to read the burial service over the body of an unbaptized person or of a suicide. This is not to be interpreted as a change in the conscience of the Church, but rather a greater charity and sympathy. The new prayers that have been added are also a record of a new understanding of fraternity, as is indicated by the prayers for social justice and for missions. It is significant of a changing view of the marriage relation that simultaneously with the removal of the word "obey" from the vow of the wife there is added a prayer for fruitfulness in marriage.

In a despatch from Portland to the New York "Tribune" Dr. Chorley emphasizes the action of the Church in reference to modern social problems, and he quotes from the pastoral address of the bishops to the members of the Church which lays upon corporations and labor unions alike the duty of public service. The pastoral indicates also an understanding of what is commonly regarded as the modern revolt of young people and a sympathy with certain objectives of that revolt—the "readiness and determination to level social distinctions and forego social privilege, a larger freedom of social habits and a real democracy of thought and activity." and with this expression of sympathy and understanding the pastoral later couples a warning against the lack of parental control and leadership.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

THE Episcopal Church has not relaxed its rule against authorizing the Episcopal clergy to perform a marriage ceremony for a person divorced except for the innocent party in case of infidelity. On the contrary, it has made that rule more stringent by making it now a cause for excommunication for persons so remarried.

The Church also recognizes the principle of spiritual healing; but safeguards it by providing that such work



Paul Thompson

THE OKLAHOMA OF THE PACIFIC FLEET FIRING A SALVO OF TEN FOURTEEN-INCH GUNS AT TARGETS TEN MILES AWAY

(For result see picture below)

should be carried on only in co-operation with qualified physicians.

On social problems, in addition to the declaration of the bishops on the relations between capital and labor placing human rights above property rights, declaring a living wage as the first charge on industry, for a substitution of co-operation for competition, for providing the worker with a voice in the control of industry so far as determining his conditions of work and life, the Episcopal Church has expressed its views on social questions as recorded by Dr. Chorley in his despatch to the "Tribune" in these words:

The Convention has gone on record against the marriage of defectives, mob violence in all its forms, secret organizations which stir up strife between man and man and set race against race and creed against creed. Raffles and gambling in any form are condemned as methods of raising money for churches and charitable institutions, obedience to the Constitution of the United States, especially concerning prohibition, was urged, and war as a means of settling disputes between nations was declared to be unchristian. A joint commission has been appointed to organize men's institutes, and the Convention has de-

clared itself as favoring free speech, free discussion of social problems, and a free press.

Whatever opinions one may have concerning the actions of the Church as thus recorded, it is evident that the Protestant Episcopal Church, while it holds fast the form of sound words, is also pressing forward with life and vigor.

MAINTAINING THE NAVY'S EFFICIENCY

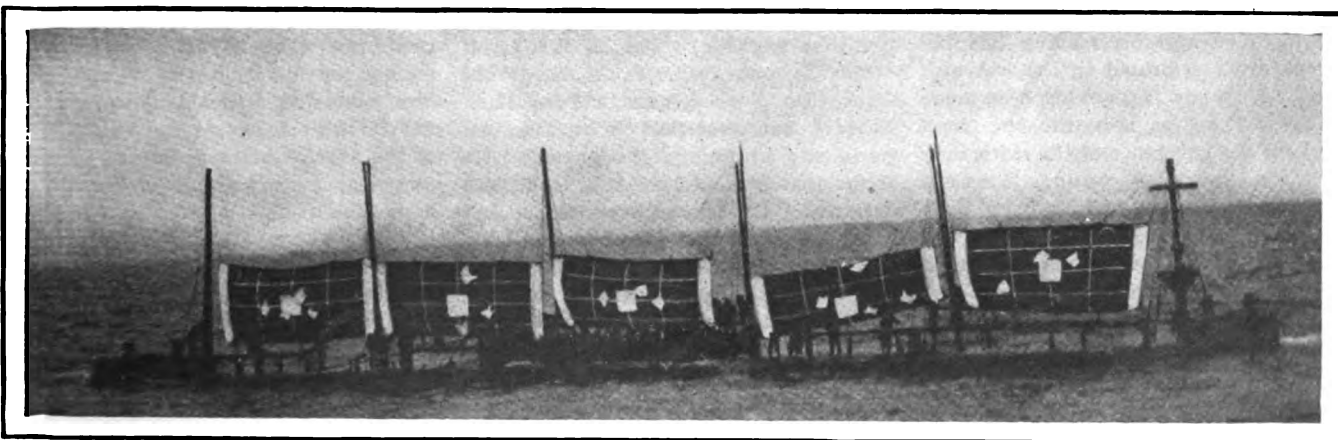
DESPITE decreases in appropriations, limiting the amount of battle practice which the United States Navy can carry out, officials in charge are doing everything possible to keep the efficiency of the Navy up to a high standard; and they believe that their efforts are meeting with success. Like a prudent housewife whose allowance has been diminished, they are obliged to "cut corners" and to economize to keep their house in order, so that if "visitors" should ever come they would be able to "receive" them.

In times of peace battle practice is the life of the Navy. Without it, officers and men alike would soon lose, not only the efficiency, but also the morale and the

unity of action without which they would be helpless if ever faced by a real enemy. Unless the officers and men of the Navy keep fit by almost constant practice every vessel in the American fleet might as well be scrapped at once.

There has been no apparent lessening of efficiency in the American Navy, as far as can be observed from what can be made known without betraying secrets to foreign Powers, in regard to the latest battle practice operations of various units of the Navy. These show that the man behind the American gun still has a good eye, and that if he were ever called upon again to defend the rights of mankind he would give a rattling good account of himself. He can pepper targets full of holes, although the mark he is aiming at is many miles away—just how far and just what percentage of shots he makes is only for the eyes of a few Navy officials. The officials of some foreign navies would like to know also; it would be very interesting to compare it exactly with the marksmanship of their crack gunners; but the Navy guards this information zealously.

In a general way, however, they allow



Paul Thompson

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TARGET AFTER THE FIRING OF THE FOURTEEN-INCH GUNS FROM THE OKLAHOMA

something to be shown—even with pictures—of what the Navy is doing in the way of battle practice. They believe that the people of the Nation are entitled to know what the Navy is doing to keep fit for any emergency to which it might be called.

While the Navy is being cramped at the present time in the amount of battle practice of various kinds in which it can indulge, nevertheless by combining different operations, performing as much as possible in the way of actual maneuver and drill within a given steaming radius, the officers responsible for this part of the Navy's welfare—and a most important part—are succeeding in getting good results. The efficiency of the Navy, it is believed, is being maintained; at least, it is holding its own and not going back.

How long it could do this, however, under skimmed appropriations is a question which cannot be answered with any degree of definiteness. It seems to be certain, from the best opinion available on the subject, that a few years of such limited battle practice would begin to tell on the general morale and efficiency of the Navy. With considerable periods of lying idle in port, with some portions of battle practice conducted while lying at anchor instead of "riding the waves" as in genuine battle practice, and with insufficient drill at times perhaps along certain lines of ship operation, there will of necessity come a time when there will be a drop from the high mark of efficiency which the American Navy has maintained up to the present time.

The American Navy is being limited in size; it must not be limited in its ever-ready attempts to excel its own previous records in efficiency.

BOYS AND BOOKS

THE recent occurrence of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) has raised the question whether the taste of boys in reading has improved or deteriorated in the last fifty years. We doubt if there has been much change. Then, as now, the boy cared more for the substance of the story than for the manner of its telling. Then, as now, parents were glad to have their boys interested in reasonably wholesome tales like those then poured forth in such profusion by Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, later by Henty, and in our day by the football authors of whom Barbour is king, if thereby they could be kept from sensational trash. Beadle's dime novels and the similar Munro series of that day were no more objectionable than the Cap. Collier and Old

Sleuth tales a generation later. The hundred stories built up mechanically by Oliver Optic were perfectly proper—he was a school-teacher and an advocate of moral training. If they had no literary grace or quality and if their boy heroes were marvels of ability beyond belief, this did not interfere with their popularity.

Emphatically, with the boy "the plot's the thing;" he has inherited the prehistoric taste of primitive man for the story of adventure and action. It was the tale, as distinguished from the novel, that Sir Philip Sidney had in mind when he spoke of "that which holdeth children from play." But for the boy fifty years ago who could see that there was something in the books of J. T. Trowbridge that simply didn't exist in the Oliver Optic stories—that, for instance, Trowbridge's Civil War tales, "Cudjo's Cave" and "The Drummer Boy," had imagination and character depiction, whereas Oliver Optic's "Young Lieutenant" and the long series of military and naval heroes that followed were perfectly wooden—for that boy there was a certainty that literary taste could be developed.

What the boy needs is for some one—librarian, teacher, parent, or, better yet, other boys of a taste a little more advanced than his own—to steer him at just the right time from the pithless, machine-made story to the book that retains the excitement of adventure and yet has the glow of imagination. If it is something that he hasn't been told to read as an educational duty, so much the better. "Ivanhoe," for instance, has pretty nearly been killed for boys in just that way. And if the boy finds it himself, that is the best of all. Happy is the chap who has discovered by his own browsing that there is something more lively and satisfying than the conventional "juvenile" about school life in Stevenson's "Kidnapped" or Kipling's "Kim" and "Captains Courageous," in Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" or Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

A few weeks ago Mr. H. V. Coryell wrote in our Book Table on "What Books Do Boys Recommend to Each Other?" and described interesting experiments in finding the answer. He found that he could get boys to discuss informally the books they read, to tell other boys the books they like and why, and the very process improved their own taste. Moreover, "the honest recommendation of one boy to another carries far more weight than the recommendation of any grown-up; for boys, through sad experience, have come to suspect us adults of wishing to force 'dry old stuff' down their throats." The boys' opinions just after they read the books were

divided into those about books no boy should miss, fairly worth-while books, and "time killers;" and the first classification was certainly creditable and reasonably free from the curse of most such lists (especially those made by librarians), that of including just what the makers think every one expects them to put in.

We hope that librarians who deal with children will follow out Mr. Coryell's idea; it is educative to the boys as well as helpful in getting a first-hand view of what boys will read instead of what they ought to read. It would be particularly interesting to apply this test to new books; in the flood of holiday books the librarian feels safer in following the good old road and recommending "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates" and "Treasure Island" than in picking out and recommending from among the new books those that will entrance and stir by true imaginative value.

GOING TO COLLEGE

PRESIDENT HOPKINS, of Dartmouth College, has stirred the daily newspapers by asserting in an address to the student body of his institution that too many men are going to college. It is quite natural that just at this time the newspapers should be greatly exercised by the proposal to limit the number of college undergraduates. The football season has just opened. The sport page has grown to be one of the most important pages of American journalism. If college undergraduates are to be limited to those who are really after an education, and who regard athletics as an incident—a pleasant and important incident, it is true, but nevertheless an incident of college life—what is going to become of the sporting page during October and November?

It will not do, however, to treat the discussion with too much levity, for President Hopkins spoke in all seriousness, and what he said is worthy of serious consideration. He regards a college education, which is always given, not at the expense of the student, but at the expense of taxpayers in State institutions and of private donors in endowed institutions, as "definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right." He believes that some way must be found to "define the individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld." He does not wish this privilege to be "restricted to any class defined by the accident of birth, or by the fortu-

tous circumstance of possession of wealth."

The social detriment which results from the overcrowding of our colleges is twofold. Many of those who just succeed in getting their academic degrees would have had a better training and a better development of their gifts or capacities by a working experience in the actual problems of life; and there are now so many men thronging university and college class and lecture rooms that the students who have a special capacity for this kind of training are hampered by the "slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity."

It may seem paradoxical to assert that many of these difficulties would disappear if more men would go to college. The trouble is that too many boys are sent there, either because it is the proper thing socially, or because their parents want them to be educated along lines for which they have no bent. Going to college is a very different thing from being sent to college. The boy who goes to college because he is determined to get a training in literature, or history, or philosophy, or languages, or mathematics, or chemistry, usually makes good himself, and makes his professors happy. We doubt if increasing the severity of entrance examinations would be of much benefit. Cramming methods can usually overcome such an obstacle. What will come nearer solving the difficulty is a rigorous weeding out of those who are indifferent or incompetent. This is the method which is pursued at Oxford and Cambridge and at the French universities. In France a university student does not recite his lessons. He hears lectures; he is told what to read on a particular subject; and then he is left with occasional consultation with professors or preceptors to dig his way into the subject himself. If he passes a very stiff examination, he gets his degree; if he fails to pass this stiff examination, he retires.

The ultimate purpose of education is not, we take it, to fill a boy's head with facts like an encyclopædia, but to train him to be able to see the proper relations of the facts which he discovers in his own experience, and to be able to make the right deductions from those relations.

There should be some institutions where men who have the intelligence and capacity can be trained to be leaders of their generation in actual life. Just as the high school is an outgrowth of the grammar school, so there might well be some high colleges into which only those should be received who are especially fit for the finest kind of training.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL

CONGRESS has succeeded in conglomerating the Tariff Bill. The latest protectionist measure which has just gone into effect consists of a long and complicated series of clauses, imposing arbitrary duties with very little coherence or relation to one another. This must be the conclusion of even the layman who looks at Mr. Bell's interesting article on another page. The new law has probably less actual corruption and more illogical selfishness at the back of it than any tariff law passed since the days of that great protagonist of protection, Henry Clay. What the President regards as a great contribution to the science of tariff-making—we mean the clause which empowers the President and the Tariff Commission to change specific duties when they think the good of the country demands it—is not a solution, it is an experiment, and it may not work. The motive which inspired this provision was excellent, but the method is dubious. There are two serious objections to giving the President executive power with regard to the amount of duty to be paid on any particular commodity, and these objections cannot be airily dismissed.

The first objection is that it is bad for the President. The Chief Magistrate of the United States now has burdens of decision and duty which are overwhelming. To subject him to the appeals of importers who believe they are unjustly treated or of manufacturers who think they ought to have more profits is to add a new burden upon him which may prove intolerable. The second objection is that it is bad for American industry. The greatest danger to commerce is uncertainty. An importer buys a bill of goods in Europe. After he has paid his duties, and before he has been able to dispose of his stock, the President by executive order lowers the tariff tax on this particular commodity. His competitors are greatly benefited at his expense. Unless the President is most wisely advised and acts with great wisdom, importation under these circumstances may well be not only perplexing but dangerous. And the difficulties awaiting the importer await also the protected manufacturer. A manufacturer sends out his winter line of gloves at a price contracted by him on the basis of a certain duty. After his contracts are made, the President raises this duty and his competitors can, therefore, ask a higher price. Any provision which makes possible inconsiderate meddling with single and particular schedules of a tariff act and the consequent upsetting of the commercial equilibrium is a great peril to the coun-

try; and it is not clear that the present bill has averted this peril.

Whatever tariff changes are made should be based on facts ascertained after investigation in the interest of the whole public and should be put into effect only after full hearings and due notice of the time of change.

Perhaps in this stage the present bill in this particular is as good as could be expected; but its fundamental defect is twofold: It does not provide sufficient safeguards against sudden and unreasonable changes; and at the same time it limits the administrative action of the President and the Tariff Commission by a set of schedules that are unscientific and conglomerate.

One thing in the bill that can be wholeheartedly commended is the defeat of the clause proposing that duties should be levied on an arbitrary and artificial American valuation. Let us at least be reasonable and logical. We either ought to prohibit all importations, or those importations which we do permit to come into the country should be treated with common fairness.

Let it not be supposed that the editors of *The Outlook* have suddenly become theoretical free-traders. We have not. In this stage of civilization protective measures of various kinds are needed in National life, but they should be framed at least with the best intelligence of which the country is capable. A protective tariff law has three reasons for its existence. Its first object is to raise revenue; its second object is to promote and maintain manufacturing, not for the personal profit of the manufacturer, but for the general public prosperity; and third, it should be so framed as to protect its wage-workers from the cheaper wages or the lower standards of living prevalent in other countries, if there are any such. Five hundred members of Congress, pulled and hauled by conflicting interests, can hardly be expected to give these three functions of a rightly made tariff bill proper consideration. Some day, we suppose, the United States will have a scientific and impartial body which will deal with the tariff with an authority equal in extent and analogous in kind to that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, as an administrative agent of Congress, and an arm of the Executive. Such a body will be able to take the tariff out of politics, for by its investigations it will be able to ascertain and effect such duties as are necessary for revenue, for a subsidy of general manufacturing, and for the maintenance of the highest possible standards of living for wage-workers. Until something of this kind is done, we shall continue to have conglomerations and hodgepodes as the products of tariff legislation.

OUR NEW TARIFF LAW

BY STEPHEN BELL

FOREIGN EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

AS no tariff bill of which the writer has cognizance—not even the "Tariff of Abominations" of pre-Civil War days—ever provoked the widespread exhortation for alleged excesses that has been lavished on the Fordney-McCumber Bill, even by professed protectionists, it is not easy for one who differs from the protectionist school of economics to treat it with entire judicial fairness. It must be said, however, that its departures from the Underwood rates are less glaring than has been asserted, and if the principle of excluding imports for the protection of home industries be sound, it has been but inadequately embodied in the new law. If the principle be unsound, its opponents have been derelict in not having discarded it in toto.

The bill, widely heralded as a "scientific tariff law," is of magnificent proportions. As reported to the Senate it made a book of 438 pages. As signed by President Harding it filled, with small type, nearly eight newspaper pages. Small wonder, then, that Congress struggled with it from the House hearings beginning January 7, 1921, to its final passage by the Senate, September 19, 1922, and its signature by the President two days later. Obviously, a bill of this magnitude cannot be adequately treated in a magazine article.

Among the favorable features of this supposedly scientific tariff law may be mentioned its administrative provisions, which, according to S. G. Van Hoesen, Chairman of the Customs Committee of the New York Merchants' Association, will simplify procedure and afford relief to importers in case of errors, which they did not have before. There will be those who differ from President Harding's judgment that the elastic provision of the bill will prove "the greatest contribution toward progress in tariff-making in a century," but that it may afford relief from rates which prove too burdensome is not to be denied. Under this provision manufacturers, importers, and other interested persons may apply to either the President or the Tariff Commission for changes in rates or valuation bases, and the President may, with the approval of the Commission, which is to be enlarged, make changes within a range of fifty per cent of the tax imposed under the law. It is to be doubted if the President realized at the time the bombardment of applications for changes that will descend upon his head.

Opponents of the bill and some legal authorities predict an unprecedented amount of litigation growing out of this "elastic" provision by which the President instead of Congress will make rates, which is said to be uncon-

stitutional, and also out of other provisions of uncertain meaning.

Comparison of the bill as a whole with the Underwood law is made difficult by the fact that so many changes have been made from *ad valorem* to specific duties, or to combinations of specific and *ad valorem* rates, while the "elastic" possibility of upward or downward revision of rates further discourages comparison. From the rates as published I cull these few items:

	Underwood Tariff	New Tariff
Firebrick	10 p.c.	25 p.c.
Glass lenses.....	25 p.c.	40 p.c.
Asbestos manufactures. 10 p.c.		30 p.c.
Glassware	30 p.c.	50 p.c.
Harness hardware.....	Free	35 p.c.
Thrown silk.....	15 p.c.	25 p.c.
Silk fabrics.....	45 p.c.	55 p.c.
Wool, washed.....	Free	31c lb
Woven wool fabrics.....	25 @ 35 p.c.	24 @ 45c yd.
Cotton clothing.....	30 p.c.	35 p.c.
Wheat	Free	30c bu.
Beef and veal.....	Free	3c lb
Butter	2½c lb	8c lb
Sugar	1c lb	1.76c lb
Peanuts, unshelled.....	¼c lb	3c lb
Figs	20 p.c.	35 p.c.
Milled rice.....	1c lb	2c lb
Cocoanut meat.....	2c lb	3½c lb
Hay	\$2 ton	\$4 ton
Furniture	25 p.c.	60 p.c.
Carpets (Brussels)	26 p.c.	40 p.c.
Cutlery	25 @ 30 p.c.	80 @ 175 p.c.
Clocks	30 p.c.	50 p.c.

The dye embargo is dead for this session. Congress could understand an embargo, though it may be doubted if any other than an expert chemist can understand all of the polysyllabic labyrinth of words and figures comprising the chemical schedule. There are lapses from the protective principle in the bill. Leather coverings for the feet are free, leather coverings for the hands are taxed up to 70 per cent. Wood shingles are free, metal roofing is highly taxed. The printer's linotype is free, the housewife's sewing machine is dutiable. The contest over rates and the methods by which agreement was reached have strengthened the sentiment for taking tariff making out of Congress and placing it in the hands of qualified experts, if such can be found.

How will the new tariff affect the fortunes of our people? There are too many factors of uncertain trend to make detailed prophecies of any value. Already Chicago reports an upward revision in dry goods prices, but this may be credited to increased wages and higher prices of raw materials as well as the tariff. Also, Ivy L. Lee returns from Europe and tells Philadelphia bankers that cotton would be selling for 40 to 50 cents a pound if Europe could buy. But Europe has no dollars wherewith to buy, and under the provisions of the new law is unlikely to get any undue number of them. The European food situation is bad, too, but Europe

probably will have to buy her food where she can sell her own products.

Germany in particular is badly off for food, but with a quarter trillion of marks already circulating and more issuing at the rate of twenty billion a week, she has broken her financial emergency brake and is slipping downhill for an upset. And German finances affect all Europe.

Tariffs and tariff making in their international aspects have been insufficiently discussed. The British have been startled at the passage of the new law, for they expected radical changes in it. They feel that it will not entirely exclude British goods, however, since shipments of these afford the only means by which the British war debt or interest thereon can be paid. But Lancashire is discouraged. French papers are bitter, contrasting our expressed solicitude for European recovery with this blow at European trade and industry. They also assert that we have cut off means of paying the debts owed us. Mr. Huntington Adams in an article in a New York newspaper sets forth that all the monetary gold outside the United States amounts to but \$4,680,000,000, of which our debtors have only \$1,720,000,000, and asks how the debts can be paid unless they can create here the credits necessary for their payment. Sir Robert Horne, British Chancellor, is coming here in October to fund the British debt, and perhaps the Government officials will be able to explain this to him.

That the whole question of international trade and exchange is in a critical condition is apparent from Lord Robert Cecil's assertion at Geneva that the economic situation is linked up with disarmament and that disarmament depends on a solution of the international debts. Of course the League knew this before, but it is disconcerting to have the fact advertised just now, while it is still trying to gather the nations together as a hen gathers her chickens.

The consensus of foreign opinion is that we will find we have hurt our own trade quite as much as we have injured that of others. Yet the Department of Commerce is engaged in a world-wide campaign to extol the merits of American products in order to expand our foreign trade, and the proposal to extend foreign credits to facilitate foreign buying is renewed.

We are told that the passage of this new tariff law was necessary because of the debased currencies and lower costs of manufacture in Europe. In the years since the war began our exports have exceeded our imports by 22 billions of dollars, and the balance still runs heavily the same way. In the debate on the tariff 74 exhibits of cheap German

goods were made. In the fiscal year ended June 30 we imported German goods to the amount of \$95,592,000 and sold her \$350,442,500 worth of merchandise. There were four exhibits of cheap Japanese goods. Japan's currency has been at par or thereabouts, yet she sold us goods to the amount of \$307,515,000 and bought only \$248,716,000 worth. Our trade figures in post-war years have been as follows, according to figures of our Department of Commerce:

	Imports.	Exports.
1919.....	\$3,904,364,932	\$7,920,425,990
1920.....	5,278,481,490	8,228,016,307
1921.....	2,509,147,570	4,485,081,356
1922 ¹	1,942,543,249	2,424,045,754
¹ (8 mos.)		

Will the new tariff increase our prosperity? It is obvious that the emergency tariff law, which the new law supersedes, has not benefited the farmers, for whose benefit it was passed. Wheat has in the past few weeks been below pre-war prices and lower than before the law was passed. With Europe prostrate she can buy little. With our exportable products thus backed up, to whom shall we sell? Can labor maintain its standards if the farmer cannot sell and therefore cannot buy, and business again slackens? Has not labor learned that higher wages are valueless if prices advance proportionately?

Heretofore great tidal waves of indus-

trial depression have swept over the earth at intervals of about twenty years, regardless of tariffs, of fiscal systems, of standing armies, of parasitic aristocracies or other differences in national conditions. Count them—1835, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1913, 1921. The stimulus of our Civil War shortened the period several years. The stimulus of the World War, more intense and widespread, spent itself more quickly. The process of recovery has always come eventually, regardless of local conditions. The nations may grow accustomed to their new shackles and again make progress, but can it be said that their progress will be aided by the shackles?

THE BONUS, THE PRESIDENT, AND THE LEGION

THE Adjusted Compensation Bill was, with two exceptions, submitted to the President by Congress in substantially the form reported in *The Outlook* for September 13. The two exceptions were the omission of the clause providing that funds for the bonus might be paid from the interest on our foreign debt, and the withdrawal of the plan for a \$350,000,000 reclamation project which was to be made a part of the rehabilitation programme.

In perhaps the clearest and most cogently reasoned statement which Mr. Harding has yet issued, the bill as submitted to him was vetoed on September 19. The President's statesmanlike veto is in exact line with his previous views on the bonus question, and deserves study in full. But perhaps the following excerpts cover its most important conclusions.

The President says:

In legislating for what is called adjusted compensation, Congress failed, first of all, to provide the revenue from which the bestowal is to be paid.

Moreover, it establishes the very dangerous precedent of creating a treasury covenant to pay which puts a burden, variously estimated between \$4,000,000,000 and \$5,000,000,000, upon the American people, not to discharge an obligation, which the Government always must pay, but to bestow a bonus which the soldiers themselves, while serving in the World War, did not expect.

He goes on to acknowledge the very real obligation of the Government to those "who left the armies injured, disabled, or diseased," and describes what is being done for the men broken by the war. Five hundred and ten million dollars is the charge on the Government on this account in the year 1922, and the President estimates that next year probably more than \$470,000,000 will be required. There has been grave evidence that this money has not all been wisely and advantageously spent, but the President is right in pointing out

that this total indicates that the country wishes to deal properly and generously with its disabled men.

Of the actual benefits which the proposed bill would bestow on uninjured veterans, the President says that the bill states in effect, "We do not have the cash, we do not believe in a tax levy to meet the situation, but here is our note; you may have our credit for half its worth." This," says the President, "is not compensation, but rather a pledge by the Congress, while the executive branch of the Government is left to provide for payments falling due in ever-increasing amounts."

Of the financial arrangements called for by the bill the President further says:

When the bill was under consideration in the House, I expressed the conviction that any grant of bonus ought to provide the means of paying it, and I was unable to suggest any plan other than that of a general sales tax. Such a plan was unacceptable to the Congress, and the bill has been enacted without even a suggested means of meeting the cost. Indeed, the cost is not definitely known, either for the immediate future or in the ultimate settlement. The Treasury estimates, based on what seems the most likely exercise of the options, figure the direct cost at approximately \$145,000,000 for 1923, \$225,000,000 for 1924, \$114,000,000 for 1925 and \$312,000,000 for 1926, making a total of \$795,000,000 for the first four years of its operation, and a total cost in excess of \$4,000,000,000. No estimate of the large indirect cost ever had been made. The certificate plan sets up no reserve against the ultimate liability. The plan avoids any considerable direct outlay by the Government during the earlier years of the bill's proposed operations, but the loans on the certificates would be floated on the credit of the nation. This is borrowing on the nation's credit just as truly as though the loans were made by direct Government borrowing and involves a dangerous abuse of public credit. More-

over, the certificate plan of payment is little less than certified inability of the Government to pay, and invites a practice of sacrificial barter which I cannot sanction.

The President defines the essential elements of public credit thoughtfully and clearly:

It is worth remembering that the public credit is founded on the popular belief in the defensibility of public expenditure, as well as the Government's ability to pay. Loans come from every rank in life, and our heavy tax burdens reach, directly or indirectly, every element in our citizenship. To add one-sixth of the total sum of our public debt for a distribution among less than 5,000,000 out of 110,000,000, whether inspired by grateful sentiment or political expediency, would undermine the confidence on which our credit is buildied and establish the precedent of distributing public funds whenever the proposal and the numbers affected make it seem politically appealing to do so.

The difficulty of arranging for an expenditure at this time which might have been easily accomplished during the war is outlined in the following words:

It is sometimes thoughtlessly urged that it is a simple thing for the rich Republic to add \$4,000,000,000 to its indebtedness. This impression comes from the readiness of the public response to the Government's appeal for funds amid the stress of war. It is to be remembered that in the war everybody was ready to give his all. Let us not recall the comparatively few exceptions. Citizens of every degree of competence loaned and sacrificed, precisely in the same spirit that our armed forces went out for service. The war spirit impelled. To a war necessity there was but one answer, but a peace bestowal on the ex-service man, as though the supreme offering could be paid for with cash, is a perversion of public funds, a reversal of the policy which exalted patriotic service in the past, and sug-

gests that future defense is to be inspired by compensation rather than consciousness of duty to flag and country.

Mr. Harding apparently believes that the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Act would not obviate the need, real or political, of a later passage of pension legislation similar to that which has followed all our wars in the past:

It is to be remembered that the United States played no self-seeking part in the World War and pursued an unselfish policy after the cause was won. We demanded no reparation for the cost involved, no payments out of which obligations to our soldiers could be met. I have not magnified the willing outlay in behalf of those to whom we have a sacred obligation. It is essential to remember that a more than \$4,000,000,000 pledge to the able-bodied ex-service men now will not diminish the later obligations which will have to be met when the younger veterans of to-day shall contribute to the rolls of the aged, indigent, and dependent.

It is as inevitable as that the years will pass that pension provision for World War veterans will be made, as it had been made for those who served in previous wars. It will cost more billions than I venture to suggest. There will be justification when the need is apparent, and a rational financial policy to-day is necessary to make the nation ready for the expenditure which is certain to be required in the coming years. The contemplation of such a policy is in accord with the established practice of the nation, and puts the service men of the World War on the same plane as the millions of men who fought the previous battles of the Republic.

We trust that, with or without an adjusted compensation act, the country will never again witness such a pension scandal as followed the Civil War. Probably the President is right in saying that some form of pension system is

inevitable, but there have been abuses of our pension system in the past which should never be permitted to recur again. Indeed, the War Risk insurance plan, which the Government had the foresight to adopt, was supposed to obviate the need of an aims-like pension system.

THE VETO SUSTAINED

As readers of The Outlook know, the House voted to overrule the President's veto by a vote of 258 to 54. The Senate voted to sustain the veto by a margin of four votes. Among the Republican Sena-

tors who voted to override the veto were Senators Capper, Cummins, Kellogg, La Follette, Lenroot, Lodge, and McCumber. Seventeen Democrats joined their Republican colleagues in an attempt to overrule the President. Among them were Senators Culberson, Heflin, Hitchcock, and Reed.

There were twenty-one Republicans who voted to sustain the veto, and they included Senators Borah, Calder, Moses, Newberry, Pepper, Smoot, and Wadsworth. Senators Williams, Glass, Owen, and Underwood were among the seven Democrats to vote to sustain the veto.

THE LEGION AND THE VETO

The position of the American Legion is defined in a statement sent to The Outlook by its Commander, Hanford MacNider, at our telegraphic request.

SPEAKING before his organization a month or so ago, the President of the Bankers' Association of the State which has the highest per capita wealth in the Union said, "To say that our country cannot afford to adjust in some small measure the difference in compensation between the man who went to war and the man who stayed at home is to indict us for incompetence and to impeach us for ingratitude." The offering of a man's life and his services with the colors at least should receive equal consideration with the services of contractors, manufacturers, railways, and shipping interests. These obligations have been or are being paid, and they are undoubtedly proper debts, but the obligation to the veteran still remains and will remain until some adjustment is made. The Nation stands behind us when we say that the economic handicap of the veteran is not the Nation's intention or wish. Its representatives in Congress time and again have expressed this feeling by the passage of this legislation by large majori-

ties. President Harding has prevented its enactment into law. Heretofore he has stated that he believed some such legislation should be passed. He asked that a revenue feature be part of the measure. He now suggests that a pension system in the future would be the proper solution.

The American Legion feels and always has felt that if benefit to the veterans concerned were provided now, no great pension system, except for the disabled, would be necessary during the coming years to meet their handicap. Not only would immediate adjustment save the Nation billions of dollars, but it would restore the faith of men sorely tried by what they feel to be National ingratitude and injustice.

The battle for adjusted compensation has only just begun. The President has made the task doubly hard, but no one can stand between the wish of the people and fulfillment of what they believe to be a just obligation. The first bills introduced in the next session of Congress will be for adjusted compensation. Postponement for a few months will only strengthen the measure, and we shall win this fight. We are right, and right always prevails in America.

HANFORD MACNIDER.

"OUR BUSINESS"

THE DEFENSE OF THE BOSPHORUS AND DARDANELLES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

THE seeds of the present trouble in the Middle East were sown before the Great War. The naval and military aspects of a possible war with Germany were carefully studied in Great Britain in pre-war days by the Committee of Imperial Defense, but no special attention was devoted to conditions likely to arise out of a war against Turkey in alliance with Germany. The result was that, when Turkey came into the war, the Mesopotamian and Dardanelles campaigns were launched by independent authorities without considering the war situation as a whole, the mili-

tary resources available, or the probable aftermath of our war strategy. Our failures in the Dardanelles and in the early stages of the Mesopotamian campaign landed us in a difficult situation, which was retrieved, partly by General Maude in Mesopotamia, and finally by Allenby's brilliant campaign in Palestine and Syria. Turkey was knocked out, and ready to agree to any terms if they could be enforced without delay. The delays have been interminable, and we are still technically at war with Turkey. The situation is now serious.

The trouble began with the extension

of Greek territory over a large portion of Asia Minor under the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, which has never been ratified. It was chiefly on this account that the Nationalist Turks under Mustapha Kemal defied the Constantinople Government and started their campaign in Anatolia. This brings us to our own part in the matter. We accepted the military responsibility for keeping the Dardanelles and Bosphorus open to the sea-traffic of the whole world. There were heavy drains at the time upon our military resources to provide for contingencies in India, in Mesopotamia, in

Palestine, in Egypt, in the Rhinelands, and in Ireland, in addition to the normal demands upon our army to provide the usual oversea garrisons. The security of the Straits, as we were told by Mr. Lloyd George when the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres were published, was "our business." America was unwilling to accept the responsibility. Neither France nor Italy could spare the troops, so we undertook to provide them. We are still doing so.

Unfortunately, soon after we undertook the responsibility, we found that we could not, out of our own resources, provide a sufficiently strong force to secure both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus against attacks by Kemalist National troops from the Asiatic side, and we were obliged to call in the aid of the Greeks, who responded with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the British public at the time was much occupied with home affairs and heartily sick of everything to do with warfare. The press and Parliament devoted scarcely any attention to a situation pregnant with possibilities. In pre-war days press correspondents of the first rank would have swooped down upon the spot, and we should have had constant and reliable information. As matters were we only received information tainted at the source by Greek, Turkish, and Bolshevik propagandists. We gathered that the Greek troops had helped to drive back the Kemalists and insure the security of the Bosphorus. The next thing we heard was that Greek troops were landing at various places in the Sea of Marmora under the guns of British war vessels. Then that the Greek army was undertaking a campaign on a large scale in Asia Minor, far beyond the limits of the territory assigned to Greece by the Sèvres Treaty. We heard of friction with Italian troops on their southern flank, and, later on, of the withdrawal of the Italians from Asia Minor. A definite statement was published, said to emanate from the Greek General Staff, that the Greek army was embarking on the campaign at the request of the British Commander-in-Chief at Constantinople. That statement I do not believe. Then came Greek successes, and a refusal to make peace. Then the French treaty with the Kemalists, affecting most seriously our military position in Mesopotamia by surrendering to the Turks territory forming a corridor to its frontiers. Then came the understanding between the Kemalists and the Bolsheviks, the betrayal of Armenia, and now the débâcle of the Greek armies in Asia Minor and the occupation of Smyrna by the Turks. Such, in brief terms, is the history of the policy which has led up to the present situation in the Asiatic side of the Straits, the defense of which has been proclaimed to be "our business."

From our point of view the situation is as it was before we called in the aid of the Greeks. The security of the



THE REGION OF THE GRECO-TURKISH CONFLICT

Straits may be threatened from the Asiatic side by Kemalist forces. What could they do to interfere with the free passage of merchant shipping through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus? The war, if there is to be one, will be an amphibious war if ever there was one; and this time let us hope that we shall not forget that war vessels cannot climb mountains. The land on both sides abounds in cover, in hills, underfeatures, and woody scrub. Communications, essential to the maintenance of armies of any appreciable size, are deficient on the Asiatic side. The railway from Ismid to Scutari, opposite to Constantinople, is the most important. It is exposed throughout its length to bombardment from the sea. There is also the short line from Brusa to Mudania on the coast, and the line from Smyrna to Panderma. Sea transport is easy, land transport is difficult. This fact, if intelligently applied, puts us on interior lines and enables us to make effective use of such troops as may be available. They can move faster by sea than by land. Responsibility for maintaining order in Constantinople is a handicap that must be accepted. The conditions of the problem are that we have sufficient naval forces on the spot to control the sea communications, but troops will be needed if there should be any attempts by hostile forces to approach the shores of the Straits to snipe at passing steamers, or to harass them with mobile gun, or howitzer fire. Former experience of gunfire from the sea against such pieces, if well concealed, is not encouraging, but, with aircraft available, air observation should greatly increase its effectiveness. Such are the conditions of the problem if (this seems inconceivable) we are to be left to guard the Straits without the aid of other countries in whose interests they are guarded.

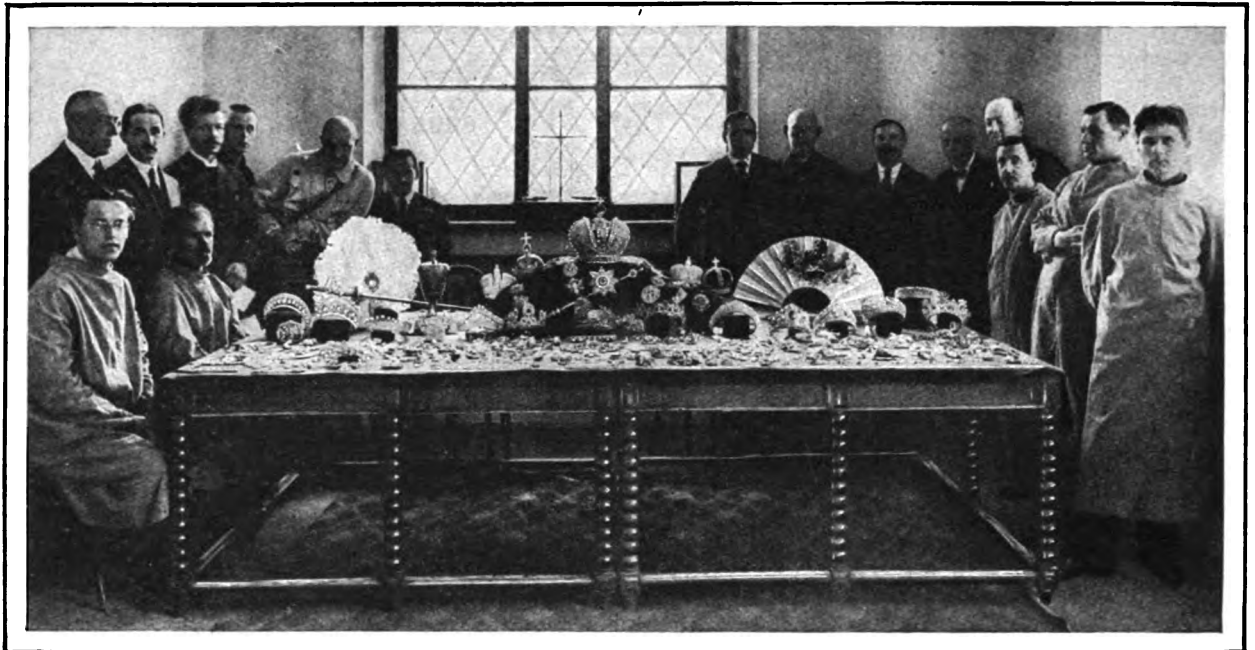
So far allusion has been made only to

the Asiatic side. The Nationalist Turks are also credited with a determination to regain Turkish dominion in Thrace, especially over Adrianople, and to do away with foreign control over Constantinople and the belt of territory now administered by the Allies on each side of the Straits. Thrace is in occupation of a Greek army which only a few weeks ago was knocking at the gates of the Chataldja Lines covering Constantinople. There is at present no reason to suppose that the Greeks will be unable to deal with any situation that may arise. As regards ourselves, we have been given a peep into the enemy's brain. The policy both of the Kemalists and of their allies the Bolsheviks has been, and will be, to try to create trouble in other regions, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in India, with a view to forcing us to use there the military resources needed to maintain "our business," the security of the Straits for the flags of all nations.

If the world is to have the longed-for peace, the essential condition is to secure united action between the countries most concerned, France, Italy, ourselves, and, let us hope, America. If this combination can once more be restored, then the abandonment, in the face of military defeat, of Greek ambitions for territorial expansion in Asia Minor may, after all, come to be a blessing in disguise. That statement is made solely from the point of view of naval and military (commonly called amphibious) strategy. I have not touched the urgent question of protecting the Christians in Asia Minor. We have neither the financial nor the fighting resources to save them from what, judging from precedents, may mean wholesale massacre. We cannot, without the whole-hearted support of other nations, make their protection "our business."

Court House, Lower Woodford, Salisbury, England, September 13, 1922.

CONFISCATION AND REPARATION



Wide World Photos

RUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS IN THE HANDS OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

This is said to be the entire collection of jewels of the former rulers of Russia, beginning with Catherine II and Paul I. The glittering array includes the Czar's crown, shown on the dais, made for Catherine II, containing the great uncut Balai ruby, brought from Peking in the seventeenth century. Directly beneath this crown, mounted in the scepter shown in a diagonal position, is a huge diamond, probably the Grand Mogul. The men in the photograph include the Soviet treasure fund administrators and the French jewel expert who made the official valuation (announced as the incredible sum of "sixty billion dollars"). The men in smocks are the peasant guards of the treasures



Underwood

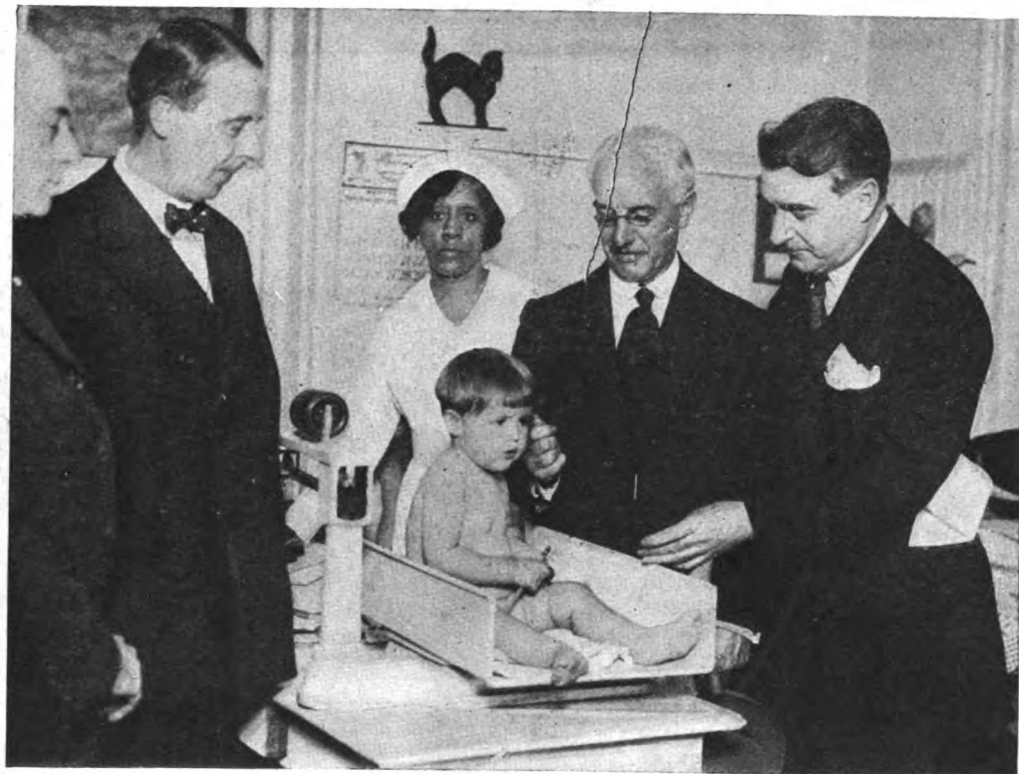
THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION AT PARIS

This photograph, taken at the Hotel Astoria in Paris, August 30, 1922, shows the members of the Allied Reparations Commission in session under the presidency of M. Dubois. In the center, between figures standing near the tapestry, is President Dubois. Fourth from left, profile, cigarette in hand, is M. Schroeder. To the right of M. Dubois is M. Mavliere; next to him is Sir John Bradbury

VISITORS WELCOME AND UNWELCOME

A BRITISH COMMISSION IN AMERICA TO STUDY THE MILK PROBLEM

Members of the Commission, which will study the milk problem and other civic health problems in American distributing centers, are (left to right): A. G. Raymond, of the United Dairies, Ltd., of England; Ernest Evans, member of Royal Institute of Public Health of London. Dr. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City, is at the right



P & A Photos



A CAPTURED RUM-RUNNER AT A NEW YORK PIER

The Government rum-hunters captured a rich prize when they took the two-masted schooner M. M. Gardiner off the Highlands in lower New York Harbor. She is said to have had on board, in addition to a cargo of the "real stuff," a chest containing \$40,000 in gold, apparently the proceeds of a previous expedition

THE GREEN GOLD OF 'THE TROPICS

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

IT is midnight. The steamy tropical air is fanned by Caribbean breezes. Their touch is velvety, like the tropical darkness through which they move.

A long white ship, at rest alongside the enormous dock and loading-shed of Port Limon, rises and falls in languid rhythm with the drowsy motion of the sea.

Suddenly dusky signalmen wave their lanterns, and a seemingly interminable string of freight cars is discovered pulling slowly toward the dock. It is a banana train from the fertile interior of Costa Rica. Workmen are swarming to the shed, fellows of every hue and shade—powerful African blacks, coffee-colored natives, Jamaicans with their peculiar subcutaneous glow, and muscular whites from heaven knows where.

By two A.M. the immense automatic loading machines have been wheeled into position, have been clamped to the side of the ship, and have begun to discharge the contents of the freight train into the enormous holds. Under the glare of the electric lights on the dock an unforgettable scene is being enacted. The polyglot swarm of men who were a few minutes ago loading aimlessly about have suddenly been galvanized into action, and are now working together like orderly parts of one highly perfected mechanism.

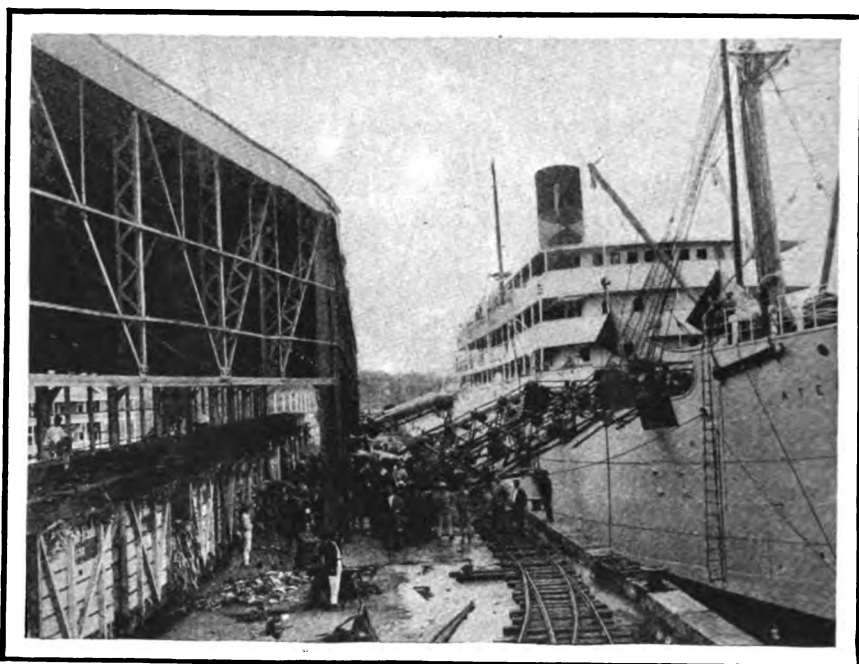
The color of jade dominates the strange nocturnal scene. Every loading machine is now connected with the broad side door of one of the freight cars by a continuously revolving chain of dock workers, carrying bunches of bananas as green as emerald. The loading goes on without a hitch, night and day, until the hold is full. Cargoes of 75,000 or even 80,000 bunches are loaded in twelve to fourteen hours; and directly the loading is completed, the big white ship sails for its northern port.

SCIENCE GRAPPLES WITH THE JUNGLE

Back of this drama of the dock there is a monumental drama of modern science and commerce that the traveler behind the rail of the ship does not see or guess. These arriving dunes of jungle-green fruit are fitting symbols of a conquest of the torrid wilderness by private enterprise that has done more for the territories concerned than their governments themselves.

A day or two before one of the big banana ships steams into its port of supply, news of its approach is flashed to the jungle by wireless. This flash of news through the drowsy tropical air is picked up by telegraph and telephone, and is at once transmitted to the plantations and their outposts.

Suddenly the waiting banana lands resolve themselves into swift and orderly



The color of jade dominates the scene. Cargoes of 75,000 to 80,000 bunches of bananas are loaded in twelve to fourteen hours. As soon as the loading is completed, the big white ship sails for its northern port

action. Cutting orders are tersely issued. Glittering blades chop the fruit-bunches from their trees. Ox-carts and freight cars are made ready, and in a few hours' time train-loads of bananas, numbering twenty to forty cars, are winding their way to the waterfront to meet the approaching ship. Not a moment is permitted to be lost between the time the fruit is lopped off the trees and the time it goes aboard ship for its journey to the tables of the world.

Back of the voyages that scores of big, modern refrigerator ships are making to the tropics is a story of the conquest of obstacles that few enterprises have ever been compelled to face. It is the story of stupendous pioneer work in agriculture and commerce. These fruit-growers have been compelled to enter some of the most forbidding jungles on the face of the earth and to tame them. They have had to devise their own methods as they fought their way in. They have had to become experts in hygiene, sanitation, and sociology itself.

These fruit-growers have penetrated regions where organized industry had never been known before. They have taught thousands of natives efficient team-work. They have given steady jobs to thousands of drowsy natives who were never on a pay-roll before. They have cleaned up jungles that used to be death-traps, have cleaned up mosquito-breeding swamps and marshes, and have sent forth an army of doctors to rout out disease. They have built houses, bakeries, laundries, water systems, and electric light plants for their

workmen, and have strung telephone wires through the wilderness.

The northern farmer can scarcely comprehend the terrific fertility of the tropical soil where the rays of the sun descend like swords, and the jungle harbors innumerable slinking foes. Here is the native habitat of deadly fevers. But to-day vast areas of Colombia, South America, Central America, and the West Indies have been made habitable as the result of a great quest for yellow treasure. But it is not the yellow treasure sought by Morgan and his pirates. It is the yellow treasure that you can buy at any fruit-stand or grocery store for a few cents.

HUMID SLOPES WHERE BANANAS GROW

The low, gradual slopes of the Caribbean coasts are ideal for banana-growing. From here the world gets most of its bananas, and its best bananas. Here the hot days and humid nights, with an annual rainfall of from 80 to 200 inches, brood over some of the greatest fruit farms in the world. Hundreds of millions of dollars of American capital have been poured into the development of these great tracts. Railways, tramways, docks, villages, and hospitals have sprung up.

The farmer of the temperate zone would gasp if he could see these enormous farming projects. A selected locality is first thoroughly explored as to its fitness for banana cultivation, with respect to climate, soil, rainfall, drainage, liability to damage by floods and hurricanes, and the feasibility of secur-

ing adequate labor and supplying transportation. Forests and brush have to be cleared away, great drainage ditches dug, and houses, railways, and tramways constructed. Only then does the actual planting begin.

The overseer or "mandador" of a banana plantation has to combine an assortment of executive qualities that would make an ordinary executive stagger under the load. He must understand the naïve simplicity of the laborers under his command, and must organize them into competent working units. He must understand the botany of the banana and the moods of the tropical soil and weather, and must know how to rush large shipments of the fruit, perhaps over many miles of rail, to a ship at a given time. He must understand housing, merchandising, sanitation, and medical requirements.

THE NEW SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The banana trade has developed a new soldier of fortune, for this business requires courage and wits and stamina of a hardy quality and large dimensions. From the financiers at their desks in Boston and from the mariner on the bridge, down to ditch-diggers and dock-laborers, the tropical fruit industry has no room in it for weaklings.

Between planting and harvest a banana plantation is subjected to all manner of hazards. Excessive rains may cause rivers to overflow, and may cause great losses. A hurricane may cause a total loss of the crop. Even wind storms blowing only twenty to thirty miles per hour often prove highly destructive, especially where the fruit is about ready to be cut. A drought may seriously retard the crop. Ravages of locusts and other insects sometimes occur.



These fruit growers have been compelled to enter some of the most forbidding jungles on the face of the earth and to tame them

The fruit trees of the north bear fruit year after year, but the banana tree bears only once, a single bunch, and is cut down when the fruit is harvested. Seed bulbs, or "bits," weighing from three to four pounds each, are planted, and it takes the tree from twelve to fifteen months to bear.

THE GENIUS OF THE BANANA TRADE

Great commercial demands invariably produce the genius required to fill them. And the world's demand for bananas produced the leader of the banana trade in Andrew W. Preston. He supplied both the penetrating insight into the

need and the skill and resourcefulness required to fill that need.

Back in the days when an occasional schooner limped into Boston with a cargo of bananas, it occurred to Mr. Preston to organize banana-growing and the banana trade on first-class modern lines. He broached the subject to various business men, but the latter, raised in the sheltered environment of their ancestral New England factories, preferred to stick to manufacture and to known factors of supply and demand. What? Chuck their money into growing bananas, and then import them 1,400 to 2,200 miles to Boston? No. It didn't sound businesslike.

But nine men were finally persuaded to join Mr. Preston. They put up \$2,000 each, and a company was incorporated. Outsiders considered the venture about the biggest gamble this side of Monte Carlo. Perhaps that is why Mr. Preston's nine partners literally remained silent partners. They were shrewd enough, however, to agree that for five years the profits, if any, should be spent in development work.

That was the beginning of the bridge of bananas that to-day connects the tropics with every grocery store in the world.

HEALING BY WIRELESS

A few weeks ago the newspapers carried a remarkable despatch. It described a new system of medical service and consultation by radio for ships at sea, free to the ships of all nations, and primarily designed to assist vessels not carrying medical officers. It is another of Mr. Preston's ideas.

"This means," said Mr. Preston, "that the captain of any steamship requiring medical assistance may radio one of our hospitals or passenger ships through radio stations, details of a ----"



Suddenly the waiting banana lands resolve themselves into swift and orderly action, and in a few hours' time train-loads of bananas are rushing to the waterfront to meet the approaching ship

ness or accident on his vessel, and receive without charge, so far as we are concerned, experienced medical advice. While the service is mainly for ships not carrying doctors, it is also at the disposal of vessels whose medical officers desire the benefit of consultation with other physicians. For instance, in the case of an obscure malady, or one where the patient's symptoms may indicate any of a number of complications, a ship's doctor may call our hospital staffs and medical men into consultation by radio, thus adding their knowledge and experience to his own as in medical practice on land."

WINTRY GALES IN HOLDS OF TROPICAL SHIPS

After the banana's journey to the loading dock, and thence into the hold of the ship, a still stranger drama of modern science enacts itself. Throughout the ship's dash through tropical waters for its northern port, the temperature in the holds is kept at about 54 degrees. The fruit is cooled to the required temperature by refrigerating apparatus. The air is passed over brine-coils, which cool and dry it, and it is then circulated by fans through the fruit holds.

The same careful inspection and rigid temperature requirements attend the fruit on its journey by rail to the final point of distribution; and the ripening occurs only in the banana rooms of the jobber. Ripening consists of vital changes that take place within the cells of the fruit, which is at length placed on the market as a matured product at its highest intrinsic value, having developed the correct color, firmness, flavor, and the highest degree of food value.

FROM THE WORKSHOP OF THE GODS

The banana is apparently as old as tropical fertility itself. The ancients of Egypt and Assyria had their bananas and cream, separately even if not in the same dish. Alexander the Great found large banana tracts in India, and must have consumed the fruit thereof with the same relish confessed in later years by Prime Minister Disraeli, who said:

"The most delicious thing in the world is a banana."

For centuries the banana has engaged the ingenuity of cooks and chefs, and yet the public generally is just awakening to the value of the banana as a daily food. Its use in cakes, fritters, custards, salads, and in the festive banana-split at soda fountains, is, of course, common. But many people are surprised to learn that a banana can be baked, fried, and cooked in numerous other ways.

It comes to the culinary stage ready to play a dual rôle. It is both a fruit and a vegetable. Down near the equator the natives cut it up green and eat it in soup. It is roasted green and fried green in butter. I have even seen banana flour at the grocery store.

The best time to eat a banana is when

the ripening process has advanced to the point where its skin begins to darken and to become slightly discolored, for then its pulp is mellow, its flavor and sweetness are at their best, and it is most easily digested. If a banana is a little under-ripe, don't put it in the ice-chest. Let it ripen at a normal temperature; too low a temperature damages the fine flavor that comes with normal ripening.

If you ever feel any suspicion of bananas because they are cut green, dismiss it. The banana is always cut green, even when consumed by natives in the tropics, for if it is allowed to ripen on the plant it becomes insipid in flavor.

IN A GERM-PROOF PACKAGE

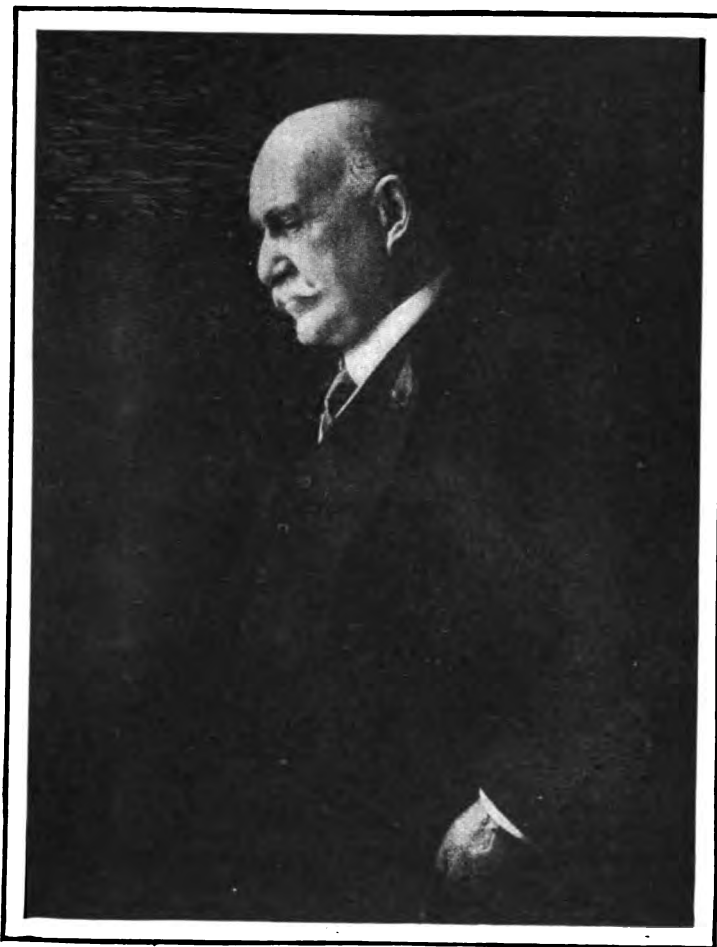
Almost as much fuss is made in food-product manufacturing circles these days about containers and packages as about the goods themselves. The invention of an appropriate patent container has made many a man a tidy fortune. But the pulp of the banana comes to you in a carefully developed container, invented by the lady known as Mother Nature. It is a germ-proof package, hermetically sealed. No worm, blight, or insect sting affects the fruit within.

Are you concerned with calories, vitamins, and such-like scientific novelties?

Then behold in the banana a food brimful of nourishment. It contains three times the protein of the apple, nearly twice as much carbohydrate and three times as much fat as the orange, and exceeds the potato by about twenty per cent in fuel or food value.

Professor Samuel C. Prescott, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, finds that the banana provides more actual food for the same cost than any other fresh fruit, vegetable, or fish, and more than meat, milk, or eggs. He reports that the banana is a far more useful all-round food than a pure meat diet. Ripe bananas, with their powerful tissue-building character, are especially recommended for growing children.

During the past ten years Mr. Preston and his associates have grown and shipped 284,000,000 bunches of bananas from the tropics, of which 230,000,000 bunches were served on the tables of the United States. But the continuous flood of this green gold product of the tropics to the tables of the world is much more than an ambitious venture in agriculture and distribution. It has changed ancient civilizations, and has bound together North America, Central America, South America, and the West Indies in a lasting knot that has proved profitable to them all.



ANDREW W. PRESTON

Mr. Preston is the recognized leader of the banana industry

GIVING THE MIDDLE WEST THE ONCE OVER

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

We have asked Senator Davenport, who is in the Middle West, to send us some letters of special correspondence from that section of the country, interesting at all times, but especially interesting in a year when politics is in motion. The

Middle West has always made its distinct contribution to change and progress in this country. Events in Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, North Dakota, and Wisconsin indicate that this year is no exception.—THE EDITORS.

AN editor sitting at a desk in the East knows about as much of what the country is thinking as a Congressman sitting in a swivel chair in the House building in Washington. Both rational political changes and irrational political convulsions are more apt to come out of the West than out of any other part of America. This section is full of political laboratories, has always been full of them. So has the Far West. This is the great experimental ground of political America, and it is altogether a good thing, I think, to have new schemes, progressive, reactionary, or radical, tried out in a small area while the country looks on.

During this summer the Middle West has been acting up again politically. First came Beveridge with a triumph over the sitting Senator New in Indiana. There were many of a very regular persuasion who hoped this would not happen again; but it did. Pinchot crossed the line in Pennsylvania. And ever since the crashes have come at intervals. Other new types of United States Senators have arisen over night. Brookhart in Iowa, with a far-reaching programme of economic reform; Frazier, of North Dakota, the Non-partisan Leaguer, only recently catapulted from the Governorship by process of the recall; another Roosevelt leader, Howell, of Nebraska; and last but not least, the erratic and invincible La Follette, of Wisconsin, who is by a great majority restored to his pristine political glory.

And all of them Republicans, coming through in the primaries of their own party. The Democratic party for the time being seems to have lost vitality, is simply marking time, waiting for something to turn up. But the Republican electorate in the Middle West is again on the rampage, looking for change or bound to know the reason why. It is likely to be the shifting of large bodies of quasi-Republicans to the other side which will make the party changes in the House and Senate and in the Governorships, if changes there be.

What is it all about? What has the Middle West in the back of its head? Why is Main Street stirred out of itself? Has it any distinct, conscious urge, or is it all an inchoate protest? I try simply to interpret things as I find them. I may agree with them, I may not, but I record.

The Administration at Washington is regarded out here as in the trough of the sea, where it must be conceded other Administrations have been when half-way over their course. It may come

through without shipwreck. But many persons in the Middle West are beginning to think that the captain must be much more particular about his pilots, at least in domestic waters. The tariff, the bonus, the strikes—she rolls in the trough of the sea. It is time now for genuine friends of both the Administration and the country to determine, if they can, what public opinion of America is trying to say, because public opinion in America has more force and guidance in it than public opinion in any other land. Many persons in the Middle West think that the greatest single criticism which can be made upon the present leadership of Washington is that it has not aroused and inspired the general public opinion of the country. They think it has not informed public opinion, nurtured it, and listened to it sufficiently.

I begin with Indiana. Indiana has a fringe of radicalism, a fringe of stolid reaction, but is in the main progressive. It is usually ready to move forward. There is a reason for the return of Beveridge. The truth of it seems to be that Beveridge fits into the present state of mind of Indiana. The people in that State have been figuring up their taxes. These aggregate sixty dollars a person, three hundred and sixty dollars to the family, as compared with something like four hundred and fifty dollars a family in Massachusetts and more than five hundred dollars in New York. The economic times have been out of joint for farmers and laborers. Something is felt to be wrong. Beveridge fits into the state of protest, as La Follette fits into it in Wisconsin and Pinchot in Pennsylvania.

Another factor favoring Beveridge is his constructive writing of the monumental work upon John Marshall. This may be a curious and amusing phenomenon in politics, but it is reassuring. In Indiana the Negro committeeman in the farthest town seems to know about this *magnum opus* of Beveridge, at least to the extent of believing that something terrible has happened! But the thoughtful people are proud of it—particularly in Indiana, where a piece of work of genuine literary merit counts for so much. This is a good sign, isn't it, that people should generally appreciate constructive work on the part of public servants? There is a returning pride in the ability of Beveridge in Indiana, and a belief that a mind like his will be useful in Washington where the supply of thinkers is certainly nothing like as great as the demand.

And then Beveridge has his roots in the past in the State. He has been previously known as a great antagonist of child labor on the floor of the Senate of the United States and a protagonist of pure food laws and the regulation of packers. He fought his campaign in the recent primaries on very different issues which seem amazingly conservative—attacking the Adamson Law of 1916, with its kotowing to labor, attacking the excess profits tax and the high income taxes as economically unsound, because there is little left, as he asserted, for investment in general industry, and, consequently, a return to "good times" is delayed. He attacked all kinds of blocs—farmers' blocs, capitalistic blocs, whisky blocs, prohibition blocs, anything that looked like a bloc. The progressive people of Indiana do not understand that this indicates any fundamental change in the philosophy of Beveridge since he wrote the Life of John Marshall and studied closely the great Federal conservatives of the post-revolutionary period. In his attitude toward labor, for example, they think that he is driving at the control of government by labor blocs and labor intimidations and unreasonable practices, just as earlier he drove at the reprehensible practices of capital blocs.

He is likely to be elected. It is not a cinch, but a probability. Republicans carried the State by 180,000 two years ago, I believe. There will be a terrible falling off. What beat New for Senator was the unrest. Beveridge will profit by it, and unrest will vote for him at the election just as it did at the primary, and there will be no organized opposition to him on the part of the regulars. There is belief that New is proving a bad loser, but that the regulars generally wish Beveridge elected and expect to help. The progressive element, led now by men like Edward C. Toner, the owner of the Anderson "Herald," are for Beveridge because his career has been sound from their standpoint. Toner was a candidate for Governor a short time ago and is a leading figure. The Beveridge forces seem to be taking nothing for granted, are looking for a big slump in the majority, but expect to see Beveridge the high man on the ticket and the rest of the ticket victorious with him by a moderate margin. If New had been nominated in the Senatorial primary, the whole ticket would probably have been beaten. It is to be hoped that the Republican regulars appreciate what an infusion of life into the politics of various States has come this year from the

recrudescence of the leadership of Roosevelt progressives. Without it, the Republican cause would seem hopeless in a number of important States. The return of Beveridge was at first an awful blow to the regulars of Indiana, but they have reason for bearing up under it.

Colorado and Michigan are two other States where the Republicans might welcome an infusion of the same sort of blood. Both these States seem to hang doubtfully for the Republicans. In Michigan Senator Townsend has made a gallant fight and has been favored by a number of his opponents in the primary who split a majority vote between them. But Townsend is a minority candidate, with stiff uphill work before him over the Newberry issue. The Middle West is against large expenditures of money at elections. The Middle West thinks that large expenditures are both unnecessary and dangerous. This may be Main Street morality, and it may make far more difficult some critical contests for the right which demand greater expenditures than Main Street is willing to stand for; but it is a phenomenon that is to be reckoned with in all parts of the country. In Colorado the Republicans are facing the general country-wide reaction, and something else. "Billy" Sweet, wealthy ex-bond broker and radi-

cal thinker, is running on the Democratic ticket for the Governorship. He was very critical of the street railway strike in the city of Denver two years ago, and was instrumental in having published a report of outside investigators upon the strike which bore heavily upon the good sense and good faith of the railway operators and managers. He represents quite exactly the political freedom of the West as it has manifested itself so frequently in a State like Colorado. He is also helped by the strong feeling on the part of the labor element in that State against what labor regards as the unconstitutional treatment of one William Z. Foster during the recent hectic strike crisis. Colorado authority has always been rough with labor radicals, and the riot and the bull-pen have been in that State confused with synonyms of progress. Foster seems to have been cornered in a hotel room in Denver and marked for deportation. When the prospective deportee inquired for authority under the law to be thus summarily dealt with, the strong arm representative of State authority is alleged to have replied that he hadn't looked for any law, meanwhile gently patting his gun in his hip pocket. Whereupon William Z. was spirited away into another State and left five miles from a town, with instruc-

tions to hobble in, following specific declarations as to what would happen to him if he should return to Colorado.

Speaking of free speech and free coming and going, this is perhaps as good a place as any to say that the Middle West is restive under the meticulous phraseology of oppression in the Daugherty injunction against the railway strikers. It seems to be the overdoing of a good thing that makes more trouble for progress than anything else. The Middle West is not as critical of the use of the injunction for labor disputes as Mr. Gompers, by any means; it is not that there is any great amount of love lost on railway labor; it is that it seems monstrous to the Middle West to deny by court injunction rights of the free speech of entreaty, one man to another, rights of social assemblage, one man at another's home, for the purpose of entreaty. The Middle West seems to think that the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction went even farther than Congress itself would have the right to go. The Middle West seems to fear that some day in America, if we are not careful, a radical class may come to power that will have been taught by previous un-American example how to treat their foes. At that, the Middle West is a long way from a farmer-labor entente.

KEEPING IT DARK

BY WILLIAM McANDREW

"THERE are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark."

This is a sentence from a letter written on a transatlantic steamer by a lady on July 6, 1922.

I'd like to write a history of the contempt for teachers. You would see the slave called "paidagogus" whipped like the others when his master pleased; the same name in the Middle Ages shortened to "pedant" and retaining the saturation of scorn it has brought down the centuries. You would see Shakespeare and Shensstone and Goldsmith molding their contumely into verse; Scott and Dickens and the early novelists plying their muck-rakes to collect the ugly, despicable, mean ingredients of mankind and molding the mess into the creature called schoolmaster. You would see our own first literary genius, when searching for a vessel to contain, without suggesting the improbable, a mixture of cowardice, selfishness, pettiness, and conceit, select a receptacle, call it teacher, and name it Ichabod Crane.

I remember a teachers' convention in Elgin in 1887. Will Ray, a cheerful memory, was our principal. There was a group of us who felt that our clothes and personalities were rather like those young business men and nice girls. One proposed a trip through the ch factory. We abandoned the educational meeting for this more interest-

ing adventure. Every girl and every man took off his little association ribbon and hid it safely away. Thirty-five years later, 1922, I attended a National Education meeting in Boston. I saw hundreds of nice girls and attractive-looking men, fully as stylish as any of our old Chicago party which went to Elgin, but they were wearing their association badges everywhere. I used to fold over my "Journal of Education" when reading it in the street car for fear some one would know I was in the business. It doesn't bother me a bit, now. When any ill-bred, new acquaintance asks, "What's your line?" I don't say "Books" any more, nor "Tanner," but "Teaching," without blinking an eye. That is not because I dislike dropping down in one's estimation any less than of old. It is because my business ranks higher in the world's eye than it did. We had an art exhibition here in 1898. We wanted all the children of our school to see it. They must be convoyed two blocks. Out of twenty-eight school-teachers two were plainly willing to take their children over. The others hated to be seen with classes on the street. Last fall, New York presented in a central armory an exposition called "America's Making." Opportunity was given the schools to visit it. So many teachers asked for tickets for their children that the management could only cut the privilege down to a fraction of the de-

mand. For fifteen days, mornings, afternoons, and Saturdays, sixty-two thousand children came in street cars and on foot, each twenty-five accompanied by a teacher, naturally, willingly, apparently with enthusiasm.

It seems only yesterday that a woman suffrage parade marched up Fifth Avenue. There were detachments of women lawyers, interesting; actresses, not so good to look at without footlights; business women, well worth while; nurses, fine. Then a multitude of women teachers, all in white, heads up, step firm and rhythmic (they had drilled themselves on armory floors all over town), faces intelligent, reliable, unafraid, and as of those who give and get affection. There had been approving clapping of hands as other detachments passed, but as this army of gentlewomen swung up the Avenue, the masses on the curbs instinctively, spontaneously, irresistibly, paid a tribute that grew to a roar of approval. You realized that the crowds welcomed these as their own, a fine piece of America itself, as distinctly as any body of military troops ever is. You felt that the man of the crowd was saluting the memory of his own favorite teacher of Litchfield or Johnstown or Carpenter's Corners. Even the reporters, case-hardened against enthusiasm, glorified this section of the parade to the limit.

We have arrived. Our comic-valentine

days are past. We have cur Edward Eggleston, D'Arcy Thompson, Elbert Hubbard, and Otis Poole. Even when we were boys, a popular drama, "M'liss," gave the leading man's part to a clean, virile, lovable fellow, a schoolmaster.

It is suicidal stupidity to look down on teachers. The eminent spirits who conceived the Republic—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jefferson—made clear expressions of conviction that the Nation must be preserved by schools adopted as an integral part of governmental service. The great historic law enacted even before the Constitution, that "Ordinance of 1787," gave legal authority to the idea. De Witt Clinton got it into New York's Constitution as "an essential" of government. Lincoln called our public education "the most important question we as a people can be concerned with." To carry over from a muddy-brained past the fashion of ridiculing the teacher and to continue it in a new government which had specifically selected the teacher's work as that which should, in Washington's phrase, be "promoted as of primary importance," was as blind as the corn-law legislation of those witless landowners who ruined themselves and starved their country in an effort to keep matters as they were. We have a thousand towns in which school boards have discovered that to try to own the teacher and to legislate the distance between the ground and the hem of her skirt, or the question of her dancing, is only to exclude bright, cheerful, wholesome girls and to keep in a constant state of resentment towards its unnecessary and foolish restrictions the ones whom necessity drives into teaching. We have a hundred towns in which maidenhood is no longer made a stigma by an artificial ban on a woman teacher's marriage. We have cities in which the consideration of employment is not a question of charity, engaging those who most need the money, but a matter of efficiency, securing those who do the service best.

A teacher has no need to "keep it dark" in 1922. In fact one may feel pretty sure that "keeping it dark" is now an invitation to contempt. The late Walter Hines Page, whose inclinations kept him intimately acquainted with school people, while his work as editor and publisher threw him with a wide variety of other folk, remarked ten years back that the general public now regards teachers more highly than teachers do.

To keep one's identity dark may mean that the keeper is ashamed of it. To try to do a big work while being ashamed of it is, of course, psychologically and physiologically absurd—like tying weights on one's feet before climbing, dirtying one's food before eating it. To be ashamed of one's own work is to rob one's self of a natural birthright of happiness. Other men don't do that. Watson comes breezing in with the most wonderful life-insurance policy ever conceived. It's a beauty. Wilson is selling a car that's simply a dream. Wrightson

has a list of houses to offer that will make your life a heaven on earth. Any man who is worth his salt is enthusiastic about his business, no matter what it is. He may be all for the Spintz motor to-day; but if the Sputz Company hires him, there's no machine on earth can compare with theirs.

Goodness me! Why should anybody poison his own delight with a mental treatment that has been repudiated by progressives for years and years? Mother says, "Don't cry, dear," not "Do cry."

Children learn to praise their toys and be happy; boys learn to brag about their fathers; sweethearts tell each other each is the most wonderful being ever released from paradise to gladden the world. The language has no word contemptible enough to apply to the wife or husband who doesn't call her spouse the finest example of the blue-ribbon class. Why not? What's my business is so large a fraction of my life, now, that I must either put into it the zest of happiness or I must go into such available business as will permit of such zest. But even while I am looking and hoping for such business I must so regard my present calling as to make it yield me that satisfaction and joy which sane men know is the natural accompaniment of any worth-while work well done. Unhappiness in work is a sort of laziness. Gounod had it until he found out that, if he made up his mind regarding any distasteful task and determined to see how well he could do it, the drudgery became interesting and enjoyable. Pitacus, of the Greek sages, had the answer to it, for he told his disciples that "the greatest good is to do what you are doing at the moment well." The Preacher had it, too, when he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findest to do"—not do it half-heartedly, as if you believed you were going to be married some day, but—"do it with thy might." And Solomon had it when he said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." Come, you Latin teacher, what is "diligent"? *Diligo, diligere*, to love ardently. Seest thou a man that loves his business with a glowing passion? What is the delight of kings compared with his? He stands before them. This is my birthright. My heart is mine. Gounod, Thales, Solomon, and Ecclesiastes have no monopoly. I command me, "This is thy business, love it;" and whether it be piling stone or making mousetraps, it gives me my enjoyment due. I shall wrestle with it as Jacob with the angel until it blesses me. I have no need to be ashamed of a business inherently so important, interesting, and varied, that is stamped with the highest approval of eminent men from Washington to Harding and is adopted as a function of the Government itself.

Perhaps the tendency to "keep it dark" is due to a recollection of unlovely personalities bearing the name of teachers and a wish to avoid being thought

like them. When I recall some of the long-faced, harsh-voiced, dowdily gowned women of old school days, or ungainly, ill-mannered men the powers-that-were used to permit to vitiate the company of children, I can't help commending as praiseworthy any attempt to keep from being thought like them. But, bless me! where can you find that type predominating? San Antonio teachers assembled look like Texas élite; Geneseo teachers need not strain any efforts to supply a beauty show; Sacramento teachers, constituted as a welcome committee, are deemed by the municipal authorities proper representatives of that beautiful city. Our own men and women, here in the metropolis, as you survey them at the evening school banquet, or the dinner to Charl O. Williams, or on any of the occasions that bring them together, look like people you would regard as good company anywhere.

Oh, pshaw! no one is justified in keeping his teachership dark on the ground of not wanting to be set down as of a calling of which the majority is despicable. Almost all of us have been lifted by teaching so much above the grade we should otherwise now be in that we would be justified in carrying with us a spotlight to throw upon ourselves, as who should say, "See me? I'm a teacher. Say, where would I be if I weren't?"

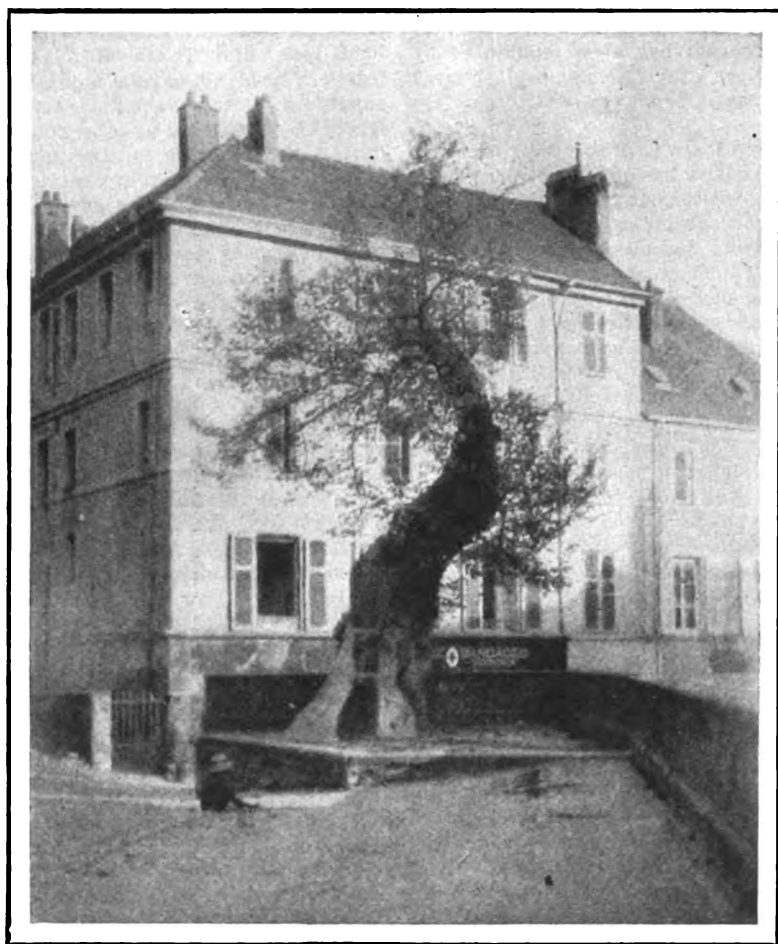
"There are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark." What were the other people doing? Were the lawyers on board proclaiming their business? Were the women shouting, "I'm a housekeeper," "I'm an accompanist," "I'm a secretary to a railroad president"? In fact, when you are on board ship, or at the Governor's reception, or at any non-business event, isn't the well-bred and proper thing, with regard to your occupation, to say nothing about it? Well, then, why need any one make a fuss about our not wishing to advertise our connection with our important employment? Every naval officer I ever knew appeared to me to regard the service with sincere respect. But if one was given shore leave, did he want to wear his uniform? Not one. Was he ashamed of it? I imagine not. But he had the gentleman's distaste for advertising his employment or for prying into that of any other gentleman.

Therefore, after all, you agents of the Republic do not have to carry any marks on you designed to make it easy for you to be spotted as teachers. In fact, a soft veil of mystery over a stranger is an element of charm.

No great moralist has, as yet, deplored the fact that teachers have lost the distinctions observable in the Ichabod Crane era. One of our New England members of long service on the school board of his little city indicated the situation when he remarked, day before yesterday, "It's come so ye can't tell the difference between a school-teacher and any other nice girl when one gets on the car." Digitized by Google

IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

BY THATCHER T. P. LUQUER



THE OLD TILLEUL TREE AT ST. DIÉ

It stands in front of the Cathedral with the sign upon it, "This was a famous tree in the year 1400"

LAST May we motored, my sister and I, from Menton to Paris in a little French car that we bought in Menton and were fortunate enough to sell the day after we arrived in Paris. This gave us an opportunity not only to see the objects of interest along the route and the scenery, but also to observe something of the life of the people of the country away from the main routes of travel as well as in the cities. This was of special interest to me for the chance it gave of gathering an impression as to the actual conditions obtaining in those regions three years after the great war, and the trip was undertaken largely in order to revisit easily and comfortably the places in northeastern France with which I had become familiar while serving with the A. E. F. in 1918 and 1919.

Along the Riviera, through Provence and northward by the Valley of the Rhone everything appeared normal. The peasants were cultivating for the spring

seeding and the townspeople seemed busy, the shops doing a fair business, and superficially no evidences of the after effects of war, except for the evident scarcity of men between the ages of twenty and fifty. Prices were reasonable, particularly when translated into American money, and nowhere, even in Paris, did I encounter any disposition to profiteer at our expense because we were Americans. Bargaining is no longer as customary as it used to be, for the "prix fixe" is greatly used and goods in the shops are tagged and marked and the prices are seldom lowered. In places frequented by those of our fellow-countrymen whose one ambition seems to be to spend money and show huge rolls of bills and drink champagne for breakfast there probably is advantage taken of the opportunity to make large profits, and, of course, such persons are the ones to make a dreadful fuss when they find it out.

Lyons, one of the great industrial cen-

ters of France, showed no extraordinary symptoms of unemployment or poverty, although a close investigation might have revealed conditions not apparent to us, while all through the country regions the people, and particularly the children, seemed well fed and happy.

Going north from Lyons we entered a region more affected by the war. The national highways still show the effects of the heavy truck traffic of those times, although some sections have been repaired. The site of the A. E. F. University at Beaune is still littered with debris and marred by the remains of the foundations of the buildings, but the city has resumed its old quiet aspect and the khaki-clad students no longer throng its streets.

Dijon is again normal, and we spent several days of great enjoyment there, studying the quaint bits of architecture in the old streets and visiting its interesting museum and churches. Few travelers visit the city, but it well repays a day or two spent among its treasures.

Here began the portion of our trip which was its main object, our visit to the old battle front in the Vosges, around Verdun and the Argonne, Rheims and Château Thierry to Paris. Cold, rainy weather had pursued us from almost the beginning of our trip until we left Dijon, but there the sun came out and the beautiful region of the Côte d'Or began to justify its name.

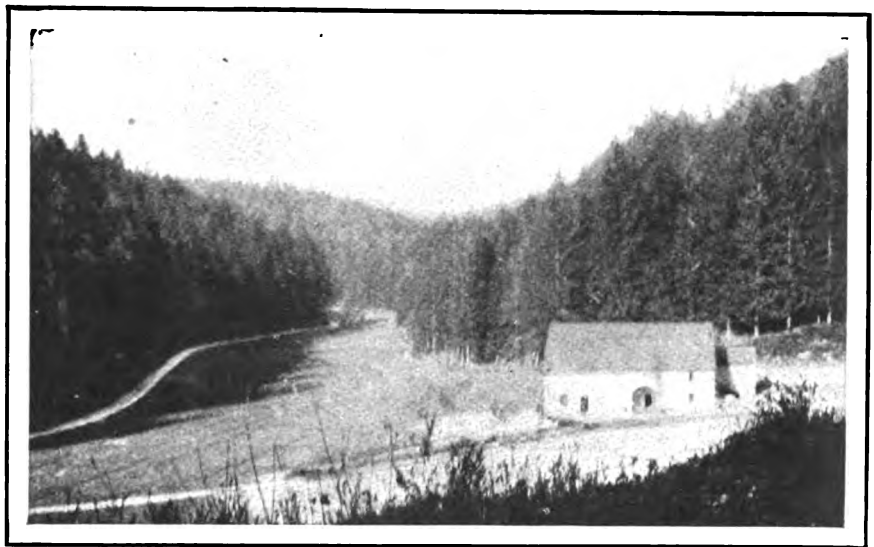
Our first objective was Chatillon-sur-Seine, which was the central town in the area where my Division, the 81st, had been billeted for the winter after the armistice. The town itself was in those days wholly given over to the Second Corps Army Schools, but all the surrounding villages had been occupied by the "Wildcats," as the soldiers of the 81st Division were called from the badge which every man wore on the shoulder of his blouse.

My regiment, the 306th Engineers, had been billeted during that winter in three little villages in the valley of the Seine at the extreme southeastern border of the area assigned to the Division. The valley at this point, like most of the valleys in that region, has been furrowed deeply in the general plain by long years of erosion by the river, and as one motors over the smiling, rolling landscape, along a road like a white ribbon on a green table, one comes suddenly to the crest of a hill and looks down into the fertile valley beneath with the little villages clustering beside the stream.

Aisey-sur-Seine, the village in which regimental headquarters had been located, is a quiet, pretty little village, a summer resort in quiet times for Paris-

ians, with two stone bridges centuries old, and several buildings of château type. The church stands on an eminence in the middle of the village, and near it, in an open space where our band used to play every night for retreat, one sees now the monument erected by the village to the men who lost their lives in the war. The inscription on it is, as always, "*Mort pour la patrie*," which means so much to every French citizen. I will always remember the first time I saw the motto inscribed on the cross above the grave of a French soldier buried in the field where he fell near the highway, when we were marching into our first front line position. The simplicity combined with the deep feeling which it expressed made a lasting impression. The patriotism of the French is an ardent and abiding trait.

Arriving at the village hotel, we were greeted most warmly by the proprietor, M. Roy, and his good wife and children, and very soon others came to join in the greeting. It was a most delightful exhibition of the gratitude and affection which so many of the French retain for our soldiers. During that winter after the armistice our headquarters mess had been located in one of the rooms in the hotel, and we had made very good friends of the proprietor and his family. M. Roy invited us to lunch the next day, when we could spend more time in the village and see more of the people, and he gave us one of the most delightful lunches I have ever enjoyed. Our host had risen early and caught two fine trout in the Seine, and, he being an expert chef, they could not have been better served in Paris. Sitting down at the head of the table in his green baize apron, he entertained us delightfully, with Madame Roy waiting on us and joining in the conversation whenever the opportunity permitted. A bottle of old wine was brought out and toasts were drunk with all the good will possible.



A VALLEY IN THE VOSGES

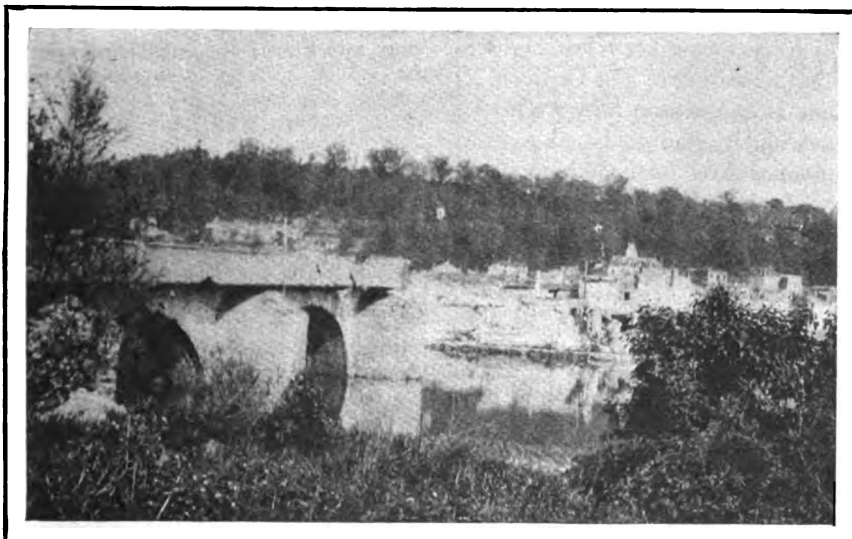
I called on the widow of the Mayor with whom I had been billeted and who had done everything for my comfort in former days, and it was a great regret to me that I could not renew my acquaintance with the Mayor, who had died only a year ago. Madame Millerot is doubly bereaved, for her son and only child was killed in the war, but she bears her sorrows nobly.

A little incident which took place in January, 1919, always comes to mind when I think of these friends. It was New Year's Day, but I was busy at Headquarters all day and until late in the evening in preparation for my departure early the following morning, and when my adjutant, who was quartered with me, and I returned to our rooms we found a fire burning in mine and a little table daintily spread and on it cake and a bottle of delicious wine and a card from our host and hostess conveying their best wishes for the new year and

for a pleasant trip. Such thoughtful kindness from those who could so easily have considered our presence a burden was very delightful and a revelation of the depth and value of French sentiment.

I made several calls on other people in the village, and was received uniformly with enthusiasm and good wishes. They had nothing but good words to say of our soldiers and their behavior. We who knew our regiment were confident that we had an exceptionally fine personnel and we knew the discipline was good, but it was a pleasure to realize that the men had left good feeling and warm remembrances behind them. The village was very quiet, and presented quite a different appearance from my last recollection, when it was full of our boys with their energy and life.

Leaving there, we went by Montigny-sue-Aube and Latrency to Langres for lunch, and spent the night at a charming old watering-place, Bourbonne-les-Bains, then by Épinal to a little village called Fontenay, on the borders of the Vosges, where my regiment had spent a week reorganizing after our first experience at the front. Here, again, we had a most cordial reception. I was particularly glad to see the old Curé, for whom I had acquired a great admiration and liking during our former stay in the village. As usual when behind the lines, we had the proper ceremonies at retreat, the band playing in front of the church, which was close to Headquarters and the only available space in the village. After the first day the Curé brought the children of the village every evening to attend the ceremony, all standing at attention and the boys taking off their caps when the national anthem was played and the colors furled. Of course we always played the Marseillaise as well as our own anthem, and the Curé seized the opportunity to instruct the children in patriotism and inculcate respect for the flag and good will towards



THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT ST. MIHIEL

"A trestle bridge has been built across the river, replacing the pontoon bridge over which we crossed in November, 1918, but no attempt has been made to replace the fine old stone bridge which had been destroyed"



CHATILLON-SOUS-LES-CÔTES, VERDUN SECTOR

the American people, and it was an illustration of the good work he was doing in many directions in the community.

Departing from this little village late in the afternoon, we left the rolling land with groves of hard wood behind and climbed over the mountain ridge, through the beautiful pine forest, into the valley where lies the old town of St. Dié. This is celebrated as the city where the convention was held which gave the name to America, and one of the sights there is the old *tilleul* tree standing in front of the Cathedral with the sign upon it, "This was a famous tree in the year 1400." The town itself was our Division Headquarters for a month in September-October, 1918, and, while very close to the front line, which was only five or six kilometers to the eastward, it suffered comparatively little damage. I think this was because, being close to the old boundary line, a great deal of German money was invested in the town and its industries, and therefore it was not advantageous to subject it to any serious bombardment. Only once during the time that we were there did any shells fall in the town, and then only about twenty late one afternoon, which fortunately did very little damage. Much rebuilding has been done and there is very little evidence now of warfare, and business seems to be going on quite normally.

A few kilometers to the east, however, as one approaches the old trench lines, the conditions are quite different. The villages are still very much in ruins, and the people are living in harracks and cellars and dugouts, and devoting themselves to clearing the land and filling in the old trenches and growing crops again. All along the old battle front, as far as we traveled, we found the same conditions existing, most of the energy being concentrated on the land, leaving the rebuilding of the villages to a later period when there are time and money, although there were many evidences of increased building activity this summer. The energy and courage and cheerfulness with which the French people are doing this work is magnificent. They are working from daylight to dark, men,

women, and children. You see the whole family in the field; the littlest children that can walk doing their part, even, while the baby superintends the job from his baby-carriage.

The most impressive place we visited here was in front of what had been the northern sector of our line, a little spot in a saddle in the mountain called La Chapelotte. This had been a little chapel with a cottage near by and a small cemetery containing the graves of soldiers who had fallen in the War of 1870. It happened to be just where a strong point in the line was needed. The chapel had been broken down, the cottage was a heap of ruins converted

into a machine-gun nest, and the whole territory was seamed with trenches and covered with entanglements. What had been a beautiful pine wood is now a forest of dead trees, looking like some of our Adirondack forests after a devastating fire. The little chapel has been partly restored, and the cemetery now has been enlarged and contains the graves of some French soldiers who died there lately, and the whole is a vivid reminder of the horrors and devastation of war.

From here we motored along the old battle front, sometimes in the old German territory, sometimes in the French, to Nancy and from there on to St. Mihiel and down the Meuse to Verdun.

St. Mihiel looks very much the same as it did on the first of November, 1918, when we marched through it on our way to Verdun. A trestle bridge has been built across the river, replacing the pontoon bridge over which we crossed then, but no attempt has been made to replace the fine old stone bridge which had been destroyed.

Verdun is slowly rebuilding, but is still a ghastly city of ruins. We spent two days here motoring over the terribly devastated region around Fort Vaux and Fort Douaumont and visiting the ruined villages along the eastern slope of the hills and out on the plain of the Woevre, which the 81st Division captured in the last fight before the armistice. Here, as before mentioned, the villages have only had the débris piled to one side and the people are living in temporary barracks and cellars. All along the roadside and the borders of the woods one sees the barbed wire heaped, and along the roadside many piles of salvaged war material, rifles, shrapnel, and cartridge cases, and various bits of soldiers' equipment. In fact, quite frequently there are unexploded shells (duds) lying along the side of the road, and one hears occasionally the sound of the explosion of some of these shells which have been found and are being destroyed.

Throughout our trip, though I do not speak French easily, I talked quite a little with the people, and I observed

PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN PEOPLE

This is no new discovery. Pope was well aware of it when he wrote, "The proper study of mankind is man." It is a fact which has never been lost sight of in the editing of *The Outlook*. That is one reason why we are particularly glad to be able to announce three forthcoming articles which deal with three diverse personalities. One is a great musician, Leopold Godowsky, whom Europe loaned to America. One is Gifford Pinchot, whom America produced. And a third is Wu Pei-Fu, a Christian general of China, who borrowed both his religion and military training from the Occident.

These articles will appear in early issues of The Outlook

them in the fields and in the villages, and I was greatly impressed with the wonderful recuperative power which they show, and, as I said before, with their courage and cheerfulness under the adverse conditions. They feel, I think very naturally, that America has not backed them up as an ally should since the armistice, and they sometimes show a little resentment, but as a rule the sentiment towards America is friendly and would easily respond to friendly action on our part. I could see

no indications of a militaristic tendency, no desire for a war in the future, but a strong feeling that in a few years France will be attacked again and that they must be ready to resist to the utmost when that time comes. I think their feeling of antagonism is stronger against England than it is against America because of England's efforts to have the amount of the reparations reduced. The French feel, and I think they are right, that Germany, as long as her taxes are not as great as the taxes

in France and England, has no excuse for refusing to pay the reparations, particularly when it is well known that so much of Germany's cash capital is held in Holland and other neutral countries and pays no tax in Germany.

My recent visit has only added to the strong admiration and affection that I feel for the French people, and I trust I was right when I told them that there were many in America who felt for them as I did and who would gladly aid them in every way they could.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER V—DRAMATIC PHASES OF DIPLOMACY

I HAD a longing to visit Jerusalem. Besides, a serious question was pending regarding the rights of Jews to settle in the Holy Land. From Russia and Rumania oppression was driving them to emigrate to other countries. Rumania was placing restrictions upon her Jewish subjects contrary to the Treaty of Berlin, which guaranteed equal political and civil rights in this newly created principality. The Ignatieff laws of 1882 were being enforced in Russia. It was the irony of persecution that Russia claimed such Jews as came to Turkey as her subjects and protested to the Porte against their being accorded Ottoman nationality. Besides, the Russian Patriarch and dignitaries of the Roman Church in Turkey objected to the settlement of foreign Jews in Palestine.

The Ottoman authorities had long been tolerant, even hospitable, to Jewish immigrants, but under outside pressure promulgated a law interdicting Jews from coming to Palestine as permanent settlers.

The subject came to the fore with our Government when the Turkish Minister at Washington, Mavroyeni Bey, communicated to Secretary Bayard the stipulation that the passports of Jewish immigrants "should expressly state that they are going to Jerusalem in performance of a pilgrimage and not for the purpose of engaging in commerce or taking up their residence there."

Secretary Bayard sent the following instructions to me for transmission:

To require of applicants for passports, which under our laws are issued to all citizens upon the sole evidence of their citizenship, any announcement of their religious faith or declaration of their personal motives in seeking such passports, would be utterly repugnant to the spirit of our institutions and to the intent of the solemn proscription forever by the Constitution of any religious test as a qualification of the relations of the citizen to the Government, and would, moreover, assume



Baron Maurice de Hirsch, to arbitrate whose controversy with the Sultan Mr. Straus was offered an honorarium of one million francs

an inquisitorial function in respect of the personal affairs of the individual, which this Government cannot exert for its own purposes and could still less assume to exercise with the object of aiding a foreign Government in the enforcement of an objectionable and arbitrary discrimination against certain of our citizens.

Our adherence to these principles has been unwavering since the foundation of our Government, and you will be at no loss to cite pertinent examples of our consistent defense of religious liberty, which, as I said in my note to Baron Schaeffer of May 18, 1885, in relation to the Kelley episode at Vienna, "is a chief cornerstone of the American system of

Government, and provisions of its security are imbedded in the written chapter and interwoven in the moral fabric of its laws."

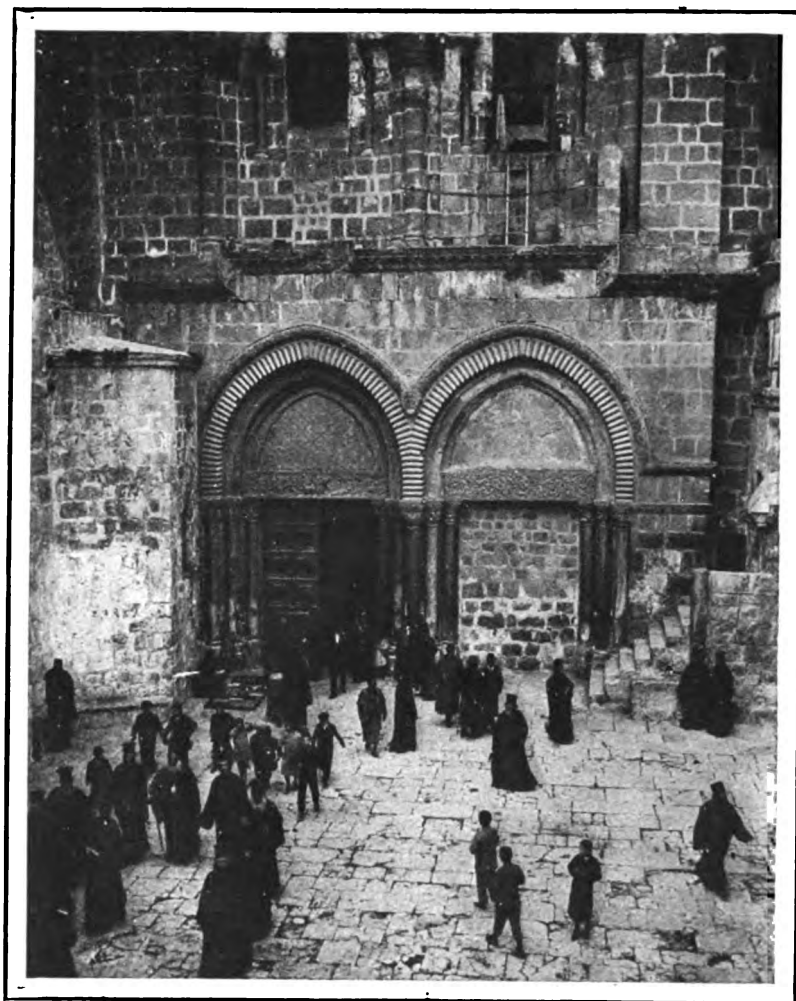
The Secretary also desired me to confer with my colleagues, the British and French Ambassadors. Some of their subjects had also been deported. While they agreed with the views of my Government, they had taken no action, but now expressed a willingness to take action similar to that outlined in my instructions.

On May 17, 1888, I called on Saïd Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and left a note wherein I stated that my Government could not, under any circumstances, accede to the requirements. After having been furnished with copies of this note, my diplomatic colleagues sent notes of similar tenor.

JEWISH PRISONERS RELEASED

Upon our arrival at Jaffa the *vall*, or governor, of Jerusalem sent one of his aides with an official conveyance to take us to Jerusalem. There were several vexatious questions besides the restrictions upon Jewish immigrants pending between the *vall* and our Consul, Henry Gillman. I deemed it good policy to show my resentment against his arbitrary methods by declining the courteous offer. Thereupon we took a Cook's conveyance, stopping overnight at Ramleh at an inn kept by a naturalized American citizen, formerly a German subject. The next day we drove over the hills of Judea, reaching Jerusalem the same afternoon, where our Consul met us and conducted us to a pleasant, comfortable hotel outside the walls.

We had scarcely arrived at the hotel when a large number of Jews, some of the women carrying infants in their arms, came to plead with me to obtain the release from prison of relatives and friends who had come to the Holy City to settle there, and who were imprisoned because of the interdiction against Jewish immigrants. Of course I had not



Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Jerusalem, the city in which vexatious questions relating to the restrictions upon Jewish immigrants were pending on Mr. Straus's arrival in 1888

known before my arrival of these conditions. Four hundred in all were in prison awaiting deportation.

Instead of calling on the vali as would ordinarily have been proper, I declined to do so. Instead, I sent a note demanding an immediate release of these immigrants who, I claimed, were imprisoned contrary to treaties with the United States, Great Britain, France, and other Powers. Unless this request was complied with promptly, I stated further, I would appeal to the Sublime Porte for the vali's removal.

While negotiating this matter with the Grand Vizier I did not know that the Jewish immigrants who had arrived were being held in prison. I felt authorized, therefore, in view of the Vizier's promise to abrogate the regulations, to serve this drastic notice upon the vali.

The result of my firm stand was that they were all released the following day. I was informed that the vali had communicated my message to the Porte, and that the Grand Vizier had instructed him to comply with my request.

The following morning there were several thousand people gathered outside the hotel. They came to express their attitude. At the same time I received

a beautiful engrossed memorial in Hebrew signed by Rafail Meir Panisel and Samuel Salant, the chief rabbis of the Ashkenazim, Perushim, and Hasidim communities of Jerusalem.

The following day I called upon the vali, who received me with great courtesy. I thanked him for his compliance with my request, and informed him of our understanding with the Sublime Porte that no discrimination should be made against Jewish immigrants coming to Jerusalem. It seemed that he had had no knowledge of the provisions in the treaties I referred to. I expressed the hope that in the future I should not have to complain of any infringement upon this understanding.

Official calls followed. I was accompanied by the Consul and his staff and preceded by several halberdiers of the vali. These, as was the custom, preceded high officials when going through the streets of the Holy City, so as to give them distinction, protection, and a clear passage through the streets.

As my time was limited, I could remain in Jerusalem only three or four days. I had to stop at such ports as Alexandretta and Smyrna to inquire into commercial matters which our Con-

suls had been unable to adjust with the local authorities, and which had caused much vexation.

My trip, which lasted six weeks, was valuable to me and gratifying in its results. My colleagues, the British and French Ambassadors, were much pleased that I succeeded in having the objectionable regulations abrogated.

DIGGING FOUR THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE PAST

The subject of Babylonian excavation received diplomatic consideration during my stay in Constantinople. In January, 1888, I received a letter from my friend the Rev. William Hayes Ward informing me of an expedition which the University of Pennsylvania was organizing for excavations in Babylonia under the direction of the Rev. John P. Peters. Dr. Ward had headed a prior expedition to Babylonia in 1884-5, known as the Wolfe Expedition and financed by Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York. Based upon the results of this preliminary expedition Dr. Peters organized the Babylonian Exploration Fund.

The subject was shortly thereafter brought officially to my attention, Assistant Secretary Adees writing me:

We find ourselves between two fires—on one hand is the Philadelphia organization under the lead of Dr. Peters, which has the money, and on the other is the Johns Hopkins enterprise, which has the most solid ballasting of Assyriological talent; but unfortunately its dollars are limited. As the Johns Hopkins people deposit all their collections in the National Museum, Professor Langley feels kindly disposed towards them. We shall probably have to look to you as the *deus ex machina* to prescribe a solution.

Dr. Peters met me in London while I was on my way home on a short leave. He handed me a letter from President Cleveland asking my good offices in the matter. The entire subject interested me very much. I told him that when I returned to my post six weeks later I would immediately broach the subject to the Porte.

Upon my return early in November, 1888, I had an audience with the Sultan. I explained to him the purposes of the excavations, the great interest of the universities and the societies of scholars, and also that the President of the United States in a personal letter had requested me to obtain the necessary permission. A few days later I dined with the Sultan and afterwards went with him to a play in the little theater located in the palace grounds. During a pause in the performance, the conversation touching upon some matters in the United States, I again referred to the question of excavation, stating that some of the representatives were waiting in Constantinople for a decision. Then he consented graciously, and permission was formally granted a few days later.

The permit was far more restricted

than had been promised, yet it enabled the excavators at Alexandretta to go forward in their work. Dr. Peters's attaché at Constantinople was John Dyneley Prince, then a recent graduate of Columbia College, who later became Professor of Slavonic Languages at Columbia.

The exploration under the able direction of Dr. Peters and Professor H. V. Hilprecht was very successful. Its large collection of archaeological "finds," now enriching the museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the Museum at Constantinople, are yet in the process of deciphering. Dr. Peters left a full account of the exploration in his two-volume work, "Nippur," a lasting memorial to his services in the cause of archaeology. Some of his "finds" date back earlier than 4000 B.C.

At that time Mr. Budge, of the British Museum, and Theodore Bent, another well-known archaeologist, were endeavoring to obtain similar permits for excavations. Bent, because of his disappointment in reference to some excavations he made in the island of Thasos, wrote an article for the "Contemporary Review" in which he made a scurrilous attack upon Hamdy Bey, director of the Museum at Constantinople, who had charge of the entire subject of excavation. Bent stated that the Americans were able to receive a favorable firman because I had bribed Hamdy Bey.

Of course this was absolutely untrue. Hamdy Bey was a scholar of high repute and a man of exceptionally fine character.

The truth is that the Sultan at that time felt under special obligations to me. I had been of service to him in a matter which threatened the good relations between Turkey and Persia. The circumstances, in brief, were as follows: There were in the Ottoman Empire about a million Persians, many of them rug dealers. A number had married Turkish women. The Sultan claimed that when a Persian subject in Turkey married a woman who was a Turkish subject his nationality followed that of the wife. The dispute had become so definite and sharp that the Shah of Persia was about to recall his Ambassador.

It was finally agreed between the two Governments to leave the matter to me for decision. I took the subject under advisement, and wrote an opinion in accordance with the universally accepted doctrine that the nationality follows that of the husband. Instead of rendering my decision, I advised the Sultan what the conclusion would be, and suggested that it would probably make for better relationship if he would anticipate my decision by agreeing with the Shah's contention. This at the same time relieved me from the necessity of deciding against the sovereign to whom I was accredited.

The Shah's Ambassador, Mohsin Khan, who had the position practically of a viceroy in the Ottoman Empire, desired to confer upon me Persia's highest



Facsimile of the engrossed memorial in Hebrew received by Oscar S. Straus from the leading rabbis of Jerusalem as a token of gratitude for his release of Jewish prisoners

decoration, the Lion and the Sun, set in brilliants, which of course I did not accept.

BARON DE HIRSCH AT ODDS WITH TURKISH GOVERNMENT

About this time the question of building a railway from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf was very much agitated, especially in Germany and at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier referred to this subject several times and expressed the desire to be brought into communication with reliable American railway builders. I wrote to Carl Schurz, suggesting that perhaps Henry Villard would be interested.

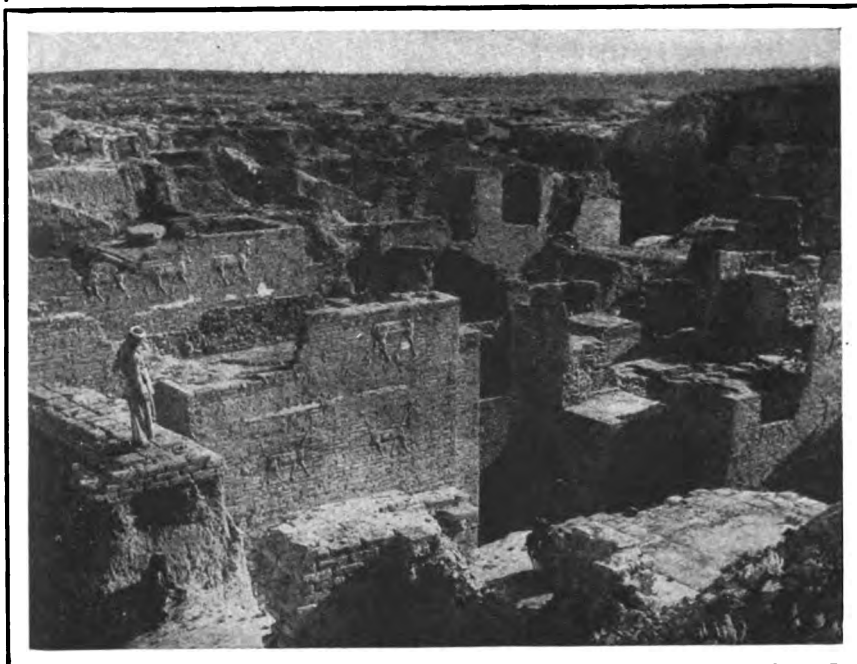
Just before this time William K. Vanderbilt came to Constantinople in his yacht. I tried to interest him in the Bagdad railway project and introduced him to the Grand Vizier. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was on a pleasure trip, and did not feel inclined to take up the cares and burdens that such a project involved.

Baron and Baroness Maurice de Hirsch came to Constantinople in the latter part of 1887. The Baron was known no less as the generous philanthropist than as one of the world's greatest railway builders. He financed and constructed the railway through the Balkans to Constantinople, thus connecting Constantinople by rail with the European cities.

The Baron came to Constantinople in order to adjust his financial differences with the Ottoman Government. The latter claimed that 132,000,000 francs were due them on the kilometer guaranties and other concessions.

While I was making a call upon the Grand Vizier one day he asked my permission to introduce some one. He said it was Baron de Hirsch. Having often heard of the Baron and of his benefactions, I was glad of the opportunity. The Grand Vizier summoned the Baron to his room, and we were introduced.

Baron de Hirsch was a man of notable appearance and of attractive address



(C) Underwood

Scene of Babylonian excavations, for which work Mr. Straus secured special permission from the Sultan

—tall, dark, slender, with full black mustache, and something of the dandy in his dress. We had a pleasant conversation.

Two days later I was invited to dinner by the Sultan. He spoke about Baron de Hirsch and the claim which the Turkish Government had against him. All mutual efforts to arrive at a settlement having failed, appointment of a disinterested arbitrator was proposed. The Baron suggested the French Ambassador and afterwards the Austrian Ambassador, but the Sultan declined, expressing a preference for me as arbitrator. To this choice the Baron agreed. The Sultan added that it had been agreed to pay me as an honorarium 1,000,000 francs.

I told the Sultan I felt complimented by his request, but that I would have to consult the Secretary of State. He replied that he had already communicated with his Minister in Washington; that his Minister reported Secretary Bayard expressed no objection. I said I would communicate with Mr. Bayard myself and give him a reply later.

Mr. Bayard confirmed what the Sultan told me. He saw no objection to my acting as arbitrator and to my receiving the honorarium, provided it appeared to me advisable to accept.

I thought the matter over carefully. While desirous of complying with the Sultan's request, I felt that it would not be advisable. Any such transaction was always open to the suspicion of improper methods and of bribery. Should I become the arbitrator and make a decision disappointing to the Turkish Government, I would in all probability come under such a suspicion. So I advised Secretary Bayard of my attitude, and

subsequently informed the Sultan frankly why I could not accept.

I added that, while I could not accept an honorarium, I would be glad to sit as mediator if the negotiations at any time required it. As the negotiations went forward the Baron and the Grand Vizier had frequent disagreements and personal altercations. Each of them came to me with their grievances, whereupon it fell to me to give opinions and bring them together again. Finally, a legal question was submitted to Professor Gneist, the eminent German international law authority. After his decision the Baron paid to the Turkish Government something like 22,000,000 francs.

DE HIRSCH PHILANTHROPIES IN AMERICA

In the course of these negotiations, which lasted several months, I became quite intimate with the Baron and with his exceptionally fine and admirable wife. She was a remarkable woman, learned and able. Her main purpose in life seemed to be to learn how she could be most helpful to others. While at Constantinople she frequently visited the poorer quarters, both Christian and Jewish, and extended help generously. She was rather short and trim, with a benign face. She was dressed in deep mourning, as they had only a short time before lost their only child, Lucien.

I heard of an incident occurring two years before I met her which was typical. The Baron's railway passed through a little village near Constantinople, and in order to locate a station in that village they had been obliged to tear down a number of houses belonging to poor people. The wrecking was done

by the Turkish Government, with the understanding that the Government would recompense the dispossessed people. Not receiving redress or relief, they appealed to the Baron and Baroness in Constantinople. De Hirsch said that it was the Government's affair, but the Baroness told her husband that she did not propose that this railway should be the cause of bringing unhappiness to people. It would probably be a long time before they would receive any compensation from the Turkish Government. She insisted upon taking from her own private fortune the funds with which these people could immediately build new homes and be happy.

The Baron and Baroness frequently came to the American Legation and took family dinner with us. Because of their recent bereavement, they refused the many official invitations which were extended to them. The Baron spoke about his benefactions, which up to that time had been chiefly in Russia. His purpose was during the rest of his life to devote his fortune to benevolent purposes. America interested him greatly, because, driven by persecution, many Russian Jews were emigrating there. He wanted to help these emigrants re-establish themselves.

For several years prior to my coming to Turkey I had been intimate with Michael Hellprin, the distinguished American-Jewish scholar, who worked incessantly to aid the arriving immigrants. I wrote to Hellprin to furnish full information about conditions among the Jewish immigrants in America, together with suggestions for aiding them constructively. Receiving Hellprin's reply, I sent it to Baron de Hirsch with a list of names of men who were foremost in works of benevolence among the Jews in New York. I included Meyer S. Isaacs, President of the United Hebrew Congregations; Jacob H. Schiff; Jesse Seligman, President of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum; and my brother Isidor.

Out of Baron de Hirsch's communications with these men arose the Baron de Hirsch Fund and the trade school. Subsequently, after conferring with my wife, the Baroness endowed the Clara de Hirsch Home for Working Girls. Neither my wife nor I claim any credit for the foundation of these benevolent institutions. We were simply a medium for communication of such information as was necessary.

THE SULTAN'S FAREWELL

The National election of 1888 resulted in a Republican victory. As I had adjusted all outstanding differences between the United States and Turkey, I felt justified in resigning. I would have resigned even if Cleveland had been re-elected. With no urgent diplomatic questions before me to occupy all my attention and energy, I felt more and more that I could not afford to absent myself from my private affairs any longer. In the interim between Cox's

resignation and my appointment the salary of the post was reduced from \$10,000 to \$7,500 per annum. The following year it was restored to the original figure. This barely covered my house rent, as I secured the best house available for entertaining.

In diplomatic life the social functions are of real importance in establishing proper relations with one's colleagues and officials of the Government to which one is accredited. Besides, it is important so far as one's own nationals are concerned to be able to show them such hospitality as they expect from their diplomatic representative.

My immediate predecessors, General Lew Wallace and "Sunset" Cox, lived in hotels, and consequently did very little entertaining. General Wallace felt compelled to decline dinner invitations from his colleagues because he was not in a financial position to reciprocate.

In diplomacy *noblesse oblige* has its widest and most emphatic application. Americans are usually supposed to be rich. If an American diplomat does not show the usual hospitality, it is attributed to penuriousness.

When I returned to Washington on leave, Mr. Cleveland asked me how I got on with my salary. I told him I could live fairly well as a diplomat on four times that amount. My stay in Constantinople cost at the rate of between \$35,000 and \$40,000 a year.

With the inauguration of a new Administration, the heads of missions tender their resignations to the new President through the Secretary of State. This I did. I was unofficially advised that, for fear I would be displaced, numerous letters and memorials from individuals and from missionary societies and various Protestant churches were sent to the President requesting that I be retained at my post. Dr. Pepper, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, together with the presidents of several other leading universities, asked for my retention. I wrote Dr. Pepper advising him that I could not continue, that it was imperative for me to return home.

On June 5, 1889, I received a letter from James G. Blaine, the new Secretary of State, accepting my resignation and commending me for my conduct of the mission.

A few days before I left Constantinople I was invited to dine with the Sultan. Expressing regret at my departure, he said that at no time during

his reign had the relations between our two countries been more agreeable. He referred especially to a large claim pressed through the Legation by an American citizen. It was based upon a dynamite gun which the American was permitted to exhibit. I examined the claim carefully, and found that it was not justified either morally or legally, and accordingly informed the Porte that the claim was withdrawn. It seems that the Porte was not accustomed to such fair treatment. The result was that whenever I presented a matter it was always believed to be justified.

I had frequently dined with the Sultan, but this time he was especially affable and spoke quite freely about his affairs. He was very well informed, holding the Government closely, too closely, in his own hands.

On this occasion he said he had heard of the great disaster and loss of lives in the Johnstown flood, and that he desired to transmit through me a contribution of 200 pounds. The following day I cabled this amount to the Secretary of State, who replied:

Express grateful appreciation of the President and the Government of the United States for the Sultan's generous relief for flood sufferers.



The waiting place of Jews in Jerusalem

The missionaries at Constantinople sent me a joint letter on the eve of my departure, June 22, expressing regret at my leaving and satisfaction for the manner in which the prestige of the United States had been sustained. The letter read in part:

As missionaries, we are grateful to you for the effects of this care, seen in important and we hope permanent advantages incidentally secured for various of our enterprises. As fellow-exiles from the homeland we would assure you of the high value which we have placed upon those social relations with yourself and Mrs. Straus which lead us to desire always to be numbered among your friends.

We boarded the steamship to make the passage through the Black Sea to Varna. A royal *caïque*, one of those graceful Bosphorus rowboats manned by six oarsmen, came alongside. An aide-de-camp of the Sultan boarded the ship and presented to Mrs. Straus, in the name of the Sultan, the highest order of the Shefekat decoration, a star set in brilliants. The reasons which would have prohibited me from accepting a decoration did not apply to her, so it would have been ungracious to decline it.

NEXT WEEK—CLOSE-UPS OF GROVER CLEVELAND

A FASCINATING account of Mr. Straus's long and intimate relationships with President Cleveland comprises next week's installment of the Autobiography. Cleveland's war on "free silver," his defeat in 1888 because of his uncompromising stand on coinage and the tariff, and his renomination and election in 1892 are authoritatively discussed. His conversion

of Nathan Straus's home in Lakewood, New Jersey, into "the little White House," and his calm conduct while under fire by political enemies are described. Unusual Cleveland letters are presented. He is described on vacations in New York; his theatrical tastes, his midnight suppers and flair for humor are all delightfully reported.

THE ANONYMOUS NEW YORK BANKER SEEN ON HUDSON



THERE is a banker down in Wall Street whose evening newspaper sometimes becomes an unnoticed sketch-book. A member of The Outlook's staff discovered the banker's *penchant* for sketching faces, and persuaded him to let us prove to readers of The Outlook that New York banking circles are not wholly engrossed with deposits, loans, collateral, compound interest, and foreign exchange. Last May we published a group of his sketches of commuters. The present group shows types observed on a Hudson River ferry-boat. Other examples of sketches by the financier will appear in The Outlook from time to time.

This is not Samuel Gompers, although it looks something like him. Perhaps he's a labor leader on his way to a big conference. Or, he might be mistaken for one of the men who own Broadway. But he undoubtedly knows what the public wants—whether his line is real estate, neckties, billboards, or women's wear



He doesn't mind living in Jersey, since the ride gives him ample time to read his paper without missing any of the news. Moreover, the Jersey side is the place to raise his family



She regards the big ocean liner with longing eyes and wonders if she will ever be lucky enough to shelve short-hand and filing cabinets for a deck-chair



He is usually first off the ferry at Hoboken and plays a resourceful game of pinochle in the smoker of the 5:50 on the Lackawanna that roars through the Oranges

TURNS HIS PENCIL LOOSE ON TYPES
 RIVER FERRY-BOATS

THE ABOVE LIST OF REMOVED NAMES IS FOR THE REGISTRATION OF ALL NAMES. Names need not be so, and otherwise credited to their respective and give the local news published therein.

THE ORDER OF THIS PAPER IS TO OFFER, AMONG THE PROPER CURRENT INFORMATION ON ALL INTERESTING SUBJECTS, IN CONNECTION WITH PARTICULARS IN HISTORY, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL; AND TO CELEBRATE A TALENT AND NOVEL LITERATURE. (Proceedings of the Evening Post, No. 1, November 1, 1861.)

Genoa as a Beginning

[illegible]

—four cantons of the Alsace alone last autumn. The central libraries and fifty travelling libraries. The methods used in these collections and the policy of freely lending books have enlisted advocates in the French library system. Our library schools have sent a considerable number of graduates abroad. But the primary basis of our superiority is a plenitude of funds and trained personnel which Europe cannot have for.

Deadlock on the Bonus

[illegible]

Rural Community Hospitals

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London Office, 40-43 Fleet Street.
Paris Office, 42 Avenue de l'Opéra, 46 Rue
de la Harpe.
Washington Office, Monahan Building,
Chicago Office, 204 South La Salle Street.
Tokyo Office, Room 202, Eagle Building,
1-1-1 Ginza, Chiyoda-ku.

The USS was founded by Ben Day, a young New England printer, in 1851. From the first appearing in New York, it was in demand, and under the penname of Charles A. Day, from 1868 to 1877, it attained national and international distinction. In 1881 it was purchased by the proprietors of the New York Times, by present owner, J. P. Morgan, and from the morning to the

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1922

Another Sort of Conference.

The attending observer had to be the first meeting at Geneva on a European level of kind of conference in the history of bankers at Paris that was held on Wednesday he became another kind. It differed in that it was not that the participants came to hope for a difference in the value of their remittances. It may be that the participants in either gathering took their own interest on some things that were something verbal. It was not a forum, was not composed the basis of diplomatic value, and was not contrary to the way of doing to keep that the internationalism. It was not official in the sense that in diplomatic relations that the short of keeping in line of the internationalism. The participants of Europe have lately done something that has been a very significant thing. It was not a conference, but it was a meeting. It was a meeting of bankers at Paris that was held on Wednesday he became another kind. It differed in that it was not that the participants came to hope for a difference in the value of their remittances. It may be that the participants in either gathering took their own interest on some things that were something verbal. It was not a forum, was not composed the basis of diplomatic value, and was not contrary to the way of doing to keep that the internationalism. It was not official in the sense that in diplomatic relations that the short of keeping in line of the internationalism. The participants of Europe have lately done something that has been a very significant thing.

Literary Cliques.

[illegible]

of life books as well.

New Subways or—

business interests that differ from what shall appear in the public interest. It is to be acknowledged that the building of them. The appeal to most highway riders remains, it is feared, the same as the one that has been made in the past. The question is whether new highways will be built in the existing traffic pattern, or shall be planned to meet the future traffic pattern. The question is whether the highways will be built in the existing traffic pattern, or shall be planned to meet the future traffic pattern. The question is whether the highways will be built in the existing traffic pattern, or shall be planned to meet the future traffic pattern.

Bombing a City Government.

[illegible]

New Yorkers will recognize the restrained typography of the editorial page of the New York "Evening Post." But the lady herself doubtless favors the "Evening Journal." The anonymous banker did not say whether she was a soubrette in a musical comedy or a second-lead in a thriller.

Pilot? Engineer? Anyway, he is one of the men who keep the ferries plying like shuttles in a loom. The stalwart structure of his face would tempt the pencil of any sketch artist

[illegible]

Lloyd George May Decide to Stay

[illegible]

Third to Start

Drive in Yankee Camp

[illegible]

Setting the Pa

[illegible]

An intrepid profile whose owner might be counted on to run a hundred yards or close a sale in fast time. A profile providing unmistakable denial of the notion that they're slow in Jersey

The ferry-boat is always a good place for a quiet little tête-à-tête and for a timely discussion of where to locate the romantic bungalow. The artist does not show their hands, but of course they're holding them.

THE BOOK TABLE

BOOTH TARKINGTON, DRAMATIST

AN IDLE CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN INDOLENT REVIEWER
AND HIS CAPTIOUS FRIEND

BY BARRETT H. CLARK

THE Friend. I warn you, my mind is made up; but if you want to air your ideas, go ahead. However, if you intend to write a review, why not write it? You surely aren't going to use my ideas?

The Reviewer. No; but you offer me just enough in the way of half-way intelligent opposition to stimulate my own thoughts. Besides, I don't like the notion of sitting down and dissecting Booth Tarkington's plays.

The Friend. You agree with me, then, that they are not worth writing about! Right. His books are a different story. Now, take "Alice Adams"—

The Reviewer. I have not read "Alice Adams," and I prefer not to discuss the novels. I have been reading the three newly published plays—"Clarence," "The Country Cousin," and "Penrod," and if you will allow me to tell you about them—

The Friend. Let me look at them. Why, these are simply the prompt copies, evidently reprinted from the stage manager's scripts—

The Reviewer. Intended for production in theaters. That's what a play is. I hope I sha'n't have to make such an obvious statement in my review.

The Friend. Why didn't he publish them as books?

The Reviewer. Why not as tone-poems? Shall I never convince you that a play is a play, and that when you are privileged to read it you must always think of it as a play?

The Friend. But these are simply skeletons: dialogue and a few scraps of description—hardly literature, I should say.

The Reviewer. You must accept the conventions of the form.

The Friend. But listen to this bit of "description"—I read at random from "The Country Cousin:"

Sitting-room at Mrs. Howitt's, Centerville, Ohio. A June morning. A pleasant, homelike, incongruous interior of the eighties and nineties. Two windows, rectangular oblongs, plain (with no small panes) in back. Cream-colored shades and lace curtains.

And they say Tarkington can write! "In back"!

The Reviewer. You don't understand; that is only—

The Friend. Wait. I want to read you the description of Mrs. Howitt: "She is a gentle but rather careworn forty-five; wears half-mourning." That's

It reads like a telegram—

Samuel French, New York.

202

The Reviewer. But—

The Friend. I make that a night letter.

The Reviewer. The description is sufficient.

The Friend. Not for me.

The Reviewer. It is for the manager and the actress.

The Friend. But I am neither the manager nor the actress. I prefer de-



BOOTH TARKINGTON

scriptions of houses and people as the author writes them in his novels.

The Reviewer. Did you see "The Country Cousin"?

The Friend. Yes. That was different.

The Reviewer. Exactly. You are now reading the "night letter" directions, purposely laconic and to the point, that are intended merely to guide the manager and the actors. You insist on comparing a printed play with a printed novel, and you miss a delightful experience. You have a mechanical piano, haven't you?

The Friend. Yes. What has that to do with the case?

The Reviewer. You crank it, or touch the self-starter or whatever it is, and it does the rest?

The Friend. Yes.

The Reviewer. And you like it?

The Friend. Yes.

The Reviewer. I don't. I beg your pardon, but I don't like your machine. I prefer the old-fashioned work-it-yourself pianola, where I use my hands and feet—and incidentally my head. I feel I am running the show; I often used to imagine myself the conductor of a great orchestra, and to this day no one can

persuade me that my own reading of the "Ninth Symphony" is not finer than that of Nikisch. I am sure I enjoyed it more than I did any subsequent rendition of it.

The Friend. And this little chapter from your autobiography is intended to show—

The Reviewer. That my own imagination filled the gaps. The pianola roll supplied the barren notes and I the inspiration. And so it is with plays. Did you never declaim "Hamlet" to yourself in the bath-tub and imagine you were Booth? I have played a violin and thought I was Kreisler as I accompanied myself on the pianola, playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto!

The Friend. I don't imagine the neighbors thought so.

The Reviewer. I was oblivious of the neighbors—to put it politely.

The Friend. But what about Tarkington and his plays?

The Reviewer. Simply this: Take these "skeletons," as you call them, use your imagination, fancy yourself the stage director, the actors, the entire audience, and be the whole show yourself. That's practically what you do when you read a novel. Only, I beg you, when you read a play, forget that there is such a thing as a novel. And I venture to suggest, if you will try the experiment in a sympathetic mood, that you will find more in some plays than you do in a trilogy of novels.

The Friend. Your customary exaggeration.

The Reviewer. I speak the literal truth. For example, compare "Antony and Cleopatra"—or "Caesar and Cleopatra," to make the test a little fairer—with, well, with "Nicholas Nickleby." Do you miss the descriptions in Shakespeare? And as for Shaw, you get a small novel together with the play.

The Friend. Booth Tarkington is not Shakespeare, nor even Shaw.

The Reviewer. But they have one thing in common: they are all dramatists. For the sake of argument, I maintain that what Booth Tarkington omits in the way of detailed description serves only to stimulate the imagination.

The Friend. Tell me, why do writers take such infinite trouble to describe people and places?

The Reviewer. Sometimes the description is beautiful in itself; sometimes, unfortunately, it indicates intellectual laziness; and sometimes, of course, it takes the place of actual dialogue. The effective play tells a story by means of action, supplemented by speech, and, since the play is usually concerned with critical moments in the lives of people, the dramatist is forced to present his characters more vividly, more saliently, more dramatically than is the novelist.

The Friend. Would you say that

"Clarence" is as complete a revelation of character as "Penrod"? I refer of course to the "Penrod" of the novels, not of the dramatization.

The Reviewer. That depends on you.

The Friend. On me?

The Reviewer. Yes. Suppose you read "Hamlet" at the age of ten. You naturally lack the background of experience, and of course the play will mean little to you. If as a child you prefer Mother Goose rhymes, that cannot be urged as proof that the rhymes are greater than the play. The fault, dear Brutus—

The Friend. And so—

The Reviewer. And so with the reading of plays. You require a certain amount of background, a point of view, in order to get out of a play everything that the dramatist has put into it. An ingenious French critic once declared that Molière's Harpagon (in "The Miser") was as great a character as Balzac's Père Grandet (in "Eugénie Grandet"), but insisted that the comparison should not be made until Harpagon was in the surroundings proper to him—that is, in a theater. What you do in reading a play is simply to mount it, in your imagination. But to return to Tarkington—

The Friend. You spoke of "The Country Cousin." I saw it acted a few years ago, and I confess that I blush for two ex-Presidents of the United States, both of whom seemed to think the piece worthy of serious attention.

The Reviewer. I grant you "The Country Cousin" is at best a flag-waving bit of propaganda, thoroughly Hundred Per Cent. But you will note that the play is the child of two parents: Julian Street is named as collaborator. I do not of course know what part each writer is responsible for, but it seems as if both compromised over the transaction and omitted the best of himself, for the result is mediocrity. But give it credit for a generous amount of good character drawing, exactly the sort of thing you profess to admire in "Seventeen" and "Penrod." Take, for instance, Sam Wilson. Sam opens the play. There is no description of him until after his entrance, and at that it is merely a matter of three short sentences, but you *know* Sam the moment he opens his mouth. Let me read you his opening speech:

You take the fellows that loaf all their vacation, where'll they be time I'm in politics, Congress? I'm goin' to get somewhere in this short life we got, I tell you! . . . I get a lot out o' Shakespeare; he's a good writer. Every now and then, when I'm workin' on an oration I come up against somep'n that sticks me—somep'n I can't seem to work out right. Well, sir, time and again, if I got a copy of Shakespeare handy, I find he's got just what I want, and half the time he's got it worked out better'n I could myself.

And there you have Sam. It's living speech—"

The Friend. Do you think that way of presenting character is better than the same writer's method in a novel?

The Reviewer. Not of necessity better, but certainly not worse. Read a dozen plays, and you will find novel-reading just a little dull. You will miss something, surely, but you will be compensated by receiving impressions which no novelist can give you. I am surprised that in America we have not adopted play-reading as a time-saving device. He who runs may read a play! The play eliminates the non-essentials, particularly the sort of padding that turns a good short story into a third-rate novel.

The Friend. Would you prohibit novels, or rather permit them only in dramatized form?

The Reviewer. Novels *will* be prohibited sooner or later, and I shall be sorry, for what is finest in a great novel cannot be put into a play, just as a great play can never be adequately novelized. But most novels could with advantage be reduced to plays, thus saving some three or four hundred pages of valuable paper.

The Friend. Now, here is "Penrod," "a comedy in four acts adapted for the stage from Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories"—

The Reviewer. Let us pass at once to "Clarence," which is not a dramatization. You saw the performance?

The Friend. Yes, and very good entertainment it was. But nothing more.

The Reviewer. Nothing more! Good heavens, what do you want? Surely you are not one of those people who insist that a play shall be "as good as a sermon"? You don't expect to be uplifted and all that?

The Friend. No, but I demand something besides entertainment.

The Reviewer. It all depends on what you mean by "entertainment." "Hamlet" is "mere entertainment" for me; I am interested and excited by "Hamlet," but I surely don't go to see it in order to learn philosophy. "Clarence," I grant you, does not "entertain" me as does "Hamlet," but—like "Hamlet," remember—it shows human beings in interesting and critical situations. And that is why we go to the theater.

The Friend. Granted. But "Clarence" is trivial. It does not grapple with human problems; it fails even to reveal a pale reflection of life. The characters are puppets who do nothing, think nothing, and say nothing of exceptional significance.

The Reviewer. Look at "Clarence" as you would at a spectacle. Without unriddling the secret of life, Booth Tarkington has managed to throw together a number of genuinely American people. Isn't it interesting to see ourselves on the stage? How seldom do we have the chance! Here is Clarence. Can you imagine any one but an American doing and saying what Clarence does and says? The whimsicality and sly humor

of that extraordinary entomologist would not, I think, raise the shadow of a smile on the face of a German, and a Frenchman would be bored by it. The humor is quaint, it is quiet, it is not forced; above all, it emerges from the situations and is not gratuitously grafted upon the play, as conventional humor is so apt to be. You may have noticed how in many plays the dramatist seems to have gone over his MS. at rehearsals, seasoning it with "laughs." Well, Tarkington gets his laughs, not by bright lines and last-moment inspirations, but by allowing his people to reveal themselves at the right time and under the right circumstances. That is why "Clarence" is a genuine comedy. Listen to this (I omit the stage directions):

Cora. Do you wear spectacles because your eyes got gassed?

Clarence. No. They say the liver affects the eyes very much.

Cora. How did it *feel* when you first enlisted?

Clarence. It felt all right. There was nothing the matter with it then.

Cora. I don't mean your liver. I mean how did *you* feel when you first enlisted?

Clarence. I was drafted.

Cora. Were you just a private all the time?

Clarence. Yes, all the time after I was drafted, I was.

Bobby. I hope there'll be another war in about a couple of years or so.

Clarence. You want another war?

Bobby. You bet!

Clarence. So you could be in it?

Bobby. Yes, sir!

Clarence. I wish you'd been in this one. What would you do?

Bobby. Flying Corps. That's the life!

Cora. What did *you* do in the war?

Clarence. I drove a mule.

Cora. What in the world did you do that for?

Clarence. Somebody *had* to.

Cora. But what *for*?

Clarence. They won't go where you want 'em to unless you drive 'em.

Bobby. Did you meet Major Brooks-Carmel in France? He's a cousin of ours.

Clarence. No. I didn't meet him.

Cora. Did you meet Lieutenant Whitcomb?

Clarence. What was his first name?

Cora. Hobart. Lieutenant Sir Hobart Whitcomb, really. He was English—in the Royal Flying Corps.

Clarence. No. I didn't meet him.

Cora. It's *right* to be personal to soldiers, isn't it?—so as to look after their welfare?

Clarence. It's very public-spirited.

Cora. I think our American uniform is *so* becoming, don't you?

Clarence. Do you mean you think I'd look worse in other clothes?

Cora. No, but I *would* like to know why you drove a mule.

Clarence. I didn't *select* that branch of the service myself.

Cora. You mean somebody told you to?

Clarence. Yes; so I thought it was better to do what they said.

Cora. Did you have to learn to

swear at the mules to make them obey?

Clarence. No. No, I didn't.

Cora. Were you ever wounded?

Clarence. Yes, I was.

Cora. Oh, he was wounded! Where was it?

Clarence. At target practice!

There you have it. No smartness, no epigrams, not a false note. It is not great literature; it can hardly be called great comedy, but it is genuine.

The Friend. It is, as far as it goes. But tell me, do a string of scenes of that sort make a fine play?

The Reviewer. Yes. You miss the plot, but let me tell you that in pure comedy the plot matters little. It is at best a thread which holds the characters together. It may be conventional, it usually is; in "Clarence" the plot is little more than an excuse for the presentation of a number of very human and very amusing people. Clarence himself is a delight, and Bobby is surely as fine

an example of youth as Tarkington ever conceived.

The Friend. You seem, then, to think that the story is nothing, and the characters everything?

The Reviewer. In comedy, the plot—

The Friend. Yes, yes, you've said that before. But tell me, what would "The Bat" be without a plot?

The Reviewer. Nothing, because "The Bat" is not a comedy. It is solely the plot that is of interest; the people are of no importance or interest. In order to enjoy "The Bat"—and I did enjoy it—I must be in my seat before the curtain rises and remain in it until the last curtain falls after the mystery is revealed. Not so with comedy; you would enjoy seeing the second act of "Clarence" without the others; but imagine seeing the second act of "The Bat"! In "Clarence" I am willing to let the plot go hang—

The Friend. So was Tarkington!

The Reviewer. So was Tarkington. It would have been almost impossible to

develop so many characters if the dramatist had concentrated his attention on the story as well. Think of "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It." Does the plot in either instance amount to a row of pins? Some day some one will discover a new way to write a comedy—without a plot—

The Friend. You're quite mad!

The Reviewer. Shaw has almost done it. Or rather he has written plays which, if they had been good as character comedies, would have proved my point, for they are nothing as regards plot.

The Friend. Let me give you a word of advice. If you intend to write an article on Tarkington as a dramatist, you'll have to think of something to say about him.

The Reviewer. You think I need a plot?

The Friend. Something at least besides trivial dialogue. Are you going to do the article?

The Reviewer. I hardly think so.

THE MAIL BAG

BITS OF TEXAS POLITICAL HISTORY

I HAVE read your editorial "Merely a Choice of Two Evils" in The Outlook of September 13, 1922, based upon a telegram from Mr. John A. Lomax concerning the recent Senatorial race in Texas. I am a native of Texas, a graduate of the State University, and a Rhodes scholar from Texas. By virtue of the last fact, I was in England during the greater part of the campaign. In the spirit, accordingly, of an interested observer I am taking the liberty of sending you the facts outlined below as a follow-up article, based upon the complete returns as recorded by the Texas Election Bureau.

The conclusion drawn in your editorial comment on the Senatorial race in Texas is not sustained by the facts.

To correct a slight error, may I state that Mr. John A. Lomax is not Secretary of the University of Texas? He has not been connected with that institution since the summer of 1917.

The essential error lies in the suggestion that Earle B. Mayfield's candidacy did not appeal to the people of Texas. That it did is evidenced by these figures. In the first primary, with a field of six, polling a combined vote of 596,333, Mayfield received 163,910—27 per cent, or slightly less than one-third, of the total number of votes cast—which gave him a plurality of 32,602 over Ferguson, who ran second, and 59,911 more votes than Senator Charles A. Culberson, the incumbent.

In the run-off 582,824 ballots were cast, or 13,809 less than in the first primary. It would therefore appear that mething under 14,000 Democrats—and 100,000 as Mr. Lomax suggests—ed to vote. With respect to these, it air to note that Mayfield's nomination

was assured after the first primary, so of the 13,809 who failed to vote it is safe to assume that the most of them were Mayfield's adherents. Ferguson, on the other hand, appealed to every element of dissatisfaction and polled a maximum vote. It is likewise interesting to record that more people voted in the second primary than in any other Texas run-off.

Mr. Mayfield announced for the Senate in July of 1921 upon the distinct proposition of undertaking to preserve the life of the State Railroad Commission. He made 169 speeches in the first primary and never mentioned any one of his five opponents, refusing to be drawn into a campaign of mud-slinging or personal abuse and sticking to his platform. In the second primary he delivered thirty speeches of the same character.

In 1906, when twenty-five years old, Mayfield was elected to the State Senate, carrying every county in the district. In 1910 he was re-elected, again carrying every county in his district. In 1912 he ran for the State Railroad Commission, winning by 16,000. He was re-elected in 1914 by a majority of 130,000, and in 1920 was elected for the third time by a majority of 150,000, carrying all but one of the 252 counties in Texas.

His chief source of strength has been and is now an unyielding opposition to the liquor traffic. He launched his political career when the brewing interests dominated Texas politics from the precinct organizations to the State Convention, and he has waged six fights with stubborn opposition, the last one culminating in his nomination for the Senate.

Austin, Texas.

ROBERT M. FIELD.

[Mr. Lomax had already written us when this communication was received, pointing out the error in our statement concerning his connection with the Uni-

versity of Texas. Mr. Lomax retired from his professorship at the time when Governor Ferguson overthrew the management of the University. When a new board of regents of the University was created, Mr. Lomax was again invited to resume his professorship. He is now executive secretary of the Ex-Students' Association of the University of Texas.

In his letter to us Mr. Lomax gives the following information:

"You may be interested to know that on Saturday, September 16, the independent Democrats of Texas nominated George E. B. Peddy to oppose Mr. Mayfield in the race for United States Senator. Immediately after the Democrats had nominated Mr. Peddy, the Republicans also indorsed him as candidate for Senator."

NO PUSSY-FOOTERS WANTED

PLEASE accept my hearty congratulations on the editorial in the September 20th Outlook headed "Pussy-Footing." From start to finish it is admirable both in sentiment and in expression. It puts the matter so plainly that he who runs, unless he is a fool, may read. At first I had felt that a governmental investigation would be only an expense, since everybody who has read the news of recent years, not to mention the history of the past, must realize that Islam is not capable of exercising civilized government. If those whom you ironically call statesmen would only stop thinking that they know it all, we should see something practicable and reasonable done to meet the situation. I wish that this editorial might rouse a public sentiment in the two great Anglo-Saxon nations that would make itself felt in season to accomplish something worth while.

WILLIAM J. SEELYE



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The history of the du Pont Company is a story that is inseparably interwoven with the nation's history—a story that ranges through the century from Perry's jubilant "We have met the enemy and they are ours," to Pershing's reverent "Lafayette, we are here"—a story in which "Old Zach" Taylor across the Rio Grande, Grant before Vicksburg and Dewey at Manila Bay are heroic figures—a story of work and research always with the thought in mind that when America was forced to fight, she might have at her hand the best explosives and munitions science knew, and in the ever-increasing quantities that she needed.

There is, indeed, no finer illustration of du Pont's service and efficiency than in the records of the last war. Starting in 1914 with a capacity of only 12,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year, it increased its volume until it was producing 440,000,000 pounds a year, supplying 40% of the Allies' explosives, and at the same time voluntarily reduced its price in the course of three years from \$1 a pound to less than 50c!

* * *

YET, great as the du Pont Company's services to the country have been in times of war, those are only the occasional services, for, happily, war comes but rarely. And it is the unsung services of the du Pont organization in times of peace that are truly remarkable.

The du Pont Company has been one of the leaders in the application of chemistry to the country's industries—one of the leaders in developing the most remarkable figure of the twentieth century—the Chemical Engineer.

Since its earliest beginnings, the du Pont Company has been building upon the foundations of chemistry. Not only was

E. I. du Pont de Nemours himself a chemist, who had studied with the celebrated Lavoisier in Paris, but the manufacture of explosives was then and is now one of the industries that most require the services of the chemist.

As explosives increased in complexity and called for increasing chemical knowledge, the du Pont Company, little by little gathered to itself many of the keenest minds in the science and built up one of the finest chemical staffs in America, a staff not only of research chemists, but of men who knew manufacturing as well as the science of chemistry—men who were Chemical Engineers.

Now, the Chemical Engineer is a rare mingling of abilities. He is a chemist who can take the discoveries made on the experimental scale of the laboratories and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. He is the man who has brought to the doors of industry new substances, new uses for long-used substances, uses for products that once were waste, and processes that cut the cost of manufacturing and made possible the century's wonderful strides in commerce.

And the du Pont Company's assistance in developing the Chemical Engineer and introducing him into his rightful place in American industry is not the least of the du Pont Company's services to the country.

* * *

BUT yet another service has come through the Chemical Engineer—the family of du Pont products that carry the du Pont Oval. There is Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage and bindings of books, not to mention half a hundred other uses—there is Pyralin from which toilet-ware for your wife's dressing table is made and many other articles—there are paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers—there are dyes—there are many chemicals that America's industries must have—seemingly non-related, yet all of them the legitimate children of a manufacturer of explosives, for the basic materials or processes that go to the making of each of them are similar to those that du Pont Chemical Engineers use in the making of explosives—and it is only through the manufacture of such products as Fabrikoid and Pyralin and dyestuffs in times of peace that the du Pont Company can be sure of being prepared for its larger service—that of insuring means for the nation's defense in times of war.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK?

BY ROGER C. HOYT

THE answer to this question is being eagerly sought by two classes of Americans. First, the many thousands who immediately after the armistice, deluded by the specious promises of over-optimistic brokers, "invested" their savings in German marks and have since watched the steady march of the mark towards the vanishing point. Secondly, that large group of American business men who wish to transact business with Germany but find it practically impossible to make contracts because of the rapid shift of prices in Germany due to the wide fluctuation of the mark. Perhaps a simple statement of the economic principles involved will, therefore, throw some light on the probable outcome of this perplexing situation.

The complexity of civilized life makes money absolutely essential as a medium of exchange and as a measure of value. In primitive times men resorted to barter, which was the simple exchange of commodities. But this very quickly grew cumbersome and inadequate. Men then cast around for some article which could serve as a unit of value. In savage communities the unit was seashells, cattle, beaver-skins, corn, cocoanuts, salt, or some other article of general consumption. But these units in turn were soon found to be unsatisfactory and a unit of greater intrinsic value was sought. Men then turned to the use of metals which had many desirable qualities as money, and gradually gold, the most valuable metal, became accepted as the most universally satisfactory unit which could be found. And so, in course of time, what is known as the "gold standard" became the basis for the currency systems of practically all modern governments. This means that the underlying unit of value is gold and that all other forms of currency are ultimately redeemable in gold.

Unfortunately, however, many governments, led astray by financial stringency and false economic theories, have attempted to issue currency not redeemable in gold, but basing its value on the mere word or fiat of the issuing government. This form of currency is known as "flat money." Our own greenbacks issued after the Civil War are an example of this "flat money." But the issue of flat money by a government immediately brings into action an old economic law known as Gresham's Law. This in simple language is that "bad money drives out good money." When bad money is issued, people will hoard their good money, and in time the bad money will depreciate in value because there is no real intrinsic value back of it. There are many such cases in the monetary history of the last two centuries. During our war of the Revolution the Continental Congress issued over 241 millions of paper money. This

depreciated rapidly, and in a few years became practically worthless. Pelatiah Webster in "Political Essays" says:

"If it saved the state, it also polluted the equity of our laws; turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; corrupted the justice of our public administration; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of the country; and went far to destroy the morality of our people."

This statement of the effect of a depreciated currency, made by a writer in 1791, might be applied with equal force to the Germany of to-day.

Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, speaking of this same period in our history, says:

"The spurious prosperity occasioned by the high prices during the war soon vanished and turned into the contrary after the collapse of the paper money. During the eighties the suffering was extreme. Only with the greatest difficulty could the Revolution be brought to a successful close; while the ensuing business depression and universal distress well-nigh destroyed the very fabric of the state. So alarming was the situation that almost the first thing accomplished by the convention which framed the new constitution was to prohibit the issue of bills of credit by the States and to adopt a provision which was supposed to apply the same inhibition to the Federal Government as well. And when the National debt was funded in 1790 the remnants of the old paper money were accepted at the rate of 100 to 1. Thus came to an end an inglorious chapter in our fiscal history."

France had a similar experience during her Revolution. The treasury then issued the famous assignats or paper money presumably based on public lands. The original issue of 400 million livres steadily grew until it reached the enormous total of 45½ billions. The inevitable depreciation rapidly took place and the bills became practically worthless. A French writer, M. Marion, describes the result as follows:

"It was now that there appeared in all their gravity the innumerable calamities, political, administrative, economic, moral, and social, which inevitably follow the ever-growing issue of a depreciated paper money; the ruin of the treasury, crushed, on the one hand, by the insignificance of the revenues paid in paper of a nominal value, and, on the other, by the growth of the expenditures necessarily met in actual values; the increasing difficulty of procuring food, the commodities fleeing from a paper sunk so low; impotence and inertia of the administration deprived by the worthlessness of this paper of all its means of activity; the upsetting of fortunes; the sudden enrichment of all debtors except the state; and the ruin of all creditors through the payment in illusory values of sums contracted for and expressed in real values; universal demoralization, fever of gambling and stock jobbing taking the place of



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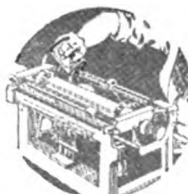
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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK? (Continued)
the love of work and the practice of thrift."

Is not the above statement fully as applicable to the Germany of to-day?

The monetary history of almost all civilized governments contains similar examples of the evil effects of a fiat paper currency.

And now, with the above economic and historical background, what can we reasonably expect to be the outcome of Germany's experiment with a depreciated paper currency? Depreciation of the mark has reached almost ludicrous proportions. We have the now familiar example of Russia before us, where the printing-presses find it impossible to keep up with the demands for a constantly depreciating currency. Russian rubles are now the "stage money" of the world and have little more value than the paper on which they are printed. The German Government appears to be following the same path of illusion which leads to the graveyard of the paper mark. It was recently reported that the great German Central Bank, the Reichsbank, was compelled to shut its doors and refuse payment of currency to its depositors because of an actual deficiency in the available supply of bills. In other words, depreciation had gone so far that the printing-presses were unable to keep up with the demand for paper money. The measure of depreciation is shown by the present quotation of seven one-hundredths of one cent for a mark which has a normal or par value of 23.3 cents. Thus far has the mark plunged from the gold unit of world value toward the abyss of oblivion. With the issue of billions of paper marks still unchecked, ultimate redemption in gold has become an impossibility.

As an evidence of this tremendous inflation, it is reported that the Reichsbank's note circulation in the last week of July increased over 12½ billion marks. Between July, 1921, and July, 1922, the note circulation increased over 122 billion marks, and discounts of treasury bills and private loans increased nearly 128 billion marks. The total outstanding bank notes on September 15 amounted to the incredible total of over 271 billion marks.

The best that the "investor" in marks can look for is partial redemption at a greatly reduced ratio. This is in effect partial repudiation. But more probably the paper mark will be almost if not completely repudiated and a new currency standard set up. In our opinion, therefore, the holder of marks has very little to hope for and his best course would seem to be to find some method of investing his holdings in German property or industrial securities which have some measure of real value. This of course is not an easy thing to do. We might state, however, that a company has just been formed in New York for the purpose of investing American holdings of marks in German securities. It remains to be seen whether such a venture will prove of any success.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK? (Continued)

for is that the German Government will be able to find some means of stabilizing its currency so that a measure of price stability can be attained. Here again this will probably be brought about by a partial or total repudiation of the paper mark. In any event, no improvement can be brought about until the German Government calls a halt on the printing-presses and in good faith makes the attempt to re-establish its monetary system on some basis of real value.

We can learn much from history, and history teaches us that a fiat currency has always invited disaster.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW

BY NOEL SARGENT

THE author has recently made some interesting investigations into what might well be termed the "practical" side of the open and closed shop controversy.

Fifteen cities in which building is at least seventy-five per cent on an open-shop basis were compared with the same number of cities where at least three-fourths of the construction in 1921 was performed under closed-shop conditions. The former group included Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Richmond, San Antonio, Grand Rapids, Seattle, Duluth, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Akron.

The closed shop cities listed were: Cleveland, Indianapolis, Newark, Kansas City, Missouri, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dayton, Pittsburgh (including McKeesport), Syracuse, Louisville, New Orleans, Providence, St. Louis, Scranton, Butte.

Lest it may be alleged that the cities were "hand picked," we must note that twenty-five of the thirty (a majority in each group) are among the fifty largest cities of the country, and that twenty-one, or seven out of each ten, are among the forty largest, according to the 1920 Census figures.

The "American Contractor" in a recent issue presents statistics as to building wages prevailing in different cities December 31, 1921. Figures were presented for nine of the open-shop cities and eight of the closed-shop cities. For purposes of comparison, the author has selected six occupations—carpenters, hod-carriers, plasterers, painters, bricklayers, and plumbers. The average hourly wages were as follows (in two of the cities, both upon an eight-hour basis, the "day" rate instead of the "hour" rate was given in the "American Contractor"):

	Rate Per Hour:	
Trade	Open Shop.	Closed Shop.
Carpenters	\$.82	\$1.01
Hod-carriers	.61	.74
Painters	.78	.96
Plasterers	1.04	1.16
Bricklayers	1.04	1.18
Plumbers	.95	1.02
Average	\$.82	\$1.01

We see, therefore, that the average wage in the closed-shop towns is 16.1 per cent higher than that of the open-shop towns.



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As a spray in nasal catarrh.

A safe and fragrant deodorant in matters of personal hygiene.

Delightful after shaving.

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Useful in many skin disorders.

As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath [halitosis].

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Chicago Philadelphia Boston San Francisco
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THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW

(Continued)

popular cartoonist, "it doesn't mean anything."

The average per capita building permits for the year 1921 in the fifteen cities of the closed-shop group was \$41; in the open-shop cities the average was \$64. In other words, 56 per cent more building existed in towns where construction was upon an open-shop basis.

Which is best—to have 16 per cent higher wages—"on paper"—or to have 56 per cent more building in actual practice?

Let us take 100 building workers in an average city in each group. In the closed-shop town they work 100 hours for \$1.16 an hour—a total of \$116 received by the group. During the same period the workers in the open-shop city, receiving only \$1 per hour, can work 156 hours, receiving \$156. Thus the total wage of the group of workers in the open-shop town is 34 per cent greater than the group wage in the closed-shop town. To which group would you prefer to belong if you were a worker?

THE AMERICAN MECCA

BY ELIZABETH CANEY PARKER

WE had to go to Oyster Bay. It was really most inconvenient and upset our plans substantially, for we are Navy people and were hurrying from one billet to another, and there was scant time or money for side-trips. But, as I said before, we simply had to go. Embarrassedly ashamed of my sentiment, I suggested the trip to my husband. Equally embarrassed, he admitted that he had thought we must make the pilgrimage.

So a hot Sunday afternoon found us tracing and retracing our way around the little village of Oyster Bay. Other cars were turning and backing at every crossroad and lane, as there were no signs to guide us. But our general drift was the same, and we came finally to a shady three-corners, where dozens of cars were parked, incongruously enough, in that quiet country spot. Limousines with correct chauffeurs glided into place, middle-class cars exuded large family parties, and uncountable Fords, backing and starting noisily, filled every space. The confusion irritated me, but I thought we would probably walk away from it to the quiet grave at some distance. But no—we had arrived.

Just across the road at a little gate a procession was forming. Quite involuntarily, each man's hat came off and every woman stopped talking or clutched her child firmly by the hand and said, "Sh!" There were no guards, no signs, nothing to enjoin silence. But we were approaching Mecca, and we knew!

We went up the little winding path in complete quiet—old and young, rich and poor, black and white and yellow, infirm and hearty, soldiers and sailors, ministers and Broadway tawdries. One stately and expensive dowager kept pace with the very dirtiest little gamin. Neither was abashed, for neither saw



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Ross-Gould Co.,
483 N. 10th—St. Louis (5)
New York Chicago

THE AMERICAN MECCA

(Continued)

the other—or, if so, it was through Roosevelt's eyes. How I hated it at first, that shuffling, heterogeneous crowd where I had expected peace and no other people! Only for a minute; then I gloried in the fact that only at a Roosevelt's grave could such a thing be—all humanity paying its homage—and that I was a part of the throng.

Roosevelt's grave—a plain slab with simple name and dates of birth and death, and under his name that of his wife, the eagle's mate, with date of birth. A high iron fence surrounds the grave, on which were stately wreaths placed there by the rich and great of the world. And through the fence had been thrust every variety of growing things from orchids to little flowers and bits of shrub picked by the roadside.

We walked slowly around the inclosure and there was no sound. Then a woman sniffed, a man cleared his throat, and presently each one contributed a gulp, a sob, or a frantic blowing of nose. Real grief, real sorrow, for a man most of us had never seen was in every heart. Each person stood beside the grave of his own dead. But for all the sorrow there came a feeling of renewed strength and vigor. It really seemed that even after death that tremendous personality gave us a power as Mother Earth did to Antæus.

Then down the slope we made our way and heard such bits as these. An Italian said to his boy, "Verra brav' man, verro brav'." An old Irishwoman to a young girl, "He'd a-sittled our troubles for us, wan way or another." A Frenchman to his friend, "A personality of a greatness indescribable." A plain American to his boy, "He loved kids and he loved animals, son, and he always played the game." A sailor to another, "Gee, I felt a lot surer of what I was working for when he was alive." One man answered his wife's question with: "Darned if I know what his religion was. Whatever it was, it took in all of 'em."

An Oyster Bay woman said to me: "He was big and famous and clever and President and author and statesman and fighter and all that, I know. But we Oyster Bay people lost the best neighbor in the world, and none of the rest of it means much to us."

As we all drifted apart I heard a scholarly-looking old man say to his companion, "He truly loved the world and lived for it."

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

WITH FACTS BEFORE YOU, it is a question of conscience—of patriotism—of the honor of Uncle Sam—of justice for ALL who toil with hand or brain.

There are not "two sides" to such questions. That is why we meet no opposition but "silence"—side-stepping—camouflage. The book more than confirms every claim of the advertisements.

Incidentally, it is a question of dollars in your pocket—many of them—reduced taxes, better business, because of general prosperity.

Thrift and Prosperity

The Gist of It All

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least the pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than 1½ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds now in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at 2¼ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the market price for money on the solidest security been less than 3½ to 4 per cent, and today, as everyone knows, is 6½ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswered—unanswerable—see "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John E. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, editor and book publisher; \$1 at book stores, or free at Public Libraries.

PUBLIC OPINION is irresistible. YOU help make it. READ the book for facts, simple, overwhelming logic. SEND THIS to Congressmen, Senators, Editors, Public Men; ask them "Why not?" Tell your thought. Inclose in all letters. Discuss with neighbors. These slips for letters at rate of 5 for 1c, postpaid, from Alden.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

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Italy, Spain, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, England, and Scotland. Limited parties enrolling now.

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FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given to an organizer of a small party. Reestablished 1900. BARBOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

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PINE RIDGE CAMP ACTUALLY MID THE PINES. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN or Miss CROCKER, Aiken, S. C.

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FRENCH WIDOW of very best family wishes to take one or two ladies into her home, southeast of France. Best opportunity to learn French. Particulars and references willingly given by lady who spent last winter there. Mrs. B. E. MOORE, 1900 Euclid, Lincoln, Neb.

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CALIFORNIA

Completely furnished cottages and apartments \$20-\$60 per month. Town of 12,000. 3 hours motor to San Francisco on cement highway. Lovely winter climate. A. B. Herrmann, 130 Barron St., Santa Cruz, Cal.

FLORIDA

For sale, completely furnished home on Ridgewood Ave., Daytona, Fla. All modern conveniences, inc. Kelsey furnace, small orange grove, 5 master's bedrooms, all living rooms having Southern exposure. Servant's quarters over garage. Also for rent, cottage with garage on ocean beach, gas, plumbing, elec., and furnace for wood or coal. \$220. Outlook.

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FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7.947, Outlook.

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For Rent, Furnished in Pleasantville. N. Y., small house on wooded hilltop, near owner's house; one mile from station; large living-room with open fireplace, kitchen, bath and two bedrooms; furnace, garage. \$75 a month. Ideal for writer. Transportation to station if desired. Owner, S. Boyd Darling, Pleasantville, N. Y.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface acts, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. B. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Call coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

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GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerk \$135 to \$192 month. Write for free sample questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, Ohio.

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WANTED—Young woman, governess-companion, well educated, Protestant, attractive appearance and personality, cheerful and active, able to play piano, to take care of a boy and a girl, both going to school, and to take charge of household during occasional absence of parents. Previous experience secondary to ability and proper references. Residence Boston. Good salary. Answer 2,188, Outlook.

WANTED—Companion-helper in family of two. Country home with modern conveniences. Box 154, Saybrook, Conn.

WANTED—Strong, capable young Protestant woman as nurse and general assistant in orphanage. Salary \$50 per month; comfortable home, laundry. Health essential. References. 2,203, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 263, P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Strong, refined woman to care for two-year-old child. Also household assistant for cooking, to tend downstairs work. Small family, comfortable home. Reading Pa. Write 2,192, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper wanted by business couple with one child 2 1/2 years. Ethel, 7 D. Hotelling, Hollis, Long Island.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and assistant to do all the work (except laundry) in household of three women in Cleveland, Ohio. One of them is a professional woman away all day. Quiet household, with many privileges. Address 2,214, Outlook.

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WANTED—Governess or mother's help. English preferred, to assist in care and training of five children, four of whom attend school. Pleasant home life. Summer home in New England. No housework required. Please state salary expected. Mrs. Robert Kip Goodlette, 281 High St., Passaic, N. J.

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COMPANION
NURSE
GOVERNESS
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BUSINESS ASSISTANT?

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Sept. 12, 1922

Advertising Manager,
The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue,
New York City

Dear Sir: An advertisement inserted in your "Help Wanted" column for two weeks brought 187 replies from all parts of this country. It was possible to see personally only a dozen or more of these applicants, but, besides the large number, the quality of the applicants impressed me. Evidence has been given me, as the advertiser, of the excellence of The Outlook as a medium for reaching a very fine class of applicants for positions.

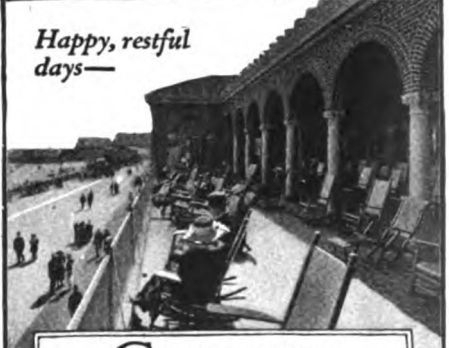
Yours very truly,

Try an Outlook "Want Ad." The rate is only
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Department of Classified Advertising

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The new Boardwalk Wing of Haddon Hall affords new opportunities for pleasure, comfort and rest.



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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, efficient, refined, good reader. Can travel. Physician's testimonial. 2,170 Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, of Finnish nationality, with many years hospital and private experience, wishes permanent position as nurse-companion or nurse to invalid lady. Best American credentials. Miss Sandberg, 321 Eighth Ave., North Pelham, N. Y.

TRAINED nurse, unusual ability, experienced, quiet, sunny disposition, desires position companion elderly person or semi-invalid. Competent to manage home. Accustomed to traveling. Highest credentials. 2,202 Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, exceptional ability, would care for chronic case of any description, or chaperon lady. Regular rates. 2,208 Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—Opportunity for winter. South preferred. Management of tea and gift shop or inn by New England woman of refinement and successful business experience. Address 2,188 Outlook.

ACCOUNTANT-bookkeeper: Experienced, competent, dependable, middle-aged man. Small manufacturing business preferred. Moderate salary, country town or small city. 2,188 Outlook.

GRADUATE orchardist, 20 years' experience, ex-lawyer, will manage gentleman's estate or serve as secretary. 2,210 Outlook.

WOMAN with varied experience: social worker, camp manager, years of experience as dramatic director, wishes executive position in settlement or institution. Highest cre-

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

GENTLEWOMAN, practical, energetic, artistic, conscientious; having had many years experience in successful management of private sanitarium, desires similar engagement with physician of highest standing wishing to surround patients with home atmosphere and comforts, where many exceptional qualities can be exercised to advantage. Would supervise care of one or more patients. 2,193 Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WANTED—Position as executive housekeeper by lady accustomed to refined surroundings. Able to manage servants, attend to marketing; also supervise care of children. Willing to go to California. Nothing menial. 2,188 Outlook.

WOMAN, cultured, tactful, comprehensive, capable. Would manage apartment; chaperon one or more young ladies spending winter in New York. Or housekeeper, friend, companion to lady. Highest references. 2,194 Outlook.

POSITION as traveling companion or chaperon to lady wintering in South or California. Excellent references. 2,198 Outlook.

WANTED—Position as superintendent, matron, or housekeeper, by woman experienced in such work. Exceptional references. Address 2,190 Outlook.

HOUSEHOLD consultant—Expert adviser. Practical, conscientious, excellent taste and judgment. Servants engaged and installed. Kitchen equipped. Repairs supervised. Visiting buyer and manager, schools, households, etc. Any commission carefully executed. 2,208 Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Refined, practical nurse desires position of companion or nurse to person going away for winter. 2,201 Outlook.

WANTED—Position as managing housekeeper in private family, by refined Southern woman—widow. 2,207 Outlook.

SOUTHERN woman, cultivated, Christian, desires position as companion or chaperon. 2,209 Outlook.

WOMAN, refined, capable, practical nurse, desires position attendant to invalid, matron institution. 2,213 Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position as managing or companion housekeeper. Willing to travel. Highest references. 2,123 Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING tutor-governess to children over six. German, French, piano. 12th year. Prepare for regents. 2,116 Outlook.

POSITION desired by refined, middle-aged American woman. Experienced teacher and governess. 2,179 Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, experienced, college graduate, desires position in religious or private school. Primary, intermediate, or high school subjects. Protestant; highest references; moderate salary. 2,186 Outlook.

TEACHER would accompany young person to Florida for winter. 2,200 Outlook.

WOMAN teacher, M. S. history, civics. Box 59, Brocton, N. Y.

ENERGETIC, cultured woman will accept position of trust as governess or housekeeper in motherless home. 2,208 Outlook.

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BY THE WAY

THE fact that American initiative is still alive and going strong is evidenced in the career of the new President of the University of Arizona, Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin. Twenty years ago he was a newsboy—but an ambitious one. He worked hard and studied hard, and in 1909 he graduated from the Riverside (California) high school and immediately entered upon preliminary legal studies in Stanford University. In 1915 he received a Master's Degree in Business Administration at the University of Southern California. Later he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard. He is reported to have worked his way through all these educational institutions. Meanwhile he had done service in the Great War as captain in the Aircraft Service in Portland, Oregon, and commandant of the Officers' Training Camp in the State of Washington. At the age of thirty (he is now only thirty-three) he became Dean of the southern branch of the University of California at Los Angeles. He was born at Findlay, Ohio, but later moved to California, where he seems to have "made good."

One of the world's greatest literary undertakings never saw the light of print. This was the stupendous encyclopædia planned by the Chinese Emperor Yung Lo. It was completed in 1408, and consisted of the original manuscript and two copies. It covered the whole range of Chinese learning, and ran to nearly a million pages. The original and one copy perished at Nanking on the downfall of the Ming dynasty. The remaining copy, consisting of no less than 11,100 volumes twenty inches long, twelve inches in breadth, and half an inch thick and bound in yellow silk, was destroyed during the siege of the Legations in Peking in 1900.

A colored physician in one of the Southwestern States called up an oculist, according to a contributor to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, and said, "Doctor, I have a patient that has been shot in the eye; would you examine him for me?" "Yes; you can bring him up now," was the reply. "Well, how much will you charge?" was then asked. "Oh, we can only charge what he can pay. What has he got?" the oculist inquired. "Doctor, he's got a family," was the appealing reply.

Under the head "Intelligence in Mules" a soldier of the World War tells in a recent book about an incident at the front illustrating his theme. "Tom, the older of my pair of mules," he says, "was an out-and-out Hun-hater, and whenever a German prisoner was loading my wagon I had to warn him to keep away from Tom or he would do damage. He used to watch out of the corner of his eye, and if an unsuspecting 'Jerry' came within striking reach he got it

WINTER VACATION VOYAGES

As winter draws near, thoughts of the sparkling azure Mediterranean and of the sunny and colorful West Indies make an imperative call upon the imagination of all who love travel at its best.

To the MEDITERRANEAN



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BY THE WAY

(Continued)

hoofs. He would even stop to kick at a convoy of prisoners who were marching past us on the road. Yet I never knew him to lift a leg to a French or American soldier, though he had plenty of chances."

An English weekly prints some "extraordinary questions" which ex-service men who wish to enter the civil service are asked in an examination paper. Here are samples:

Write here the name of the first drink in the following list, if it is only drink, but if it is not put a cross instead, and if it is, put an "E" under it. Underline whatever you have put. (The list was: House, bean, sugar, paraffin, coffee, milk, cheese.)

"Earth, the, the, warms sun." Rewrite these words so that the word that would be the middle word if it were rearranged so as to be true now comes last, whilst the remaining words are in the right order, but the one now first is spelt backwards.

"One of the official excuses for the list," is the comment, "is that such questions have been tried with success in America and on children." A compliment to both!

The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City, says in the "Atlantic" that when he first came to New York he "by happy accident" ran into Edwin Markham, and that the poet sat down and wrote a quatrain for him summing up the preacher's faith, as follows:

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft;

Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

The Japanese constable, or country policeman, is ever ready to act as guide, philosopher, and friend to the foreign traveler, so an article in the "National Geographic Magazine" says. For the policeman's guidance in dealing with the tourist the police department some years ago issued the following counsels:

"No criticisms should be made, either by gesture or words, regarding the language, attire, or actions of foreigners.

"If a foreigner pulls out his watch and looks at it, you should think that he has business elsewhere, and that it is time for you to leave.

"It is a mistake to suppose that a foreigner will always respond to a request for a loan of money."

A serio-comic testimony to the absorbing interest of the books of a popular novelist is found in the reports in the New York newspapers of the recent electrocution of a condemned man at Sing Sing. "During the afternoon," the report says, "he occupied himself reading one of Robert W. Chambers's novels. After dinner he returned to his book, reading as rapidly as possible so that he might find out how it ended before he was killed. He did not learn, but a guard who had read the book told him that it came out all right."

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IN DEFENSE OF PROHIBITION

In a city located in northern Michigan with a population numbering between fourteen and fifteen thousand there were before the advent of prohibition sixty-five saloons, all doing a flourishing business. The major portion of them were little other than "hell-holes." In that part of the country it is customary to pay the men their wages semi-monthly with the result that with the advent of each pay day we were forced to prepare for at least two days' operations short-handed, for a large percentage of our men would be incapacitated by drink. This was a pretty general condition among the workers in those parts. With the coming of prohibition this ended and stayed ended; and in its place came better clothes for the wives and families, phonographs, player-pianos, etc. (taking the place of whisky jugs and beer bottles), a large increase in attendance at the moving-picture houses, and many families buying Fords, and in a great many cases better cars.

Take again, as example, a small village in central New York State. That village before the coming of prohibition was more or less distinguished for the amount of drunkenness and unpaid bills which, taken together, sadly detracted from the merits of an otherwise beautiful town. It is now, under prohibition, a much more prosperous little town, still maintaining its original beauty, and with the added blessing of a main street free from drunks. I might add that they are seen occasionally; but where it used to be ten quarts of whisky to one phonograph record, or might be safe in saying it is now ten phonograph records to one drink of concoction called whisky behind somebody's door.

The writer has always used liquor moderately, and has seen its use abused, with all the attendant suffering and unhappiness; has seen it lead clean characters into vice; and also on occasion seen it change a dull evening into a decent and enjoyable one. He has seen it at its work in two-thirds of the States in our Union, and is not hypocritical enough to try and convince anyone that there are not occasions when he would like to fall back in something a little stronger than reminiscence; but not being selfish, and believing that after all, there are only a few of us who really miss it, he says to them and to them: Let us be broad-minded regarding this subject, acknowledge the good that the masses are deriving under prohibition at the present time, the great good our posterity will derive, and if we who still look back upon the time when we could, under the law, take our glass must suffer the deprivation for our few remaining years, let us be men and make the sacrifice. Live as well as to morals, and back up prohibition in the knowledge of the good we know it is doing.

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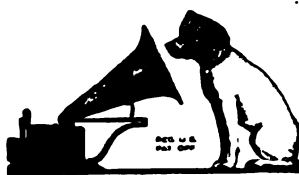
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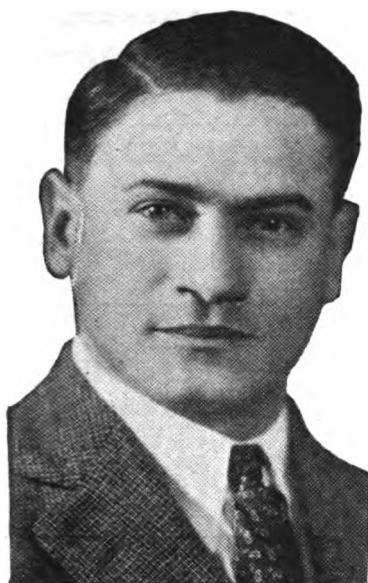
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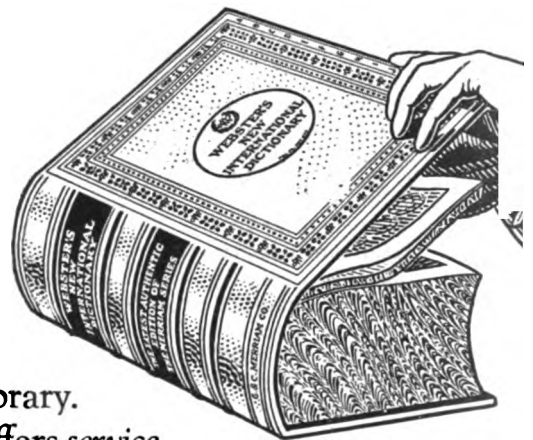


Service

*"I had six honest, serving men;
(They taught me all I knew):
Their names are WHAT and WHY and WHEN,
and HOW and WHERE and WHO."* (KIPLING)

WHAT was the Declaration of London? **WHAT** are consols?
WHY does the date for Easter vary from year to year?
WHEN and by whom was the great pyramid of Cheops built?
HOW can you distinguish a malarial mosquito?
WHERE is Canberra? Zeebrugge? Delhi?
WHO was Mother Bunch? Millboy of the Slashes?
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THE LAMANITE

BY CARL G. LEWIS

People in general of the nation do not understand the importance which those of Latter Day Saint faith attach to the conversion of the American Indian.

In the earliest days of the church, in 1830, the same year in which it was organized, revelations were given commanding some of the most prominent and gifted of its men—Oliver Cowdery, a councillor of Joseph Smith and second to him alone; Parley P. Pratt, one of the twelve apostles; and Peter Whitmer, one of the eight who witnessed the gold plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated—to go and establish the church among the Lamanites. We read in the Doctrine and Covenants 27:3:

“And now, behold, I say unto you” (Oliver Cowdery) “that you shall go unto the Lamanites, and preach my gospel unto them; and inasmuch as they receive thy teachings, thou shalt cause my church to be established among them.”

Doctrine and Covenants 31:1:

“And now concerning my servant Parley P. Pratt, behold, I say unto him, that as I live I will that he declare my gospel and learn of me, and be meek and lowly of heart and that which I have appointed unto him, is that he shall go with my servants, Oliver Cowdery and Peter Whitmer, jr., into the wilderness, among the Lamanites; and Ziba Peterson, also, shall go with them.”

However, after the Saints were driven from the central states because of their refusal to be fully obedient to the words of the Lord, and numerical inferiority, the work among the Indians of this locality largely ceased, but in recent years the work among these wealthy tribes has been greatly revived. Frederic M. Smith, president of the church, has visited them personally, adding his efforts to the efforts of such prominent men as E. E. Long and H. Case to convert the Indian to the Book of Mormon, which is a history of his forefathers and contains prophecies which are great and wonderful promises to be fulfilled in the very near future. One of these promises, given in the Doctrine and Covenants 49:5, is:

“But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob” (the Jacobites are also Lamanites, Jacob, of Abraham’s time, having been their first forefather, followed some generations later by King Laman) “shall flourish in the wilderness; and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose.”

The efforts of the Indian to gain the rights of citizenship, and thereby gain possession of property held in trust for him by the Government, are considered with great interest and approval by the church, as much of the great wealth which the Indian claims shall ultimately come into its possession for the final building up of Zion (Independence, Mo.), in which the Lamanites are to have the principal part, assisted by the Gentiles who are willing to be converted. In the Book of Mormon, chapter ten, verses one and two of the last book of Nephi, which is separated from First and Second Nephi and located near the back of the book, we read:

“I. But if they” (the Gentiles) “will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish my church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance, and they shall assist my people the remnant of Jacob.

2. And also, as many of the house of Israel as shall come” (however, there is nothing written to show that participation by a large number of Jews should be expected), “that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem.”

We see that the hopes and expectations of Latter Day Saints and the future of the American Indian are entwined. As is stated in the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants,

they cannot be separated. The two peoples combined will be the staunch and finally undefeatable defenders of Zion, of whom the Gentiles who are not willing to repent shall stand in great fear. Doctrine and Covenants 45:12, 13:

“12. Wherefore, I the Lord have said, Gather ye out from the eastern lands, assemble ye yourselves together ye elders of my church; go ye forth unto the western countries, call upon the inhabitants to repent, and inasmuch as they do repent, build up churches unto me; and with one heart and with one mind, gather up your riches that ye may purchase an inheritance which shall hereafter be appointed unto you, and it shall be called the New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the Saints of the most high God and the glory of the Lord shall be there, and the terror of the Lord also shall be there, insomuch that the wicked will not come unto it; and it shall be called Zion.

13. And it shall come to pass, among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven; and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another. And it shall be said among the wicked, let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the inhabitants of Zion are terrible, wherefore we cannot stand.”

The Indian is also to have an additional, exclusive, and prominent part in the bringing down and punishing of the unconvertible Gentiles. The Book of Mormon, Nephi 9:98–100, says:

“98. Therefore it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not believe in my words, who am Jesus Christ, whom the Father shall cause him to bring forth unto the Gentiles, and shall give unto him power that he shall bring forth unto the Gentiles (it shall be done even as Moses said), they shall be cut off from among my people who are of the covenant;

99. And my people who are a remnant of Jacob, shall be among the Gentiles, yea, in the midst of them, as a lion among the beasts of the forests, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep, who, if he go through both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver.

100. Their hand shall be lifted up upon their adversaries and all their enemies shall be cut off.”

Book of Mormon, Nephi 7:38–41:

“38. But if the Gentiles will repent, and return unto me, saith the Father, behold, they shall be numbered among my people, O house of Israel;

39. And I will not suffer my people, who are of the house of Israel, to go through among them, and tread them down, saith the Father.

40. But if they will not turn unto me, and hearken unto my voice, I will suffer them, yea, I will suffer my people, O house of Israel, that they shall go through among them, and shall tread them down,

41. And they shall be as salt that has lost its savor, which is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of my people, O house of Israel.”

My reference books, consisting of the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, are those of the Reorganized faction of the Latter Day Saints, or Mormon Church, with headquarters located at Independence, Mo., yet the quotations produced here are parts of those communications which, coming through Joseph Smith, the first prophet, seer and revelator of Latter Day Saintism and its founder, have been accepted as revelations from God by the general vote of not only the Reorganized faction, but the Brighamite, or Utah faction, as well; the sections, etc., of the Brighamite books being numbered somewhat differently than the Reorganized.

The Outlook

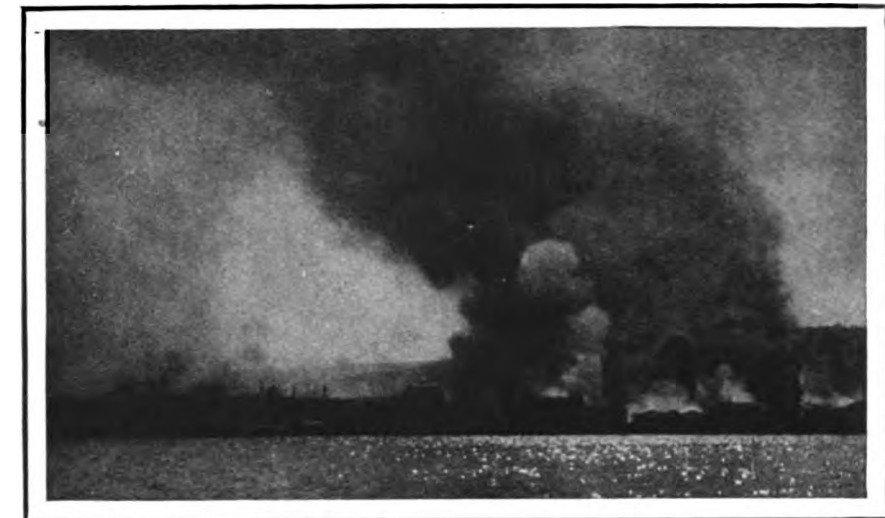
OCTOBER 11, 1922

A LULL IN THE NEAR EAST

REPRESENTATIVES of Great Britain, France, and Italy are, as we write, entering into conference with Mustapha Kemal at Mudania, an unimportant port on the Sea of Marmora. This conference is nominally of a military nature and aims to frame an armistice between Greece and the Nationalist forces of Turkey. The plan is that it should be followed by a full peace conference at Venice or elsewhere, at which the political and international questions involved should be taken up for final decision. It is, however, probable that at Mudania other than purely military points will be taken up, for the reason that Kemal is still insistent on committal by the Powers to his demands, including his proposal that his army should at once occupy Eastern Thrace up to the Maritza River, and therefore including Adrianople.

In the week ending October 3, Kemal withdrew his troops from some important points in the neutral zone, and in other ways showed that he did not intend to attack the British position at Chanak. It seems obvious that if he ever intended to yield to the pressure of his soldiers to begin war at that point he would have done so at the first possible minute and before reinforcements in troops and naval ships strengthened the position as they have now done. His demonstrations in the neutral zone were largely intended to emphasize his declaration that he does not recognize the existence of such a zone on the Asian side, as his Nationalist Government has never had any part in establishing such a zone. The occupation by Kemal's forces of Erenkeui looked like a serious threat because of its advantageous position for an attack on the little foothold of the British on the Asian coast.

Even now, however, Kemal's reported statements are extreme in their demands. For instance, M. Bouillon, who has been trying to get reasonable terms from Kemal, reported on October 2 that Kemal would not even agree to suspend military movements during the armistice conference except on condition of receiving formal guarantees for the evacuation of Thrace, the establishment of Allied garrisons in the cities of Thrace, the occupation of the line of the Maritza River by Allied troops, the admission of Turkish Nationalist gendarmes into Thrace, the transfer of the civil administration of Thrace to Kemalist officials,



Underwood

SMYRNA IN FLAMES—"FROM THE SEA THE SPECTACLE PRESENTED AN UNBROKEN LINE OF FIRE TWO MILES IN LENGTH"

and the evacuation of Thrace in eight days by the Greek army. These are matters that ought to be fixed by an armistice rather than conditions for it, and it seems overbearing in Kemal to make such conditions a prerequisite.

GREECE AND THRACE

THE abdication of Constantine was the natural and inevitable consequence of the collapse of his weak and incompetent administration, which brought about the defeat of the Greek armies in Asia Minor. His son has been accepted, at least temporarily, as ruler by the revolutionary committees and is to be known as King George II. His accession has been informally recognized by Great Britain. Meanwhile, those who have hopes for Greece in the future are still trusting that the wisdom of Mr. Venizelos will be utilized by his country. It is understood that Venizelos has been authorized by the new Government of Athens to act as a sort of special Greek ambassador to all the European capitals to aid the cause of his country.

Thrace seems now to be the center of danger. The Turks declare that the withdrawal of the Greek forces in Thrace is being accompanied by deplorable incidents and massacres, just as the withdrawal of the Greeks in their retreat on Smyrna was accompanied by atrocities and destruction directed against the Mohammedan population. On the other hand, bearing in mind what happened in Smyrna, the danger of evil-doing by the Turks, if they are

allowed to take possession of Thrace, is far from negligible.

AMERICA AND THE NEAR EAST

SECRETARY HUGHES has taken a firm and positive position as to the relations of the United States to the new Near Eastern problem. He declares that, there is nothing to justify this country in any effort to pacify the Near East by armed force, or to attempt to bring political influence to bear on the international questions involved in which we have not been and are not concerned. On the other hand, our Government proposes to exert all influence possible for humanity, peace, and the protection of American interests. American warships have already aided effectively in the rescue work in Smyrna.

There has been an earnest but not altogether well-balanced effort by those interested in American benevolent and religious effort in the Near East urging our Government to take action. Dr. James Cannon, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, urged the United States to use its Army and Navy. One newspaper statement, probably exaggerated, says that there have been demands from "hundreds of church organizations that this country fight, if necessary, to protect Christians from the Turk."

The statement by Secretary Hughes was largely in answer to Bishop Cannon's representations. Mr. Hughes declared that we have already done everything possible for relief and in aid to refugees and have exerted influen-

against cruelty and oppression and in aid of "the protection of the Christian minorities and the freedom of the Straits." He says: "These points of the proposal are clearly in accordance with American sentiment." A moderate statement from Dr. Barton, Secretary of the American Board, expresses his belief that, while conditions are serious, they are not alarming, that the Turks are on the whole favorable to American activities in Turkey, and that he does not think that there is reason to fear for the personal safety of our missionaries in Turkey.

QUIET DAYS IN IRELAND

IN the six weeks following Michael Collins's death there have been in Southern Ireland less of fighting and disturbance than in any such period since De Valera and his supporters defied the authority of the Free State. One reason is found in the wide sweep of dismay and indignation at Collins's death; another, in the previous defeat of the Republican forces at important points; another, in the serious, business-like way in which the Free State Government is proceeding with the work of organization. It has already made progress with framing the Constitution on the lines of the London agreement, has refused positively to negotiate peace with the insurgents, has demanded surrender rather than an armistice, and has organized a Civil Guard to protect life and property in localities from which the Republican forces have been driven out. The Government has a majority of 65 to 23 in the Provisional Parliament.

One welcome result of all this firm action by the Free State has been the report that Ulster is showing signs of conciliation with Southern Ireland. Its own Parliament is full of dissension; two counties are Catholic and four have a strong Labor representation, so that the old-time Carson Unionist and separatist fervor is no longer what it was. Under the London "Treaty" Ulster has a month after the Free State is formally established in complete form to decide whether she will come in or stay out. Three months ago the Ulster leaders all but raved at a suggestion that little Ireland could get on as one Dominion; now there are signs that it may not be impossible, after all.

GERMANY'S PROFITABLE COMMERCE IN PAPER MARKS

A FEW weeks ago one of the foremost publicists of France made a statement to a member of the Outlook staff that Germany had received in gold as the result of the sale of the Government's paper marks abroad more than

Germany had paid out in reparations. In other words, Germany was engaged in a very profitable transaction as a result of the war, for she had sold worthless money for more than she had been willing or forced to pay in repair of the wanton damage she had done in her neighbor's territory. Such an allegation coming from a French source might be answered by the argument that it was an *ex-parte* statement. Now the New York "World" in a copyright article gives figures based on information from German banks and confirmed by records in America, "checked by a canvass of the big cities of the United States and the scrutiny of eminent, thoroughly experienced banking and foreign exchange specialists" (to use the "World's" own phrase), which thoroughly uphold that statement of the French publicist.

According to the "World's" article, all the German paper marks in the world are worth to-day, at the current price, about \$175,000,000; and yet for the paper marks that have been sold in this country alone Americans have paid \$960,000,000 in gold.

In the end of course such business as this can only bring distress to the German peoples as well as loss to the "investors;" but it is highly profitable to the German Government and to those speculators who have been getting their rake-off on the multitudinous transactions that have constituted this commerce in virtually worthless paper. So great was the business carried on at one time that the German Government printing-presses were unable to print marks fast enough to supply the demand. On an average, the marks were bought in America at \$12 a thousand. Now they are worth less than 70 cents a thousand. The deluded American buyers have got the paper and Germany has received the gold. Most of those who bought these marks were Germans in America or Americans of German descent. This is the way that Germany has got the gold to pay her reparations. In fact, as the "World" article states, in this way the buyers of German marks "have given to Germany more than twice as much gold as Germany has paid in gold in war reparation payments to date, \$365,637,000."

All this does not lessen the suspicion that the German Government has been quite willing to find itself in what to a private business concern would be insolvency.

KALEIDOSCOPIC CHINA

NOTHING better illustrates the rapid shift of Chinese politics than the fact that since the writing of Upton Close's study of the relations of Wu Pei-fu and Sun Yat-sen in the recon-

struction of China (printed in this issue) most encouraging progress has been made in accommodating the divergent views of these leaders. The compromising of position has been facilitated by the insistence of President Li Yuan-hung, acting as the chief executive in Peking, that a settlement be reached securing the support of Sun Yat-sen.

The attempted betrayal of Sun by his chief General, which sent Sun from Canton in midsummer, has reacted in Sun's favor and has left him, as the leader of revolutionary republicanism, in a pivotal position. From Shanghai headquarters he has become a veritable clearing-house of opposing factions. To the present moment there has been no settlement of China's internal political difficulties, however, as the followers of the erstwhile South China Government are sticking by Sun Yat-sen. It appears that a fusion of North and South in the Peking Cabinet is in the wind. Its success depends upon how far Sun Yat-sen is insistent upon a house-cleaning in China's capital, to what extent Wu Pei-fu and other moderate military leaders will support it, and whether or not the "father of the Chinese revolution" will consent to a compromise settlement.

At this time there looms in the Manchurian offing Chang Tso-lin, the defeated but far from vanquished rival of Wu Pei-fu in last spring's North China hostilities. In Peking Li Yuan-hung, temporary President in China's emergency, holds forth as an old friend of Sun Yat-sen and his fellow-workers bent on securing the co-operation of all factions in the troubled Republic or resigning in an admission of defeat. Dominating the military situation in the eighteen provinces, Wu Pei-fu stands as a censor of the politicians and a patriot seeking unification on the best terms possible. In Shanghai there is Sun Yat-sen, perhaps the key to China's future, holding relentlessly to what he would make the realities of Chinese democracy in Peking.

KATO, THE LIBERAL

WHEN Admiral Baron Kato became Prime Minister of Japan last June, it was natural for Americans unacquainted with the details of Japan's politics to assume that, with a naval officer at the head of the Government, the military party of Japan would be strengthened. As a matter of fact, however, Admiral Baron Kato, as we pointed out at the time, is of liberal mind and believes in civilian control and party responsibility. The task of such a man in the Government of Japan is not easy; for traditionally, both the

TURK TO CHRISTIAN

(As You Like It, Act IV, Scene 3)

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT DROVE RIGHT THROUGH THE TRAFFIC OFFICERS

From H. H. Metters, Columbus, Ohio

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



THE MOSLEM CHALLENGE

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



ANOTHER BOMB?

From Julie Koch, St. Louis, Mo.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



THE HELPING HAND

army and the navy are under the control of Ministers who are responsible directly to the Emperor. To change that control without affronting the people's regard for the sacredness of the Emperor's person and authority requires statesmanship, and the fact that a great change was brought about by the late Mr. Hara, who was assassinated for his liberal tendencies, was proof of the statesmanship of that eminent Prime Minister. Now Admiral Baron Kato, according to a despatch from the well-known publicist B. W. Fleisher to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," is facing a very acute situation in which the militarists and the anti-militarists are ranged against each other, and, as a consequence, the Prime Minister is threatening to resign.

The issue has arisen out of the withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Siberia. The presence of those forces in Siberia long after the war and after the American forces which went in at the same time were withdrawn was one of the obstacles to the belief on the part of many Americans in Japanese good faith. When the Washington Naval Conference was adjourned last February, Japan had given promises to withdraw from Siberia as soon as possible consistently with the protection of Japanese civilians there. The cynical were inclined to regard such a promise as worthless, inasmuch as there would always be a good excuse for keeping troops to protect civilians under the circumstances. Nevertheless, Japan has been taking measures to fulfill her promise, and Japanese troops have been evacuating the region. Indeed, so far as the evacuation goes, it was reported that Russian Communists and Russian Anti-Communists have troops concentrated ready to dispute with each other the right to take the place which the Japanese troops are leaving. The crisis in the Japanese Government has arisen, not over the withdrawal of the troops themselves, but over the disposal of arms and ammunition, which include some of the material left by the Czechoslovakian army which evacuated Siberia two years ago. It is now reported that, contrary to Japan's promise to keep out of factional fights in China, a large quantity of these munitions have been sold to the Manchurian military despot, Chang Tso-lin. The disposal of these munitions in this way puts Japan in a position of ally to one of the most disturbing factors in the Far East. It had been repeatedly charged that Japan has been secretly abetting Chang's aggressive tactics, and this sale of arms seems to confirm that allegation. According to the "Public Ledger" despatch, this sale was made under the authority of the Japanese military chief of staff without consulting with the Japanese Government.

It is such action on the part of military authorities without the consent of the civilian Government of Japan that has repeatedly put Japan in an embarrassing position in her relations with other Governments. Admiral Baron Kato is evidently undertaking to make this a test case. On the one side, there are the Japanese army officers who want to be accountable to nobody but the Emperor, and on the other side are Admiral Baron Kato, his War Minister, General Yamashina, and the former War Minister, General Tanaka, who wish to have the military party subordinate to the authority of the civilian government. "If the chief of staff is unyielding," says the special despatch from the correspondent of the "Public Ledger," "Baron Kato will offer to quit the Cabinet as an alternative."

It is evident that Japan is passing through a period of development in which political decisions will be of the utmost moment and consequence. Not only will Japan's own prosperity and progress depend upon these decisions, but also good relations between Japan and other nations. All the evidence which has come to us indicates that Admiral Baron Kato is on the side of progress in Japan and international justice and peace. The very fact that he is making a fight on this issue is reassuring to the best friends that Japan has in other countries, and it confirms their faith in her.

HOW FRANCE AND AMERICA ARE HELPING EACH OTHER

ON the steamer Chicago, from Havre, France, on September 19, sailed a large number of American students returning from a summer abroad to their respective colleges and universities.

But there also sailed forty-two young French men and women who attracted equal notice. They had been selected for the scholarships offered by our colleges and universities. These students will join about a dozen others, also scholarship-holders, who are remaining in America for a second or third year of study.

The French Government furnishes transportation to and from the American institutions. A large number of the students will remain in the East because of the expense involved in traveling to our Western colleges and universities; perhaps most of the students will be attracted to our institutions of the Middle West.

As to scholarships and fellowships in French universities for our college men and women, it is gratifying to note that the number of them has been increased from 50 to 62. These fellowships are in addition to those—some thirty in num-

ber—maintained by the American Field Service Fellowships Society, and also to those privately founded. The last named were in large measure established to commemorate the heroism of Americans who died in France during the war.

Further information concerning the scholarships in French universities may be obtained by writing to the American University Union, 1 Rue de Fleurus, Paris.

OXFORD DEBATES IN AMERICA

AS readers of The Outlook know, there is at present in this country a debating team from the University of Oxford. Already Oxford has met Bates on its home grounds. The decision in favor of Bates was rendered both by judges, according to the American plan, and the audience, according to the British method. An editorial discussion of Anglo-American methods of college debating has already appeared in The Outlook, and in a forthcoming issue there will be an article by Ralph M. Carson, the American Rhodes Scholar who was President of the Oxford Union last year.

Concerning the Oxford-Bates debate the New York "Evening Post" says:

The three Bates debaters regarded themselves as a team, they carefully divided their "points," they shunned repetition, and they filled their speeches with a maximum of unassailable "evidence." The British debaters, on the other hand, spoke as individuals, did not mind contradicting one another slightly, were intent on thought rather than facts, and gave no attention to rebuttal.

The Oxford team is to speak at several Eastern universities before its return to England. At Harvard, at any rate, the debate is to be carried on according to the English system, as the audience will give the only decision which will be rendered. At Harvard each speaker will have the floor for fifteen minutes and there will be no rebuttal. The Harvard debate will be held before this issue is published, and the subject defended and attacked will be: "Resolved, that the United States should immediately join the League of Nations."

A NEW UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CODE

YALE, Princeton, and Harvard have formulated an athletic agreement which is admirable. Of course this agreement does not indicate any radical departure from present practices, as some commentators would have it, but is very largely merely a codification of the public opinion of these three universities. It puts in explicit terms ideals which have been generally held by

graduates and undergraduates of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard.

The terms of this agreement are worthy of study by all those who are interested in cleaning up the amateur athletic situation in America. The present regulations, supplementary to those already in existence, include, first, a requirement that—

The university committee on eligibility shall, in advance of competition, require of each candidate for competition in any sport a detailed statement of the sources of his financial support, including any sums earned during vacation. In the case of each athlete who is shown to have received financial aid from others than those on whom he is naturally dependent for support, the committee shall then, in advance of his competition, submit the facts to the committee of the three chairmen (representing the three universities), which shall decide upon his eligibility.

In cases in which the motives for extending aid to an athlete are not clear to the committee of the three chairmen, that committee shall take into account failure on the part of the athlete to maintain a creditable record in his academic course in character, scholarship, and willingness to meet his obligations, as evidence that a continuance of financial aid to the athlete on grounds of character, scholarship, and conduct seems unwise, and that therefore the committee may have to declare him ineligible.

An athlete is barred from participating in college sports if at any time he has received any pecuniary reward from any connection with athletics, and a student is also barred from any athletic team or crew who receives, "from others than those on whom he is naturally dependent for financial support, money by gift or loan, or the equivalent of money, such as board and lodging, etc., unless the source and character of these gifts or payments to him shall be approved by the committee of three chairmen on the ground that they have not accrued to him primarily because of his ability as an athlete."

Two important sections of the new agreement state that any student who transfers to Yale, Harvard, or Princeton from any college or university shall be ineligible to represent these institutions in any sport in which he represented his former college or university except when playing against the university from which he transferred, and that the "three universities wholly disapprove of all propaganda, either through special inducements or through disparagement of other institutions, to induce boys in the schools to go to a particular institution."

Concerning coaches, the agreement says that "it should be the aim of each university, as far as practicable, to have



Levick
MISS GLENNA COLLETT, WINNER OF THE
WOMEN'S NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

the coaching of all teams done only by members of its regular staff," and that "while under contract no coach shall write for publication on the subject of athletics without first submitting for approval by the university authorities any articles intended for publication."

The agreement prohibits athletic practice prior to the week before the universities open, reduces the length of athletic schedules, and forbids post-season contests. Two wise provisions require that athletic schedules shall include so far as possible only contests with teams representing institutions setting similar standards of eligibility and that athletic publicity shall be subject to constant supervision and study in an effort to lessen undue emphasis upon athletics in general and football in particular.

THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

YOUTH has been served in the women's amateur National golf championship as well as in the men's, for the victory in this year's tournament has gone to Miss Glenna Collett, of Providence, Rhode Island. In the finals she defeated Mrs. William Gavin, of England, by five up and four to play. Four former American title-holders fell by the

way during the progress of the tournament. In the final match Miss Collett scored a forty-three and a thirty-eight for a total of eighty-one strokes in the morning round. Any man not in the first flight who plays nine difficult holes in thirty-eight strokes generally feels like going home and buying himself a cup. Such a score is ample testimony of the quality of Miss Collett's golf.

The tournament was held at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

LÉON BONNAT

WE hereby express our gratitude to the New York "Times" for printing on the editorial page of its issue for September 22 a delightful article on the late Léon Bonnat, the French artist who died last month at the ripe age of eighty-nine. Bonnat was one of the most popular and successful of French portrait painters during the last half-century, and made a fortune with his brush. Many well-known American artists were pupils in his studio from time to time, such as: Edwin H. Blashfield, President of our own National Academy; H. Siddons Mowbray and Henry Oliver Walker, the distinguished mural painters; Charles Y. Turner, widely known for his figure and historical paintings; and William A. Coffin, of the National Academy, and author of the "Times" article.

Bonnat was apparently a great personality as well as a successful artist. Indeed, it is his personality as portrayed by Mr. Coffin that is of special interest to the layman. He did not indulge in "blurbs" in his studio; the highest commendation which he ever gave to a pupil was, "*Pas mal!*"—not bad. It is evident that he believed that genius is composed of perspiration as well as of inspiration, for, "a remarkable and accomplished draughtsman himself, he insisted upon his pupils working incessantly to arrive at the fairest measure of success they might show themselves capable of achieving." Although he had what some painters scorn, a social success as a portrait painter, it did not spoil his intellectual standards, as the following anecdote related by Mr. Coffin indicates:

One time when I was in his studio in his fine house in the Rue Bassano, Bonnat had, among other canvases on his ten or twelve big easels, a portrait of Mayor Hewitt, a most excellent work by the way, and a full-length picture of an American gentleman socially well known, in hunting costume, as he appeared on his estate in Scotland. He told me he was one of my compatriots, naming him, and then, indicating the Hewitt portrait, he said: "*Mais, voilà un homme intelligent.*"

During the war Bonnat worked actively in an association, of which he

was the founder, for the benefit of families of artists who had been killed in the conflict, and co-operated in full sympathy with the American Artists' Committee of One Hundred, which was organized for the creation of a relief fund for the families of French soldier-artists. That Committee, by the way, is still in existence and is proposing to continue its aid to the dependent widows and children of French artists during the calendar year 1922. It may be that there are some who read these lines who have had pleasure from the canvases of Bonnat and may like to express their pleasure by sending a contribution to William A. Coffin, Chairman of the American Artists' Committee of One Hundred, 58 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, for the benefit of these artists' families.

CLARK OF THE OREGON

We do not think often nowadays of the anxieties and feats of the Spanish War. The death of Rear-Admiral Charles E. Clark brings back vividly, however, an adventure which was rightly a nine days' wonder at the time of its occurrence. It will be remembered that while Cervera's whereabouts were unknown Captain Clark was intrusted with the dangerous task of bringing the Oregon from the Pacific coast to augment the Atlantic Fleet. He left San Francisco on March 19, 1898, and sixty-seven days later steamed into Jupiter Inlet, on the coast of Florida, unharmed and ready for battle. There was no Panama Canal in '98, and between Captain Clark and his destination lay the turbulent waters of the Horn and possible attack by a Spanish torpedo-boat.

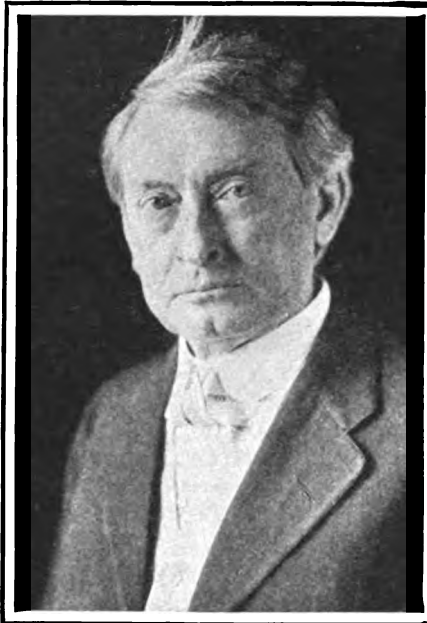
During Captain Clark's historic voyage he passed Captain Joshua Slocum voyaging alone around the world in the little nine-ton Spray. Slocum did not know of the declaration of war against Spain. It was therefore an alarming sight to find the Oregon flying the signals C B T, which meant, "Are there any men-of-war about?" Captain Slocum signaled back, "No," and as the Oregon passed by hoisted the international code flags which meant, "Let us keep together for mutual protection." In the account of his voyage he wrote that Captain Clark did not seem to regard this signal as necessary! We wonder if any naval officer can tell us whether or not Slocum's signal was made out on board the Oregon. Slocum says that the Oregon's great flag dipped beautifully in reply to the lowered colors of the Spray. We suspect that if Captain Clark had made out the Spray's final signal he would have replied to it in a manner worthy of Slocum's gallant jest.

Rear-Admiral Clark was seventy-nine

years old at the time of his death. He belonged to a great naval tradition, for he was in a ship which followed Farragut over the torpedoes and past the forts in the battle of Mobile Bay. Rear-Admiral Clark retired from active service in 1905 on his sixty-second birthday.

THE PASSING OF TOM WATSON

BETWEEN democracy and demagogism the dividing line is not always easy to trace; and yet there are no two qualities of government which are more contradictory. Originally the name demagogue was applied to a man who suc-



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THOMAS E. WATSON, OF GEORGIA

cessfully led the people in the art of self-government, which is the art of political and social self-restraint. Nothing could be further in purpose and character from such a man than one who seeks and obtains power over the people by inciting their passions and intensifying their prejudices; and yet it is to this opposite extreme that the name demagogue has come to be applied. Undoubtedly, many a true leader of the people in self-government has found it impossible to lead by virtue of reason alone, and undoubtedly many a man who has mounted to power through popular passion has served some good end at one time or another in his career; and therefore the determination whether a man is a demagogue in the one sense or the other has been at times a matter of opinion rather than of demonstrable fact.

To many thousands of persons in the South, and particularly in his own State of Georgia, Tom Watson (as he liked to be called), who died on September 26, was a demagogue in the good old sense. He was regarded as a leader of the op-

pressed and unprivileged in their struggle for emancipation. As one eulogist, writing in the Atlanta "Constitution," said of him on the day after his death: "As a practicing lawyer, when he traveled from one end of Georgia to the other in criminal cases, in which he specialized, he invariably fought the battle of the defendant and not the prosecutor. . . . It was this spirit for the man who was down, for the farmer who was struggling, for the laborer who was fighting the tide, that made him the idol of the poor." As a consequence, Watson gained a following which he commanded as few officers can command their men even in time of war. As another eulogist said of him in the same newspaper: "When 'Tom' Watson appeared before his people, he played on their emotions like a master of the violin plays on his delicate instrument. . . . He molded the opinions and thoughts of his followers like so much putty, and with most of them it was only for him to say and for them to do."

No man can attain this position in any community without exceptional ability. Tom Watson was a man of mental vigor and brilliance. Proof of his ability abides in some of the books he wrote, notably his two-volume work "The Story of France," which is a picture of France as distinctive as Carlyle's "French Revolution," and, like Carlyle's book, is as much a portraiture of the author as of his subject.

Unhappily, the gifts of Thomas Edward Watson were ill employed. His power to sway the people by eloquence was perverted again and again to the arousing of racial animosities, religious prejudice, and class hostilities. His influence was immeasurably hurtful to right relations between whites and blacks in his State and elsewhere. He aided the unthinking hate of the Jews as Jews. He made it more difficult rather than less difficult for conscientious Roman Catholic and Protestant citizens to live in amity side by side. And he tended to arouse in the minds of all who were poor a feeling of distrust for all who were rich, without regard for character. During the war he was an obstructionist. He sought to prevent the sending of selective service men for the war overseas. His periodicals, "The Weekly Jeffersonian" and "Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine," became so hostile to the effective prosecution of the war that they were excluded from the mails. After the war he made himself notorious by bringing unsubstantiated charges of the most atrocious character against American overseas officers. His constructive record is very slight.

Born in Columbia County, Georgia, Thomas E. Watson was a student for



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ALFRED E. SMITH

two years in Mercer University, taught school, and was admitted to the bar. He was elected to Congress as a Populist and was the Populists' Vice-Presidential candidate in 1896 and Presidential candidate in 1904. He was elected in 1920 to the United States Senate, having defeated both Senator Hoke Smith and Governor Dorsey in the Democratic primaries, and died before eighteen months of his six-year term had elapsed.

TWO SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

THE Republicans and the Democrats have held their conventions in the State of New York, the one at Albany, the other at Syracuse. Each gathering marked the return of the convention system for the nomination of State officers.

A friend of The Outlook who was an eye-witness of the Republican Convention at Albany writes to us of it as follows:

It seemed strangely something that hadn't the reason it once had. There were over a thousand persons (delegates), I believe, all very much alike in appearance and manner of speech. I never saw so many people together who were so much alike.

"What does your political-philosophical makeup say to this?" asked a friend.

I said it seemed much of the same thing.

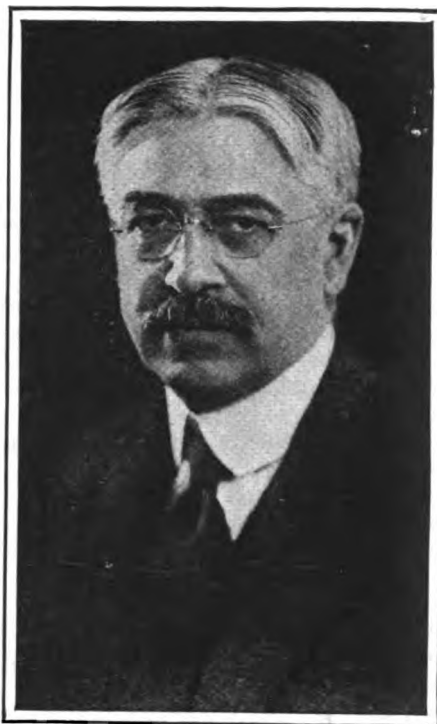
"Yes," said he. "It is all Governor Miller."

I told him I didn't object to that, and I didn't. But I kept on thinking, "Is this the best we can do with a serious job?" Groups here and there were talking like stock brokers. About twelve men were upstairs slate-making at the Ten Eyck [a well-known Albany hotel]; and in the lounge both men and women were yawning and asking, "When do we eat and is it fixed yet?"

Really, at both Syracuse and Albany one man has been doing all the thinking for the State. This is not so anywhere else in the world to-day. We are back in the good old '90's, bag and baggage, in this State.

Not quite, we believe, for now the delegates to party conventions are chosen by direct election by the party voters in the direct primary. As a consequence, in the conventions this year the personal quality of the different delegations was much improved over the old days of unrestricted selection by the bosses; but the failure of the Convention as a deliberative self-governing body was as marked as it always has been and always will be, except in those special cases when the public is greatly aroused over political conditions. A thousand men and women meeting for two days only are incapable of reflection or of self-mastery. A convention is essentially a social function; useful enough in its way as a means of bringing a thousand representatives of the party from all parts of the State into closer touch and unity, and sometimes helpful to the leaders as offering an opportunity for a test probe of public opinion while the slate and platform are being made. But the real work of preliminary jockeying and final decision is always done by a few outstanding political personalities who meet more or less secretly in a hotel suite, and not in the convention. It is in the human nature of the situation, and it cannot be changed by statute.

The chief surface features of the two Conventions appear to have been somewhat as follows. The Republican gathering was dominated almost completely by the leadership of Governor Miller. His term of office has been marked by an economical and intelligent direction of government, and his unusual ability both as a party manager and exponent of public opinion has made him the chief asset of the Republicans in New York. He swept the slate practically clean of the State officers who served with him during his first incumbency, and selected an entirely new ticket, with the exception of State Treasurer, to stand with him for his second campaign. There seems to have been a reason in every case, and the Republican public has taken little umbrage at the Governor's drastic action. His course in this matter is a most practical admission of the



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NATHAN L. MILLER

need of the so-called short ballot in State government, which means in essence that the Governor should have authority to select the chief State officers who really make up his Cabinet and who should be chosen for their team-work qualities. Governor Miller has fulfilled the short-ballot idea by a short cut of gubernatorial pressure upon a Convention which was absolutely beholden to his renomination. Of course nobody but a candidate in the position of Governor Miller could accomplish the reform in this way.

The Democratic gathering was characterized by a struggle for control between the forces of William Randolph Hearst, the well-known editor, and the forces behind Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York. This Convention had less of the self-governing quality than the Republican Convention. The Republicans at least nodded assent to what they knew beforehand was going to happen. The Democrats had not the slightest idea of what was going to happen until they heard it from the Tammany machine leader at the final session; and then they also cordially acquiesced. Hearst was repudiated and Smith was again made the standard-bearer of his party. The Republican platform is dignified, orderly, economical in its tendency, conservative, and practical. The Democratic platform has a great deal of humanness in it, but is stuffed with schemes of municipal operation and with ideas and suggestions of government action for human welfare which would probably swamp a Municipal or State

treasury if carried out. The Republican platform favors slow advance, only as fast as the State can pay for and manage it. The Democrats in New York seem to be for headlong advance, whether or no. A wave of "torrential" emotion swept the Convention at Syracuse upon the reading of the plank demanding the legalizing of beer and light wines as beverages of the people. But, as one of the participants said to the man next to him: "It doesn't mean anything. I have lapped up enough of it myself, but I'm glad that my two boys are growing up in a ginless generation!"

Underneath these surface ebullitions and intimations the fact seems to be that the same conservative forces of the country were behind both Conventions, working out their will. There was some alarm in high conservative centers outside as well as inside the State of New York that Hearst might secure the gubernatorial nomination, perhaps be elected, and win the Presidency in 1924, becoming the leader of the radical irresponsibles in the Nation. These influences and the natural trend of desire on the part of the Democratic rank and file united to push Hearst aside with Smith, who has had a sensible career and is now connected with a large business enterprise in New York City. There is no reason to believe that Smith cared to be nominated, except to keep Hearst away from the centers of control of the Democratic party. The conservatives in both parties are now likely to join with the majority of the citizens of the State in electing Miller. Miller is a natural conservative, but it is usually true that honest conservatives under responsibility become liberal, and that is what is happening to Miller. His record is one of moderate rational advance.

The Hearst forces regard this conservative tendency in the State of New York as reactionary and denounce it. Probably the true interpretation is that it really fulfills the present desires of the voters. Throughout the world radicalism and Socialism are just now under the ban of common sense because they are associated with disorder and starvation. Whatever may be said of conservatism and capitalism, they at least have the merit of being able to feed the world.

When we meditate upon such conventions as these which we have described and reflect upon what lies behind, we are more than ever impressed with the lines of the "Rubaiyat:"

We are no other than a moving row
Of visionary Shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-Illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

INSIDE AN EDITORIAL OFFICE LOOKING OUT

LETTERS which sometimes come to The Outlook indicate a curious lack of knowledge and comprehension of the purpose and habits of editors in general. A composite picture of an editorial office, drawn from these letters, would have something of the following appearance.

Between the elevator door and the *sanctum sanctorum* is drawn up a phalanx of grim and determined office boys who have received positive instructions to mislay or reject every tenth manuscript which shows its head over the threshold. Behind these office boys is placed a row of primary school graduates, and behind these primary school graduates a row of grammar school products, and behind them still another row of high school luminaries—and these three barriers are, respectively, commissioned to reject every ninth, eighth, and seventh manuscript upon which their hands may fall. It goes without saying that they are all instructed under peril of death not to read a single line of anything which they may receive.

The residue of this process of decimation and worse is given then to a group of disappointed authors with fixed ideas as to the type of material of which they can approve. The manuscripts which those readers leave intact are then deposited upon the desk of an Olympian editor (probably pictured with sideburns), whose only test for acceptance is summed up in the question, Is or is not this article signed by a PROMINENT and WELL-KNOWN writer?

Possibly this picture is a trifle highly colored, but we think it contains elements of truth.

Those would-be contributors to the magazine field who entertain a notion similar to this ought to take a little time to put themselves, theoretically at least, in an editor's shoes and imagine what it is to sit in an editorial office, looking out rather than in. They might begin by asking themselves, "Why is an editor?" It is possible that we may be able to help them to answer by giving our own definition.

An editor is an architect. He wants to build homes for the minds of people. The better homes he builds, the more people there will be who demand his services and the greater his reward, both tangible and intangible. Of course different kinds of editors have different ideas as to the type of homes which they desire to build and the class of people to whom they desire to appeal. There are editors of specialized periodi-

cals who would not take as a gift a position with a magazine of general circulation. There are editors who prefer to build cubicles for limited cults, and those who are happiest when herding millions of followers into jerry-built bungalows. Mr. Sedgwick, we presume, is eminently satisfied to carry on his successful efforts to make the Georgian architecture of the "Atlantic" livable as well as dignified. Mr. Lorimer probably would not exchange for anything else his task of providing clean and sanitary quarters for the population of the vast hotel that is the "Saturday Evening Post." Each editor to his taste and to his peculiar clientele.

With this architectural parable in mind to explain the function of editorship, let us turn to the details of its practice. An architect determines first the type of house which he desires to build and then proceeds to order from contractors the material necessary for its construction. An editorial architect does much the same thing, but his task is both lightened and complicated by the amount of voluntary material which is brought forth for his inspection. Let us say that he has determined upon building a home of a certain definite architectural type for his readers. Promptly he finds himself confronted with a host of literary contractors bearing all kinds of material, from steel beams suitable for a sky-scraper to rotten timbers suitable only for a bonfire. If he spent all his time explaining to the gentlemen who wish to insert tons of structural steel in a summer cottage or rotten timbers in a city office building why their material was not available, there would be little or no time left for the actual work of construction. Hence, to drop at once and for the rest of this article from parables to painful facts, the reason for the dreaded, formal, and necessary rejection slip.

Editors want the best material they can find. Would-be contributors can rest assured that their offerings will be considered on their merits for special editorial purposes. Men with experience in editorial tasks know that there are certain ear-marks of good workmanship found in almost every manuscript which is worth considering. They know, for instance, that the experienced and effective writer seldom presents his material in a slipshod fashion. They know that writers who are worth their salt do not try to appeal to personal favoritism or influence to secure a hearing for their stories. They know from long experience that a manuscript which begins incredibly badly does not suddenly blossom into a work of genius on page ten. Most amateur writers, by the way, would sell more manuscripts if they would

make it an invariable practice to tear up the first two pages of their articles before they offered them for publication.

Of course there have been many instances when editorial carelessness or editorial inefficiency has failed to discern the merits of a work which has later been accepted and widely read. But the vast number of those who com-

plain of the difficulty of getting past the office boy cannot lay the flattering unction to their souls that they belong in this class of illustrious exceptions to the general rule. The editorial office boy is, O legion of would-be contributors, very much of a myth. In The Outlook office, and in every other editorial office of which we have any knowledge, every

article of any promise is at least tasted (do not worry—we shall not repeat that time-worn story of the egg) by a full-fledged, dyed-in-the-wool member of the editorial staff. No, if writers must find scapegoats for their literary misadventures, let them leave editorial office boys severely alone. If they must vent their wrath, let it be on office cats.

THE RIGHT JOB FOR THE RIGHT BOY

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

IT would be well for all of us in general, and for the coming generation in particular, if Secretary of Labor Davis's article in The Outlook for August 9 were taken seriously to heart both by parents and by educators. If our various educational systems have one thing in common, it is the serious lack of attention given to matters most intimately affecting life as it should and could be lived.

The writer remembers well an almost open rebellion on the part of three or four parents who happened to get together one evening on the subject of education. Their sons were attending one of the usual, well-patronized, successful private academies of high standing. After considerable argument, they emphatically decided that the schools seemed to do nothing whatever in giving a preparation for intelligent citizenship, for intelligent breadwinning, and for developing the high idealism that makes for good character. Not at all! All the school pretended or hoped to do was to prepare its pupils for college—which is a very different thing!

The connection between some of the highly preposterous college entrance requirements and efficient living is one that we cannot stop to search out at this time. The point of great interest brought out by Secretary Davis is that every child should have an opportunity to learn a trade, and to learn it in a way that would develop the best attitude toward it and toward work in general. And along with this is the idea that the trade must be fitted to the boy.

This is certainly an ideal toward which we educators should work, although it presents difficulties of which too few are aware. It is not sufficient to ask a boy, "What do you want to be?" or words to that effect. The world is full of carpenters who would rather be machinists, and clerks who would rather be anything else, and architects who would rather be physicians, and so on, who in the beginning picked out their present vocations as the very ones they desired the most!

The fact is that boys and young men are apt to make a very bad choice because they know little or nothing more than the most superficial characteristics of the vocations they have chosen. How

could it be otherwise? For intelligent choice the individual should have some very clear conceptions as to the requirements and possibilities and general characteristics of the vocation he is choosing, and this is something that, unfortunately, our educational institutions are not yet able to provide, though the so-called "manual training" high schools are making steps in that direction. Too few boys go to high school; and those that do not, often make the worst decisions.

It may be interesting shortly to describe an experiment aimed at this particular problem—an experiment that at least developed some interesting data, and we will bring these up in a few minutes, for another general phase of the matter should be mentioned first.

There are some who insist that by means of intelligence tests, or capacity tests, a boy can be guided in the direction of an appropriate vocation. The writer does not believe that any such perfection in intelligence and capacity tests has yet been reached. It seems likely, however, that we are just at the beginnings of this great field of research, and it may well be that, before long, intelligence and capacity tests may point very directly toward the type of vocation best suited to an individual.

Let us now go back to the experiment just mentioned. It was desired to find some method that would make boys of the upper grammar grades acquainted with the general characteristics, possibilities, and requirements of a considerable number of important vocations. Two or three large grammar schools were used in this work, which was carried on in this fashion: In each school a number of "clubs" were organized, each in charge of a young man specializing in the kind of work involved. There was, for instance, an Electrical Club, a House-Building Trades Club, a Mechanical Engineering Club, a Law Club, and so on. These clubs met one afternoon each week, or on a Saturday morning.

No, the members of the clubs did not sit around and hear their leaders give more or less interesting "talks" concerning the various vocations. Not at all. The clubs were given all possible opportunity to learn by direct observation the essential qualities of the kind of work

they had taken up. Let us take for example the Electrical Club. Electrical work covers a wide field, from that of the college-trained engineer to the man who puts in push-buttons on front doors. Well, the boys in this class were taken to where small dwellings were being constructed, so that they could see how such houses were wired for lights and bells. They saw more advanced work in office buildings. They saw the running of great dynamos. They went into shops where electrical machinery was being made. They became acquainted with the general plan of a telephone system, and so on. You may be sure that after a term of this observation, if a boy said he desired to go to a technical high school and to become eventually an electrician of a certain kind, it was quite likely that the boy knew what he was talking about, and would not enter this vocation with illusions that so often go to pieces after the young man has become inextricably fixed to what has become an uninteresting, boring occupation.

That was one accomplishment. Boys were made acquainted with the characteristics, requirements, and possibilities of the vocation in which they were interested, and so could plan wisely for the future.

And there was another very interesting development. It was found during the first few months that there was a great shifting about of individuals from one club to another—for a boy was free to change when he liked. For some soon found the vocation of their interest was actually quite different from the conception they had held of it. So they would drop one club and join a more promising group, and so on, perhaps with several changes, until one came whose subject made a direct appeal—and then the wanderings ceased.

After less than a year of trial this experiment came to an end, a lack of funds making it impossible to continue it—and, of course, it was too much to expect that any typically conservative school board would be likely to adopt at once anything so directly practical—without several years of thinking or talking it over. But the experimenters were pleased to this extent—they had actually found a practical means that

would very definitely aid boys of the eighth grade in making intelligent decisions as to their future vocations.

Now for that part of the subject involving intelligence tests. Despite many faults and glaring failures—all of which would be readily acknowledged by their authors—the intelligence test has come to stay, and is continually being made more rational and more useful. Up to this time these tests have not aided greatly in making a clear decision as to appropriate vocations for different individuals. But they are more and more able to give a rough idea as to an individual's intellectual status, and this aids in eliminating vocations that are obviously beyond one's capacity.

This cannot be accomplished in all cases, but only with a fraction. But that it can be done at all speaks well for the future. And their usefulness will increase the more they keep from purely educational tests and develop tests for special capacities. Tests based on educational acquirements too often lead to absurdities. Here is an example:

A number of years ago the writer, when in a mid-Western city, beheld at the same hotel table a rough customer evidently just arrived from what we often term the "backwoods." He was a huge, rather uncouth man, and he could not read a word. This alone would have ranked him with low-grade morons, according to the usual educational acquirement test. No, he could not read, but did not wish to acknowledge it, so, with enormous stubby finger he pointed out dishes on the menu to the astonished waiter—and received, of course, an astonishing mixture of viands. Keeping his surprise to himself, he piled all on one plate, made a general hash, and then put it down, using knife and fork simultaneously. On asking who on earth the man might be, I was told that he was worth not far from a million, having sold a large farm of many acres for a huge sum when it was found that a few feet below the surface was much iron waiting to be removed with steam-shovels.

He could neither read nor write, but he could hold the anxious purchasers

up for a very shrewd sum of money. Did he go right through it with the usual crude American type of "splurge"? Not at all. He got to work and educated himself—and on last accounts had not only succeeded at this, but was president of his city's board of trade!

On a test for basis capacities he would have ranked high, but an educational test would have given an entirely wrong impression.

Let us hope, then, along with opportunities for learning something definite about the characteristics of various vocations there may be developed capacity tests that will directly aid a boy or girl in making a choice, and, again, that our schools will provide opportunity for all children, even the unfortunate sons of the well-to-do, to gain, through actual manual work, some first-hand acquaintance of their chosen vocation.

So there we have the two great sides of this great question—the making possible of an intelligent choice of vocation, and, then, the giving of a practical acquaintance with the characteristics of that vocation at first hand.

THE TURK WHO DIDN'T GO

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

I

FROM the moment when Turkey entered the World War on the side of Germany men in all the Entente countries and in America came to one conclusion: "*The Turk must be put out of Europe.*"

But he was not. True, his lands were lopped off both in Europe and in Asia. He was practically reduced to Asia Minor. It was hoped that his European days were over. But he still hung on in Constantinople, and his influence in the surrounding region continued to be felt.

There arose in Asia Minor one Mustapha Kemal, a man of singular ability and force. About him came Turks in great number, and an army was speedily organized and perfected. A civil government was set up at Angora, a town well situated to be the seat of government. Clever people were called to the administration.

The Kemalists began to negotiate with the Russian Bolsheviks and an arrangement was made, apparently of mutual benefit. On the other hand, the Kemal Government managed to make an agreement with France. Tired of spending money without much result in the province of Cilicia, the French Government decided to withdraw and concentrate its endeavors in Syria. The arrangement made with the Kemalists provided for the protection of the native Christians in Cilicia, but very many of them, remembering the Adana massacres, placed no faith in such protection and proceeded to follow the French troops into Syria and to find new homes

there. The French, it is rumored, even supplied the Kemalists with arms.

The result of the negotiations in Paris three years ago assured to the Greeks protection of the Greek-occupied territory of Smyrna and of the easternmost coast of Asia Minor. Acting upon this, King Constantine, on reassuming the throne, decided to clear the borderland of Turkish marauders; doubtless his object was quite as much to strengthen himself and his throne as it was to help the Greeks in Asia. After a long and varied war, the Greek troops have now not only been swept from the mountains but into the sea. Smyrna has been taken by the Turks, and the Kemalists troops, inspired by success, are now disposed to march to the Bosphorus and take Constantinople, not only out of the hands of the reigning Sultan, but especially out of the hands of the British and others on guard there.

The question to-day here is: "What will the British do? And if they back up their words by their guns, will the French and Italians stand by and give co-operation?"

The question might be more easily answered if it were as simple as it sounds. It is, on the contrary, a deep problem. In the ultimate analysis, it embraces most of the unsettled questions of the peace settlement resulting from the World War.

Great Britain apparently holds a moral as well as a material advantage.

Yet in one respect Great Britain is at a serious disadvantage. Any overt action against Mohammedanism would be

instantly resented in India, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Egypt, for, with all the pompous circumstance attending Egypt's new-found freedom, that country still remains profoundly under British domination. France also might be at a disadvantage as she considers her Mohammedan subjects in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and elsewhere; but her retreat from Cilicia has given high hopes to Mohammedans everywhere.

II

England and France are at one as to the necessity of keeping the freedom of the Straits—the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. This is the second thing, as regards Turkey, that should result from the World War. The question is whether such freedom means a necessity to undertake military measures at this time.

The defense of the Straits—no matter how much it may be the defense of the individual and selfish interests of England or France or Italy or Rumania or Bulgaria or any other Power—is really the defense of the general interests of all; the defense is necessary, not only for Europe, but even for lands, like our own, outside Europe.

In this whole matter Great Britain is of course the "biggest toad in the puddle," as becomes her naval preponderance. This would be specially indicated if the Straits were not fortified, because, starting from Gibraltar and Malta, British preponderance would be easily seen. Hence there is much sentiment in Paris towards fortification.

Many Frenchmen also add that

neither Great Britain nor France nor any other Power should be in control, but only the League of Nations. This might seem to involve the problem of the admission of Turkey to membership in the League; when it comes to this, my French friends seem a little embarrassed, although they profess that ultimate good will come out of it too.

No one seems to place any reliance on statements purporting to emanate from Mustapha Kemal as to the freedom of the Straits and that he does not intend to undertake aggressive action against the Allies. He knows as well as does any other Turk that the real aggressive action against the Allies is to do precisely what is being done—namely, to stir up French jealousy of Great Britain. That inter-jealousy game has worked well for years and has been applied by the Sultans, in turn, to all the Powers in any way interested in Turkey. The "Sick Man" remains agreeably "sick" in Constantinople under those circumstances.

III

The third thing as regards Turkey that should have resulted from the World War is the giving of guaranties for the protection of the Christian minorities in Asia Minor. The Turk has massacred hundreds of thousands of Armenians and Greeks, and there is

every reason to fear that his savagery will be continued. We have only to read the ghastly details of what has happened to Christian women and children in this very year; we have only to be informed that the Turkish army subalterns were seen setting fire to the Christian quarters in Smyrna to be sure of that.

What is now needed is some kind of concerted action into which there can be injected no element of disintegration. It is pleasant to know, therefore, that the French Government has instructed General Pelle, its High Commissioner at Constantinople, to concert plans with the English and Italian High Commissioners so that the Angora Government shall know beyond a doubt that the Allies are in accord at least as to maintaining the neutrality of the zone of the Straits. This can be done, the French maintain, without any military demonstration, and in a way to make the Kemalists realize that it is entirely in their interests to respect the decision of the Allies and not to undertake anything of an offensive nature.

The English doubt this, and the English Government has decided to reinforce both its fleet in the eastern Mediterranean and the British troops under Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces at Constantinople. Not satisfied with this, England invites her Allies to do as much. She

even asks Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece to participate in the effective defense. Finally, she asks her colonists to help the mother country. What Anzac can resist an appeal that carries with it the association of Gallipoli?

The French shrug their shoulders at this. They fear, as I heard them say to-day, that "the Turks will see in it a certain menace." Exactly what the Turks should see!

Again, the French, like the Italians, have a contempt for the Greeks and decline to "line up" with them.

And—most remarkable in a nation of realists—the French actually pretend that the English are seeing a peril which does not yet exist. In this case, it is possible the English may be seeing better than the French.*

Certainly Premier Lloyd George received a setback by the defeat of the Greek troops in Asia Minor. Perhaps, smarting under this, and with the prospect of general elections at home in the near future, he is making "a last desperate throw," as his enemies claim, in the deep political game. But why go still further and call his defense of the freedom of the Straits a wanton war? That statement is hardly warranted.

One thing is sure: the Germans eagerly acclaim any dissension in the Entente.

Paris, September 19, 1922.

AUSTRIA—WHY DYING?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAM C. GREGG

NATIONS are not very different from individuals. If they are thrifty, they get along; if not, they don't.

Austria was a monarchy for centuries. Vienna, the capital, grew in size with the growth of the population of Southern Europe.

It became a political, financial, commercial, musical, and artistic center for a hundred million people.

The "Viennese" have been known rather as an easy-going, pleasure-loving people than as a people prone to political domination. Yet the Hapsburg dynasty, which ruled Austria-Hungary, has been influenced and controlled by many of the most corrupt and cruel people that have been placed in power or allowed to grasp power in European history.

I am inclined to accept the statement that the Austrian people did not raise a finger to commence the war, yet they cheered their troops as they marched against Serbia, and thought not of the morrow of world chaos. They had never participated in plans, they had only shared results.

The Empire did grow and prosper; Vienna did increase in importance and wealth. What had been would continue

to be, so "Hail to the old Emperor, his Ministers and Generals." They also cheered the German Empire as it reached forward and took the reins from their hands (if they ever were in their hands), and they did not anticipate trouble to come.

The long struggle ended in defeat, and their Empire was cut up into pieces and handed to different foreign Powers.

When Vienna found itself one-third of a small democracy, it had neither natural gifts nor training to make itself function as a self-government.

Suppose it were left to the passengers, men and women, of a sinking ocean steamer to launch the lifeboats and save themselves. The story would be a sad one. The story of the attempt of Austria to launch a democratic government has also been sad. Fumbling, confusion, and beginning at the wrong end with the best intentions in the world, have marked their efforts.

When we come to think of it, self-government is no snap. It will not run itself except into the ground. The people must govern the state as they govern themselves, with industry, courage, and self-denial. None but a great people can become a democracy in the true sense of

the word, and the Austrians are not a great people.

Let us drop the word "Democracy" and use "Socialism." We will more quickly understand the cause of the present plight of Austria.

Socialism tries to give the "common man," or the "average person," or "the worker," a good time in life. Socialism believes that if every one works, say, two hours a day, all necessities and proper luxuries can be provided and distributed, and that the balance of the time can be given up to recreation and the cultivation of arts and education.

This is only a theory. I have never heard whether the theory went so far as to have the state function as a means of enforcing the theory or not; but the Austrian Socialists passed laws to enforce part of the theory, at least, and provide means to insure a trial for a while.

They said food must be cheap, so it was bought abroad or at home for what it could be obtained, and sold for a song. A loaf of bread was sold for two-thirds of a cent a pound, while the same loaf was being sold occasionally in the open market, when Government supplies couldn't be obtained, for three cents. Meat was handled in the same way.



Photograph by W. C. Gregg

IT IS COOL IN VIENNA IN SEPTEMBER AND LIGHT OVERCOATS ARE THE FASHION

The railways were operated to give the Austrians a ride for almost nothing. Six cents for a hundred-mile ride, third-class, was the published rate in March, 1921.

They couldn't control everything; but they did a lot, and ran behind as fast as their industry in buying high and selling low would let them.

They prohibited increase of rents—a fine thing in theory, but they made street beggars out of the landlords, for houses could not be sold that could not produce an income. Only last week a man with a handsome flat of eight or nine rooms in the center of Vienna told me his rent was \$2 a year.

This Government ran against a deficit mighty soon, but they issued paper currency to meet their obligations. This increase of the paper money made the value fall somewhat in neighboring countries (the paper crown was worth from seven to nine cents at the Armistice), and therefore also in Austria.

Right here is where Austria committed suicide; here is where any benefits of Socialism which might have been demonstrated were stupidly thrown away. They could have made a fairer distribution of the burdens and benefits of citizenship, they could have taken a few steps toward a final self-government, but they didn't realize that the crowns they issued promised "to pay, on demand, one crown in metal currency;" they did not realize that a reserve and actual redemption of the crown were necessary to preserve its value; they failed to be honest, and redeem their word. Hence they failed in everything.

The rest of the story is simply and easily told. They met every deficit with new issues of paper money. When I was in Vienna in March, 1921, I bought 700 crowns for \$1. A year later I bought 7,000 crowns for the same \$1. Now I am

buying 75,000 for \$1. It is a wonder the crown has any value at all. Austria up to September 9, 1922, had, according to official figures, 1,311,000,000,000 paper crowns outstanding.

Get out your pencil and write one trillion three hundred and eleven billion crowns; it will probably be the first time that you have ever written serious figures running into trillions. While you have your pencil out, just divide that huge sum by seventy-five thousand, the number of crowns I am buying for a dollar, and you will see that their entire paper money is worth only seventeen and a half million dollars. This shows why Austria must quit as at present constituted. In spite of the enormous amount of paper in circulation, it isn't worth anything, or, as one of our funny-picture men would put it, "It doesn't mean anything."

They are actually using quite a little foreign currency in buying and selling merchandise. Austria might last several months if the Government could pay its two hundred and sixty-odd thousand employees. It doesn't seem able to print money fast enough to allow them to meet their living expenses.

Cost of living has gone up so that a taxi ride costs 50,000, a dinner 75,000, a pair of shoes 300,000 crowns. The Government issues index numbers on the cost of living and pays its employees accordingly. The increase of pay for September over August is estimated at one hundred and thirty-five per cent—for one month, mind you.

It is estimated also that the employees will each have to receive on the average about one and a half million crowns for the month of September.

Get out that pencil again and multiply two hundred and sixty thousand men by one and a half million crowns, and you will see how much new paper money

must be printed just to provide the Government pay-roll for September—not to speak of the pay for Government supplies. Of course the Government receives taxes and other incomes, but they are a minor detail; they fall hopelessly behind the racing speed of expenditures.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The people are better off than when I was there last March, and much better than a year ago last March.

I took about three dozen pictures of the people in streets and in parks. They are all well dressed and look well fed. The theaters are crowded (I paid sixty-six cents for a seat)—the movies and restaurants also. I simply couldn't get a seat at the Grand Opera.

Prices have gone up everywhere. When you take a taxi ride, you look at the meter and then multiply by 9,000. You've got to be quick at figures to live in Vienna.

A taxi ride costs nearly as much as in New York. Whenever the Government releases its control over prices, they go up to approximately gold values very soon.

Labor is better paid, but is still too low. The charge I made against Socialism and Labor Unionism a year and a half ago still stands. They have not taken care of labor. It is much worse off than in so-called capitalistic states like America, for instance. One reason the people are looking better is because they have cultivated on special ground allotments 80,000 gardens in the suburbs of Vienna. I saw the exhibition of the results in the City Hall. I was glad they had done so well, and sorry there were not other achievements to show for what Austria had been through.

I saw a good deal of firewood here and there inside and outside of Vienna, considerable coal also. I am told there is a fair supply of fats and meats for the winter.

If Italy could, by common consent, take over the government of Austria, stop the excess of expenditures, circulate Italian money, and discharge fully half of the public employees, the country would soon get on its feet. We would hear nothing more about their "terrible suffering." The suffering has been real enough among those who had bank savings accounts, and old people living on incomes and rents. They found themselves absolute paupers. Naturally, the bulk of these cases have been adjusted, some by death, some by work, and some by relief and by relatives.

If some political change is not made very soon (say in three months), Vienna will, I am afraid, be a howling mob because of confusion and political paralysis. This may be delayed by some loans to quicken the body of the almost dead government. Loans from England, France, and Italy are always imminent, and the League of Nations is gravely reconsidering Austria's dilemma, as it sits in Geneva.

When McKinley was President, the question, "Shall we build a canal at

Panama?" was much discussed. Mr. Dooley, writing an Annual Presidential Message for McKinley to send to Congress, said under the heading "Panama Canal:" "Something must be done about the Panemaw Canal, but what the devil it is I don't know."

I think the League of Nations feels the same way about Austria; something must be done, but what the devil it is they don't know.

This article would be defective if I didn't try to explain why Austria has lasted as long as this and why there is so much ease and comfort in spite of the financial ruin.

(1) The exports of merchandise have been considerable and balance a part of the imports of food, perhaps all the necessary food, because champagnes, liqueurs, silks, and furs have also been imported and sold to Austrians.

(2) Much good money has come into Austria for paintings, antiques, porcelain, etc.—all articles of real value if not art treasures.

Much of the former belongings of Archdukes Ferdinand and Ludwig Victor have been sold—perhaps a million dollars' worth. The art stores always report a good foreign business, and there are hundreds of them.

(3) The American Relief has brought in about fifty million dollars of supplies and cash.

(4) It is reasonable to suppose that the Catholic Church has sent in large sums to assist Austria, which, until the Armistice, was the leading Catholic nation of the world.

(5) Austrians in foreign countries, America, England, and elsewhere, have sent, in the aggregate, huge sums to their relatives in Austria, and bought crowns on speculation.

(6) Foreign buying of Austrian industries, such as the Stinnes purchase of the leading steel industry of Austria, which is reported to be running prosperously.

(7) The ownership by Austrian capitalists of paying properties in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and elsewhere has



Photograph by W. C. Gregg

GOING TO A MATINÉE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON—VIENNA, SEPTEMBER, 1922

brought into Vienna a fairly steady flow of good money. It must be remembered that Vienna was the financial and banking center of Southern Europe before the War. Vast properties are still held outside of Austria.

(8) Space will not permit a further listing of the many supplies that have helped to take care of Austria; but the chief bladder that has kept them from sinking has been the use of the paper money issued all along as needed. Like a bladder, it will not support anything very long, but has great temporary possibilities. It has been a medium of exchange and has always represented some gold value, even as it does to-day.

If Austria had been entirely self-supporting, no one can say how long she might have functioned on her paper currency.

It is my belief that the above-listed outside helps have kept her going, and account for the evidences of widespread

comfort and even luxury. Most of these helps have been temporary, and they are, in any event, too uncertain to support a political state.

I found out why the trains are so crowded in Austria. A citizen of Vienna told me he and his wife had just returned from Germany, where they had been shopping. They bought linen, underwear, woolen goods, etc., at less than half what they paid in Vienna. Being Austrians, they were taxed only six per cent to export their purchases from Germany. I asked him how much his round-trip ticket cost him (a twenty-hour ride in an express train, third-class). He said, Thirty cents!

You see, Austrian Socialists planned that cheap fare for the benefit and enjoyment of the Austrians, little thinking that it would be used by Austrians to make purchases in foreign countries, to the serious disadvantage of Austria.

Successful statesmanship consists partly in thinking ahead. As I said in the beginning, it takes a great people to be self-governing, and the Austrians are not a great people.

With no reparations paid and no standing army supported; with double the agricultural land of Belgium and with no more population; with a railway and banking system radiating through all Southern Europe; with Vienna a tourist center second only to Paris; with vast wealth to be taxed, and a comparatively small war debt; with the Austrian crown worth as much as the French franc in 1919—they have made the minor after-war difficulties the excuse for failure—a failure ghastly enough, but resulting only from stupid and dishonest Socialism, and not from restricted area and tariff problems, difficulties which could have been surmounted by a stronger race.

Vienna, September 9, 1922.



Photograph by W. C. Gregg

VIENNA IN SEPTEMBER, 1922—"THE PEOPLE ARE WELL DRESSED AND LOOK WELL FED"

VOYAGERS OF THE AIR AND OF THE SEA



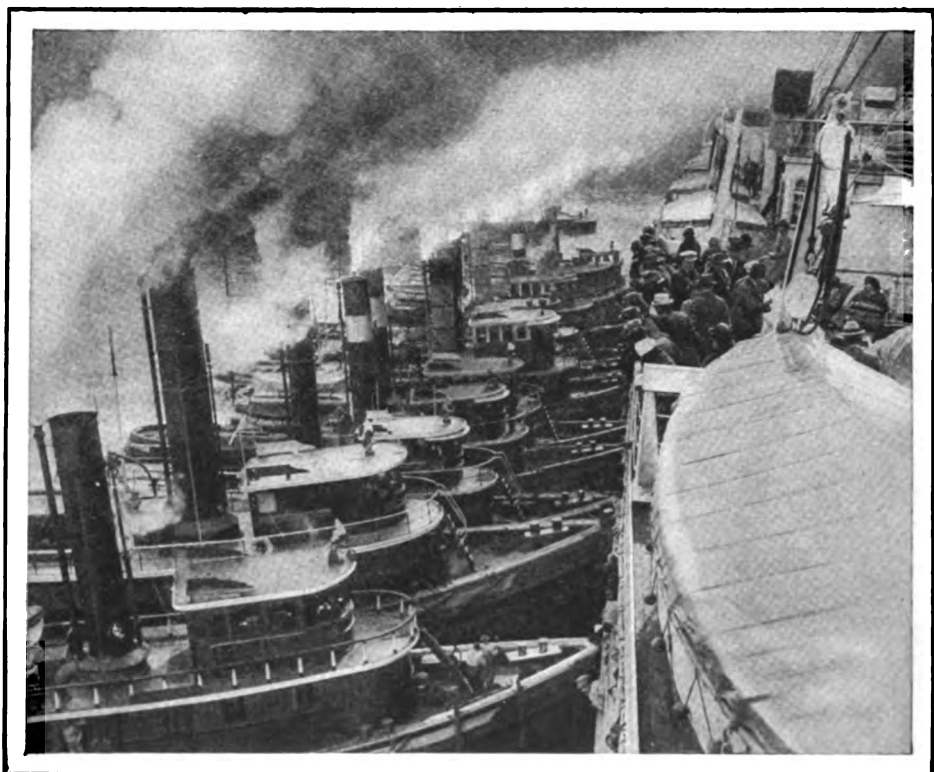
AMERICA'S PIONEER AVIATOR NAMES A NEW MONO- SEAPIANE

Orville Wright, one of the two brothers who were pioneers in American aviation, made what is reported to be his first airplane flight in several years, following the christening of the new type monoseaplane, "Wilbur Wright," named after his brother, who died in 1912

International

DOCKING A GREAT TRANS- ATLANTIC LINER IN NEW YORK CITY

A dozen tugs are here seen aiding the steamship France to get safely into her berth in a New York dock when she arrived from Havre on a recent trip



P. & A. Photos

JOBS AND JOB LOTS OF UNCLE SAM

CLEANING UP BEFORE THE NEW TARIFF WENT INTO EFFECT

The custom offices throughout the country worked night and day to get rid of articles being held under the old tariff rules before the McCumber-Fordney Tariff went into effect. The photograph shows a scene in Chicago



P & A Photos



P. & A. Photos

A PUBLIC AUCTION OF UNCLAIMED ARTICLES HELD IN THE NEW YORK CITY POST OFFICE

This certainly looks like a rummage sale, but it is held under the auspices of Uncle Sam. All sorts of articles fall of delivery through the mails because of defective addresses, and they have to be auctioned off. The auctioneer seems to be before an unresponsive audience while he dilates on the virtues of the milk can he is holding. Is the statuette which is perhaps next on the sales list that of Napoleon, Edison, or some "great unknown"?

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER VI—GROVER CLEVELAND

HAD diplomacy been a career, nothing would have pleased me more than to continue in such service of my country. On the whole, I cannot say that I advocate changing our system as to a more permanent service for the heads of missions. Our President is now unhampered to select men who are best qualified to deal with the problems in hand at the various posts. This is an advantage over a system that tends to keep in office ministers and ambassadors who are ill equipped to bring statesman-like qualities to their work, though they may be past-masters in routine and social requirements.

But it would be well if, on a change of administration, removals of heads of missions were the exception rather than the rule. Of course, after four or eight years, the return of our diplomatic chiefs from foreign fields to the various parts of our country has an advantage in that these men, by reason of their experience and standing, are enabled to inform and in a measure guide public opinion on questions concerning international affairs.

On my return to New York I re-entered business, but continued to take a deep and active interest in public affairs. I spent much of my spare time lecturing on public questions and historical matters.

CLEVELAND'S WAR ON "FREE SILVER"

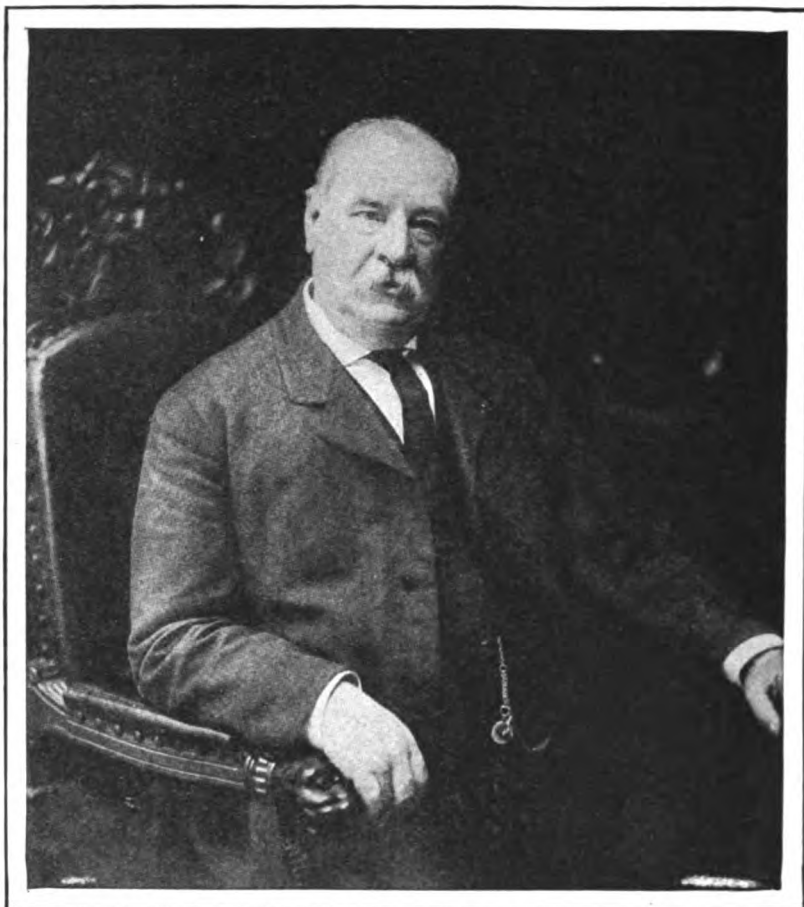
In the fall of 1891 I was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention at Saratoga and a member of the platform committee. One of the questions to be solved was, What should be our position regarding silver? Cleveland's statement of his position during his first term had lost him the Presidency.

Quite purposely, Cleveland had boldly accentuated, while in office, the outstanding matters then before the country—the tariff and sound money—without any regard to political consequences. His friend Richard Watson Gilder had said of him in "Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship:"

Every once in a while Cleveland "threw away the Presidency," and I never saw him so happy as when he had done it; as, for instance, after the tariff message, and now again after the silver letter.

Cleveland, while not a scholar, was ultra-conscientious and had an honest and logical mind that dealt with fundamentals. He would "mull over" (that is the very phrase I have heard him use) a question until he got to the bottom, and there he would start to build up his premises and arrive at his decisions.

Revenue of the surplus accumulating



Copyright, 1908, Rockwood, N. Y.

Grover Cleveland, from a large photograph specially made for Mr. Straus, the original of which hangs in his library

in the Treasury, he had been impressed more and more with the fact that the taxes and the tariff should be reduced. He realized, during the spring and summer of 1887, that the rapid increase of this surplus was becoming a menace to the stability of our financial system, and he felt it his duty to provide some means for averting commercial disaster. At the opening of Congress that year, instead of a message covering all of the Government activities, as was the invariable custom, he prepared one devoted exclusively to the revenue system and to the necessity of reducing the tariff. He gave much care and deliberation to this message and its subject, but none to the political consequences.

Again, later, when the free coinage of silver became a topic of prominence, the Reform Club of New York invited him to attend a banquet at which this question was to be discussed. Many of his friends advised that he remain silent on the subject, in order not to mar his chances for re-election. Cleveland, however, accepted the invitation and boldly announced his position regarding "the

dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage." That was too much for the machine men of the party; the note of Cleveland's doom was sounded from one end of the country to the other.

After his retirement, partisan bitterness largely disappeared, and it soon became a foregone conclusion that he would again have to stand for the Presidency. Although he had occupied the President's chair only one term, I doubt whether any ex-President of our time, with the exception of Roosevelt, carried with him into private life a deeper interest or a higher esteem on the part of the great body of the people. His rugged honesty of purpose and determined stand for the best principles in our public life were more and more appreciated and valued. During the entire period between his defeat and re-election he was the most distinguished representative of his party.

When the silver question came up at Saratoga, a few others and myself contended for a sound money plank. We met with opposition from a majority of

the committee. Richard Croker, boss of Tammany Hall, had not up to that time bothered much about the subject. I laid before him the reasons underlying the question and got him to throw his powerful influence and help on our side, and we succeeded in the end in incorporating a strong sound money plank.

Cleveland expressed his satisfaction with that accomplishment in the following note to me:

816 Madison Avenue
Sept. 27, 1891.

My dear Mr. Straus:

I have a suspicion that you had much to do with the formation of the silver plank in the platform adopted at Saratoga. I am so well satisfied indeed that you thus merit my thanks as a citizen who loves the honor of his country and as a Democrat who loves the integrity of his party, that I desire to tender them in this frank, informal manner. Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

I may add here that upon his retirement in 1889 Cleveland came to New York to live, and the pleasant relations I had had with him in office became close and intimate.

Early in July, 1892, I wrote Cleveland regarding his position on the tariff, and after the Chicago convention which nominated him for the Presidency, I received the following communication from him:

Gray Gables,
Buzzards Bay, Mass.
July 25, 1892.

My dear Sir:

I wish to thank you for your letter of July 12, and to express my disappointment that while in New York last week I did not have the opportunity to converse with you on the suggestions which your letter contained. You cannot fail to see by some expressions in my address in reply to the notification committee, that thoughts quite similar to yours have occupied my mind in regard to the tariff plank in our platform. I am exceedingly anxious that there should be no misrepresentation of our true position, and I regret exceedingly that there should have been any form of expression adopted which makes us liable to that danger.

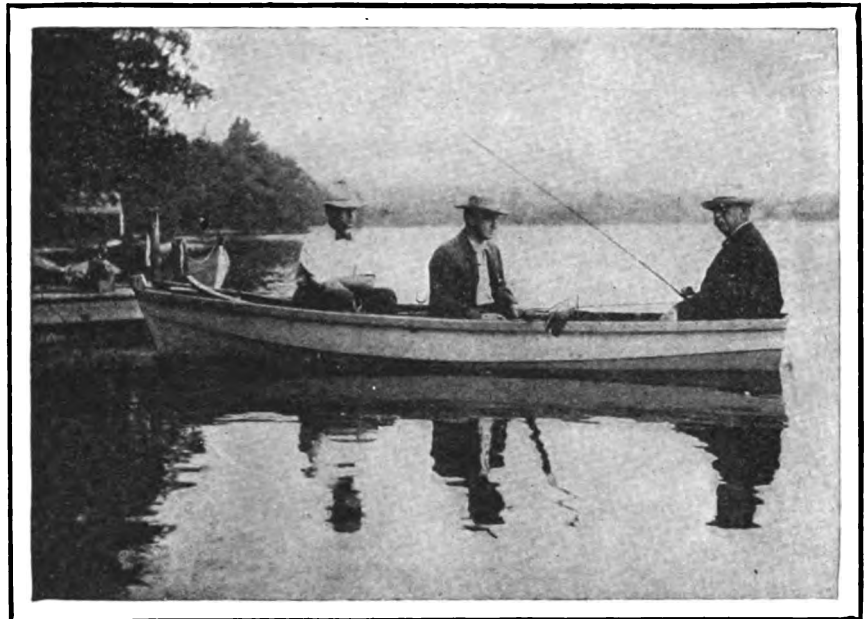
I shall continue to give the subject earnest thought and when I write my letter of acceptance if it should then seem to be necessary I shall not hesitate to pursue the subject further. I have heard of your labors at Chicago and of your constant and earnest devotion to my cause and while your previous conduct and our relations have been such as to lead me to expect such things of you, I am none the less gratified and beg to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

With the kind remembrances of Mrs. Cleveland to you and Mrs. Straus, in which I heartily join, I am,
Very truly yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

In 1888 his position on these two questions caused his defeat; in 1892, his position still the same, these very issues were the dominant factors that brought about his renomination and election.

During the winter before his second



Cleveland was frequently accompanied by his physician on hunting and fishing expeditions, which were taken not alone for pleasure but as health measures

term of office, in order to get some rest and be freer than was possible in New York from the constant stream of visitors and place hunters, he and his family accepted the invitation of my brother Nathan to occupy a little frame house which my brother had bought from a New Jersey farmer in connection with the property on which stands the Lakewood Hotel.

THE "LITTLE WHITE HOUSE"

The unassuming little two-story house, surrounded by pines, simple as could be, was renovated and painted white, and became known as "the little White House." To it from time to time he summoned the people with whom he wished to confer—with the leaders of his party with regard to policies and the make-up of his Cabinet, and with friends. He had no secretary and wrote all letters with his own hand.

During his stay at the "little White House" he sent for me several times to talk over things with him. On one of these occasions he proposed connecting me with the Administration in some way that might be agreeable to me. While I appreciated his intention, I told him I felt I owed it to my brothers to stick to business for the next few years. He answered that he would have to have one of the brothers in his Administration. I learned later that in his mind he had reserved the ministership to Holland for Isidor. At about this time Isidor had been nominated, and was subsequently elected, to fill a vacancy in Congress, and Cleveland purposely did not fill the Dutch post until after that special election. He afterwards remarked to a friend he and Isidor had in common, William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and responsible for the Wilson Tariff Bill, that he much preferred Isidor in Congress, where he

could have the benefit of his wisdom and knowledge in financial and tariff matters. Indeed, my brother was largely responsible for Cleveland's calling the extra session of Congress for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Coinage Act.

A PRESIDENT UNDER FIRE

Among my letters from Cleveland at this period I have one concerning a matter that caused a great deal of stir and unfavorable comment: the appointment of James J. Van Alen, of Newport, R. I., as Ambassador to Italy. Van Alen was a very rich man. He was the son-in-law of William Astor and the personal friend of William C. Whitney, the real manager of the Cleveland campaign, whose appointment as Secretary of the Navy was not liked by the "Mugwump" wing of the party, headed by Carl Schurz and others. When Van Alen was appointed, a hue and cry arose from the idealists, and Cleveland's enemies alleged that the appointment was nothing more than a reward for the very large contribution Van Alen had made to Whitney for the campaign, for which Whitney had promised this position.

Schurz, as editor of "Harper's Weekly," wrote a savage editorial against Cleveland on this subject, and in a letter to me he stated that he felt Cleveland's prestige would never recover from the blow he had struck against himself in making that appointment. I wrote to Cleveland about the matter and how it was regarded by some of his friends, mentioning Schurz among others. The President sent me the following reply:

Executive Mansion, Washington
Oct. 20, 1893.

My dear Mr. Straus:

Your letter was received to-day.

I need not tell you how much I value your friendship; and I hardly need confess how touched I am by the manifestation of affection afforded

by the solicitude you evince in the Van Alen matter. I am amazed by the course pursued by some good people in dealing with this subject. No one has yet presented to me a single charge of unfitness or incompetency. They have chosen to eagerly act upon the frivolous statements of a much mendacious and mischievous newspaper, as an attempt to injure a man who in no way has been guilty of wrong. I leave out of account the allegation that his nomination was in acknowledgement of a large campaign contribution. No one will accuse me of such a trade and Mr. Whitney's and Mr. Van Alen's denial that any such thing existed in the minds of any one concerned, I believe to be the truth. I think it would be a cowardly thing in me to disgrace a man because the New York World had doomed him to disgrace. Since the nomination was sent in I have left the matter entirely to the Senate, and I hear that the nomination was confirmed to-day. This ends the matter. I am entirely content to wait for a complete justification of my part in the proceeding.

I am sorry you regard this matter as so unfortunate and if anything could have induced me to turn away from a course which seems to me so plainly just and right, it would be my desire to satisfy just such good friends as you have always proved yourself to be.

I shall be glad to see you, at all times.

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Van Alen was confirmed by the Senate, but on November 20 he sent in his resignation, which Cleveland reluctantly accepted but urged Van Alen to reconsider his decision, as his (the President's) preference was emphatically that he accept the post and by the discharge of his duties vindicate the wisdom and propriety of his selection.

MIDNIGHT SUPPERS OF DELICATESSEN AND BEER

During the second term I saw little of the President. I was very much tied to business, and went to Washington only when summoned there to discuss a few international matters as they arose. But while I am reminiscing about my relations with Mr. Cleveland, I will jump ahead about ten years and speak of a visit he paid me for three days during March, 1903. He was to deliver an address at the Henry Ward Beecher Memorial Meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday evening, and he arrived from Princeton on Saturday. He was like a boy out of school.

We were going to the theater on Saturday evening, and I suggested Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King," played by Sothern.

"I hope it is not sad," he said; "I want to see it from start to finish;" and, with a smirk, he added: "For I am a hayseed." I discerned afterward that he would rather have seen a comedy or vaudeville.

When we got to the theater many in

the audience recognized him, and heads were constantly turning in the direction of our box. I mentioned it to him, but he said:

"Oh no, they don't know me any more."

After the theater we had a supper of delicatessen and beer at home, which I knew he would like, and he amused us with several funny stories and mimicry. My wife remarked that he might have made a success on the stage, and he replied that his friend Joe Jefferson had often deplored his having missed that profession. He mimicked the humorous Congressman Campbell of New York, who used to come to the White House, and, pointing to the room occupied by Cleveland, ask the clerk, "Is His Royal Nibs in?" And sometimes Tim Campbell made requests that Cleveland had to deny as unconstitutional; then Tim would come back with: "Oh, I wouldn't let the Constitution stand between friends!"

MORE IMPRESSIONS OF GROVER CLEVELAND

At dinner on Sunday we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. John G. Carlisle, my brother Isidor, his wife, and his business associate, Charles B. Webster. Carlisle, one of the most distinguished Senators in Congress, was former Secretary of the Treasury, and a close friend of Cleveland. When the champagne was served my wife said to the ex-President: "Does Mrs. Cleveland let you drink this? You know it is bad for your rheumatism!"

He answered: "No, but I won't tell her."

They compromised on one glass.

After dinner the conversation turned to the bond loans during Cleveland's second administration, the first made through J. P. Morgan & Co., and the subsequent popular loans—to keep the gold in the United States Treasury. The ex-President referred to his fight against the silver craze and said he had to abandon the fundamental issue, the tariff reform, to combat that dangerous heresy.

When the guests had gone, Cleveland wanted to know whether we would like to hear the speech he was to deliver that evening, and of course we assured him we should be delighted. This led to conversation about Beecher, and I showed him the original letter that Beecher wrote him in 1887 recommending my appointment to Turkey. He said he remembered it perfectly, and it was the thing that turned the scale while he was considering whether or not he could properly appoint a person of my race to a post largely concerned with the protection of Christian missions. I made bold to request the manuscript of his Memorial address to file with my Beecher letter, and he kindly consented, with the words: "Yes, certainly; they are kind of cousins."

After a light supper we drove to Brooklyn. Cleveland was ever punctual,

and I took care that we should arrive at the appointed hour, 7:45. It was pouring rain, and Cleveland anticipated that most people would be kept away; but when we entered the hall it was packed from pit to dome, and several thousand persons were turned away. At the close of the meeting hundreds crowded on to the stage to greet the ex-President, showing that the love and admiration of the people had in no degree waned.

The next morning we prevailed upon him to stay an extra day. He said he knew I had a speech to make at Brown University and would have to be busy. I assured him the speech was all prepared and the subject was "Brown in Diplomacy." He asked me to read it to him, and I did. He pronounced it appropriate and fine, which gave me some confidence in the success of the occasion, for I knew he was not given to flattery and would not have praised it without meaning it; that was not his style.

He had to go to Rockwood, the photographer at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, so I went with him. He said he had hundreds of requests for pictures and wanted a new one taken so that when people wrote for them he could refer such requests to Rockwood; similarly he had some pictures made by a Philadelphia photographer. That arrangement would save him much trouble. I asked Rockwood to take a special, large picture for me. He brought forward his larger camera and took one of the best photographs of Cleveland I have ever seen. I had two finished; one for Mrs. Cleveland and the other hangs in my library.

For luncheon we met Isidor at Delmonico's. At the next table sat Charles F. Murphy, successor to Croker as boss of Tammany Hall, who requested me to introduce him to Cleveland. They had quite a chat, after which Cleveland remarked:

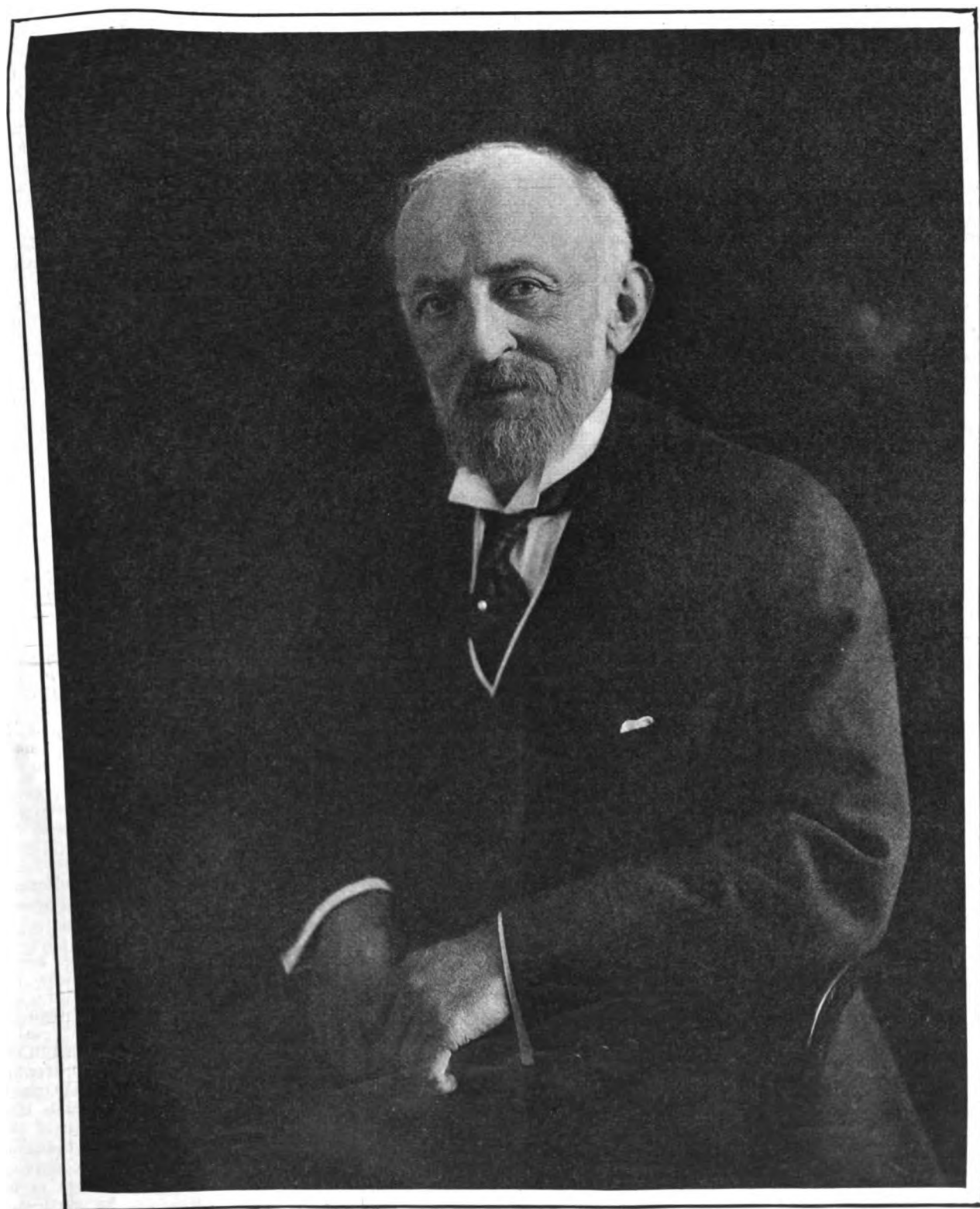
"He looks like a pretty clean fellow."

During the meal our guest told us, with language, voice, and manner befitting the tale, how, when he was being spoken of for re-election before his second term, he met a farmer who said to him: "Now if you will go on sawin' wood and don't say nothin', they will give you back that job in Washington." No actor could have given a more vivid characterization of that farmer.

That evening we went to Weber and Fields's Music Hall, on Twenty-ninth Street near Broadway. He suggested this himself. He said he liked to be amused at the theater and not saddened or instructed.

THE FINAL CONFIDENCES OF AN EX-PRESIDENT

At about this period Cleveland from time to time showed evidences of illness. He called them stomach attacks. Whether or not his personal friend and physician, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, had diagnosed the malady as more serious I do not know; but at times I rather inferred that he had. Dr. Bryant made it



Oscar S. Straus

a point to accompany him on several of his hunting and fishing expeditions, which were taken not alone for pleasure but as health measures, for a change of air and the outdoor recreation.

On and off during those years also, when the family wanted a little change, they occupied "the little White House" of my brother's at Lakewood. Cleveland liked its simplicity and because it was not unlike the parsonage at Caldwell, N. J., where he was born. Early in June, 1908, while the Cleverlands were at Lakewood, the ex-President sent for my brother Isidor; he desired to have a talk with him. He seemed to wish to unburden his mind. This proved to be the last time he spoke to any one outside of his immediate family while still in the

possession of all his faculties. That very night he had another attack of his malady, after which, as I was told, his faculties seemed to go under a cloud. Two weeks later, on June 24, the country was shocked, though it was not unprepared, to learn that the ex-President had died that morning at his Princeton home.

On June 26 Grover Cleveland was laid to rest. The funeral was private; my brothers and I had received a note from Mrs. Cleveland asking us to be present. At his home we met about one hundred of his personal friends. It had been his express wish that there be no eulogy or funeral oration, and his friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, conducted a simple service at which he read passages from

Wordsworth's "The Happy Warrior." In a carriage with Chief Justice Fuller, Judge George Gray of Delaware, and Governor Fort of New Jersey, I accompanied the body to the cemetery.

For him there were no longer enemies to traduce and vilify. Perhaps no President had ever been so reviled by a hostile press throughout the country as this great man, and, strong as he was, these attacks quite naturally pained him. Like all men who struggle against the tide for righteous things, appreciation is often deferred, sometimes until after death. In his case, happily, it came while he was yet among us in the constantly increasing manifestations of admiration, love, and esteem by the people of the country.

STAR CHAMBER SESSIONS WITH HARRISON AND McKINLEY

NEXT WEEK'S installment of the Autobiography recounts how President Harrison called Mr. Straus to the White House in 1891 to consult with him concerning the persecutions that were driving multitudes of Jewish refugees from Russia to the United States. The upshot was a firm stand on the part of Harrison that forced Russia to curb her methods.

The illustrious diplomat describes how

McKinley summoned him to Washington in his effort to avert war with Spain, and how McKinley later persuaded Mr. Straus to undertake his second mission to Turkey, at a time when Dr. James B. Angell, then United States Minister to the Porte, believed that the only way to bring Turkey to terms was to send warships to "rattle the Sultan's windows."

POLITICAL SKIRMISHES OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

When Senator Davenport wrote this he was in Missouri and Kansas. In Missouri the political contest has raged about the personality and views of Senator Reed, whom former President Wilson denounced in a recent campaign letter as a "marplot." In Kansas the issue centers about

the Industrial Court Law, about which Senator Davenport will write in another letter. How the Middle West views the tariff is important to the country when we reflect upon what happened to the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill in 1909 and 1910 under Middle Western leadership.—THE EDITORS.

MISSOURI is politically still a raw State. Rural Missouri is honest and narrow, and I am told that Governor Hyde, who is a progressive Republican and ran on the Bull Moose ticket for Attorney-General in 1912, has had Satan's own time with the farmers in seeking to provide even a reasonably adequate system of education for their own children. But they are learning. The city politics of St. Louis and Kansas City is known of all men as disreputable and commercial. In no State of the Union, probably, is the poison squad, which deceives and lies to public opinion, so vigorous and successful. It seems sometimes, I am told, as if the people preferred to believe the worst of shining marks. The anti-machine fight in Kansas City, which proved unusually successful only yester-year, has declined vitality, and the sordid political cannibals are creeping back into power. hope of the State is in progressive

Republicanism, which is reasonably strong. Old-Guard Republicanism is only another name for Bourbon Democracy. They help each other out.

Those who think that the idealistic issue of the League of Nations played any particular part in the recent contest of Senator Reed for renomination in the Democratic primary would do well to bear the foregoing factors in mind. Missouri is not at present a State to be violently moved by idealism, "super" or any other kind. At bottom it appears to be like most of this Middle Western country, unmoved by the League of Nations issue, pretty stolidly nationalistic and anxious to keep out of European embroilments. Probably that helped Reed, but it was not the issue. They like Reed in Missouri as a sporting proposition. He is a hard and brainy fighter, even though many call him unscrupulous. And the average plain Missourian likes that. I fear that the Reed

personality fits Missouri better than the President Wilson personality.

I have heard it much discussed in the East as to whether the Bourbon Republican vote helped Reed out in the primary. Of course the reader understands that some of these Western primaries are very free primaries into which the voter may go and line up with either party or any party. The opinion seems to be here that in St. Louis, for particular reasons, every effort was made by the Republican organization to keep their voters in line for the Republican part of the fight, but there appears to be no doubt that in the State at large many thousands of Republicans joined in renominating Reed—plenty of them to do the work. He actually won by only 6,000. And the serious and informed view here is that he will have much Republican support at the polls in November, and will probably win then.

In this country the League of Nations

issue is thoroughly in eclipse. Except in spots, it appears that this is true of the whole United States, as completely true still as in the 1920 overwhelming election upon the issue. It certainly had little effect against Lodge in Massachusetts in the primary. It might be decisive at the general election in Massachusetts in a close fight, but in and of itself in Massachusetts it seems to have no vitality. In Nebraska, where United States Senator Hitchcock is running again on his record as a Wilson League supporter, the chances of the progressive Republican, Howell, are somewhat enhanced by the issue. Hitchcock, who is a shrewd politician and has made an able Senator, evidently senses it, as he has sought to counteract it by a clever and incisive speech recently in the Senate in which he denounced before the world the action of the French on the Rhine in employing savage Africans as armed forces and in setting up brothels for them. This propagandist antidote has been put to work in a multitude of German homes in Nebraska, although it is quite likely that it has come too late to be of effective political service. All the irreconcilables about the League—Reed, Johnson, Beveridge, La Follette—have come through with flying colors; on other issues, but their hostility to the League never flected them, rather aided them.

The attitude of the Middle West on the tariff is interesting. They have not waked up to it yet at all. There is no mighty Dolliver to stir their hearts as the great Iowan did against the Payne-Aldrich Bill in 1909 and 1910. Furthermore, the tariff-makers in Washington have prepared in advance at least a temporary bulwark against a recurring Payne-Aldrich tragedy by high duties on lemons and almonds and wheat and other products dear to the heart and the pocketbook of the Western agriculturist. Besides, prices generally are so much higher on everything than they were in 1910 that the Western consumer seems numb to the addition of a mere tariff burden.

The wise ones have told me that they look for the Western consumer to wake up a little later on, if he begins to pay appreciably more for the things he buys. In the wheat country, for example in Kansas, the high tariff duty on wheat is a delusion. The world price of wheat in Liverpool is now so low that the cost of production in Kansas is higher than the Liverpool price. The State of Kansas is frankly worried about its underlying economic condition, which depends as certainly upon wheat as Cuba's welfare depends upon sugar.

There is an agitation growing in Kansas for State-owned elevators, as in North Dakota. The great economic difficulty about wheat seems to be that under present conditions it has to be harvested and marketed within one hundred days. And the system of transportation and storage breaks down in the presence of so great a problem. Vast stores of

"WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT"

BY

HERBERT E. MORGAN

The men who work for the Government are not working for something remote from the life of every-day Americans. They are working for all of us, and their problems concern us as directly as though we made out their pay checks ourselves. Those who read Mr. Morgan's article in a forthcoming issue will be reading about men they themselves employ.

wheat lie along the tracks at the stations, without cover, for days together exposed to the weather. These conditions contribute neither to sound quality nor to sound economic price. A counter-wall is going up from the Associated Industries, representing the employing interests, against the so-called Socialistic innovation, with North Dakota held up as a horrible example. But, strangely enough, many Kansas bankers and business men refuse to be stampeded by the display of the North Dakota bogie. They say, "Well, what are you going to do about it? Something must be done or the economic stability of Kansas is gone."

I wonder if those are not right who refuse to foam at the mouth even at the radical experiments of North Dakota, and who say that it is a good thing that we have political laboratories in the Western States where experiments can be tried for the whole country and the mistakes of the original experiments provided against in the later imitation. Kansas may move in co-operative rather than in Socialistic directions in solving her problem, but, like North Dakota, she must get the thing done.

The reflective view of the Middle West is that some of the crucial rates in the current tariff bill are too high. The country doesn't want to be flooded with low-cost German products and doesn't intend to be. It has too great concern for the standard of living and the standard of advance of its own laboring population. The Middle West avers that it is no secret in Washington among the faithful who are supporting the bill that something was put over on them in the sugar and wool schedules, and some others, by the ruling leadership in Congress, and they are very sorry it happened on sugar and wool especially, because they think it will soon show in every home after the measure gets into operation.

And the Middle West may be the first to kick the roof off. But not now. The Middle West doesn't care three whoops

about the tariff issue or the bonus issue or the ship subsidy issue. People here talk about strikes. These are much nearer to them and much more menacing. They are inclined to think that Washington has been wasting a lot of time on the other issues and was as slow as molasses in getting ready to do something about a greater matter. They share, I find, the parodied sentiments of the famed Lackawanna versifier:

How very slow, said Phoebe Snow,
The coal negotiations go.
Both words and might seem useless
quite,
When craniums are anthracite.

You may say that there is a measure of unreason in their attitude, and there undoubtedly is. The West has long combined reason and unreason in its political opinions, as everybody knows. But I am only writing of things as I find them. I am not weighing them in the balances of reason.

Kansas, of course, is in the throes of an experiment against strikes in the essential industries. This is so important that I think it worthy of a separate letter, but I may say here that the relations of the Kansas mines with the new Industrial Court were such that at least a fifty per cent production was kept up through all the period of the recent coal strike, and the railway situation in Kansas proper has been surer than in the surrounding States. One reason has been that the Topeka shops of the Santa Fe System were protected from the outset by the new Industrial Court Law; not by State troopers, but by previous experience with opposition to the provisions of the law itself. As go the Topeka shops, so goes the Santa Fe System. And the provisions of the new law with respect to picketing during strikes upon essential industries are such, and the pressure upon the local authorities under the law to preserve order is such, that, with Alexander Howat and five of his comrades at present in jail as an outstanding example, there was a freedom from intimidation and a freedom for strike-breakers to work which did not exist in the neighboring States or anywhere else in the Union. This may be a reason why the Santa Fe is not one of the roads in the West to come to terms with the striking shopmen under the Warfield agreement, but insists stolidly upon the peace of unconditional surrender. There is much to be said on both sides about this compulsory experiment, and I will return to it in a later letter. It has its good and bad points, and is still distinctly in the laboratory stage.

But this I think can be said here. The Kansas agricultural population, which is the great majority element, is committed to the new law, and their belief in it will give the Republicans the victory in the fall campaign. If it were not for this issue, the unrest in Kansas might be as dangerous to the Republican party as the unrest in Michigan and Colorado.

ENTOMOLOGY

BY ROBERT HILLYER

IN August as I lay upon a hill
I saw black ants and red ones in the grass.
Well-bred, adept, they labored with a will
And stepped aside to let each other pass.

I saw two battling spiders come to terms,
And skate away without another word;
I also saw a beetle and three worms,
Which I just mentioned to a passing bird.

Small jungles, and a ground-mole come to grief
(If one can judge by such a skeleton);
A bob-tailed bug upon a strawberry leaf,
The which I tickled just to see him run.

These I observed, and many other things,
But I'll not bore you with particulars;
At any rate, the afternoon took wings,
And left the insect, Me, beneath the stars.

WU PEI-FU, A CHINESE WITH ONE IDEA

CHINA'S GREATEST SOLDIER, WHO NEVERTHELESS BELIEVES IN
REUNION OF HIS COUNTRY BY TALKING RATHER THAN FIGHTING

BY UPTON CLOSE

SOMETHING is known outside of China of Chang Tso-lin, variously called the "Satrap of Manchuria," "First War Lord of China," and Super-Tuchun, but little has been heard about Wu Pei-fu, the chief obstacle to Chang Tso-lin's ambition to control China south of the Great Wall.

Two years ago thousands of students from middle schools, colleges, and universities throughout China converted agitation into action and flocked to the camp of Wu Pei-fu to enlist in the almost holy crusade against the Anfu clique traitors who were selling their country's sovereignty to Japan. Wu, then a division commander unknown outside of military circles, suddenly sprang into prominence in the summer of 1920, when he executed a strategic withdrawal from Hunan, whither he had been sent to conquer the "rebellious South."

By what foreign military attachés pronounced to be the most brilliant military tactics ever executed by a Chinese general, Wu sent the opposing forces rolling back against Peking, defeated, disorganized, and fighting each other.

Wu Pei-fu's well-disciplined force by slow and careful stages made its way to Peking, disarmed the defeated troops, and relieved the capital, which was ready to do him honor. Then Chang Tso-lin, ex-bandit and uncrowned King of Manchuria, swooped down with his divisions, and, with a slur at "the subordinate military officer," appropriated the fruits of Wu's victory. At the same time he adopted the defeated soldiers into his own ranks. After all, Wu was but a division commander turned popular hero overnight. He had not the prestige nor the numbers to face the Manchurian war lord.

Wu withdrew with his loyal Third Division to the barracks built by Yuan Kai-shih, as the nucleus of his monarchical establishment, in the out-of-the-

way loess hills of western Honan, there to bide his time.

Wu spent the autumn, winter, and spring training his model army. Visitors, among whom was American Minister Charles R. Crane, to his camp in Honanfu (or Loyang, the ancient capital of the Chow dynasty, 1000 B.C.), found him very hospitable—inclined to drink a bit to excess in honor of his guests—and very busy.

In the spring of 1921, through the agency of an American newspaper man, he discovered that a secret pact directed against him had been concluded between Tuchun Chen Shu-fan at Shensi, the province at his rear, and Chang Tso-lin of Mukden. He refused to submit to this threat, and, having made a public oath that this world was too small to hold both Chen and himself, began immediate operations against the Shensi Tuchun.

In the course of this action Wu dispatched to Shensi his subordinate, Brigade Commander Feng Yu-hsiang, popularly known as the "Christian general."

Feng is a man of the same ideals as Wu, and this demarcation of a distinct field of effort for Feng has ended the slight jealousy over popular idolism existing between them, and has united them in a common purpose.

Wu had no sooner established his influence in northwest China than the call came to him to take a hand in the Middle Yangtze situation. Hupeh, the most important province of central China and the one which contains the three "Wuhan" cities (Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang) situated at the confluence of the Yangtze and Han Rivers, had suffered for four years under the misrule of Tuchun Wang Chan-yuan, the most reactionary of the militarists. His rule was characterized by extortion, opium trading, and every form of official corruption. Although all the Chinese

armies were unpaid for months, Wang's soldiers had even greater arrears due them than others.

Driven to desperation, and encouraged by a disaffected populace, his soldiers had repeatedly mutinied. In three of these mutinies foreign interests suffered heavily. Some Japanese lives were lost, and Japanese, British, and American consular and commercial property was destroyed.

Chang Tso-lin, fearing for the prestige of militarism, decreed that Wang should stay. Hupeh local leaders, however, bribed the military of the neighboring province, Hunan, to undertake an offensive against him.

Sun Yat-sen, whose Commander Chen Chung-ming had just added the province of Kweichow to his recent conquest of Kwangtung, immediately sent agents to Hunan in an attempt to enlarge the affair into a general Southern invasion of the North. The whole country was thrown into apprehension. The U. S. S. Albany and other foreign cruisers and gunboats cleared for action and lay in the Yangtze off the foreign concessions. Every one was asking: "What will Wu, whose forces, lying half-way between Peking and Hankow, are the key to the situation, do?" At this critical moment and while Wu's troops were moving southward along the railway, not knowing which side they would support upon arrival in Hupeh, the writer visited General Wu, who had calmly remained in his Loyang headquarters.

"My foremost aim in regard to the Hunan-Hupeh situation," said General Wu Pei-fu to me, "is to prevent the interprovincial squabble from becoming a general war between the North and South. Aside from the resultant needless suffering which reoutbreak of strife of this nature would cause the Chinese people and the foreigners in our midst, no possible benefit therefrom could come to the nation. The ultimate reunion of

the provinces would be postponed rather than hastened thereby. Not force, but the convocation of a people's constitutional assembly, is the solution of the problem of reunification."

It was thus apparent that Wu Pei-fu was interested in wider issues than the suzerainty of the Wuhan region. When Wang Chan-yuan fled, and the advancing Hunanese (and Szechuanese, who also thought to capitalize the situation) were repulsed by Wu's merciless strategy (for, like all good generals, he is ruthless in war), Wu found himself in possession of China's richest section. But this did not, as politicians and militarists in the North hoped, satisfy and occupy him. Leaving Hupeh in the control of a henchman, Hsiao Yao-nan, he returned to Honan and resumed the training of a model army.

When I visited him there, General Wu assured me that he remained as enthusiastic regarding the convocation of the constitutional assembly as at the close of his campaign against the Anfu Government. "The country cannot be fought together," he said, using a forceful Chinese idiom. "This method has been tried in vain for eleven years, and promises no more success in the future than in the past. The only hope lies in talking it together."

Yet General Wu is not unaware of the necessity of a powerful armed force to guarantee freedom of action to the delegates who do the talking, as well as to the people in their selection. "My suggestion was ignored last summer," he said, "because at that time I lacked the military prestige to protect it from the attacks of selfish chieftains whose advantage lay in other directions." The Vice-Inspecting-General inferred that, if his plans did not miscarry, his military prestige would soon be sufficient to warrant his undertaking the guardianship of his constitutional scheme.

"But what about the inevitable opposition from Manchuria?" I questioned. General Wu's face took on a wistful look. "Everything I have been for," he said, "Chang Tso-lin seems to have been against. Still," his face brightened, "Manchuria is not vital to the life of China proper. If Chang Tso-lin must have his little kingdom, the Chinese Republic can for the time being do without the territory of the Three Eastern Provinces. And there is no reason why the Three Eastern Provinces should any longer dictate to us of China proper regarding our political changes, or why our political aspirations should lie at the mercy of the Fengtien lord."

This policy clashed directly with the ambition of Chang Tso-lin, who, from his Manchurian seat, hoped to spread his dominion over the intramural provinces.

Wu Pei-fu is a man of one idea—of one scheme. It is founded upon the one bit of American history which he has studied carefully. That idea is the re-drafting of the Constitution and the reunion of the nation through a national



Photograph of himself presented by General Wu

GENERAL WU PEI-FU, CHINA'S GREATEST SOLDIER, WHO NEVERTHELESS BELIEVES IN "TALKING" RATHER THAN "FIGHTING" THE COUNTRY TOGETHER

General Wu, aside from being a commander and strategist, is a scholar, philosopher, and poet. But he is a poor politician

convention, such as that which sat at Philadelphia and created the American Nation in 1787. Wu Pei-fu is obsessed with the idea that a new national convention can produce as much improvement over the Nanking Provisional Constitution of 1911 as the Convention which created the United States and its constitution in 1787 produced over the Confederation of six years earlier.

With this ambition for his country has undoubtedly become mixed a personal ambition bred by conceptions in Wu's imagination as to the part he himself is to play in the new régime.

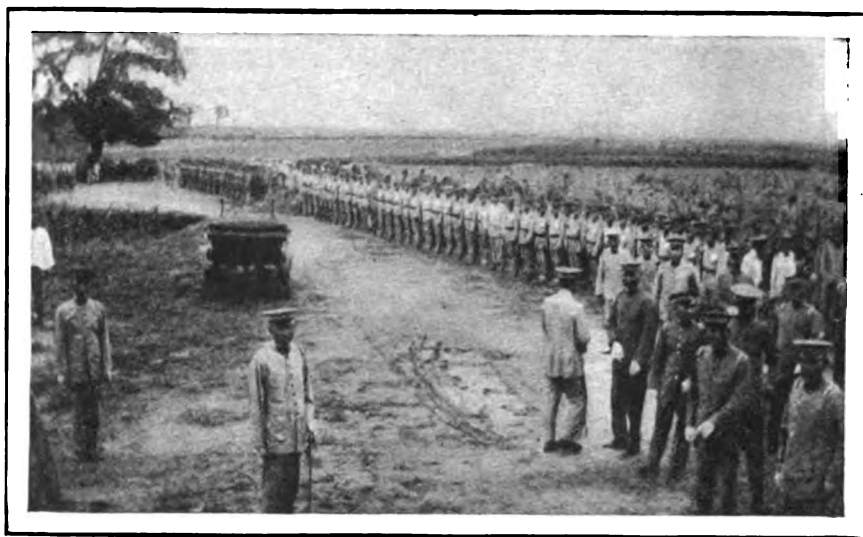
What comprise his motives and whether or not they lead in the direction of a constructive, or even definite, plan is of prime importance to the Chinese nation to-day, inasmuch as upon Wu now rests the burden of political action involving the territory south as well as north of the Yangtze.

Although a sympathetic understanding exists between Sun Yat-sen's military commander, General Chen Chung-ming, and Wu Pei-fu, it will be seen that for the time being the theories of Wu Pei-fu are in direct conflict with those of Dr. Sun. The Cantonese agitator's

fundamental doctrine is that the Chinese revolution has never been completed; that the overthrow of the men who are the heirs of the Manchu autocracy must, and can, be accomplished only by violence. Wu Pei-fu's position, on the other hand, is that violent methods cannot be decisive, and that the only hope is in a convocation of provincial leaders under the protection and, we might infer, spur of a benevolent military force.

History seems to be with Sun Yat-sen. China's frequent past periods of disruption have been brought to their close not by talking but by the ruthless military conquest of one individual or faction. At least according to the records. But, knowing Chinese traits, we are prone to suspect that there was much compromise and palaver mixed with the fighting.

In comparing the present with past periods of disruption we find also many new elements affecting the situation. It has often been said that the foreign settlements and Legations, providing oases for political refugees, are the greatest obstacle in the way of political stability. Foreign interests in China refuse to undergo the loss occasioned by prolonged internecine strife. Again, there



Snap-shot by the author

A CRACK GUARD OF WU PEI-FU'S TROOPS SEEING HIM OFF IN HIS FORD CAR

The General is proud of his men and specially requested that this photograph of them be taken

are no definite lines along which an issue can be fought out. Wu Pei-fu may just as truly claim to be the exponent of progressivism as Sun Yat-sen—yet the two may easily find themselves in armed conflict. As Wu Pei-fu sees it, there are too many chieftains and too many factions to allow of "fighting the revolution out to its finish." The only real issue upon which any chieftain or faction could push a pan-China campaign would be that of individual supremacy. And democracy in China, although still an infant in mind, is too strong in body to allow the career of the uncamouflaged conqueror to culminate. Yuan Shih-kai's failure is conclusive evidence of this.

Under such circumstances, Wu Pei-fu is justified in his statement that the prospect of fighting China into unity is not hopeful. His trustfulness in palaver may appear ingenuous, but let him be given credit for maintaining some degree of faith in his country's political future. There are too many Chinese who, when they turn occasional attention from private ambition to their nation's predicament, are prone to shake their heads in utter helplessness, and, let it also be said, unhelpfulness.

General Wu, although uttering no word which might be interpreted as treason against Peking, has shown a true conception of the inconsequence of Peking in the life of the people of the provinces. If his suggestions of last year remain unchanged, his constitutional assembly would invite the recognition of the present *de facto* Government at Peking, but would not be discouraged by refusal. It would take upon itself the liberty of reshaping the entire administration of the nation, from the Constitution to the seat of Government. All present arrangements and precedents would simply be swept aside. Wu realizes that he would require a tremen-

dous military prestige to enforce the decisions of such a conference. If his own views and the decisions of the assembly should coincide, the results might be really democratic in trend. If the assembly could agree, as the writer fears, only under coercion from him, the resultant Government would be a camouflaged military dictatorship. This is, indeed, the form of government which those familiar with inland China consider the most practical. That it would be far superior in progressivism and benevolence to the score of dictatorships existing in China to-day is undoubted. The danger is that it would contain within itself the seeds of re-disunion.

Strangely enough, the national assembly has been a favorite idea of Dr. Sun. Some discouraging experiences have, however, inclined the pioneer of republican ideas to rely upon the imposition of new ideas through military force. Paradoxically, Wu Pei-fu, a man of purely military antecedents, concludes that nothing decisive can be accomplished by military force, and turns with hope to the Chinese aptitude for discussion and compromise. In the opinion of the writer, Wu's hope comes to this: If a group of men who can dominate their respective provinces can be brought together and protected in the course of their discussion from outside threat and in a measure from bribe, they should be able to determine the lines of some sort of interprovincial confederacy taking the place of a central government, and intrust to their powerful patron their execution and perpetuation.

The first requisite of a unified and peaceful China under this scheme must be the absolute prohibition of interprovincial alliance outside of the confederation and the abolition of nationally supported provincial armies. Wu Pei-fu

has set the precedent for the immediate squelching of interprovincial strife.

The plan, following the precedent of the selection of provincial delegates, would allow a great deal of freedom within the provinces themselves. The important thing is to get a hold upon those factors which can dominate in their respective provinces, whether for the time being they be democratic or not. If the dominating factor in a particular province be military, it must be accepted as the representative of that province in the confederation, being at the same time well curbed within the lines of its own province. When capitalistic or democratic elements within the province become able to overawe the military, they should succeed to the national representation. The fact that military power is curbed within provincial lines will militate against its downfall. There is hardly a Tuchun to-day who holds his position without the aid of outside-province troops. Again, a military chief dependent for revenues upon his own province will become gradually subservient to the powerful guilds and growing financial interests.

General Wu realizes that he is working against time—that outside nations whose industries demand China's natural resources will not indefinitely let China alone to work out her own salvation.

"Is the idea of foreign intervention virile?" he asked.

"It is dormant, but will not remain so if China continues to disappoint the world," I replied.

"Then we must hasten," the little General concluded.

That Wu Pei-fu will prove a positive factor in the establishment of stable and popular government in China is open to doubt. Although unquestionably the greatest soldier which his country has produced in modern times, he has little political and diplomatic ability.

It is of course well-nigh impossible for a leader in China to do anything for his country, and this is one reason why salvation must come through a general leavening of the people rather than through leadership. The Chinese people, possibly in part as a result of some thousands of years of disappointing experience, but more because of their intense individualism, do not want leadership. Nothing has been more evident in the past ten years of chaos in China than the tendency of the crowd to combine to lop off any head which gets itself above the others. Not only do the tactics of the rising figure's political enemies force him into the traditional paths of Tuchunism, but the very attitude of the common people, who psychologically mistrust any lord of the ascendant and regard power as synonymous with corruptness, bears in the same direction. After all, the Tuchun is the product of his people.

Note.—In a future issue we shall print a brief sketch of Wu Pei-fu's personality, by Upton Close

PLATINUM: ONE OF THE "NOBLEST OF METALS"

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

FOR centuries gold has stood for value. From the beginnings of history to the present time, with the exception of food, the glittering yellow metal has been more sought after than any commodity in the entire category of human desire. Wars have been fought for its possession; innumerable lives have been lost in its pursuit; honor has been sacrificed for it; and the lure is still as compelling as in the days of Solomon, Pizarro, or Bret Harte.

But platinum is worth more than five times as much as gold, although Solomon, Pizarro, and the California Forty-niners and Klondike-rushers knew it not. Indeed, nobody knew it, for its value was negligible until modern metallurgy and chemistry discovered its usefulness in the arts, till the war demonstrated it to be indispensable in the manufacture of modern munitions, and until fashion set its stamp of approval on this metal in competition with gold as a perfect setting for precious stones.

In the young days of the New World gold-crazed Spaniards, gold-crazed Portuguese, Hollanders, and Englishmen embarked on expedition after expedition in search of the "Golden One." Their heroism and hardihood almost beggars description. Tradition had it that, deep in the Andean mountains, was the "Golden City"—the seat of the opulent Peruvian Government of the Incas. Fantastic and romantic stories fanned the flame of the imaginative mind of the gold-crazed men who were ready and willing to believe anything of the incredible gold hoard of the famous mythical city—this El Dorado.

Although the "Golden City" was never found, the Spaniards obtained much gold, and they found platinum also. Not knowing what else to do with the latter,

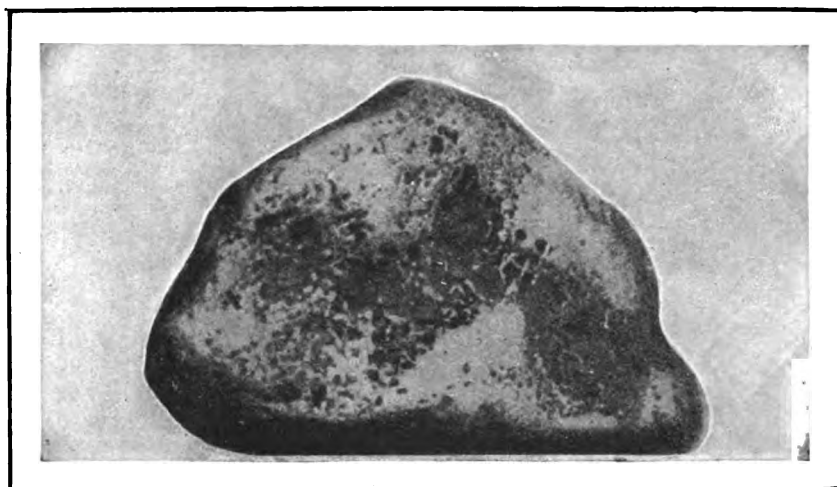
they threw it away, calling it a nuisance. For centuries natives and aliens who have washed out the sands of the Atrato, the San Juan, and other Colombian and Peruvian rivers for gold have thrown back the platinum as worthless. They, too, called it a nuisance.

The modern picture thrown upon the screen shows bands of explorers in the valleys and beds of the same rivers where once the Spaniards sought in vain for the source of all gold; but they are searching for platinum now, and the gold which is always found in connection with its associate is of secondary consequence. Other remote parts of the earth also are being intensively searched for platinum—Alaska; the beds of the

rivers flowing into the Pacific in Oregon and northern California; in Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Tasmania, New South Wales, and Canada. But the laborious placer pan-washing methods of olden days have been supplanted and the precious metal is now mined by big steel dredges with immense buckets that scoop up the bottoms of the rivers known to contain platinum—virgin platinum nuggets that have been swept down from the "mother lode" that is "somewhere" up in the mountains. Unlike the case of gold, however, no "mother lode" of platinum has yet been found and worked.

What is it that started these big dredges at work digging up the bottoms of the Colombian and other rivers for platinum? It is this. The world's supply is threatened. Russia, up to the beginning of the war, furnished ninety-five per cent of it from deposits in the beds of the rivers flowing down from the Ural Mountains. The war and the anarchy which followed closed this source of supply. Colombia came next as a producer of platinum, and big speculation turned its attention to this premier source.

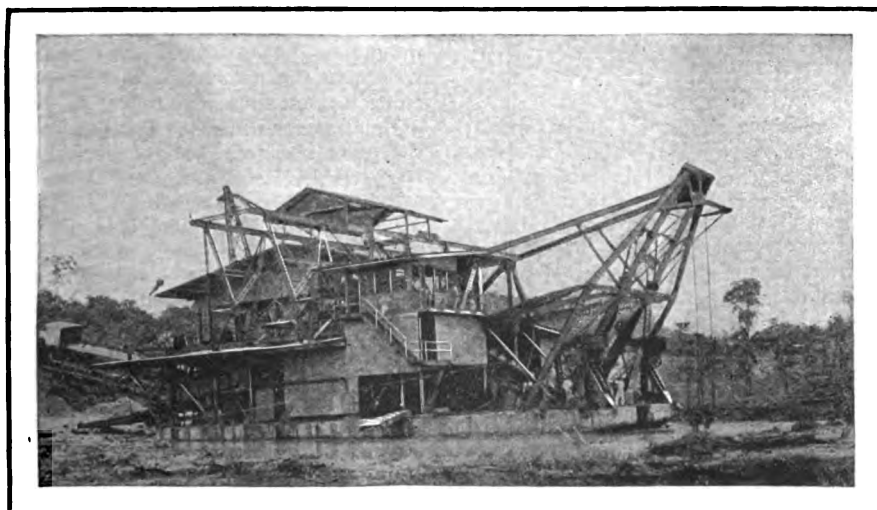
A short generation has seen platinum emerge from the neglected class of metals of lesser value into the lime-light of prominence. One of the two "noblest of metals" it is now called by Dr. George F. Kunz, of Tiffany's, who is an authority on the subject. It has supplanted its consort, gold, on the throne of popularity in some respects because of its high intrinsic value as a metal. Gold, however, for the mere reason of its being the money standard of the



Courtesy of Sr. Arcesio Penagos, of Buenaventura, Colombia

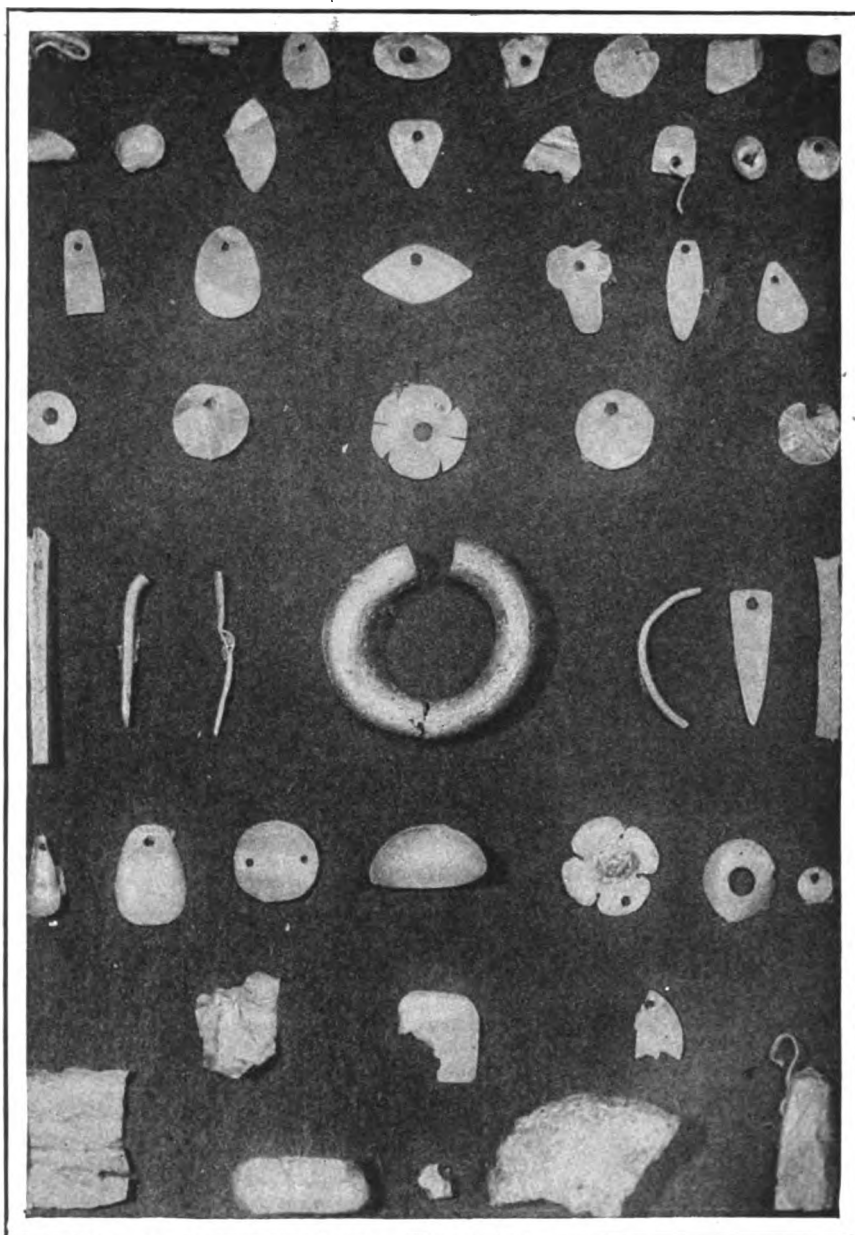
PLATINUM NUGGET FOUND IN THE CHOCO DISTRICT, COLOMBIA

Natural size of the nugget; one of the largest ever found on this side of the Atlantic. It weighs about one and three-quarter pounds and is worth at to-day's prices about \$1,890. A similar nugget weighing slightly more was stolen from the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1913, where it was on exhibition. It was never recovered and has probably been melted down and sold. The world's largest platinum nugget was found in the Ural Mountains and is said to have weighed eighteen pounds



Courtesy of South American Gold and Platinum Company

A STEEL DREDGE OF 1,000,000 YARDS CAPACITY USED IN EXCAVATING SOIL FROM RIVER BEDS TO OBTAIN PLATINUM



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

PREHISTORIC ORNAMENTS OF PLATINUM AND GOLD

These were found in graves of the aboriginal Indian inhabitants of the island La Tolita, at the mouth of the Santiago River, Ecuador. In most cases a layer of platinum, cut to correspond with a similar one of gold, has been hammered onto the latter, so that one side of the ornament is of gold, the other side platinum

world will continue to dispute the aspirations of its new rival, and will do so successfully so long as gold and money are inseparably associated.

A hundred years ago platinum was worth but half the present price of silver. By the beginning of the present century the price had advanced by very slow degrees to \$14 an ounce, and it is within the last decade that it has reached the level of its associate, gold, in price—\$20.67 an ounce. Since that time, however, its price advance has been spectacular, mounting as high as \$170 an ounce during the war. At the present time it is worth about \$115.

The uses of platinum are innumerable. It is valuable in making sulphuric acid and is an essential in the manufacture

of explosives—indeed, modern warfare would be impossible without a certain amount of this metal in making guns, nitrogen, pyrometers, and other war material. This is why Uncle Sam found it necessary to call upon his patriotic citizens during the war to turn in their platinum jewelry and other ornaments—a call to which enthusiastic response was made. Lightning-rod tips are made of platinum, and for the coloring of pottery and in the manufacture of certain photographic papers and for the preservation of standards of measurements it is the only metal usable and reliable. In the archives of France there is a carefully guarded standard meter preserved in a bar of platinum. A meter is just one-ten-millionth part of the earth's

quadrant measured at the equator, and its determination was made with the greatest of care by Don Antonio de Ulloa in Ecuador early in the eighteenth century. The meter, according to this standard, is that universally adopted. It matters not, so the story goes, that it has long since been found out that Señor de Ulloa made a mistake in his calculations—his meter stands, just the same.

Platinum may be made into the hardest or the most ductile of metals. Combined with ten or twenty per cent of iridium it is the hardest. It is said that one cubic inch of platinum can be drawn to such fineness that a single web of the wire would extend twice around the earth! Platinum is one of the heaviest things in nature, being passed only by iridium, with which that metal is always associated, and by tungsten and molybdenum. Associated with platinum are nearly always found palladium, rhodium, and ruthenium, all precious metals, although the volume of platinum always predominates.

Platinum jewelry began to make its appearance about twenty-five or thirty years ago, when it was discovered that the color and luster of a diamond were materially improved when set in this white metal. As such settings grew in popular favor and as jewelers and refiners learned the art of handling platinum and of hardening it by an alloy of iridium, its use began to spread into the broader field of jewelry of all kinds and designs and into the manufacture of small ornaments and trinkets.

Platinum jewelry carries on its face a guaranty of genuineness and that it has been hand-wrought in that it cannot readily be cast, like gold. This gives it a mark of distinction, and there is no known metal which imparts the appearance of quality as well as platinum. It carries the stamp of "class" on its face. Platinum jewelry will retain its chaste and virgin look indefinitely and it does not oxidize or discolor, like gold, which will tarnish in time. With the proper admixture of iridium platinum forms a metal of such intense hardness and toughness that gossamer webs, scarcely visible to the naked eye, can be drawn from it and subjected to rough usage without serious injury. For this reason the most intricate designs may be carried out in jewelry by the use of an astonishingly small amount of platinum, which fact largely overcomes its high cost per weight.

The statement has frequently been made that the use of platinum in jewelry is a fad—a fad because it is high in price—and it has been pointed out that so long as it was cheap the *beau monde* had little use for it. This statement is vehemently denied by most jewelers. Almost with one voice they declare that the platinum fashion is here on its merits and not because the metal is rare or expensive, strongly asserting that it will stay and increase in popularity. One jeweler was heard to

say when discussing the relative merits of the two "noble" metals: "Recall the parade of nurses in their spotless white gowns and hats as they marched down Fifth Avenue when the war was on; then visualize, if you can, the effect had all these women been gowned and hatted in yellow, and you will have the difference between platinum and gold."

Among other uses to which platinum has been put in the past, it has served as a basis for money. It has also figured conspicuously as a base for counterfeit gold coins of various denominations and values in many lands. This was at times when the price was below that of the yellow metal. Some of these counterfeit coins are still extant in museums. A hundred years ago rubles of platinum were coined and circulated in Russia, but when the intrinsic worth of the metal in the ruble became more valuable than the face value of the coin itself these pieces were gradually retired to the melting-pot.

In view of the varied uses to which platinum now lends itself, it is to be

wondered at that the chemists and metallurgists of Europe were so slow in appreciating its value, for it was not until the eighteenth century that it seems to have attracted any attention. This was when de Ulloa visited what is now Colombia. Ages ago, so the archaeologists tell us, the aborigines of South America—the Incas and their predecessors—worked the metal into ornaments for their priests and kings. In the Museum of Natural History in New York there is a collection of platinum jewels and ornaments taken from tombs in Ecuador supposed to be not less than two thousand years old. But the art of working the metal was lost and not rediscovered till three hundred years after Pizarro's time, and another hundred years elapsed before it was recognized as having unusual qualities, and not until the World War descended upon us did scientists become fully acquainted with it.

What is the future of this remarkable metal? Nobody has any exact knowledge of what is going on inside the do-

main of Lenin and Trotsky. There may, and there may not, be large quantities of platinum stored in that country awaiting a favorable opportunity to strengthen its position with the outside world by using it as a trading base; indeed, it has been recently stated on a semblance of authority that Soviet Russia is about to begin again the coinage of platinum rubles and to adopt that metal as its money standard. The fact remains, however, that the world produces to-day but about twenty per cent of the platinum of pre-war times, and it is pointed out that under the best of conditions Russia cannot again enter the field in a large way for several years—indeed, it was well known even before the war that the existing Ural deposits were becoming depleted.

So long as fashion demands platinum and until some adequate substitute is discovered for its use in the arts a supply must be found "somewhere," and the situation clearly points to Colombia—known before the war to be the second largest producer, now the largest.

THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY

BY GILBERT H. GILBERT

THE wealth of the Indies was the objective of Columbus and the early explorers in their search for a westward passage to the Orient.

The Portuguese navigator Antonio Galvao in 1550, in the belief that no channelway existed between the Atlantic and Pacific, recommended that an isthmian canal be built—the precursor of the present Panama Canal.

Hernando de Soto in 1541, or possibly de Pineda in 1519, discovered the Mississippi; Jacques Cartier in 1534 discovered the St. Lawrence, and reported to his master, Francis I, "It is the greatest river that ever has been."

These two great rivers have their sources close to each other near the head of Lake Superior. The Mississippi flows southward through the Great Plains and empties into the Gulf of Mexico; the St. Lawrence, the broadest and deepest river on the continent, flows from its source by way of the Great Lakes, down the valley of the St. Lawrence in a volume of a quarter million cubic feet each second, to the northern Atlantic, a distance of more than two thousand miles.

The Rocky Mountains to the west, the Laurentians to the north, and the Appalachian ranges from Alabama curving north and eastward to Nova Scotia, form the sides of a great trough which runs from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence by way of the Great Plains, the Great Lakes, and the St. Lawrence Valley.

Robert Cavellier de La Salle, in quest of a passage to China in 1669, voyaged

180 miles from Montreal up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, thence across the lakes to the foot of Lake Michigan, and southward by the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, thus establishing the connection between the discoveries of De Soto in the South with the discoveries of Père Marquette, Joliet, des Groseilliers, Radisson, and the other explorers in the North, whose names are still preserved in the nomenclature of the localities and waters about the Great Lakes.

The discovery and establishment of water routes from the ocean by way of the Mississippi and by the St. Lawrence with the rich midland areas about the Great Lakes brought with them a recognition that the potential natural wealth of the vast territory tributary to the lakes was far greater and more real than the fabled riches of El Dorado or the Great Khan. Trading posts were established at the site of Duluth in 1678 by the Sieur de Luht, at the site of Detroit in 1701 by Cadillac, and throughout the region of the lakes and St. Lawrence by the contemporaries and successors of these pioneers.

To-day these regions are productive of greater wealth from manufactures, mines, and agriculture than any other region in the world.

The Panama Canal provides passage-way to the East for vessels of the largest type, but the vastly greater trade and commerce of the tributary areas of the lakes still remains landlocked to vessels of a size that could profitably engage in ocean carriage. The tonnage passing

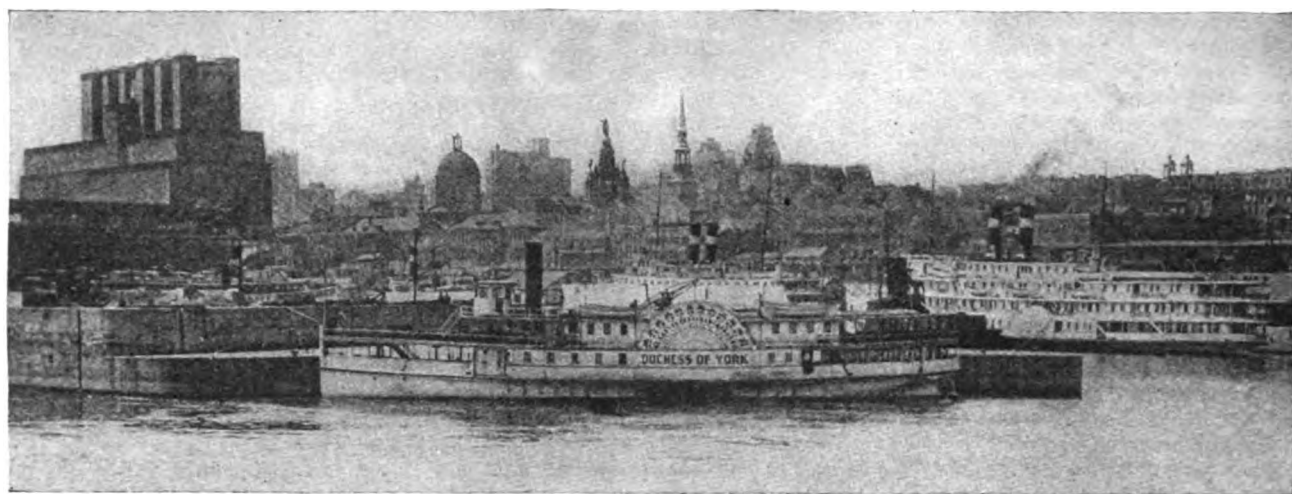
through the Panama Canal is not one-tenth of the volume of tonnage passing in and out of the ports of the lakes and the St. Lawrence.

Of the white population of this hemisphere more than one-half inhabit New England and the States and provinces that border on or are tributary to the Great Lakes or the St. Lawrence Valley. Two-thirds of the railway tonnage of North America is carried in this region. Iron, coal, and grain are the essential elements of the material predominance of a nation; eighty-five per cent of the iron, seventy per cent of the coal reserve, and seventy-five per cent of the grain are of the resources of this region, and copper, zinc, lead, timber, pork, and wool are of its main products.

The manufactures and distribution of the products of the United States have resulted in a commerce that excels the total international commerce of the rest of the world. The industries produced \$63,000,000,000 of wealth in 1920, three times that of 1910 and five times that of 1900. The Nation's business has outrun its transportation facilities; the transport of an ever-increasing volume of products must be provided for if development is to continue.

Transportation is a link in the chain of costs from producer to consumer. It is an economic maxim that "The total cost is the cost of production plus the cost of transportation."

Judge Gary stated, in commenting on the business of United States Steel for 1921: "Railroad transportation, on the basis of existing rate conditions, aver-



International

THE WATER-FRONT AT MONTREAL—"THERE WAS A GREATER VOLUME OF GRAIN SHIPPED OUT OF MONTREAL LAST SEASON THAN THE COMBINED GRAIN SHIPMENTS OUT OF ALL OTHER ATLANTIC PORTS"

ages, in the case of subsidiary companies, forty per cent of the cost of producing steel." If the average cost of transport on the Nation's business of \$63,000,000,000 in 1920 was forty per cent, the consumer would have paid more than \$25,000,000,000 for transportation.

The commerce tributary to the lakes, under existing conditions, is under the economic handicap of long hauls and great transportation costs when competing for foreign or seaboard trade. The geographical situation of the lakes in the midland of the continent, the great extent of shore-line adapted to ports of accumulation for the vast agricultural and industrial production, and the depth of water in the lakes are a combination of natural conditions conformable to the most efficient employment of large freight vessels, the most economical known means of transportation. The greatest economies can be realized in navigation on through freights—that is, where bulk is not broken from the port of loading to destination.

These conditions cannot be realized in the commerce of the Great Lakes until the deep-water way, the New Welland Canal, now being constructed by the Canadian Government between the upper lakes and Lake Ontario, is completed and the deep-water way down the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic is developed. This development in its simplest form consists in the deepening and widening of the six canals of the present St. Lawrence system. These canals are from one to fourteen miles in length; their combined length is less than forty-five miles.

The cost of ocean freights averages one-tenth of the cost of rail freights, or in the approximate proportion of one mill to one cent per ton mile.

The augmentation in the cost of transport where bulk is broken and cargo transferred between terminals is emphasized in the shipment of wheat from the lakes by way of the New York State Barge Canal to New York en route to

Liverpool; the figures are approximate percentages of the cost from Duluth to Liverpool:

	Distance, Miles.	Cost, Per cent.
Duluth to Buffalo ¹	1,000	18
Buffalo to New York ²	496	47
New York to Liverpool.....	3,107	35
	4,603	100

¹ In elevator. ² On barges.

It is estimated that half of the cost and about half of the time will be saved in shipping directly down the St. Lawrence to destination. The distance from the foot of lake navigation to Liverpool via the Barge Canal is 3,600 miles, by way of the St. Lawrence it is about 3,100 miles, or 500 miles less, or about the length of the canal system between New York and Buffalo.

In addition to the New York State Barge Canal there is the Canadian canal system down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The State Barge Canal is designed for twelve feet navigation; there is but ten feet available. The cost of this system was \$200,000,000. The Canadian system is fourteen feet deep in the 75 miles of canalization between Lake Erie and Montreal; the river reaches between the canals would average thirty feet in depth. The distance from the present foot of lake navigation to Montreal is 400 miles; with the opening of the New Welland Canal this distance will be reduced to 110 miles.

By reason of the shorter and cheaper haul down the St. Lawrence there was a greater volume of grain shipped out of Montreal last season than the combined grain shipments out of all other Atlantic ports.

The locks of the New Welland Canal, now being constructed and well advanced towards completion, are seven in number and capable of locking vessels of very much greater capacity than the present lake vessels of 15,000 tons over the difference of elevation of 330 feet between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario at Niagara Falls. When this canal

becomes operative, there will remain but 110 miles separating the deep-water navigation of the lakes from ocean navigation at Montreal. Within this distance there remains to be enlarged and deepened from fourteen feet to thirty feet but 45 miles of canal, a simple and straightforward process along lines familiar to engineers on the St. Lawrence for more than one generation. This undertaking, in its engineering features and in the volume of excavation, when compared to that of Panama, is a minor project. The average width of the Panama Canal is three times as great, and some of the cuts, as in excavating through the continental divide at Culebra, are more than 300 feet deep.

New York is about one thousand miles south of Central Europe, our main foreign market. The St. Lawrence River and Gulf are in the direction of the shortest possible sea lane to Central Europe.

The average rate of travel of an ocean or lake freighter is 250 miles a day. The average travel of a freight car is 30 miles a day. The average cost of ocean freights is but one-tenth of the charge for rail haul. The rates of freighting the bulk cargoes, for which lake vessels are especially designed, are less than seventy per cent of the cost of ocean carriage.

In modern water carriage size means cheapness, the transport of a given weight of cargo in a single vessel being cheaper than in two vessels of half the size. The concentration of carrying power affects economies in officers and crews, their wages, provisions, and accommodation space, and size makes for economy in ship-building. If two steamers of 2,500 tons each were to cost for both, say, \$500,000, one vessel of 6,000 tons could be built for that price, and for double of the cost of a 6,000-ton vessel a 14,000-ton to 15,000-ton vessel could be built.

It is the navigable depths of channels that is the controlling factor in the em-

ployment of the most economical and efficient vessels.

The market will always select the cheapest route for trade; the ports themselves are but the points of collection and distribution of the markets or industrial centers, and their position is determined by this economic relation.¹

There are but two States having ports on the lakes and on the Atlantic: New York, though not a great producer of raw materials, is the greatest manufacturing State in the Union; and Pennsylvania, the second in volume of manufactures, whose main industry is the conversion of the iron ore of Lake Superior into steel, made commercially practicable by the economies of water carriage. Montreal is the head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence and is the Canadian metropolis.

New York is the greatest port in America, and is the port of distribution for more than half of the sea-borne commerce of the United States; Montreal is the second port in America. These two ports are the main points for the collection and distribution abroad of the products from the region of the Great Lakes.

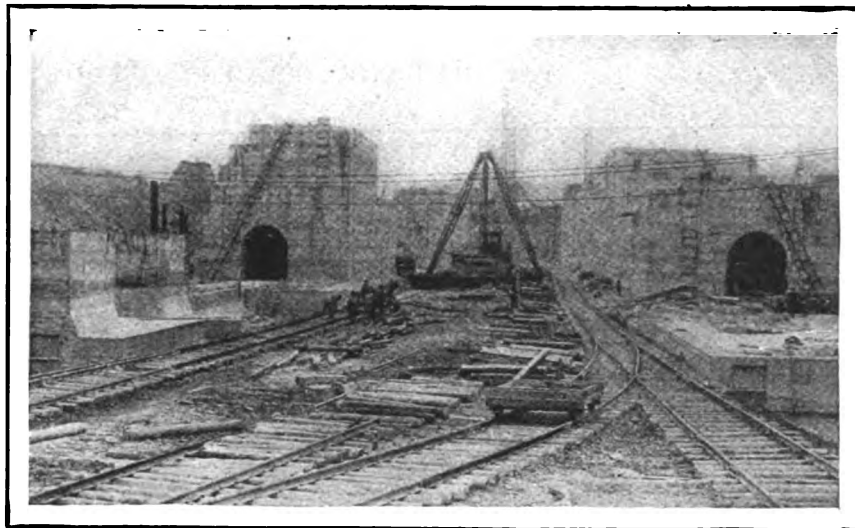
In the fall of 1919 the Canadian Government accepted the invitation of the United States Government to undertake a joint investigation of the improvement of the St. Lawrence River with a view to the development of a channel way that would afford through passage-way for ocean-going vessels from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes. An international joint commission was formed and engineers appointed to investigate and to formulate plans and estimate the cost of an international development of the St. Lawrence. The plans and estimates have been made.

Two hundred and seventy million dollars is the estimated cost of a thirty-foot channel way from Lake Ontario to ocean navigation at Montreal, a distance of 182 miles, and the development of 1,500,000 hydroelectric horse-power at the Longue Saulte Rapids.

From the head of the Galops, the first rapid on the St. Lawrence, to Montreal is about 110 miles; the proposed works are virtually all within this distance.

The general scheme is, starting from Montreal and going up the river, to deepen the present Lachine Canal with some variation from the present line. This canal is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and passes the forty-five feet of drop in the Lachine Rapids.

From the head of these rapids Lake St. Louis runs eighteen miles to the entrance of the Soulanges Canal. This canal passes in the fourteen miles of its length the Cascades, Cedars, Split Rock, and Coteau Rapids; the difference in elevation over this series of rapids is 84 feet, and it has the greatest potential horse-power on the river. It is proposed to build an entirely new canal past these rapids.



International

CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE NEW WELLAND CANAL

Lake St. Francis runs from the head of these rapids to the foot of the Cornwall Canal, a distance of 30 miles.

The Cornwall Canal is 11 miles long and passes the 48 feet of drop in the Longue Saulte. It is proposed to develop about 1,500,000 horse-power through the construction of great dams at and above these rapids. These dams will back the water of the river up for about twenty miles to the Rapide Plat, where it is proposed to build another series of great dams, to back the river up above it to about the level of Lake Ontario, and to serve as regulating works to govern the level of that lake.

The impression in the public mind is that this international power and navigation development will flood out all the rapids of the river and leave great placid pools between the dams. This is far from the conditions that will obtain.

The main rapids of the St. Lawrence are the Lachine, the Coteau-Cascade series, and the Longue Saulte; the proposed development will not lessen the turbulence of these rapids or shorten the length of canals required, about 34 miles, to carry navigation past these rapids. The effect will be to drown out the two minor rapids, the Rapide Plat and the Galops, and the canals around them and to develop 1,500,000 horse-power.

If the present canals were deepened to 30 feet and no dams built or power developed, the cost would probably be less than half of that of the more elaborate scheme with its great structures and the great cost of their installation.

The urgent need is a means of transporting the great volume of Western products to the markets of the world and the substitution of the economies of water carriage for the tenfold cost of transportation by rail.

The development of water power is not an urgent need in Canada. There is more water power available on the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and from the runoff of the Laurentians than there are

industries to use it; the population is less than ten per cent of the population of the United States.

In connection with the negotiation relative to a treaty governing the international aspect of the proposed deep-water way and power development, the Canadian Government, in response to a communication from the Secretary of State, replied: "It would not appear to be expedient to deal with the matter at the present time."

The proponents of the project state that the present high cost of transportation of Western products is an avoidable and unnecessary tax and bounty exacted from the producer.

The opponents of the project state that the whole scheme is chimerical and impracticable by reason of the short season of navigation, ice in the Gulf, and fog, and that the cost will run into prohibitive figures; and they also put forward other deep-water way projects that will maintain commerce in its present channels.

The climatic conditions obtaining on the lower St. Lawrence are not more severe than the conditions about Lake Superior, where over 100,000,000 tons are passed through the Saulte Ste. Marie Canal each season; when the St. Lawrence deep-water way is developed, there will not be a more restricted or difficult section for navigation on the route than the present passageway between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. Any climatic restrictions that would apply to the proposed deep-water way apply with equal force to the present conditions on the lakes and to the barge canals and to the port of Montreal—the second port in America in volume of tonnage.

It is to be expected that those ports or States whose present commerce and trade may be deranged or diverted by the proposed trade route will be strenuously opposed to the project, and the seemingly great economic advantages that will accrue to the country as a whole should be weighed against these disadvantages.

¹ The foregoing data on shipping are from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

SPORT IN A STRICKEN LAND

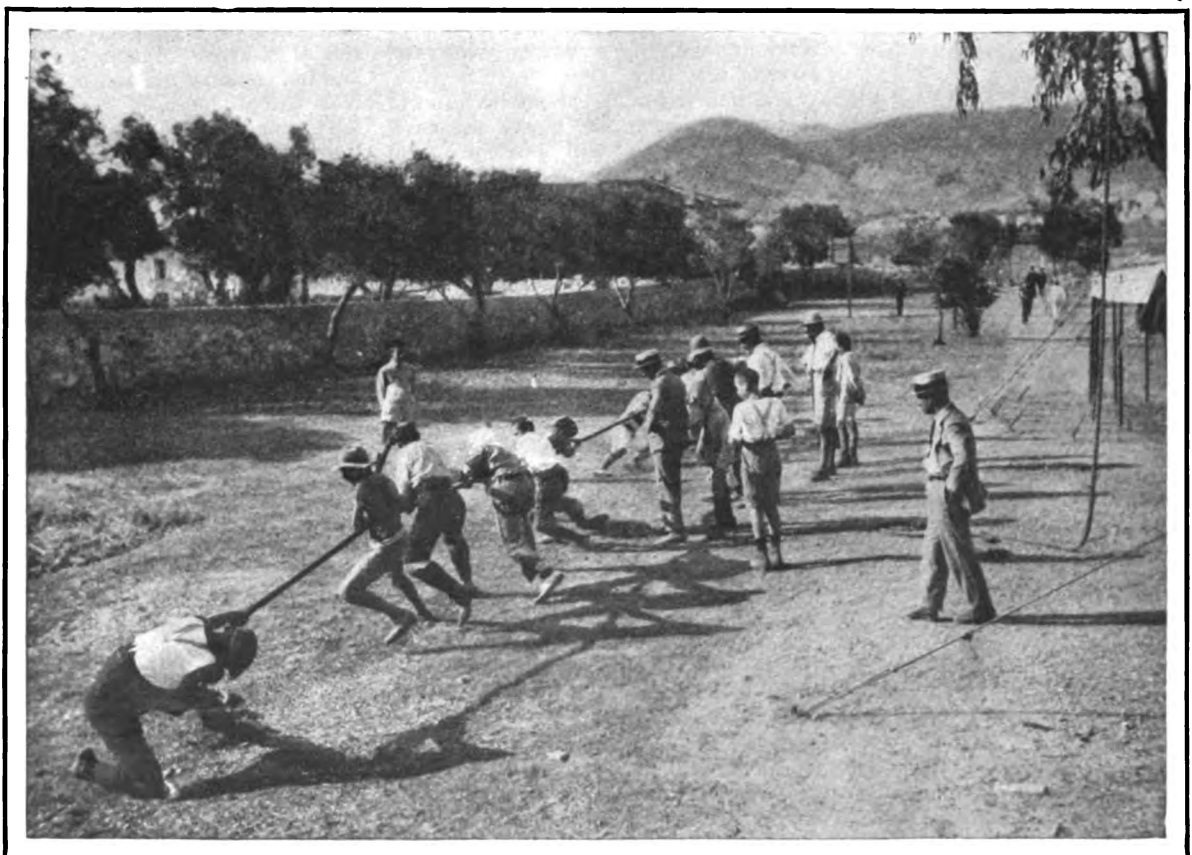
PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Y. M. C. A. Photo.

**CHRYSOSTUM,
GREEK
ORTHODOX
METROPOLITAN
AT SMYRNA,
REPORTED
MURDERED
BY THE
TURKS**

The picture shows the Metropolitan on a recent visit to the American Y. M. C. A. Camp for Boys, near Smyrna. The figure at the right is that of Edward M. Fisher, of Reading, Pennsylvania, physical director of the Smyrna Y. M. C. A.



Y. M. C. A. Photo.

CAMP PHOCIA, AMERICAN Y. M. C. A. CAMP NEAR SMYRNA

The photograph shows the camp during the summer of 1922

THE BOOK TABLE

AMONG THE NEW NOVELS

BABBITT¹ is the reverse of "Main Street;" it packs into the personality of one ordinary citizen the banality, vulgarized energy, and ambition to be a hustler and a good fellow, of a whole class, while "Main Street" took what was alleged to be (but wasn't) a typical town and diffused all over it the meanness and crassness at which the author chose to direct his arrows of irony. Thus "Georgie" Babbitt is the book; the other people are merely what actors call "feeders" to Babbitt. This is why Mr. Lewis's new story will puzzle and disappoint one large class of novel readers—those who demand situation, construction, suspense, culmination, and all the effect of drama. If, however, such readers will lay aside that perhaps Victorian attitude, they will find that Babbitt is in himself an epitome of one kind of American life; he bristles with actuality; he holds the stage of one's attention as closely as Lulu Bett did in Miss Gale's story—to compare as opposite characters as there could be.

Babbitt's literary portrait is a piece of meticulous exactness; the technical skill with which his creator avoids the temptation of making a mere type of him is a triumph. So, too, is the cleverness that endows Babbitt with a recurrent, only semi-conscious, longing for romance and idealism, in his breaking away from his campaigns of "pep" and hurrah to go fishing with his stupid and gloomy friend, or now and then to revolt for a time against the crooked business and politics which usually seem to him just what every "regular guy" does.

Fortunately for the reader, who might otherwise tire of the minute realism of the description of Babbitt's daily acts from the time he throws away his safety-razor blades to his last drink at night, Georgie is a bubbling joy of slang, and his quick, bumptious talk is amusing; whether one laughs at him or with him doesn't much matter. He is vain, uncultured (though a college graduate), a pusher and a boomer and a jollier. He echoes all the slogans, repeats the dubious stories, "orates" at club dinners, takes for granted that whatever is the business practice must be right, gets his politics and convictions at second hand, and is a successful church booster despite bad breaks in his personal morality. In short, he is an amusing scamp, but he is not a villain; he is not meant as a type, yet his vulgarisms and delinquencies are typical of a pretty large number of men who would be terribly outraged if they were to be told that they were not valuable citizens and go-ahead, progressive American business men. Irony is sometimes good for the soul, for it strikes deeper than moraliz-

ing. But the weakness of unrelieved irony is that it borders on cynicism; there are plenty of Babbitts about; but, thanks be, there are also plenty of non-Babbitts.

Eight years ago, in reviewing Mr. Lewis's "Our Mr. Wrenn," I spoke of it as a first story that aroused great



WILLA CATHER

expectation. The author has certainly gone far since then. The young shoe drummer there depicted was less real but more joyous than Georgie Babbitt; perhaps a little mixture of his gay efficiency and personal cleanness and honor might have made Babbitt something better than the man now so sardonically depicted with faultless realism.

In quite a different way Miss Willa Cather's "One of Ours"² is also centered on one person, Claude, the fine and lovable though not very articulate farm lad of Nebraska. As Dorothy Canfield puts it in a review of Miss Cather's admirable book, it "is the whole purpose of the novel to make us see and feel and understand Claude and passionately long to open the doors to his living brothers all around us, imprisoned and baffled like Claude in a bare, neutral, machine-ridden world."

The tone of the story is sympathetic rather than sarcastic, and the subsidiary characters are carefully built up, not merely sketched in. Moreover, we have here, as always in Miss Cather's novels, the atmosphere and charm of outdoor life, realism touched with deep feeling for nature as well as man. Claude is unsatisfied rather than dissatisfied; his natural tendency toward expansion on the side of thoughtful

idealism is hemmed in by his surroundings, by sordid necessities of heavy toil, by a facile and selfish brother, a jocose materialistic father, and finally a narrow, cold, and undomestic wife who insists on going to China to help the missionaries rather than care for home and husband.

The novel is, so to speak, broken apart in the middle by that which broke apart so many things—the World War. It is disappointing that Claude's problems, so well set forth, should not be worked out to any conclusion. The war scenes are vivid; Claude's experiences are in some respects singular and evidently based on authentic war knowledge, and the inevitable tragic end is moving. The two parts of the book are painfully disjointed; as Mr. Lewis has written of this book, Miss Cather might as well, so far as working out its theme is concerned, have pushed Claude down a well as have sent him to war.

There is a clear note of sincerity in all of Miss Cather's writing. "My Antonia" remains her best book, but "One of Ours" is in impressionistic effect far above the average novel.

Mr. Poole's "Millions"³ is in one sense slight, for it is brief, involves few characters, and is centered on one situation. But its very simplicity is its strength. The theme interests one singularly, because it is that of a test of human nature—whether a woman's honor and conscience will give way to the temptation of self-interest disguised as morality. Madge, half-sister of a man reputed to be a millionaire, is summoned to what may probably be his death-bed. He has neglected her and allowed her to fight her own way, yet she knows that he has made a will in her favor. The brother is unconscious for days; other relatives cluster around, but the sister is legally and morally responsible; an actress appears who has been the brother's mistress and thrusts herself into the foreground; the relatives fear she may grasp the millions at the last minute. The brother comes to himself and demands to see the actress. To thwart him may be to kill him. What shall the sister do? In the end she does what her sense of honor and right dictate: she refuses to shift the responsibility to uncle, aunt, and cousin, who would be shocked to admit to themselves that they at heart hope that the man will die. It would be unfair to tell just how the problem is settled; the result is the growth in this woman under severe trial of firm character, power of decision, and resolve to do what is just and right despite consequences. Madge emerges twice the woman she was, and we know that she will now grapple wisely with life's problem, millions or no millions. Intensely the corroding influence of tant wealth on average people

¹ Babbitt. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.

² One of Ours. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.

³ Millions. By Ernest Poole. T. Company, New York. \$1.75.

respectability is subtly shown. Problems aside, the book has reality and tensility.

Mr. Locke's large circle of admirers will miss in his "Tale of Triona" the whimsicality and humor of "Septimus" and "The Beloved Vagabond;" on the other hand, they will find a note of reality and emotion in the narrative of the plight of John Briggs, a man of lowly origin but imaginative genius, who blossoms into literary fame as Alexis Triona, and neglects to state that much of his raw material came from a notebook he found on a dead man's body. When he falls in love and marries, one he forces another, and when the explosion comes the horror of his bride is not so much at the original fault as at the edifice of falsehood built to sustain

⁴The Tale of Triona. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

it. Mr. Locke is at his best in dealing with the incidents of this moral catastrophe; he is not at his best in the early chapters portraying fashionable and gay life in London. The love story is exceptionally fine and pleasing, and the reader suffers poignantly and sincerely with Triona in his reverses. This is one of the novels one is perfectly willing should end happily.

Finally, if you want to laugh irresponsibly, hilariously, and uncritically, read Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "The Green Overcoat."⁵ It has the probably unique honor of being illustrated by G. K. Chesterton, who enters into the author's vein with zest. The book is sheer comicality, but with an undercurrent of humorous satire.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

⁵The Green Overcoat. By Hilaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$1.75.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A JOURNALIST: LATER ENTRIES (THE). By Sir Henry Lucy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.

This covers the period from 1890 to 1910. Sir Henry's knowledge of English society, politics, and journalism is extensive. He gives us here a welcome addition to the Diary published years ago. There are numerous anecdotes about people of note and laughable stories gleaned from various sources.

WORLD WORTH WHILE (A). By W. A. Rogers. Illustrations. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. \$3.

A delightful book of reminiscences about cartoonists by one of them. It tells not only of cartoonists but of their victims—or shall we rather say their subjects? Most of the cartoonists have a saving grace of humor which is often appreciated by those they caricature—as, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt, who is described in this book as getting no end of amusement out of the pictures that represented him as a bad boy. Mr. Rogers's agreeable text is accompanied by a number of reproductions of his cartoons.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

DEFINITIONS. By H. S. Canby. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.

Professor Canby always writes with clarity. These collected papers deal with recent literary discussion and the modern trend of criticism. What makes a book popular? What makes it a work of art? What novels do survive and what should survive? Light on such questions is found in these pages. The views put forth are tolerant as well as acute.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ADVENTURES IN BOLIVIA. By C. H. Progers. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Few readers will leave the pages of this well-printed book uncut. It tells in simple language the story of an adventurous Englishman's trip to hostile Indians in the hinterland of Bolivia to duce them to sell their rubber. He went unarmed and won their friendship

through his tact and address, making to an assembly of warriors a two-hour speech that saved his life and won them over to his projects. Simple color sketches by the author accompany the text.

LAND OF THE MIAMIS. By Elmore Barce. The Benton Review Shop, Fowler, Indiana.

This is a painstaking attempt to tell the story of the winning of the "Old Northwest" from the Indians. The mass of disconnected material that comprises the sources of the history of our relations with the Indian tribes led by Tecumseh and other less well known chieftains has been carefully worked over by the author, and a comprehensive and significant résumé is the result.

OUT OF THE WORLD NORTH OF NIGERIA. By Angus Buchanan, M.C. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.

The author tells of a journey of fourteen hundred miles on camel-back through a practically unknown region of the Western Sudan. He discovered many new species and subspecies of birds and small animals, and proves himself a good story-teller as well as an experienced naturalist.

UP AGAINST IT IN NIGERIA. By Langa-Langa. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

A lively and entertaining account of adventures in Africa and in getting there from England, including the author's narrow escape from death when his ship was torpedoed by the Huns. Conversational and informal to a degree, the narrative by its *naïveté* and humor justifies the plentiful use of the personal pronoun.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FROM HARRISON TO HARDING. By Arthur Wallace Dunn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$7.50.

This work aims at presenting a political history of the period from Harrison to Harding, but its chief interest lies in its innumerable anecdotes of public men, with many of whom the author became personally acquainted during his long service as a Washington newspaper correspondent. It gives a "behind the

scenes" view of public life which is extremely entertaining, though many of the stories make the reader feel that the author is "telling tales out of school," and some of them will rightly give offense in certain quarters. While bearing some of the marks of the hurried writing inevitable in the habits of the daily newspaper correspondent, the volumes are decidedly interesting and will attract a host of readers.

SCIENCE

BOOK OF THE SKY (THE). By M. Luckiesh. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Not a book about astronomy, as the reader might at first suppose, but one that deals with the sky as seen by the airman. It discusses the phenomena of clouds, winds, and weather in a spirit that is at once poetic and scientific. In the author's description of airplane voyages through the clouds an attractive literary quality is thus skillfully combined with accurate knowledge.

WONDER BOOK OF CHEMISTRY (THE). By Jean H. Fabre. The Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

The amount of book material that still continues to be dug out, so to speak, from the literary remains of that remarkable man, Jean H. Fabre, the naturalist, is surprising. Here we have a series of talks about chemistry, written largely in the form of dialogue, and not only simple, but well calculated to arouse the curiosity and interest of young people.

POETRY

SEEDS OF TIME. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

The delicious coolness and delicate clarity of John Drinkwater's poetry is to be observed at its highest peak in this volume. He is essentially a didactic poet, metaphysical at times, but never so in a heavy manner. While his lyric note is always obvious, it may never be termed of that rippling order that we associate with the most successful lyrics. His poetry flows slower, but its strength is undoubted and the pantheistic urge that is always its undertone reaches the reader like a small clear wind, cool and gentle, essentially lofty at times but never objectionably so. Beauty is a high passion with him, but he is its disciple and not its feverish worshiper. "Thrill" (herewith quoted) might be Mr. Drinkwater's credo:

No beauty beauty overthrows,
But every joy its season knows,
And all enchanted hours prepare
Enchantment for to-morrow's wear.

Who in the just society
That walks with him this hour can
see

But shadows of another bliss
Loses both that delight and this.

Grieve not the parting day, for soon
The nightingales will sing the moon
Climbing the track that now the sun
Leaves when the songs of day are
done.

And grieve not when her beauty
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And silence keeps the nightingales,
For that eclipse again will bring
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THE BUSINESS OF A BANK

SEVEN thousand bankers from all sections of the United States attended the forty-eighth annual convention of the American Bankers Association, October 2-6, in New York City. Bankers are extremely valuable people in this day and age, and in any scheme of finance banks are first and fundamental. The greatest world problems of the present time are to a large extent banking problems, and it is the bankers who must find the solution. Modern business absolutely could not exist without banks; they provide currency and they supply capital, and trade and industry are dependent upon both of these

things. Business is really the collection and distribution of money, and a bank, loosely defined, is an agency for this purpose.

From the point of view of the investor a bank is as important as in the case of the seeker after capital. The very first thing an investor should learn is how to make use of a bank, for without this knowledge he will never get far. And while banks are not philanthropic institutions, every progressive bank will go out of its way to assist its customers, for its prosperity and success are inextricably interwoven with the prosperity and

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success of the community it serves. A bank's willingness to help may be in its own interests primarily, but, whatever the motive, this help benefits the customer just the same. And the services a bank can render are manifold.

First of all, a bank is the safest depository for money, for cash in the form of bills and currency. A bank's safe-deposit vault is a larger and stronger place for cash than anything the ordinary individual can afford to maintain. This is protection against fire as well as against robbery, and how many times are bank burglaries successful as compared with those in private residences or offices? No doubt there still exist some people who keep money in stockings, old teapots, or tucked away in bureau drawers, but these people are running big risks which might be almost entirely eliminated if they would avail themselves of the facilities offered free of charge by banks.

When money is placed in a bank, the depositor is thereupon entitled to draw against his account by means of checks. Payment by check is of inestimable benefit to the depositor, for it does away with the expense and inconvenience of paying by cash, and avoids the risks of loss or theft which are always present when cash is carried on the person or kept in the house. A bank makes no charge for this service, and, further, a bank almost always allows a depositor interest on his checking account, the usual condition being that he keep a minimum balance—that is, not allow the amount of money he has on deposit to fall below a certain agreed amount.

A depositor may also call upon his bank to collect checks for him that are drawn on other banks, and usually no charge is made for this service, which is a real one. For instance, if John Doe presents a check at his bank in New York drawn to his order by Richard Roe on a Chicago bank, the New York bank will collect the money from the bank in Chicago and credit it to Mr. Doe's account. This is another service of great convenience to the depositor, and, like many of the other services rendered by banks, has become so commonplace that it is taken pretty much for granted and its full worth not always appreciated.

If a man has a sum of money he knows he will not need for several months, he can arrange with his bank to deposit the money there; the bank will give him an instrument known as a Certificate of Deposit and agree to pay him a certain percentage for the use of his money for the duration of the time fixed upon. This is a very simple method of making a short-term investment, and, although the rate of interest paid is customarily low, it is far better to keep money working all the time, even if the return is low, than to let it be idle.

It is easier for a man to obtain a loan at a bank if he has an account there than is the case otherwise. A bank usually considers itself under certain obligations to its depositors, not only in the matter of making loans, but so far

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(Continued)

as terms are concerned. If a man is a stranger, a bank naturally requires security for any loan it may make him—stocks, bonds, mortgages, or other tangible property. In the case of a depositor, however, the bank is familiar with his affairs, knows his financial standing, and very possibly will consider his note ample security. In times of financial stress the loaning function of a bank is of most value to a depositor, for at such times banks will not customarily accommodate any one other than their own depositors. And often a ready loan may mean the difference between bankruptcy and solvency.

Bank deposits are repayable upon demand. That is to say, a depositor may withdraw the full amount of his deposit whenever he desires, and he may do this either by means of a check to his own order or to the order of whomsoever he may desire. It naturally follows from this that any part of his account may also be withdrawn upon demand. In other words, he may draw against his account in any amount or amounts up to the total sum deposited, and unless the bank pays these sums it lays itself open to a suit for damages.

In the modern business world the emphasis is continually upon short cuts and simplification. The practice of sending receipted bills is growing in disfavor, and here a checking account is very handy. A check sent in payment of a bill must be indorsed—that is, signed—on its back by the person or firm to whom it is made payable, so that when the check is returned from the bank it is itself a valid receipt. Further, the person who draws the check may make a note on its face of the item being paid, and when this is done the check is a complete record of the transaction.

Bond coupons may be deposited in your bank and the bank will collect them for you and place the proceeds to the credit of your account. Many banks sell steamship tickets these days; travelers' checks may be obtained at banks; banks will give advice and help on the income tax; they will act as brokers for the purchase and sale of securities. Many banks have trust departments for the administration and handling of estates. In fine, their business is so varied that in one short article it is impossible to do more than sketch the vague outlines.

For our purpose, however, perhaps the

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most important business of a bank is the service it can render investors. It is the duty of a banker to keep informed on this subject, and his knowledge and experience are always at the disposal of his depositors. A bank will not only buy and sell securities for you, but it will obtain information about investments, about the standing and reliability of brokers and investment concerns, and about business concerns as well. If you live in Richmond and want to find out about a firm in Cleveland, your bank will write to a bank in Cleveland and obtain the information you want. Banks are conducted so as to render service, and a man is foolish who does not avail himself of its facilities. Never hesitate to appeal to your banker for help and advice on all matters pertaining to investments. Remember, that is the business of a bank.

YOU CAN MAKE IT SIMPLE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

ONE of the most constant illusions among all classes of men is that the so-called "deep" subjects are uninteresting and hard to understand. They have been made deadly dull by a whole succession of writers who, in order to make themselves important, have used a whole lot of big words to obscure their meaning. They are hard to understand only because we make them so. Another error is that children cannot be made to understand them. When I was a boy of fourteen, playing baseball, I used to talk constantly with a group of boys of my own age about God and infinity, and the conclusions we arrived at then were about the same as I hold now.

At the present moment there is a great deal of agitation going on all over the world, especially among the so-called thinkers. Bernard Shaw, in England, said only the other day, "The world is going to the devil." Anatole France, perhaps the most illustrious figure in France, declared that "civilization is dying." The biologists tell us that the highest types of people are dying out, giving place to the lowest types. The spiritualists are tremendously agitated, and declare that we are in the midst of a great spiritual revolution. Dean Inge, of London, thinks that we are in a pretty bad way, and his nickname of "the gloomy dean" does not mitigate the force of his criticism of mankind. The churches are a good deal upset. Labor troubles are rampant. Most people are thought to be very indifferent, and the standard of intelligence is said to be rapidly falling. What does all this mean?

Now there are a few men—you can count them on the fingers of one hand as a rule—in every age who are able to define what is the matter with that particular age. They don't show up until long afterwards; then posterity—their posterity—looks back on them and knows them to be wise men. None of us knows now who are the really wise men of this age; many of the critics

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declare that there aren't any—except themselves.

Nevertheless, out of all this apparent chaos of thought and typography it is not so very difficult to sum up the whole matter and put it in a few simple words. After that has been done as a basis, one can go on and think out the rest if he chooses—until he comes to a full stop—as he always will. That is in the nature of things.

To begin with, let us say that philosophy is the science of boiling everything we know down to the point where we can tell where we get off; that is, we know what's what and what isn't what.

Your consciousness is all you have to go by. Eliminate that, and there isn't anything left. It is therefore with your consciousness that you must deal.

Now there are two parts to our consciousness; that is to say, there are two ways in which we come to know things. One is through the visible, and the other through the invisible. The visible world about us appears to be in the utmost disorder. We go into a forest and the trees, dead and dying, are lying any which way, and as we go about everything is piled up and being carted away; if there are regular masses, like cities, etc., they are changing all the time. So much for the outside. But the scientists tell us that they have sifted all this mass of matter down to the electron, and that everything is com-

posed of electrons, which have a speed of 186,000 miles a second. It is the various combinations of electrons that compose all matter—some say all thought.

So that underneath this visible world, as we see it or think we see it, there is an absolute law. It is all founded on mathematics; nothing can happen that isn't based on material law. The sun rises and sets, the planets and the electrons both revolve, according to this law.

So much for the visible world. Now when it comes to the invisible world, the same thing is true, if we are patient enough to work it out for ourselves; this not only takes time, but much pain. We cannot expect to develop ourselves without self-discipline.

How can we come to know all this? The greatest of philosophers, Kant, pointed out the way long ago. It is through experience.

The present moment isn't causing any of us any trouble. We are not worrying about it. We worry only about the future. Let us, therefore, rest upon the present moment, and increase our faith in the moral law by checking ourselves up with our past experience. Looking back upon it, we shall find that there was a good reason for everything, although we did not think so at the time. Start from this point and work ahead for yourself.

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Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address **MARAGON**, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

CONNECTICUT

The Wayside Inn

NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.

In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.

Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE LEE HOUSE

Fifteenth and L Streets, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A cordial welcome awaits you at this interesting, new hotel—just four blocks north of the White House.

Daily, weekly, monthly, season rates

Write for Folder No. 3

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Cream, fruit, eggs, chickens. \$15-\$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)

40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. **REDUCED RATES DURING SUMMER**

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave

West 73d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 73d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON

53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Property Wanted

Wanted To Rent unfurnished—house of 8 rooms, with all improvements, within 150 miles of New York. Give description and price. 8,263, Outlook.

Boarders Wanted

FRENCH WIDOW of very best family wishes to take one or two ladies into her home, southeast of France. Best opportunity to learn French. Particulars and references willingly given by lady who spent last winter there. Mrs. B. E. MOORE, 1900 Euclid, Lincoln, Neb.

Country Board

Morristown, N. J. Restful home life, attractive room, suitable for couple, in beautiful residential park, near station, easy commuting; excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 8,263, Outlook.

Real Estate

CALIFORNIA

Completely furnished cottages and apartments \$20-\$60 per month. Town of 12,000. 3 hours motor to San Francisco on cement highway. Lovely winter climate. A. B. Herrmann, 130 Baron St., Santa Cruz, Cal.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity

Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE TOWER HILL ESTATE.

MORRISTOWN, N. J. Stately mansion, dominantly placed, 15 bedrooms (space for 9 additional), 6 bathrooms. Complete and attractive service rooms. 100 acres pasturage, gardens, etc. Farm and dairy buildings, garage. Spacious summer and winter home. Boarding school, sanitarium, or farm. Reduced price with reasonable cash payment. Details and price of JOHN T. and B. H. GILLESPIE. Executors, 6 and 8 Fletcher St., New York City.

NEW YORK

For Rent, Furnished in Pleasantville.

N. Y., small home on wooded hilltop, near owner's house; one mile from station; large living-room with open fireplace, kitchen, bath and two bedrooms; nurseries. \$75 a month. Ideal for writer. Transportation to station if desired. Owner, 8, Boyd Darling, Pleasantville, N. Y.

LIVE STOCK

DOG OWNERS, amateur or professional.

Here is your opportunity. New book, "Care of Dogs," free, contains helpful, instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 month trial subscription to "Sportsman's Digest," America's popular illustrated Dog and Hunting Magazine. Send 25c to-day (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 527 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

"FOUNDATION STONES OF SUCCESS," edited by Markham, a wonderful series of books for mothers. For sale at a great bargain. Miss May Notestein, Bradenton, Fla.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DRUGGIST—Best available location for drug store in Arizona now open. Correspondence invited if able to finance. Wonderful climate. Thomas Marshall, Tucson, Ariz.

WANTED—Lady of personality to acquire interest and become active in aristocratic girls' summer camp. Lock Box 28, New London, N. H.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Demicou & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

GREETING CARDS

COPLY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The Line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

DIETITIAN, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 250 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 234 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.
150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1. Post

Do You Need

A HOUSEHOLD HELPER
COMPANION
NURSE
GOVERNESS
TEACHER
BUSINESS ASSISTANT?

The following letter which we have received may contain a suggestion for you:

Sept. 12, 1922

Advertising Manager,
The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue,
New York City

Dear Sir: An advertisement inserted in your "Help Wanted" column for two weeks brought 187 replies from all parts of this country. It was possible to see personally only a dozen or more of these applicants, but, besides the large number, the quality of the applicants impressed me. Evidence has been given me, as the advertiser, of the excellence of The Outlook as a medium for reaching a very fine class of applicants for positions.

Yours very truly,

Try an Outlook "Want Ad." The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE—Thoroughly experienced baby's nurse to take full charge of 4 months' old infant, in Englewood, N. J. Excellent references required. Telephone or write Miss Scott, 1 John St., New York City—Beekman 7960.

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, no living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, **"YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."** Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 283, or O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and assistant to do all the work (except laundry) in household of three women in Cleveland, Ohio, one of them is a professional woman away 11 day. Quiet household, with many privileges. Address 2,214, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined woman as mother's helper in family of two adults and a two year old child. Comfortable home and work not difficult. Please write, stating wages and giving references. Mrs. Frederick Muhlenberg, 26 North 3d St., Reading, Pa.

WANTED—Useful companion to elderly lady. Protestant. One who understands housekeeping. References required. Address Box 476, Scranton, Pa.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess or mother's helper, English preferred, to assist in care and training of five children, four of whom attend school. Pleasant home life. Summer home in New England. No housework required. Please state salary expected. Mrs. Robert Kip Goodlatte, 291 High St., Passaic, N. J.

WANTED—Experienced governess, Protestant, to teach girl 6 and physical care of girl 2. Capable of taking entire charge. State age, method of teaching, and experience. References. Florida, winters; New York, summers. 2, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED at once—Lady, Protestant, experienced teacher-governess, for girl 8. Country. Good references. Salary sixty dollars a month. Please send picture. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, exceptional ability, would care for chronic case of any description, or chaperon lady. Regular rates. 2,230, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse-companion for aged or chronic invalid. Refined young woman. References. 2,220, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, of Finnish nationality, with many years' hospital and private experience, wishes permanent position as nurse-companion or nurse to invalid lady. Best American credentials. Miss Sandberg, 321 Eighth Ave., North Pelham, N. Y.

Business Situations

WOMAN, middle-aged, with library training, wishes position for the winter months in an exchange or as hotel librarian. Florida or California preferred. 2,225, Outlook.

EDUCATED Virginia woman, ten years' experience, desires secretarial position with man or woman. References. Box 283, Lynchburg, Va.

WANTED—Position as assistant in club or tea room by business woman, thirty, desiring experience in this line. Three years in present office position. 2,235, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, highly educated, widely traveled, social and secretarial training, pleasing, cultured personality, desires position as courier, hostess, chaperon, or companion. Congenial surroundings more important than salary. Highest references. 2,223, Outlook.

SOUTHERN girl desires position as companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 2,218, Outlook.

COLLEGE boy desires position as companion. Best references. 2,217, Outlook.

COMPANION—Agreeable reader would like position as companion where reading aloud is an especial requirement. Highest references. Terms arranged by personal interview. 2,219, Outlook.

CONGENIAL, cultured woman as useful companion or supervisor where help is kept. Widow's or widower's home preferred. 2,244, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, American Protestant young woman desires position as mother's helper or companion. New York preferred. Excellent references. 2,222, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL companion. Responsible, educated lady, used to travel, companion to invalids, secretarial duties, etc., wants position with responsible people. Protestant. References given and taken. 3915 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXPERIENCED nursery governess desires position, children over four and assist with housekeeping. Six years in last position. Best reference. 2,229, Outlook.

COMPANION—Young woman trained in nursing desires position with party planning to travel this winter. Miss Cory, Brewster, Mass.

NURSE—Graduate of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary wishes position as nurse-housekeeper to elderly lady or gentleman or couple. Experienced traveler. Highest professional credentials from Scotland, England, France, Cuba, and U. S. A. 2,233, Outlook.

DIETITIAN, experienced, desires position in hospital or college dormitory. Address 2,239, Outlook.

WANTED—Place by fine, educated woman as housekeeper or companion. Free to travel. No encumbrances. Best of references. Box 44, Lexington, Ky.

WOMAN of refinement would like position as companion or secretary with people traveling South. 2,238, Outlook.

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of situation at Christmas. Would travel or consider any position of trust. American and Canadian references. 2,245, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING tutor-governess to children over six. German, French, piano. 12th year. Prepare for regents. 2,116, Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, experienced, college graduate, desires position in religious or private school. Primary, intermediate, or high school subjects. Protestant; highest references; moderate salary. 2,188, Outlook.

A gentleman with an understanding of children and capable of taking entire charge of music, would like engagement in or near New York. 2,236, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED governess desires position with children under six by October 19. Trained kindergarten. References. Suburbs of Philadelphia. Miss T. Stover, Audubon, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

The advertiser will buy strictly high-class work, handkerchiefs, baby dresses, luncheon sets, or small novelties. References. Mrs. R. W. Wright, 3304 Fairview Ave., Baltimore, Md. (Price by the month.)

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE Olivia Sage School of Practical Nursing offers a one year's course in special bedside nursing to a limited number of women. Classes are formed twice a year. Pupils receive maintenance, uniform and salary. Apply to Director, New York Infirmary for Women and Children, 321 East 15th St., New York.

TYPING of manuscripts or other material by educated young woman who can punctuate and spell. Address 2,212, Outlook.

FOR sale—Rare steel engraving, "New York in 1855 from the Lattin Observatory." Size 3 feet 10 by 2 feet 7. 2,221, Outlook.

PAYING GUESTS—I am trying to find exactly the right place for two charming gentlewomen in their late fifties who want simple home accommodations within an hour and a half of New York. Women of fine feelings, they are ladies by instinct and tradition, reduced in circumstances since the war. Two quiet rooms and bath on the first floor are essential. Only simple meals desired. \$250 monthly for both. Some one by this means could make enough in her own home in a year or so to go abroad or to send a child to college. Knowing them intimately, I will gladly answer any questions regarding their personalities or needs. Address Miss Laura J. Hawley, 3149 Newark St., Washington, D. C.

PIANIST—Protestant young woman, Michigan University graduate, European training, wishes to exchange instruction for part rent of studio room. 2,246, Outlook.

Leading Hotels—

NEW YORK
AND BOSTON



Two hotels that
enjoy world-wide
fame for their lux-
urious appoint-
ments, charming
surroundings and
most excellent
cuisine

*We shall be
pleased to send
illustrated
booklet
upon request*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., RE- QUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—Lyman Abbott, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.
Managing Editor—R. D. Townsend, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Managers—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

Lawrence F. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City	N. T. Pulsifer.....456 Fourth Ave., New York City
Lyman Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City	Lawson V. Pulsifer.....456 Fourth Ave., New York City
W. H. Childs.....17 Battery Place, New York City	Chas. Stillman, C. C. Stillman, E. G. Stillman (Trustees for J. A. Stillman).....55 Wall St., New York City
Travers D. Carman.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City	Chas. Stillman, J. A. Stillman, E. G. Stillman (Trustees for C. C. Stillman).....55 Wall St., New York City
Walter H. Crittenden.....308 Broadway, New York City	Chas. Stillman, J. A. Stillman, C. C. Stillman (Trustees for E. G. Stillman).....55 Wall St., New York City
William C. Gregg.....330 Prospect Av. H'kmsack, N. J.	Dorothea V. A. Swift.....27 East 62d St., New York City
Frank C. Hoyt.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City	Robert D. Townsend.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City
Helen R. Mable.....Summit, N. J.	
Harold T. Pulsifer.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City	

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ROBERT D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1922.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 72; New York County Register's No. 4663; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1924.

BY THE WAY

"FOR over a period of a quarter of a century when, in an editorial capacity, I was connected with 'Life,' says Thomas L. Masson in the New York 'Herald,' 'we made it a rule never to make any strained effort to get into the paper anything humorous, and it became a venerable joke with us that some day or other we would issue a humorous number. We see 'Punch' constantly publishing the most serious things. For example, one of the most moving poems of the war ('In Flanders Fields') was published in 'Punch.' Humor's true purpose is to act as a leaven. . . . One is reminded of that old anecdote of the one-time editor of 'Punch' when a fellow-guest at a dinner table asked him if he ever got anything good for his paper. 'Oh dear, yes,' was the reply. 'Then,' said the other, 'Why don't you publish it?'"

The catalogues of the great mail-order houses are among the most interesting examples of American typography, issued as they are for gratuitous distribution yet costing hundreds of thousands of dollars in the aggregate. One of these huge catalogues that has lately come to our desk—that of Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago—contains one page printed in twelve different languages, for the benefit of the various races that fill America's melting-pot. These are, as printed in the book: Czechoslovakian, Deutsch, Espanol, Français, Hollandish, Italiano, Norsk, Polskie, Portuguese, Russian, Suomea, Svenska. The announcement is made in each language that orders written in that language will receive just as prompt attention as if written in English. "Suomea," in the above list, the reader may be reminded, refers to the Finnish language.

Under the heading "The Best Old One" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association prints this:

There was a doctor by the name of Beck

Who fell in a well and broke his neck.

It served him right;

The fault was his own:

He should have tended the sick and let the well alone.

Behind closed iron gateways at the Palace of Sans Souci, in Potsdam, near Berlin, lies an unkempt and grass-grown driveway. It was once the main approach to the palace, which was built by Frederick the Great. But Napoleon, as the conqueror of Prussia, used that driveway when he lived for a while at Sans Souci, and on his downfall the road he used was blocked up and a new one built. So says a contributor to the New York "Times," who has recently visited Potsdam and found it redolent of the memories of Frederick the Great and trying to forget the sojourn of William II. He recalls Napoleon's tribute to Frederick as he and his officers stood before the old warrior's tomb: "Hats

off, gentlemen! If he who is in that tomb were alive now, we should not be here!"

Who buys a buggy in these days of the omnipotent motor car? Apparently plenty of people, for the Carriage Builders' National Association has just held its fiftieth anniversary jubilee meeting in New York. Its secretary says: "Notwithstanding the growth of the automobile, the carriage trade is not dead and can never die. There will always be a place for the horse and buggy as long as there are farms in America. Prosperous farmers nowadays not only have their automobiles, but keep buggies, too, for traveling over roads that are sure death to rubber tires."

The word "sox" as a plural of "sock" is often seen in placards in shop windows, though it seems to have no place in the dictionaries. A New York butcher has in his window a sign, "Roasting Chix." Perhaps the locksmiths and clockmakers may yet have their signs read, in large letters, LOX and CLOX, for the word smallpox has become the accepted form, though we have to think a moment before we remember that it simply denotes "small pocks," or scars.

A booklet called "Art in New York," which is on sale at news-stands and bookstores in the city, will help the sightseer to find some noteworthy artistic achievements which perhaps he might otherwise miss. "Starred" items picked out at random from the booklet are interesting:

Continents, marble groups by D. C. French, on steps of Custom House.

Peter Cooper, by Saint-Gaudens, Bowery and Fourth Avenue.

Washington, by Henry M. Shrady, Williamsburg Bridge Plaza.

Richard M. Hunt, by D. C. French, Central Park.

Joan of Arc, by Anna V. Hyatt, Riverside Drive and 93d Street.

Maine Monument, by Attilio Piccirilli, Columbus Circle.

Pulitzer Memorial, fountains by Karl Bitter, Fifth Avenue and 59th Street.

Franz Sigel, statue by Karl Bitter, Riverside Drive and 106th Street.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Charles W. and Arthur A. Stoughton, Riverside Drive at 90th Street.

Horse Tamers, by F. W. MacMonnies, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Appellate Court, James B. Lord, Architect, Madison Avenue and 26th Street.

From the "Columbia Jester:"

"I don't see why you call Jamieson stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize it should be said only once."

From the Stockholm "Kasper:"

Id Dame—"When I was your age, a man would never let a lady stand in a car."

Man—"No. At that time, people traveled in stage-coaches."

Adv. No. 2

To Men of Business

To men of business, "big" and "little."

To farmers—to all who toil with hand or brain.

To stimulate "thrift and saving" among the millions who labor—such as the world has never before seen.

To stabilize business, build confidence, pour the oil of peace and prosperity on the troubled waters of unrest.

To get for YOU who are now "thrifty" 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually, on your "daily balance" of every surplus dollar you possess—even the dollars in your pocket, cash drawer and safe.

Unfetter the existing Postal Savings Bank, now "shackled"—"hamstrung"—by cunning, short-sighted greed.

THRIFT and PROSPERITY, Peace, Honor

The Gist of It All

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least the pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than 1½ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds now in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at 2½ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the market price for money on the solidest security been less than 3½ to 4 per cent, and today, as everyone knows, is 6½ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per

cent, gradually diminishing to 5 or less as world prosperity returns.

Third—Four per cent semi-annual compound interest will go directly to depositors.

Fourth—The balance of the profits shall be paid twice a year into the United States Treasury, thus making possible the reduction of taxes and thereby benefiting the whole citizenship, including, of course, the depositors. This, it is estimated, should bring into the U. S. Treasury, without taxing anybody one cent, an annual income of at least \$120,000,000, to possibly \$300,000,000 or more.

Fifth—Every banking institution in the United States in good standing may become an agent for the Postal Savings Bank, both to receive deposits and to make loans, receiving for such service a small commission on both deposits and loans.

Sixth—The present gold standard is not affected and will be permanently maintained, yet gold is made no longer either fetish or a scarecrow.

Seventh—The Postal Savings Bank will be placed beyond the power of domination by any interest or class. It will have no power of either inflation or contraction, these powers being left in the exclusive possession of the existing Federal Reserve Banks.

Eighth—It will quickly mobilize and put into ordinary bank channels over three billion dollars (\$3,000,000,000) of money not now in any bank—the identical kind of money that is now the foundation resource of all banks.

Ninth—With this bill in operation there will be scores of millions of depositors, instead of half a million as at present, with deposits exceeding thirty billions, possibly soon nearer one hundred billions, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million deposits as when this is written.

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswerable—see "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John B. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, editor and book publisher; \$1 at book stores, or free at Public Libraries.

PUBLIC OPINION is irresistible. YOU help make it. READ the book for facts, simple, overwhelming logic. SEND THIS to Congressmen, Senators, Editors, Public Men; ask them "Why not?" Tell your thought. Inclose in all letters. Discuss with neighbors. These slips for letters at rate of 5 for 1c, postpaid, from Alden.

Honesty is the best POLICY. Godliness is PROFITABLE—economic truth, not buncombe, not cant. Pleased customers more PROFITABLE than "skinned" customers. Dropping water wears stone—Keep at it. Ink beats dynamite. Pen mightier than sword—swing it!

At Book Stores, or of The Outlook, or of Alden, Neshanic, N. J.

To Proprietors of Winter Resort Hotels

Many advertising schedules for the fall and early winter are now being made up.

The special classified Hotel Section of The Outlook offers a most effective and economical means of reaching many thousands of Outlook readers who take winter vacation trips.

A recent investigation in 20 cities shows that 39% of Outlook subscribers visit winter resorts.

The special classified hotel rate is only .60 cents a line. Just send us your booklet and we will prepare copy for your approval.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



ROBERT HILLIER is a young poet whose work has already met with marked success. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1917, and that same year his first book, "Sonnets and Other Lyrics," was published. His two later books are "The Five Books of Youth" and "Alchemy," and a new volume, "The Hills Give Promise," is in the process of preparation. Mr. Hillier spent the summer of 1917 with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps on the Verdun front. Afterward he served with the A. E. F. and had the rank of first lieutenant at the time of his discharge. He was attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace and detailed as courier.

GILBERT H. GILBERT submits an article on the proposed development of the St. Lawrence, written from the point of view of an engineer, and not from any partisan interest. His knowledge of the subject has been obtained over an experience of twenty years while he was engaged as contracting engineer in building canals and channels over that portion of the St. Lawrence that it is proposed to develop. This project is one which the transportation situation makes of vital interest.

UPTON CLOSE is the pen-name of an American journalist of many years' residence in China. Mr. Close writes concerning his association with Wu Pei-fu:

Wu is a man who is remaking China, and doing it on lines which will appeal to the American people. I am the only correspondent who has stayed with him throughout the struggle, and I am writing a 40,000-word illustrated book on my experiences with him through the war. I am handling the material from the standpoint of personal adventure and the daily life and character of a Chinese conqueror and his staff.

AFTER a silence of several months, Charles K. Taylor again contributes one of his valuable papers on the boy and his problems.

Photographs and Cartoons

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shots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay \$1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use. Cartoons are not returned.

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Then we mailed several thousand additional circulars to booklovers, this time enclosing a sample cover of one of the volumes illustrated below. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value *unless they see a sample!*

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. We must depend on your faith in the advertisements appearing in *The Outlook*; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

What this offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration below shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning and others. These are books which no one cares to confess he has not read and re-read; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete—this is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the 30 volumes, pocket size, contain over 3,000 pages; the paper is a high-grade white wove antique, equal to that used in books selling at \$1.50 to \$2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful limp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather; it is *five times more durable than leather!*

What about the price

The price of this entire set of 30 volumes, exactly as described and illustrated, is \$2.98 plus postage; please bear in mind that there are NO installment payments—no further payments of any kind!

How can we do it? That is the question most often asked of us. Yet the answer is simple. *These books are produced in editions of a million at a time!* Quantity production—that is the secret.

Testing human nature

These books are made by a body of specially trained workmen. We cannot make a million volumes, discharge these workmen until the edition is sold, and then expect to get the same men again. This body of men must be kept together. The manufacture must be continuous—one edition following the other immediately.

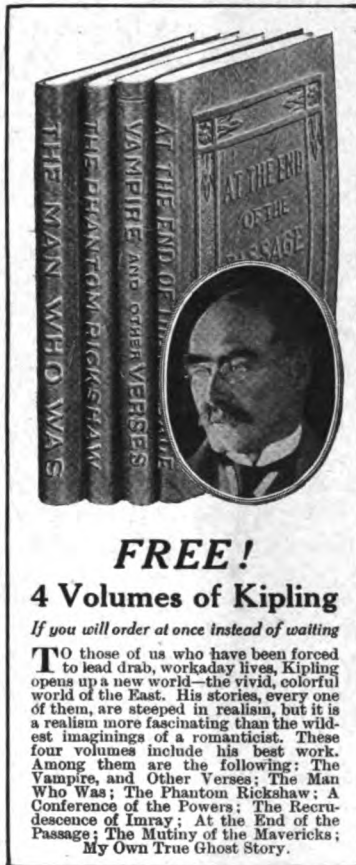
It is worth our while, therefore, to give our customers something valuable if they will co-operate with us by sending in their orders at once. It is worth our while to make an attempt to overcome the bugaboo of procrastination, which haunts so many publishers.

That is the reason, the only reason, we offer you, in addition to the regular set of 30 volumes, **FOUR VOLUMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING FREE, IN EXACTLY THE SAME BINDING AS THE REST OF THE SET**—if you will send in your order at once, instead of waiting.

An experiment—not a precedent

One word more. This offer, as you can gather, is simply an experiment. It must not be taken as a precedent. We do not know whether it will work. We do not know whether ANYTHING can keep people from procrastinating, for it is certainly a deep-seated human trait.

In any case, we hope it will keep YOU from procrastinating. If you want this set of books—if you feel that eventually you will buy them—we urge you to do it NOW, instead of LATER, so that you can obtain not only the thirty volumes, but the four equally splendid volumes of Kipling. Do not send money. Simply mail the coupon below or a letter.



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TO those of us who have been forced to lead drab, workaday lives, Kipling opens up a new world—the vivid, colorful world of the East. His stories, every one of them, are steeped in realism, but it is a realism more fascinating than the wildest imaginings of a romanticist. These four volumes include his best work. Among them are the following: *The Vampire, and Other Verses; The Man Who Was; The Phantom Rickshaw; A Conference of the Powers; The Recrudescence of Imray; At the End of the Passage; The Mutiny of the Mavericks; My Own True Ghost Story.*

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



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CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET will be remembered by our readers as the author of the feature article "Will Total Disarmament Prevent War?" which was published in The Outlook last April. His present article, showing the value of our Navy in times of peace, contains a number of ideas which will be strikingly new to many people. Captain Overstreet is stationed at Washington in the Navy Department.

COMMANDER ROBERT A. BACHMAN tells of the work of Admiral Bristol in the troubled waters of the Near East.

THE enlisted personnel of the Navy is represented in this issue by Chief Yeoman William W. Morris, who was on the Maryland, which carried Secretary Hughes to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro.

SENATOR DAVENPORT'S third letter from the Middle West is published in this issue.

THE author of "Let's Get Together" prefers to keep his name and whereabouts secret. We may say, however, that he is a frequent contributor to The Outlook and an authority on schoolboys.

WILLIAM DENISON McCrackan, author and editor, though born in Munich, Germany, is of American parentage. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Connecticut, and a member of the Authors Club. For three years he was associate editor of the "Christian Science Journal" and the "Christian Science Sentinel" and for one year editor of the "Jerusalem News."



WE know of no one better fitted to discuss the English system of debating than Ralph M. Carson, author of "The World's Greatest Debating Society." Mr. Carson is a graduate of the University of Michigan who enjoyed the honor of

being a Rhodes Scholar at Oriel College, Oxford, and the more distinctive honor of being elected President of the Oxford Union. He was also President of the British-American Club and of the Oxford International Assembly, a miniature League of Nations. Before going to England he was an instructor in English at the University of Michigan. At present he is a senior at the Michigan Law School.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, . . . Publishers . . . New York

To Book Publishers

Two or more pages of reviews of the new books appear in every issue of The Outlook. This is a minimum of eight pages a month. Your announcements in the advertising pages will be greatly strengthened by the maintenance of this reader interest in the season's new books.

How Ten Minutes' Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit

By Walter Camp

Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now on Phonograph Records

ONE night during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work because he had transgressed all the laws of nature, and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way, stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him, but the next morning he came to me in the dining car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen" and two months later I got a letter from him, saying:

"My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching everybody those exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" was originally devised as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for those men and women who are hemmed in between four walls most of the time and are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle-age too, during the war—including members of the cabinet in Washington—who simply had to do much more work than they were used to doing, without breaking down. In the "Daily Dozen" I soon found I had something that would actually increase their reserve power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for a long period of neglect when they do not take any exercise at all. You cannot do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or 60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—Walter Camp.

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football coach and athletic authority, but few people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old he is stronger and more supple than most younger men, and he uses his own "Daily Dozen" Exercises regularly in order to remain so. Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them

so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:

With Mr. Camp's special permission all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

In addition, a chart is furnished for each exercise—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "com-



WALTER CAMP

Originator of the Famous "Daily Dozen" System

mands"—which are given by a voice speaking on the record. So now you can make your phonograph keep you fit.

With these records and charts a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music twice every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in the body or the trunk muscles.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for food and earns it sitting at a desk he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which *savage* men never have.

The remedy is to imitate the "exercises" of caged animals. They know how to keep themselves fit—and they do it too.

How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them."—Mrs.

CHARLES C. HICKISCH, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

The Health Builders' improved system now includes the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double disc phonograph records; twelve handsome charts, printed in two colors, with over 60 actual photographs illustrating each movement of each exercise; and a little book by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system.

Any man or woman who exercises with this system regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, will feel better and have more endurance and "pep" than they have had since they were in their 'teens—and they will find those few minutes the best fun of their day.

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete "Daily Dozen" Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record-album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 610, Garden City, N. Y.

FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,
Dept. 610, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records, the 60 actual photographs, and the beautiful record-album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

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THE AMERICAN YARDSTICK

BY ISAAC M. COX

THE practical effect of an indiscriminating use of American tables in connection with nutrition work in Hawaii is that these tables will very greatly overstate the degree of undernourishment of children of Oriental ancestry, especially the Chinese. In the case of the Chinese the average divergence from American averages amounts to eight per cent. If, then, Dr. Emerson's rule be applied and all children rating as much as seven per cent below American averages are selected as requiring especial attention, it is obvious that such selection, besides including any that may be seriously undernourished, will also include all those who, if measured by standards appropriate to their racial structure, are entirely normal and average—even some who stand a good one per cent above normal average.

Since no Hawaiian measurements of school-children had been recorded previously to my tabulations, begun in 1916, and since measurements of Chinese and Japanese are not generally accessible, it will be of interest if you will publish the following table.

The table is based on 4,336 weighings and measurements made at Kalihi-waena School, in Honolulu. The school enrollment has run between 600 and 1,000, the tabulations representing the ages of six to fourteen inclusive. Height is given in inches, weight is given in pounds round to nearest integer. For comparison with American standards I have followed the Bowditch tables used by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

TABLE OF WEIGHTS

BOYS						
Height	Hawai- lan	Part- Hawaiian	Portu- guese	Japa- nese	Chinese	Bow- ditch
42	---	---	---	40	---	42
43	---	---	---	42	40	44
44	---	---	---	43	41	46
45	47	46	44	45	42	47
46	49	48	47	47	43	50
47	51	50	48	49	46	52
48	53	52	49	51	48	54
49	55	55	52	54	51	57
50	57	57	56	57	54	60
51	61	60	60	60	56	63
52	64	64	64	64	60	66
53	67	67	67	68	64	69
54	72	71	71	71	67	72
55	75	75	74	74	69	76
56	79	78	77	76	72	80
57	83	83	81	80	75	84
58	87	87	85	84	79	88
59	91	90	88	87	84	92
60	99	93	---	---	90	95
61	109	95	---	---	98	99

GIRLS

Height	Hawai- lan	Part- Hawaiian	Portu- guese	Japa- nese	Chinese	Bow- ditch
42	---	---	---	39	---	---
43	---	---	40	40	40	43
44	43	44	41	42	41	45
45	46	46	44	44	43	47
46	49	48	47	46	45	49
47	52	50	50	49	47	51
48	54	53	53	51	50	53
49	57	56	55	54	52	56
50	60	58	58	58	55	59
51	63	60	60	62	58	62
52	67	64	63	66	62	65
53	71	68	66	69	65	67
54	84	72	68	72	68	70
55	86	76	72	78	73	74
56	88	79	76	82	76	78
57	90	80	83	89	80	83
58	97	82	87	---	82	88
59	104	91	90	---	86	93
60	108	101	94	---	89	98
61	112	107	---	---	91	106

Honolulu, 1922.

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NEW YORK

THE ABINGDON PRESS

CINCINNATI

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora," as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living-room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.



"AURORA"
\$3.50

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a

"Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligations of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shades is tinted old rose to give a mellow light. Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push-button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 lbs., so postage even to the furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to

Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze ☐ or Ivory White ☐ (C J)

Signed

Address

City State

The Outlook

OCTOBER 18, 1922

THE ALLIES ACT TOGETHER

ONE hopeful and satisfactory result of the conference of the Powers at Mudania is that the representatives of Great Britain and France agreed harmoniously upon the demands to be made from the Turkish Nationalist army as precedent to the proposed peace conference. If only France and Great Britain and Italy had come together in the same way a year ago in their general policy as to the Near Eastern situation, the world might have been saved the spectacle of political jealousy, lack of concord, and consequent flouting of the wishes of the great nations, all of which has resulted in the recent serious crisis.

Even before that crisis reached its climax it was evident that the victory of Kemal over Greece would be followed by large concessions to the Turkish Nationalist movement—concessions that will restore Turkish rule in Constantinople and will hand over to Turkish control a large part of Thrace and the important city of Adrianople. If Kemal had been so ill advised as to attack the British forces at Chanak before reinforcements reached them from Malta and powerful British warships lined up in the Straits ready to shell the Turkish troops if they should advance, it would have been impossible to avoid hostilities on a large scale. The Chanak position is now almost impregnable, but for a few days it was in danger.

The conditions agreed upon by the representatives of the Powers at Mudania are to be submitted by Ismet Pasha, the Turkish delegate, to the Nationalist Government at Angora. If they are accepted, presumably the call will go forth for a peace conference without delay. A principal point involved is that the Greeks shall withdraw their forces from Eastern Thrace, and that the territory shall be occupied by Allied forces for one month in order to give Greek and other Christian civilians opportunity to move out if they wish. This is not satisfactory to Greece; she has earnestly asked that the period of Allied occupation be set at two months, but it is understood that she will submit to the inevitable. Another condition is that the Turkish forces should withdraw from the neutral zone during the peace negotiations; during the Mudania conference it has been more than once reported that the Turks have made new

invasions in the neutral zone and that one or more of these have been in the neighborhood of Istib, which is the natural approach to Constantinople. If this is so, the Nationalists have absolutely no excuse, as that zone was recognized by them long ago, which was not the case with the portion of the zone to the west and near Chanak.

During the two months, as proposed by the armistice conditions, a civil as well as a military administration will be set up in Thrace by the Allies, and it is hoped that thereby conflict between Turks and Greeks and consequent slaughter, burning, and reprisals by both parties will be avoided.

In any event, the Turk returns to Europe and is in every way in a better situation than he has been since the end of the first Balkan War. Whether he can be expected under these circumstances to respect the rights of the racial minorities and to keep down religious fanaticism is at least doubtful.

WHAT SHOULD AMERICA DO?

RECENT reports from the Near East give detailed accounts of the suffering and horrors of the occupation of Smyrna. The Turks assert that similar horrors and bloodshed accompanied the retreat of the Greeks from Anatolia, and it is probable that there is truth in this accusation also. There is urgent need for the practical sympathy of America in contributions for the sufferers. We may be proud of the assistance rendered immediately by Americans who were on the spot; for instance, one despatch states that the American naval ships "took out of Smyrna no less than 180,000 of the total 220,000 persons removed since the terrible fire which destroyed the city."

Extensive efforts are being made in this country by the Near East Relief for the raising of funds, and many thousands of dollars have already been subscribed. The American Red Cross has announced its willingness to spend as much of its \$20,000,000 surplus as is needed for relief in the Near East. Americans certainly may aid with heart and purse in this work of relief and restoration, regardless of their opinions as to international questions involved. It is said that over \$100,000,000 has been spent by American educational, medical, and missionary associations in the Near East, and the extent of our

moral responsibility is indicated by the eagerness of the American people to aid in the present juncture.

In an illuminating article in the New York "Tribune" Dr. A. L. P. Dennis points this out, shows also that our trade and commercial interests in the Near East are extensive, and discusses thoroughly the duty and limitations of the United States in the present situation. He suggests that America might reasonably ask for a limited participation in any Near Eastern conference, in accordance with the precedent set at the Armament Conference at Washington, where national representatives sat only in those conferences in which their countries had a direct interest. Our right to a voice in determining action affecting American property and interests is indubitable. Dr. Dennis names the American interests involved as notably the capitulations, the freedom of the Straits, the protection of our philanthropy and of our trade, and the status of Christian minorities. We have no concern with settling political questions in Europe or the Near East in themselves; and we have not even the right which we had at Paris while helping to settle the terms of peace, for we were not at war with Turkey. We have, however, interests to protect, and we ought to see that they are protected.

BETTER WAGES AND HIGHER PRICES

IN discussing the demand of organized labor for what is termed "a living wage," a return to the workers of a share of their product sufficient to maintain themselves and families in moderate comfort and to accumulate modest savings for their old age, it is commonly taken for granted by the employing interests that any and all wage increases must be added to the price of goods or cost of services. This view was recently expressed by a representative of the great railway systems, who declared that the adoption of the "living wage" for railway workers would add more than \$1,000,000,000 to the annual payments for freight and passenger traffic, with a consequent increase in the price of goods, which would tend to decrease consumption. If this analysis of the effect of higher wages could be established, it would prove that labor has nothing to gain from a general wage advance, since higher prices for labor

products would leave the worker, as a consumer, in just the same condition as when the lower wage prevailed.

The ignored factor in the problem of a wise readjustment of wage scales is that of the greater industrial efficiency in production that has everywhere been shown to accompany increased wages and a higher standard of living. With better pay there comes immediately an effective demand for more and better goods of all kinds. Articles formerly regarded as luxuries, seldom or never purchased, are looked upon as necessities. So far as the average worker is concerned, the only limit to consumption is income, less a small margin for the savings bank or life insurance. By far the greater part of increased wages is promptly exchanged for consumable goods. This in itself would not compensate employers for the higher wage scale, but with increased consumption giving a ready market for commodities it becomes possible materially to reduce the fixed charges for capital invested and overhead expenses. In many lines of industry there are long periods of half-time, or decreased activity, because of overproduction. It is manifest that with increased purchasing power for many millions of workers receiving the "living wage," mills and factories running full time would be able to effect a substantial saving in costs that would be reflected in prices.

There is also the experience of many great industries to prove that higher wages stimulate production by making contented workers more interested in their daily task. A cheerful willingness to give the employer a fair return for a fair wage means a greater output and a lessened manufacturing cost. Once established on the sound basis of equitable wages, it would seem that industry has little reason to fear diminished sales on account of higher prices.

GROUP POLITICS IN ONTARIO

THE people of Ontario, one of the largest and most prosperous provinces of the Canadian Dominion, are confronted with a problem that vexes practically all democratic countries—whether public affairs shall be managed by legislators nominated and elected by organized parties or by groups representing agricultural, labor, or business interests. From the earliest period of parliamentary government in Ontario until a few years ago the party system had prevailed. A general discontent with what was claimed to be the neglect by both old parties of the farmer's interests resulted in the formation of a distinctive Farm Group, that succeeded in overthrowing the Conservative Gov-



(C) Underwood
MRS. W. H. FELTON, OF GEORGIA, THE
FIRST WOMAN U. S. SENATOR

ernment, and under the efficient leadership of Premier Drury has administered provincial affairs. There have been complaints that the new Government did not immediately reform everything and everybody, but the Ontario people, almost entirely of Anglo-Celtic stock, are not given to radicalism, believing in institutions under which "freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent."

In some quarters there has recently arisen a sentiment favorable to the widening of the Farm Group policies so as to make the Government representative not only of agriculture but of the manufacturing, commercial, and labor interests as well. To a small extent labor is represented in the provincial Parliament, though not at all proportionate to the city-worker population. The suggestion is made for the formation of a Progressive party that shall unite the liberals of various schools, in which it is expected the farmers will be the dominant factor. Some of the leaders of the Farm Group in the Dominion Parliament do not regard favorably the proposal to merge with other interests, as they fear that they would be outvoted by their new associates, but it is not believed that they will be able materially to influence the action of their supporters in Ontario. Premier Drury recognizes the necessity for a government truly representative of all the people, and, while adhering to his conviction that the welfare of the farmers should be the paramount consideration, does not ignore the other important interests of his province.

The tendency to abandon party or-

ganizations based on broad general principles, as evidenced by the "Farm Bloc" in the United States Congress, and the growing power of the Labor Party in Great Britain, will have an important effect on future political developments. As a protest against the ultra-conservatism of the old parties the movement may have some value, but as a permanent policy it would seem destined to failure.

The business of government cannot long be efficiently conducted by class groups, each working for its own selfish ends, instead of for the general welfare.

THE FIRST WOMAN SENATOR

THE appointment by Governor Hardwick, of Georgia, of Mrs. W. H. Felton to succeed the late Thomas E. Watson as United States Senator has been praised as a fine tribute to a woman of undoubtedly exceptional ability and character. It has also been praised as a recognition of the present and coming power of women in the National political life. Is there not a third reason for the Governor's action—that his beloved State should have the honor and the *réclame* of being the very first to name a woman as United States Senator? The love of large publicity is not confined to boom towns. Mrs. Felton seemed to recognize this when, in expressing her recognition of the honor, she said: "England borrowed an American-born woman to accept a seat in the British Parliament, but noble old Georgia experienced no need to borrow, and she alone of the forty-eight States in the United States had a Governor with courage to say so."

Probably every one understands that Senator Watson's unexpired term will be filled out by the man elected for that office on November 7. Mrs. Felton, whose abilities even at the age of eighty-seven are unquestioned, now holds the office titularly, but in all human probability will not be sworn in or take part in the Senate's deliberations. The compliment to her is a great one; but it is a compliment. Frankly, and with the highest respect for Senator Felton, there seems to be here a little of what baseball rooters call a grand-stand play on the part of the Governor, who, by the way, simultaneously announced himself as a candidate for the same office at the coming election. Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the famous general, in an article on Mrs. Felton's appointment suggested that if President Harding would just call the Senate together for one week before election Mrs. Felton could be sworn in, and that thus the President had "a rare opportunity to

DISTURBERS OF OUR PEACE

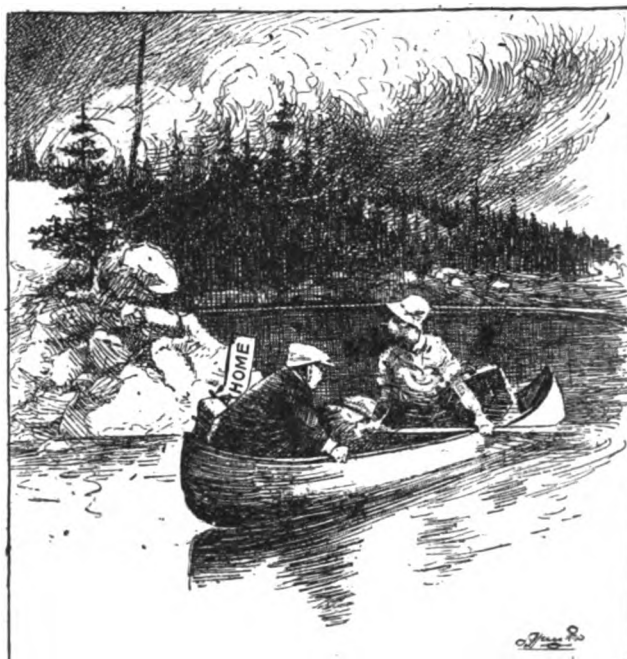
(*Titus Andronicus*, Act IV, Scene 4)

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



FOLKS WHO SAIL IN GLASS BOATS, ETC.

Hunter in the Toronto Globe



THE DAY THE BUSH FIRE BROKE OUT

"By ginger, Doc, I wonder if we put our camp fire out?"

From Mrs. E. A. Jones, Pueblo, Colorado

Brown in the Chicago Daily News



PUZZLE—FIND THE LOSER

From Emma C. Ackermann, Lockport, Illinois

offer a bouquet to millions of American women." On the whole, it doesn't seem to add to the dignity of the United States Senate to use it as an excuse for handing out bouquets. It wouldn't hurt the Senate—it has stood a lot and can stand more; but proffers of the office of Senator are really not the best material to use in extending courtesies even to so fine a person as Mrs. Felton.

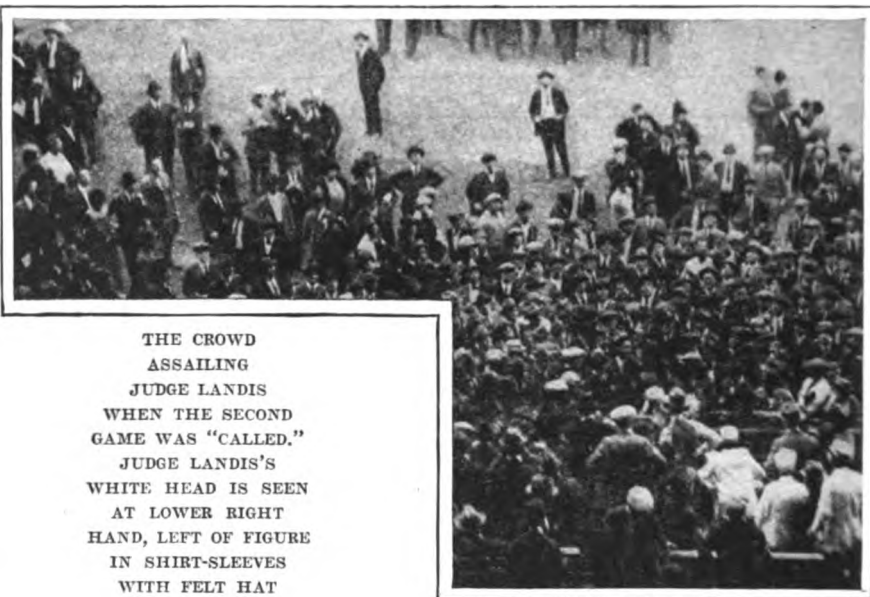
THE ETERNAL MUCKER

THE baseball series for the world's championship between the winners in the National and American Leagues has ended in a fashion unexpected by dopesters, both professional and amateur. Most of the wise gentlemen who edit the sporting columns of newspapers had predicted a victory for the New York Yankees. The triumph, however, perched upon the banners of the New York Giants in four straight games. It is a hard world, particularly for those who have to depend for a living largely upon their records as prophets. The victory of the Giants was unexpected, but there was another feature of the series which, we are sad to say, was unforeseen but which could readily be expected from the average American baseball crowd.

The second game of the series was called on account of darkness, when the score was tied in the tenth inning. Those who attended the game differ as to the necessity for this act. Christy Mathewson, whose record for good sportsmanship and fairness cannot be questioned, states that the umpires were correct in their judgment. The howling fans, however, believed otherwise.

With the intelligence usually displayed by a mob, they proceeded to vent their wrath upon Judge Landis and his wife. Judge Landis, who resigned an honorable position on the bench to become the arbiter of baseball ethics, had a signal exhibition of the ethics of baseball fans when he attempted to leave the grounds at the conclusion of the game. There seems to have been no one present who was quite fool enough to hurl the traditional pop bottle at Judge Landis's head, but the fans apparently stopped short of little in the way of verbal missiles. The American likes to consider himself a good sportsman. He has not earned this title by his acts on the bleachers surrounding American diamonds.

The criticism that the game was called to insure the necessity of additional lucrative contests has been silenced by the gift of the receipts of the game to charities. Half of them ought to have gone to a Society for the Suppression of the Eternal Mucker.



THE CROWD
ASSAILING
JUDGE LANDIS
WHEN THE SECOND
GAME WAS "CALLED."
JUDGE LANDIS'S
WHITE HEAD IS SEEN
AT LOWER RIGHT
HAND, LEFT OF FIGURE
IN SHIRT-SLEEVES
WITH FELT HAT

P. & A. Photos

PROHIBITION ON THE SEA

LIQUOR outlawed by the American Constitution has been sold freely and openly and under the sanction of Government authority on ships flying the American flag and even on ships owned and operated by the American Government. This has seemed an inconsistency so glaring as to subject the American people, or at least their Government, to the charge of insincerity, or at least of the lack of the courage of their convictions. It has been argued that unless liquor were sold on board American passenger vessels the business of carrying passengers on the high seas would pass to foreign lines. In other words, as between Constitution and business choose business. That is dollar ethics. Now the ruling of the Attorney-General of the United States has freed the country from the stigma of this practice. "Wet" or "dry," any American who regards the supreme law of the land as worthy of respect and the good name of his country as worthy of preservation should welcome Attorney-General Daugherty's ruling in this respect. Hereafter the provision of the United States Constitution, expressed in the Eighteenth Amendment, that prohibition shall be effective in the United States and all territory "subject to the jurisdiction thereof" will be observed on board American vessels where it has been heretofore officially and openly ignored.

Attorney-General Daugherty's opinion was in answer to a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon. In that letter Mr. Mellon had inclosed an opinion of the counsel to the Shipping Board to the effect that the Eighteenth Amendment did not apply to ships on

the high seas, and had asked two questions: First, whether that ruling was correct; and, second, whether the transportation and possession of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes on foreign vessels while in American waters is prohibited.

In reply, the Attorney-General took up the two questions separately.

To the first he answered in the negative; to the second, in the affirmative.

The answer to the first question depended on deciding whether an American vessel on the high seas is territory subject to the jurisdiction of the United States. The Attorney-General in his reply cited, not only decisions of the courts, but also statements in Moore's "International Law Digest" and diplomatic correspondence in support of the common-sense conclusion that American vessels on the high seas are American territory and subject to American laws. The word "territory" does not necessarily mean land. As Justice Field says in an opinion which the Attorney-General quoted, wherever vessels under the American flag go, "they carry the laws of their country." It is true that there is a difference between "the United States" and "territory subject to the United States," and that laws which apply to the one do not necessarily apply to the other; but in this instance prohibition applies specifically and explicitly to both. We do not doubt, and we cannot believe that there will be any serious effort to refute the conclusion of Attorney-General Daugherty, that the prohibition of the sale and possession of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes applies not only to the American States but also to all vessels carrying the American flag.

Attorney-General Daugherty likewise

ruled that under international law prohibition is effective in foreign vessels while in American ports.

This opinion in answer to the second question has been received with considerable doubt and with some attempts at refutation. A careful reading, however, of Attorney-General Daugherty's opinion will, we think, convince most skeptics that the Attorney-General has correctly stated international law. A foreigner who comes to this country does not cease to be a foreigner subject to his own country's laws; but while he is here he is subject to American laws as well and must observe them or become liable to prosecution. He must, for instance, pay an income tax if he has an income that is taxable; he must obey police regulations; he must observe his obligations under contracts he makes; he must, in brief, do what the law directs as much as any citizen of the country. Likewise when a foreign vessel enters an American port she does not cease to be a foreign vessel, but she becomes subject to the laws of the country and is bound to obey those laws and to conform to the usages of the port. And, like a foreign individual, a foreign vessel is not only subject to the limitations of the law but is entitled to its protection. There could be no other way by which vessels of sovereign independent nations could visit one another's ports. Diplomats representing sovereigns of their countries are immune to the law because they are subject to a higher and more sensitive control—namely, the code which governs the conduct of sovereigns. There is no such immunity granted to foreign citizens or foreign vessels.

The New York "World," widely known as a spokesman for the anti-prohibitionists, has expressed a common mental confusion about this aspect of the question. We quote a paragraph from one of the "World" editorials:

Ships chartered in the United States, according to Mr. Daugherty, are subject to the laws of the United States, are, in fact, American territory; but ships chartered in foreign countries are not foreign territory. As soon as they enter American waters all vessels subject themselves to American law, which means, of course, the Volstead Act. How this comes about is not clearly explained. It would naturally be supposed that if an American ship were American territory a British ship would be British territory, and so on. Mr. Daugherty cannot have it both ways. On one point or the other he must change his mind or have it changed for him.

What the "World" seems not to know is the distinction between a vessel on the high seas and a vessel in port. An American vessel on the high seas is sub-

ject to the laws of no other country but her own; but in the port of a foreign civilized country she becomes subject to such laws of that country as are applicable to her. So a British vessel in one of our ports becomes subject to our laws.

Into the question of the method by which our Prohibition Law shall be applied to foreign vessels the Attorney-General does not go in detail. Apparently he holds that the existence of intoxicating liquors on board a foreign vessel in an American port is illegal, no matter how those liquors may be stored. Under the law there is provision made for the transportation within the country of spirits and wine for other than beverage purposes, but, according to the Supreme Court quoted by the Attorney-General, "there is no provision for the transshipment or carriage across the country from without;" and the law prohibits all possession or transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. Even a prohibitionist from conviction may doubt whether the most drastic application of the law to foreign vessels can be practically enforced, and may conceivably hold that for all intents and purposes the spirit of the law will be observed if liquor in foreign vessels remain while in American ports under seal, and therefore *non est*. It may be argued that this would be inexpedient, as it would enable foreign vessels visiting America to carry and sell liquors on the high seas, while American vessels in competition with them would be prohibited from doing so. The object, however, of the Prohibition Law is not to control the habits and practices of other nations on territory subject to their jurisdiction. The argument that foreign vessels would have an advantage over their American competitors might be met by an American subsidy. Whether the application of prohibition to foreign vessels in our ports can be determined by administrative regulation or will require further legislation by Congress does not at the moment seem clear. All, "wet" and "dry" alike, will agree that, whether by statute or by legitimate administrative regulation, the principle of prohibition should be applied so as to promote, not the evasion of it, but its observance.

By the Attorney-General's ruling the American Government has asserted the right to require of foreign vessels the observance of the Prohibition Law within American waters; and this right the British Government has acknowledged. We trust that the American Government will exercise that right with justice and with reason. By the Attorney-General's ruling the American Gov-

ernment has also removed all doubt as to the force of the Prohibition Law in American vessels. We trust that the American Government will see that the law as thus interpreted is observed.

THE BATTLE OF THE SKIRTS

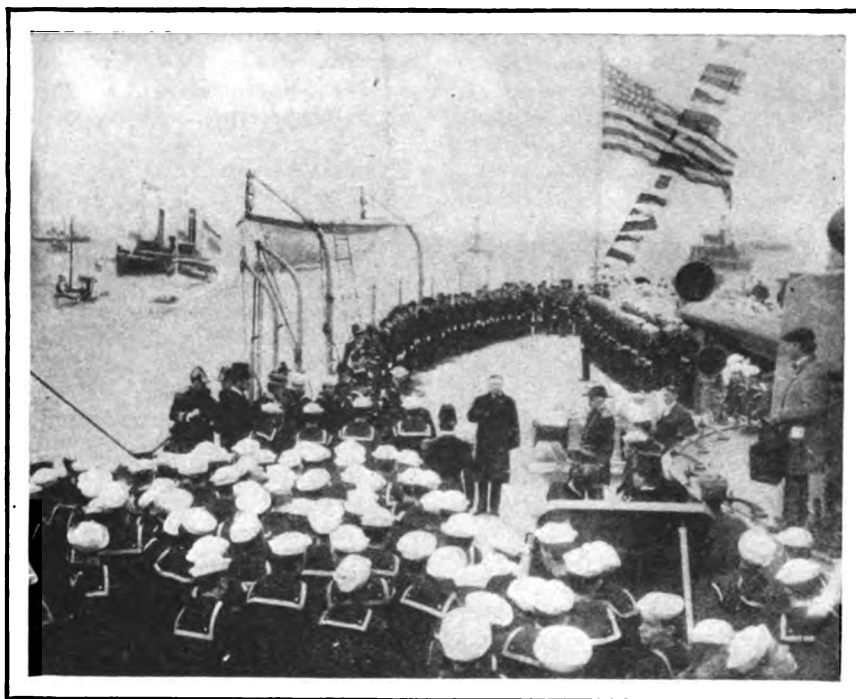
HALF humorist, half philosopher, a good friend of ours wrote in his commonplace book a few weeks ago: "To-day, at high noon, saw two young women wearing skirts that reached down, down, down to their very heels. Experienced a sensation not only of bewilderment but of shock. Stared. Then averted my face. Was in the same mood, precisely, as the London fishwife who, on first seeing a girl in bicycle costume, cried, 'Garn! you shimeless 'ussy! You'll never get an 'usband!' . . . Something tells me that all this is laughable."

Two weeks later our friend wrote: "Several more young women have ventured out in long skirts, and wonderful is the effect on wearers of short skirts. A look of icy hate overspreads their countenances. I suppose it was with some such hate that Mr. Harold Hendee, having starred in 'The Very Idea' and arrived in New York with that play, beheld the posters thereof inscribed, not with the name of Hendee, but with that of Mr. Ernest Truex."

Meanwhile others besides the laughing philosopher had their say—especially our feminists. With great solemnity they predicted that the attempt to reintroduce long skirts would fail. "Women will never again submit," they told us. Yet long skirts have multiplied; uptown they already outnumber short skirts six to one, while philosophers remind us that masculine dictation from overseas directs these matters and quote George Fitch's remark, "Ever since the world began men have tried to invent something that women would refuse to wear. Thus far they have not succeeded."

But women have had short skirts ere this, and reverted to long skirts ere this—not always in obedience to masculine dictation, either. In 1898 students at Smith College adopted exactly the costume of the present-day "flappers." By their own choice they abandoned it. Who shall say but that women are now acting as freely? The reversion to long skirts set in just when we had come to sanction short skirts and a shrewd paragrapher had written: "To bring the flapper to terms approve of her. Then she'll stop it."

But she has only half stopped it. The



Brown Bros.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INSPECTING THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT ON THE RETURN OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET FROM ITS VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN 1908

battle of the skirts still rages—short ones *versus* long ones, with long ones predominating among women of the prosperous class and short ones predominating among women of the wage-earning class. How will this end? In Buffalo during the “bicycle summer” of 1895 bicycle girls on the prosperous West Side adopted short skirts. Immediately East Side girls did likewise. Whereupon the West Side went back to long skirts. So the East Side went back to long skirts also. Once let the short skirt imply a weekly envelope, and its day in America is done, for in America our wage-earning women are without caste pride. It takes Frenchwomen to develop that. How airily the little *midinette* trips forth, hatless and in attire jauntily proclaiming that she wins her bread by making artificial flowers or by delicately embroidering fine linen!

Less than a year ago a noted criminologist solemnly attributed the “crime wave” to the “scandalous dress of our women,” and no one laughed. It has since dawned upon us that such utterances bespeak great folly. Perhaps we risk folly as great by suggesting that—conceivably, at least—the return of long skirts indicates a reinstatement of temporarily demoded standards in other realms besides those of fashion. But it is not fashion alone that shows change. From many sources come testimonies that “flapperism” has “passed the peak.” Moreover, a change in fashion reflects a change in mood. Not all new fash-

ions succeed; the trouser-skirt of 1911 failed ignominiously; when a fashion succeeds, it is because it finds an honest welcome, and the mood that welcomes a return to long skirts would seem to be a reaction against what a popular novelist has termed “this freedom.”

Doubtless the world will never again behold the “elegant female” of our grandmothers’ day, but the tendency at present is toward a recovery of discarded dignities and refinements. If women have learned that they are free to dress as they choose and behave as they choose, they have also learned that an element quite apart from a more or less obscure morality (or pseudo-morality) enters in—the element, that is to say, of good taste. Half our principles, when you come to think of it, rest, not upon moral considerations, but upon æsthetic considerations.

ROOSEVELT AND THE NAVY

THE selection of Roosevelt’s birthday, October 27, as Navy Day was a distinctly happy thought. No American President ever had greater interest in our Navy than Theodore Roosevelt, and no one has had a better comprehension of the value and principles of naval power.

Many men manifest an understanding of the function of agencies for which they have a personal liking and inclination. Mr. Roosevelt was not a sailor by

instinct. The reins of a spirited horse fitted his fingers more naturally than the helm of a vessel. But even as a young man naval problems concerned him deeply. It was while he was a college undergraduate that he prepared and wrote the “History of the War of 1812,” which has been accepted as part of the official record of the British Navy.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt was a vital factor in the preparedness of Dewey’s Asiatic Squadron. It was on February 25, 1898, that he sent his brief but sufficient cable to Dewey, which read in part: “Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war [with] Spain your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, then offensive operation in Philippine Islands.” This message sums up in brief almost the whole of the doctrine of Admiral Mahan, whose celebrated work on “The Influence of Sea Power Upon History” has become the Bible of naval statesmen. In less than forty words Mr. Roosevelt gives the essence of naval strategy. Prepare in time of peace. Strike at the enemy fleet to gain control of the sea. Let the war of position wait upon the attainment of naval supremacy.

This policy was sound in the days when Hannibal and Hasdrubal were forced by Roman naval supremacy to strike at the Republic on the Tiber across the difficult passes of the Alps. It was sound when Britain and France struggled half blindly for the Empire of India. It was sound when Washington urged the admirals of France to move upon the British fleet. It was sound when the pressure of the grand fleet at Scapa Flow, controlling the seas even while it lay at anchor, drove the German navy to futile and murderous warfare of a type which has crippled many nations but defeated none.

Sound in naval principle, Mr. Roosevelt was equally sound in naval practice. “The shots that hit are the shots that count,” wrote Mr. Roosevelt in his autobiography, and it was to his credit that Sims was given the opportunity to introduce modern methods of target shooting into our Navy—methods which resulted in tripling the gun-for-gun effectiveness of our fleet in the years between 1902 and 1908.

Perhaps almost the greatest service which Roosevelt rendered our Navy was his order to the battleship fleet to proceed around the world. How this voyage aroused the interest of America in our Navy, the manner in which it impressed the Governments of Europe, and the expressions of friendship which it evoked from Japan are facts of recent

history with which every one is familiar. We have forgotten, however, the croaking pessimists who predicted the dissolution of the fleet and the imminence of warfarce with the most powerful of Asiatic nations. Forgotten too are the words of Congressmen who attempted to withhold appropriations for the cruise until Mr. Roosevelt characteristically informed them that he "had enough money to take the fleet around to the Pacific anyhow, that the fleet would certainly go, and that if Congress did not choose to appropriate enough money to get the fleet back, why it would stay in the Pacific."

Mr. Roosevelt knew what his critics did not know, that the Navy was a peace power of the first magnitude. He knew the spirit of its men and of its officers. He trusted them, as to-day the Nation should trust and support their successors.

There is a framed letter hanging in the Outlook office signed by President Roosevelt and written from the White House in 1903 which sums up Roosevelt's doctrine of justice and strength as succinctly as the cable to Dewey summed up his understanding of naval power. The letter referred to reads in part as follows:

Good for you! Important though it is that we should get the Hague Tribunal to act in this case, where it can properly act, it is very much more important that we have a first-class navy and an efficient, though small, army. No Hague court will save us if we come short in these respects.

Navy Day ought to mean more than the celebration of the feats of those who go down to the sea in ships. It ought to be a time for searching out the fundamental principles of international justice and a renewed comprehension of the fact that strength is compatible with righteousness.

THE "MONEY POWER" IN ACTION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY STEPHEN BELL

FOREIGN EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

THOSE who desired to do so could have seen the "Money Power" in action at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, in the week beginning October 2, the occasion being the forty-eighth annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association.

There are those who entertain a very low opinion of the "Money Power," attributing to it all manner of base and ignoble designs on the prosperity of the country for its own financial profit. I once held some such views myself. A closer acquaintance with banks and bankers has brought to me the understanding that unsound banking methods do not succeed, while sound banking depends for its success on the prosperity of the country at large. When business goes to pot, bank loans follow. Also, I have learned that bankers themselves are very human, even though their contact with businesses of all kinds usually develops in them a breadth of view not often shared by other business men. Indeed, I am beginning to believe that it is this very breadth of view, in which small objectives are merged in the general *ensemble* of things, which is the source of much of the popular suspicion in which they are held.

As a proof of which I submit the attitude of the great international bankers toward the international debts. Vast profits might be realized by their funding and the flotation of the immense bond issues this would entail. Yet these bankers regard these debts as almost impossible of payment, as choking the economic recovery of the world, and look favorably on the proposal to write them off—at least in great part—while popular opinion is against their cancellation.

Many great speeches were made at



P. and A. Photos

REGINALD MCKENNA, FORMER BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ARRIVING IN NEW YORK TO ATTEND THE BANKERS' CONVENTION

this Convention on the all-engrossing subject of aiding in European economic revival—speeches which for solid merit would have stood out among those made at any international financial conference yet held—but the address of the Hon. Reginald McKenna, chairman of one of the world's greatest banks, the London Joint City and Midland, Ltd., and former Chancellor of the Exchequer of the

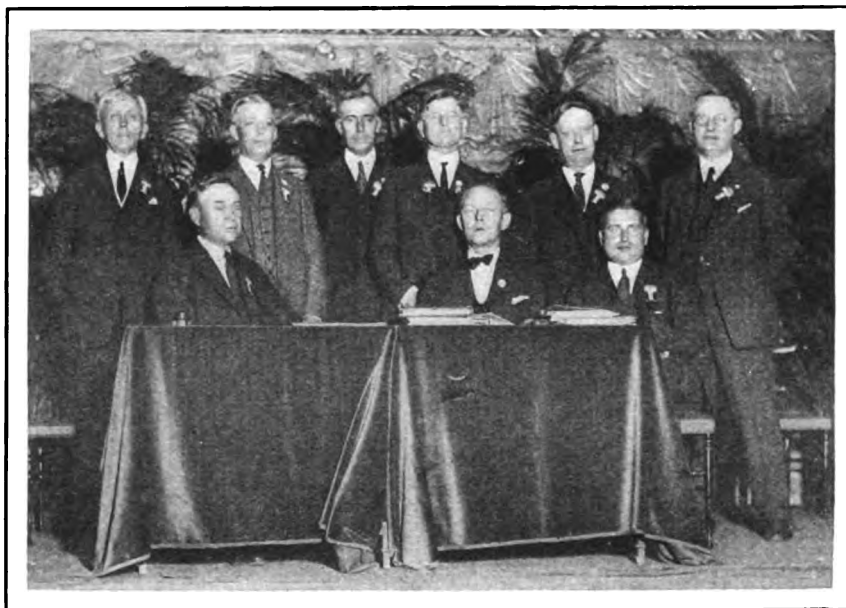
British Empire, was easily the most important event of the meeting. He chose for his subject "The Reparations and the Interallied Debts." The simplicity to which he reduced the complex factors of international financial relationships, the exactness of his data, and the authority with which he spoke carried unwilling conviction to many that the methods heretofore applied to the untangling of the international web in which trade and finance are enmeshed are all wrong.

He set forth that Great Britain alone of the debtor nations is in a position enabling her to pay her foreign debts. Such debts can be liquidated only from assets accumulated abroad or by an excess of exports over imports. Britain alone possesses the assets abroad in volume sufficient to pay.

And the payment of the German reparations is by the very nature of things limited to the same methods!

His estimate of German assets held abroad, and therefore available for reparation payments, is in substantial agreement with that of John Maynard Keynes—about a round billion dollars. Germany has already paid about twice that amount, largely by the sale of marks. Beyond this she cannot pay except by the extension of her export trade, which would enable her to accumulate other assets only to the amount by which her exports exceeded imports.

He described with great minuteness the method by which France discharged her indemnity to Germany fifty years ago, partly in gold and partly by the transfer of commercial bills of exchange and other foreign assets, unduly extending her own export and Germany's import trade. The gold transfused into Germany's circulating medium disar-



Central News

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Left to right, front row, James Reingold, of Denver; John R. Washburn; Donald A. Mullen, Secretary. Back row: Charles H. Meyer; Francis Coates, Jr., of Cleveland, Chairman; C. W. Allendoerfer, of Kansas City; T. J. Hartman, of Tulsa, Oklahoma; John R. Downey; Raymond F. McNally

ranged her price level. The great influx of imported goods depressed her industries. French trade and industry boomed, and he almost believed the remark attributed to Bismarck, that the next time he defeated France he would insist on Germany's paying an indemnity.

He believes the question of what Germany can ultimately pay is capable of being answered, but "the answer runs counter to the popular hopes, the popular passions, and to something more formidable still, a popular sense of natural justice which prescribes that the defeated enemy which planned the war should make good the damage suffered by the victors."

It is worth while to note that Britain's foreign investments which Mr. McKenna proposes to turn over to the United States are not to any great extent American investments, such assets having been sold early in the war to purchase war supplies here. They are mostly investments in other lands and payable in sterling. The problem of converting their sterling proceeds into dollars would still remain to plague the exchange market.

Regarding the implication that payment of the reparations and international debts by exporting goods must necessarily depress industry in the countries receiving the same, I hope to some time take a day or two off from my job of keeping tabs on foreign affairs, and clear up this paradox of a nation being impoverished by an inundation of desirable commodities, the mere statement of which is an affront to common sense.

Mr. McKenna had able assistance. President John McHugh, of the Mechanics and Metals Bank of New York, one-time head of a projected \$100,000,000

foreign trade financing corporation which looked over the foreign trade field and decided there was too much risk and too little prospective profit therein to justify the venture, prepared the ground for the former Chancellor by laying bare the fact that much of the present commercial chaos was the result of selling goods abroad on credit in such volume that the international scale pans had become hopelessly unbalanced. He believed that without a revival of European production and export there was no remedy for the situation. He urged the cancellation of such part of the foreign debt as was incurred in prosecuting the war as a measure to restore world commercial and financial stability. He deprecated financing exports beyond balancing imports, but would give Europe a chance to pay for her purchases.

Thomas W. Lamont spoke in similar vein, condemning the action of Congress in so tying the hands of the Debt Refunding Commission that the only proposition it can make to the debtor nations is to "sign on the dotted line" agreements to make impossible payments. Of the new Tariff Law, he said it protects a lot of industries which do not need protection while cutting off from our farmers and manufacturers a lot of markets ready to buy our commodities.

Alvin W. Kreh, President of the Equitable Trust Company, of New York, speaking on "Keeping Faith with Europe," asserted that this faith would be kept when Europe "replaced the snarling and bickering and quarreling with sound principles, mutual understanding, and mutual co-operation." The thought that we might assist in allaying this quarreling may be detected in his criticism of our trade policy.

The following resolution adopted by

the Convention can do no harm, and it may do some good:

We believe that the time has come for the Government of this country to formulate the principles on which it will be able to co-operate with other nations to bring about the needed rehabilitation of European countries and peace in the world.

Some of the speeches merit friendly criticism. The retiring President of the Association, Thomas B. McAdams, in an address marked by broad liberalism, chided the banker who fears to speak his mind lest some depositor disagree with him. This is hardly applicable to the present situation. The banker in charge of other people's money is scarcely to be blamed for being timorous about condemning a universal superstition which, like trade obstruction, blocks the progress of the world but is devoutly believed in by the great mass of business men. His advice to bankers to take a more active part in politics is economically sound, but I am not so sure of its practical wisdom, because I know the disposition of a large part of the people, influenced by yellow journals, to suspect any and all measures recommended by bankers as inspired by sinister motives.

While the spirit of liberalism was dominant in this Convention of the "Money Power," there were discords. The address of L. F. Loree, President of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company, was one of these discords. His criticisms of "Labor Unions" were undeniably sound, but marred by his very obvious hostility to them. Unions are very democratically organized, and officials hold their positions by producing results, or they go out. The unions will no more accept Mr. Loree's plan of State supervision than will some associations of capitalists, as, for example, the New York Stock Exchange. Really, it were better to demonstrate to them in a more friendly way the futility of their uneconomic methods, the real source and limitations of wages, and how a smaller money wage, with a fair readjustment of rents and prices, might purchase a better standard of living than they now enjoy. They are not the only people who believe prosperity is to be found in scarcity of and high prices for the thing they have to sell. Mr. Lamont's speech was a good antidote for that of Mr. Loree.

Despite the numerous expressions of optimism heard at the Convention, I thought I detected beneath the hopeful words a feeling of pessimism—an apprehension that, after all, the fears of an economic collapse in Europe repeatedly expressed by Frank A. Vanderlip may be well founded. This is not to say that the international bankers have no idea of how Europe may be saved, but they are by no means sanguine of getting done the things that must be done, which, as Mr. McKenna pointed out, run so contrary to the popular idea. It is reported in the papers that "Washing-

ton is cold to the suggestion of debt cancellation." It does indeed seem improbable that anything said in the speeches will affect American official action or public opinion for a considerable time to come, and they may produce an effect the opposite of that intended. Washington sees, not the impossibility of collecting the debts, which has been demonstrated before, but only that they are valid debts. It believes not Moses and the prophets; why should it believe mere bankers?

Mr. McKenna's subsequent remark that from her South African mines Great Britain could pay the interest and sinking fund on her debt in gold reminds me of the perfectly valid threat of another Englishman: "We'll pay the debt in gold until you are up to your

necks in it and cry for help." The prospect of such enormous additions to our present stock of gold is simply terrifying to the economist who sees its inevitable effect on our price levels.

Some interesting personages were among the 9,000 bankers from all parts of the country assembled there. John A. Stewart, with a century of life behind him, who was one of the Government's trusted advisers in the days of the Civil War, was among them. George F. Baker, reputed to be the only surviving charter member of the Association and now perhaps the most powerful financial magnate of them all, was another.

A lot of work of interest to bankers was done. The Convention recorded itself strongly against the extension of branch banking to the National banks,

though Walter E. Frew, President of the Corn Exchange Bank and newly elected head of the New York Clearing House Association, is quite as strongly in favor of it. Mr. McKenna in the course of his address, comparing the American and British banking systems, stated that the ten thousand or so banks in Great Britain are branches of thirty-nine central banks, five of the latter controlling three-quarters of them.

John Huegin Puelicher, President of the Marshall & Ilsley Bank, of Milwaukee, who took an active part in our war finances and has been prominent in banking and educational work through the American Institute of Banking, is the new President of the Association, succeeding Mr. McAdams.

New York, October 5, 1922.

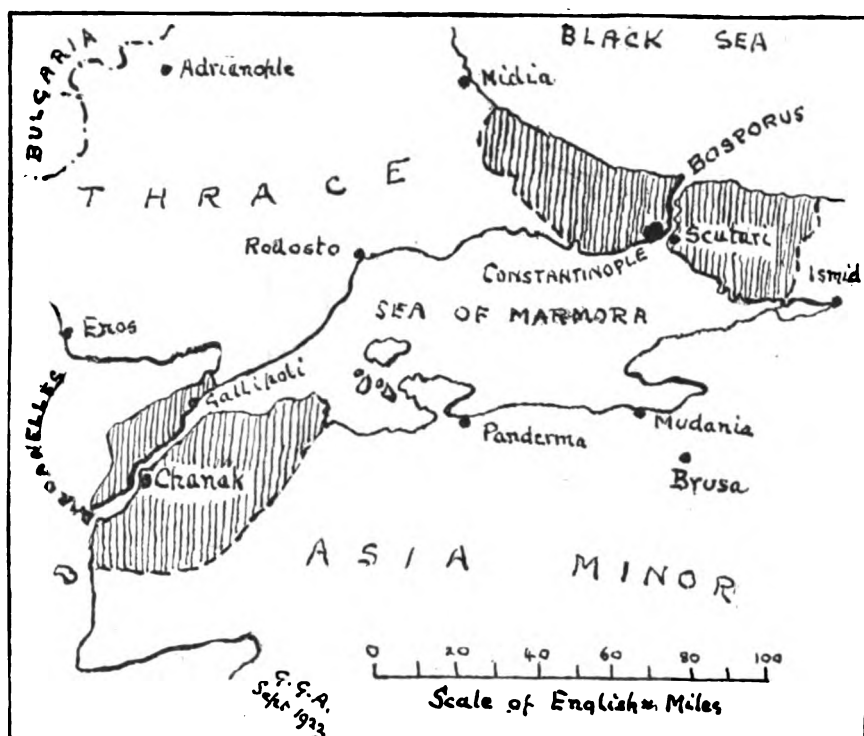
BRITAIN AND THE DEFENSE OF THE STRAITS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

THE friendship between Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and Marshal Foch made its mark upon the world's history. I had the little story which follows from Sir Henry Wilson's own lips, when we were serving together on the Directing Staff of the Army Staff College at Camberley. There, as at all similar establishments for the higher training of staff officers, in Britain and abroad, it was the practice to work out academically the possible military results of the policy of our own and other countries should that policy lead to war. The possible use of the British Expeditionary Force alongside the French army under the conditions which subsequently materialized in 1914 was one of the most interesting of our academic schemes.

Wilson used to talk it over with his friends at the French Staff College (Ecole Supérieure de Guerre). One day he said to Foch: "How many British soldiers would the French army want alongside it at first?" Foch replied: "One. He will be killed;" meaning of course that, if so, Britain would be in it to the last man. About 80,000 British troops stood at Mons in August, 1914, guarding the left of the French army against von Kluck's turning movement. Over 8,000,000 were in arms by the date of the armistice, four and a half years later, and over 800,000 had sacrificed their lives to the cause.

In one of Wilson's last public speeches as Chief of the General Staff, a post that he gave up a few weeks before he was murdered, he warned his country that when once a military force, however small, is sent to a foreign country it is impossible to foresee the extent of the military commitments involved. The position in Turkey reminds us of those words, and it is interesting to recall the events which led up to the present situation (September 28, 1922).



THE NEUTRAL ZONES

Having served in Whitehall during the momentous years 1918 and 1919 when peace terms were being considered, I can vouch from personal knowledge for the fact that Britain did not wish to undertake the responsibility for guarding the Straits and for occupying Constantinople. It was hoped that America, known to be closely interested in the protection of minorities in Turkey, and not having been at war with that country, would have been willing to accept the charge; but soon it became clear that this hope was not to be fulfilled. The period intervening between those

days and the present can be dealt with briefly.

Just before the terms of the still-born Treaty of Sèvres were published, Mr. Lloyd George announced that the guardianship of the Straits was to be "our charge." Neither France nor Italy could spare the necessary troops. Guardianship of the Straits presumably means keeping the channels open for the safe passage of the merchant vessels of all nations. The position about warships is more complicated. The Straits were closed to them by an agreement between the European Powers which followed

the Turco-Egyptian War of 1832-41, in which Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain bore their part. They remained closed until the Great War. In August, 1914, the Turks opened them to the Goeben and Breslau, and the Germans abused their hospitality by hoisting the Turkish flag on these vessels and bombarding Russian Black Sea ports, thus bringing Turkey into the war. This question of the free use of the Straits by men-of-war is in need of settlement. It has been brought to a head of late when Greek war-vessels passed into the Black Sea and bombarded Samsoun.

The Turkish forts, mine fields, and mobile ordnance which defended the channels have been destroyed, but in order to insure security for merchant ships it is necessary to prevent any mobile ordnance likely to fire upon them from being mounted within range either of the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus. The method, under the Treaty of Sèvres, of insuring this condition is to establish "neutral zones" on both sides of each of these channels, and upon Britain has fallen the chief burden of the defense of these zones. Those on the European side we can call the Constantinople and Gallipoli zones, those on the Asiatic side the Scutari and Chanak zones, covering the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, respectively. Their defense has been conducted impartially. The Kemalists were

driven off when they first invaded the Scutari zone last year, but, unfortunately, we could not ourselves provide sufficient troops for the purpose at the time, and, in conjunction with France and Italy, we called in the aid of the Greeks. Immediately afterwards, on their own responsibility, they embarked upon operations far into the interior of Asia Minor, which have ended in disaster, culminating in the sack of Smyrna by the Turks. We also kept the Greeks from violating the zones. When the Greek army in Thrace recently threatened the Constantinople zone, it was warned off by the British, French, and Italian High Commissions. The latest development, as I write this, is that the Kemalists, flushed with their victory over the Greeks, have invaded the Chanak zone, and the French and Italians (who for some time have been supplying war material to the Kemalists) have withdrawn their detachments from that zone, leaving the British, unsupported, to defend an area which measures about thirty miles in width by ninety in length, extending from the Sea of Marmora to the Aegean.

The future is in the lap of the gods. When the Kemalists violated the Chanak zone, they had already been told by Sir Charles Harington, the British general commanding the Allied forces, that any attempt at such violation would be "resisted by all the naval and military

forces available," as the Greeks were told when they approached the Constantinople zone. The latest news is that the Turks are mounting guns at Erenkeui, south of Chanak, and within range of the channel. Let us hope that wise counsels will prevail and the zone will be reneutralized (to coin a new word). If not, it may become the scene of a conflict in which Britain—at present unsupported, but with assistance promised from Australia and New Zealand—will again bear the brunt of a conflict embarked upon, not in her own interests, but in the interests of other nations.

From the purely local point of view, it is clear that, given sea command, it is easier to pour troops from the sea into the zone than it is to reinforce an opposing army from Asia Minor, a country deficient both in communications and supplies. But the real point at issue is not the neutrality of the Straits or the sovereignty of the Turk over Constantinople (these points have been conceded), but the future Turkish frontier in Thrace.

If the League of Nations, with the help of America, can settle that question, it will come into its own by putting out a spark which may otherwise kindle a blaze in the Balkans, spreading into a conflagration likely to extend over Europe and Asia.

Woodford, Salisbury, England.
September 28, 1922.

DOWN WITH THE GOLDEN RULE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY W. C. GREGG

RADICALISM is rebellion against the golden (capitalist) rule.

How strange that the golden rule, which means to us the rule for man's best conduct, may be used by some to mean the hated rule of gold or capitalism. One means fraternal good will, the other tyranny.

The world is full of strange contradictions. The Jew who has both oppressed and been oppressed is to-day as active as ever and as much feared and hated in Europe.

Propagandists, who bribe and are bribed, preach Christian charity and pass the hat for the benefit of human haters.

Countries which rest on a corner-stone of liberty and equality make strenuous efforts to foster classes and organizations which are pledged to destroy liberty of opportunity and freedom to labor.

Our souls are wrong because of the hard fate of European nations, but if we loan them money they fight over it and what is not divided up in commissions is appropriated for the demands of the day and not to build a solid to-morrow.

The good man left his quiet home in 1914. After eight years of absence he is wreck. He has fought and suffered a principle, but he has become vain,

greedy, lazy, full of advice for others and excuses for himself, extravagant, corrupt, and drunken.

Something must save him, restore him in mind and soul, make him again the honest, kind, truthful, peaceful citizen.

In our pride we have been prescribing medicine when it is a case for surgery. Something must reach his heart and soul.

The theory of the Christian religion fits the case perfectly, but we have seen how poorly it works in modern times. We are most of us nominal believers, but the fires have died out on the altars of the churches and the homes. The priesthood are interested in comfortable living and in self-preservation for themselves and their flocks. This preservation is only partially related to salvation. Salvation is only needed to offset damnation, which is no longer feared.

If we turn to the Old Testament, we find the Lord sending warnings to nations against too much prosperity, threatening to send wars, famines, and pestilence. The next pages tell us that he kept his word, the captains of industry went broke; the money lenders (oh, Isaac!) were ruined, and the midnight frolickers were one with the grafter in

begging bread. A multitude died, the rest went to work. Thus ended a chapter. Several other chapters relate the story with hardly enough variety to make interesting reading.

That is all old stuff. History repeats itself, perhaps, but really there isn't such a God, and he doesn't actually send warnings, does he? We must admit that we have risen above religious superstitions! We now approach all questions of the future with well-poised minds; but we don't like to break a looking-glass, and we positively will not sit thirteen at a table. Some one is smiling at us; perhaps it is the devil, who credits himself with doing a good job.

I did not intend to write on a religious subject, but what is the use of beating around the bush? The world is to-day without authority. It cannot exist, as at present organized, without authority. Unless some preacher comes to the front who can tell us of our sins and of a judgment to come; unless some Christ can, with whip in hand, drive us money-changers from the temples of corruption, force us looters, liars, and diplomats back to work; unless some God will have pity on us miserable sinners, and incline our hearts to keep his laws of industry, sobriety, and fair dealing, we are done

for, and modern civilization, with its class graft, and idleness, vanity and viciousness, dishonest propaganda and pompous virtue, will jazz itself to destruction. Listen to the music! The world is on its way.

And now come a few tedious details to add to what you already know.

It is practically impossible for an honest man to compete for business now being placed by European nations. From ten to fifteen per cent must be paid to go-betweens; even then some one may bid higher.

A recent transaction was closed for a large lot of Government supplies; the price was one-third higher than the regular price. The terms were cash, and it was paid for. It is not always easy to know where material goes. Recently an order was placed in London by a Swedish company; the goods were shipped to Germany, and forwarded to Russia. Was it Russian gold, German gold, or Swedish gold that went to pay for it? How much "commission" fell to the lot of the officials and introducers along the route?

There is so much competition among

the sellers that all too often conscience is superseded by expediency. The easy way is to accept the suggestion of the buyer—it is also the rotten way. Munitions in some form are moving from Allied countries to Russia via German correspondence and influence. The things that Germany will need for military organizations either at home or in Russia are being procured, regardless of peaceful reasons. Some mechanical elements, some parts of explosive mechanisms, are going in quantities. An English electric manufacturer told me that some things in his line bought recently could be used only with munitions of war.

If you and I know this now, Poincaré has known it for some time. You say, "If the French had been less insistent Germany would be less defiant." The probable fact is that Germany is deliberately wrecking her finances and her prosperity rather than pay indemnities to France. France had two very plain courses—cancel claims on Germany or insist on their payment. The first involves ignominious retreat, national degradation, and a revolution at home. The second means carrying out the Ver-

sailles Treaty, with or without Allied assistance. This may bring on war, but war is probably more welcome than the triumph of the Teuton.

The British have a detached but negative attitude toward France. Not all are pro-Boche by any means, but in their present security they are impatient of impediments to business restoration. It is little to them to ask France to forget and forgive. I passed the Edith Cavell statue to-day. If it had not already been built, I doubt if anything of the kind would be proposed just now. It would be considered as needlessly provocative.

Candidly, there is little hope of co-operation in the near future between France and England. Their conditions of security and interest are almost opposite. If a war breaks out on the Continent, England is not more apt to get into it than we are. Nobody has much with which to pay, and neither England nor America would profit by it. Indeed, the strain would probably burst some of our bubbles of inflation and we should illustrate the consequences of the wrath of God.

London, England.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DEBATING SOCIETY

BY RALPH M. CARSON

THE visit of an Oxford Union debating team to American shores, as Mr. George Moore pointed out in these columns, is a new thing in the relations of English and American universities. It is a new thing for the Union. The visit is bound to start comparisons of standards and values. That these may be just and fruitful it is necessary to understand something of the unique place which the Oxford Union enjoys in England, both as a school for speakers and as a preparation for public life.

I have participated both in American intercollegiate debates and in the debates of the Oxford Union, and as a means of pleasure and development I incline to prefer the latter. But here I need only point out that the two systems are different. As ours is calculated on the basis of a public competition and outside judges and set discussion of a defined issue, so the English is fitted to the needs of a student debating society and cut to the parliamentary model. The Oxford Union is this society at Oxford. Founded in 1823, it is a general students' club, like the university unions in this country. But Oxford goes further, and adds a debating hall, modeled upon the House of Commons, a long galleried room with a high president's chair and Government and Opposition benches. Here the Union debates are held every Thursday of term, in a style, after a tradition, which belong to Oxford and Cambridge alone.

The Oxford procedure is that of a de-

bating society; but the caliber is that of our best forensic work, and the atmosphere is the incommunicable one of a fine parliamentary tradition. At every meeting a motion, usually political, is debated "in public business" from half-past eight to half-past eleven. It is phrased in general terms, and is accepted with no quibbling intention but in its broad issues. Two members propose it, and two oppose. These four, whose names appear on the notice paper, are, like the officers, in evening dress. They speak throughout to "Mr. President," and refer to other members always in the third person and never by name. They speak for or against the motion on any ground that pleases them, and with much or little reference to what their colleague has said. They occupy ten to twenty minutes, but are not sharply limited. After the fourth speaker, the motion is open for debate by the house generally; and fifteen or twenty more members will have time for brief speeches before the hour arrives at which to close the debate. Then the question is put. The remaining members range themselves on the Government or Opposition benches, to be counted. Their total, together with the votes of those who have gone out through the Aye door or No door, makes the division and settles the fate of the motion. The average division is between 150 and 400, all Union members. Visitors attend only in the gallery.

The whole procedure has the stamp of individuality upon it. Within the outer

wall of ceremony, it is free and informal. No one is there to teach speakers how to stand or gesture. There is no rigid time limit. Humor flows freely, and almost always from out the argument. The audience, composed largely of the speakers, pronounces judgment. As an audience it is the most critical (in no captious sense) that I ever spoke to. Though usually good-humored and always fair, it has a mind which must be grappled. And the point is, that every advance which one makes in power of speaking, every step in technique, is made in relation to the big central problem of driving an idea across that mind.

So much for the outlines of a Union evening. Its color is always different. The most personal humor and the best repartee come in question time, when the President announces: "The officers will answer questions concerning the discharge of their official duties." At once a saturnine individual in a dinner coat rises from a back bench and drawls in his most insinuating tone, "Mr. President, can you tell me where flies go in the winter time?" The President can only say that there are none on him. "Mr. President," sings the slim Irishman who rises from the Committee bench, "may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, sir." "Will you come to tea Saturday?" The air of jaunty and sweeping generosity thrown into this query justifies the shouts of laughter which greet it. But the house is getting weary of the absurd. "Sir," says a tall man who is to speak on the paper, "may I ask you a sensible

question?" The President is all solicitude as he returns in a low and balanced voice, "You might try, sir."

Question time is a great developer of *finesse* and discretion. I remember the first meeting of a new President. He seemed to have no past, and no one could think of a question to put. The pause had grown noticeable when one who was both the best heckler and the noisiest member arose. "Mr. President, has your presence struck this house with such reverence that I am the only one to venture to ask a question?" The President had an air of perfect command as he replied, "That seems to me the correct definition of reverence;" and it was five seconds before he got his reward.

Oxonians seem to work a spontaneous humor out of their speeches more than we do, just as they deal more in choice language and wayward fancy. Last term at the Union an acid Scot defined democracy as "a government of the fools by the fools for the knaves." On the occasion of the Cambridge visit the Union punster was showering things like this: "Cambridge is not a patch on this ancient seat of learning; since we, having abolished Greek, can make our own breeches with tradition." The eloquent Hindu who described Mr. Lloyd George as a Horatius on the wrong side of the bridge went on to picture the League of Nations in language which was enthusiastically applauded. "It is," he said, "a beautiful beneficent angel beating her wings in a luminous void, while Lord Robert Cecil blows continually into the vacuum in the effort to waft her heavenward."

Real eloquence, founded on conviction and fired with passion, is not absent from the Union, and often prevails. I

recall the debate on British reprisals in Ireland, where Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, was to speak fifth. The fourth speaker, a Tory ex-president, with powerful diction and delivery breathed fire and slaughter against the treasonable Irish. When Mr. Yeats arose, the house welcomed the emotional tremor of his voice and broke into cheers as the fine face flashed into ardor and the well-set figure paced down the aisle in an Irish passion of denunciation. I do not remember how large a majority he got. Again, during the debate on American foreign policy, when Mr. Beck, the American Solicitor-General, was to close the debate, an undergraduate from Christ Church made the most moving plea of his Union career. He appealed to the better genius of America for construction and co-operation in language which swept up the whole sympathy of the house, and ended pathetically on the old hope of El Dorado in the West. To vindicate American foreign policy by a majority of 8 in a division of 366 then required all the power and conviction of Mr. Beck.

There is much of the trivial and schoolboyish in these anecdotes, no doubt, and in the Union. It is a students' society. But it does worlds to keep up at Oxford the vein of solid political thinking which we so much lack in our universities. And its great men give it a historic dignity. Over against the wall on the Government side of the house stand three busts of Prime Ministers, ex-officers of the Union. They are Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Asquith. Lord Rosebery, also Prime Minister, was a member, but not an officer. The list of distinguished ex-presidents includes Lord Robert Cecil, one of the fathers of the League of Nations;

Lord Bryce, the great apostle of Anglo-American friendship; Lord Birkenhead, present Lord Chancellor and one of the positive figures in British politics; Lord Milner, the constructive Imperialist; Sir John Simon, now perhaps the leader of the English bar; Hilaire Belloc; John Buchan; and many others. These men, whose pictures look down from its walls, are not mere names in relation to the Union. They are solid evidence of its place in English life. Because they have come out of the Union to rule England, and have sent their sons to the Union again, they give its tendencies meaning and make its debates and its training almost a part of politics.

I have tried to convey a little of the atmosphere and tradition of the Oxford Union as I experienced it. Nothing in our universities is so characteristic of us as the Union is of England, nor so colorful, nor so individual. By comparison with our debating methods, it seems more real, more informal, and more sensible in many ways. It does not give equally good technical training; but the problem of the speech in relation to the audience it forces upon the speaker's attention from the outset. For one reason or another, it produces speakers who are more complete and better balanced, who use a finer language and a more subtle humor, than speakers in our colleges. Those who come best out of its training begin and end upon personal belief, making statistics and authority secondary. Great personalities are its true fruit. The brilliant and earnest men graduated from the Oxford Union into English public life are, to one who loves Oxford, a fit crystallization of her spirit. Range and power of mind, individuality of expression, belong both to Oxford and to the Union.

IOWA ON THE RAMPAGE

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

WE think of Iowa as one of the conservative States of the Union, much more so than Nebraska or Kansas, for example. Just now there is probably more reasonable as well as unreasonable unrest in Iowa than anywhere else in the central part of the country. Iowa farmers complain, of course, at the great deflation of agricultural prices following the war and charge the Federal Reserve authorities with the blame. There is a rising fury at the alleged speculative activities of Wall Street. The Esch-Cummins Railway Law, which bears the name of one of Iowa's own Senators, is unpopular in the extreme. The demand is State-wide for its absolute repeal, as indeed is the case in Nebraska and elsewhere in the West. Iowa is outraged particu-

larly at the six per cent provision of guaranty to the owners of the roads. Why a guaranty of six per cent to the owners of the roads, they say, when the farmers who furnish the freight and the railway laborers have no guaranty to protect them? The public man who points out that the Esch-Cummins Law has some very good features of Government regulation in the general welfare, and perhaps needs amendment rather than repeal, meets with short shrift. He is a tool of Wall Street. The railway workers have no confidence in the Labor Board provision of the law, which their recent experience leads them to think is calculated to take from them their free rights and privileges. The rail brotherhoods think that they have the capacity to exercise a share of control in the

management of the roads. The farmers would like to restore competition in the railway field.

Iowans think that the Government should have held on to the railways longer after the war. They say that their Senator Cummins, who was once a radical, but has grown conservative with age and time, came before their Legislature in January of the year the bill was passed with a plan for dividing the country into railway zones, eliminating waste, establishing unity and adequate financial control by government. And then, they say, he went down to Washington, and by June he was pressed into being the sponsor for a very different kind of bill of which a very large number of them disapprove.

The fact seems to be that many agri-

cultural Iowans are suffering severely from their own shortcomings. Especially the more enterprising of them prospered mightily during the war. Prosperity seems to have turned the heads of a great number. It is declared by those who should know that no less than two hundred million dollars were lost by the people of Iowa in unwise investment in bad securities. The farmers far and wide were the victims of smooth security salesmen. All this is charged up somewhat illogically against Wall Street. Furthermore, the war prices of agricultural products brought on a great land boom, and the men of Iowa proceeded to lay field to field in their eagerness to take advantage of financial opportunity. Now prices have fallen below the cost of production, the land boom has burst, landed indebtedness seems an intolerable burden—and Iowa blames the Government. Government may be partly to blame, but evidently not altogether. There is one level-headed farmer who is going around to agricultural assemblages telling the truth. He says in his speeches: "I bought land beyond any reason, I bought securities that I didn't know anything about, I bought luxuries, I was a damn fool; and if I lose out, me and the old lady will go back to where we were when we started, and we won't blame the Government!"

An Iowa banker who has gone into the figures told me that there is an automobile in Iowa for every four and one-half people in the State. So, if a great economic flood comes, and the people hear of it in time, everybody in the State can be transported out of it in a motor car. This same banker reckoned that the automobile depreciation and upkeep costs for a year amount to five hundred dollars a car, and eats up in the aggregate two or three hundred million dollars. It has brought a lighter heart and a greater volume of pleasure to the farmers of Iowa and their families than they ever knew, and there is a good deal of pure utility in it besides, but, by and large, it is one of the heavy economic burdens.

The plodders in Iowa appear to be about where they were before the war. The more enterprising of the population have been nipped by the economic frost, and of course the outcry from the more enterprising is very effective in its influence upon public judgment in the State; and yet if the people had not committed the errors which I have enumerated, thoughtful persons in Iowa believe that the State actually would be better off than at any time in its history. The plodder with his eighty acres is as well off as he ever was. The corn crop in Iowa is wonderful at this harvest. And the farmers are feeding the corn to vast quantities of live stock, which they are shipping out at a good profit to Eastern markets. Much to the alleged disgust of the Iowa farmer, the demand from the East is for his lambs and little two-hundred-pound pigs and baby beeves

weighing eight or nine hundred pounds. He raises them and ships them, but he will take you out where the cattle are, and, patting one of the beautiful baby Herefords on the forehead, he says: "There it is, you see; Wall Street is even robbing the cattle cradle for its own luxury, while Iowa fights for a livelihood!"

And this is where Brookhart comes in, the radical Republican candidate for United States Senator to succeed Kenyon, who has become a Federal Judge. Brookhart is a country lawyer, of good average ability, according to all accounts, of tremendous determination and sincerity. He is past fifty, but they say of him that every tooth in his head is as sound as in his boyhood. He is the Middle Western sort who never touched a drop of liquor or an ounce of tobacco in his life. He is dead in earnest. The conservative Cummins was once a radical, but is so no more. Kenyon often spoke radically but was reasonable conservative in action. But the belief about Brookhart is that he means his radicalism as mercilessly as La Follette does. He is probably not as able as La Follette, but he seems to be fully as determined. He has fused both the farmers and the laborers behind him in Iowa, just as La Follette has in Wisconsin. He claims the farmers, the laborers, the drys, the women, and the soldiers. He says that his opponent is welcome to the rest of the electorate. His Democratic opponent is Herring, of Des Moines, the head of the Ford agency for the State, a man of some social cultivation and wealth acquired through energy, foresight, industry, and honesty, according to his neighbors. The discussion between the two men is acrimonious in the extreme. Brookhart maintains that railway attorneys write Herring's speeches, and that his opponent is allied with all the crooked big business of the country. Herring retorts that Brookhart poses as a farmer in overalls when he is not a farmer at all, but a wild-eyed lawyer-politician; that he has his picture taken while feeding the hogs, and that his hypocrisy should be held up to scorn.

Brookhart insists upon having seven billions of water eliminated from the railway capitalization of the country at one fell squeeze. He is a radical railway reformer who represents quite exactly the temper of a large part of Iowa at this time. He is against what he calls the non-partisan league of Wall Street and all its works. He favors a soldier's bonus, to be paid out of war profits and excess profits generally. He is opposed to ship subsidies. He attacks "predatory blocs," but favors the farmer bloc, the labor bloc, the soldiers' bloc, the mothers' bloc, and any business bloc which is willing to co-operate with his favored list. He is the Republican candidate, but every Republican paper but one in the State is fighting him. When I was in Iowa, nobody seemed to think that regular Republican opposition will make any difference. The people gener-

ally seemed to be for him, including the Democrats in droves. More recently many of the regulars have organized against him and the tide of opposition has risen somewhat. The conservative Republicans will vote for Herring. They are afraid of Brookhart. They thought he would not get thirty-five per cent of the primary vote, as required under the Iowa law, and that the choice would therefore go to a convention. But Brookhart got nearly forty-five per cent of the primary vote. It is the Republicans who are on the rampage in the West, not the Democrats.

There is one reason why Brookhart seems as good as elected. He has been in two wars, the Spanish-American and the World War, and he is the finest rifleman in the State of Iowa and one of the best in America. He was a National Guardsman, and when the World War broke out he was put on the Rifle Commission by the Federal Government. He soon fell afoul of the views of the West Pointers and the army bureaucrats in Washington. They said that there was no use in training the millions of young Americans to shoot at a target, that if a thousand men stood up and fired at the enemy together they were sure to hit somebody; and the practice of accurate shooting, under the circumstances, was a waste of time and money. Brookhart said that it was very important that every American boy should learn to shoot straight. His theory was that a man who knew he could shoot straight and that the nearer the enemy came the better his chances would be of picking him off, would be more stable as a soldier in battle and more likely to stand without flinching or fleeing. He made himself so disagreeable to the army bureaucrats that he was put off the Commission, so I am informed. But high State influence got him a thirty-minutes' interview with Secretary Baker in Washington, and in thirty minutes he convinced Baker that he was right, and Baker took two brigadier-generals off the Rifle Commission and put Brookhart and a friend of his back on the job. And Brookhart set scores of thousands of young men in every army camp in the country shooting at a target every day. And Iowans claim that it helped at Chateau Thierry and elsewhere in France. When American soldiers began to pick off Germans at eight hundred yards, it was a new and discomfiting experience on the western front.

It seems to me that it will be hard to beat for public office a man with a record like this, especially when he fits into the temper of his State at the moment and into the economic circumstances of the time. Brookhart seems exactly the kind that the people of Iowa want to go to Washington for them just now. And the more cavorting about he does in Washington, the better they will like it. If he metaphorically kicks the roof off, they will applaud. That's what they are sending him there for. Two years from now it may be different.

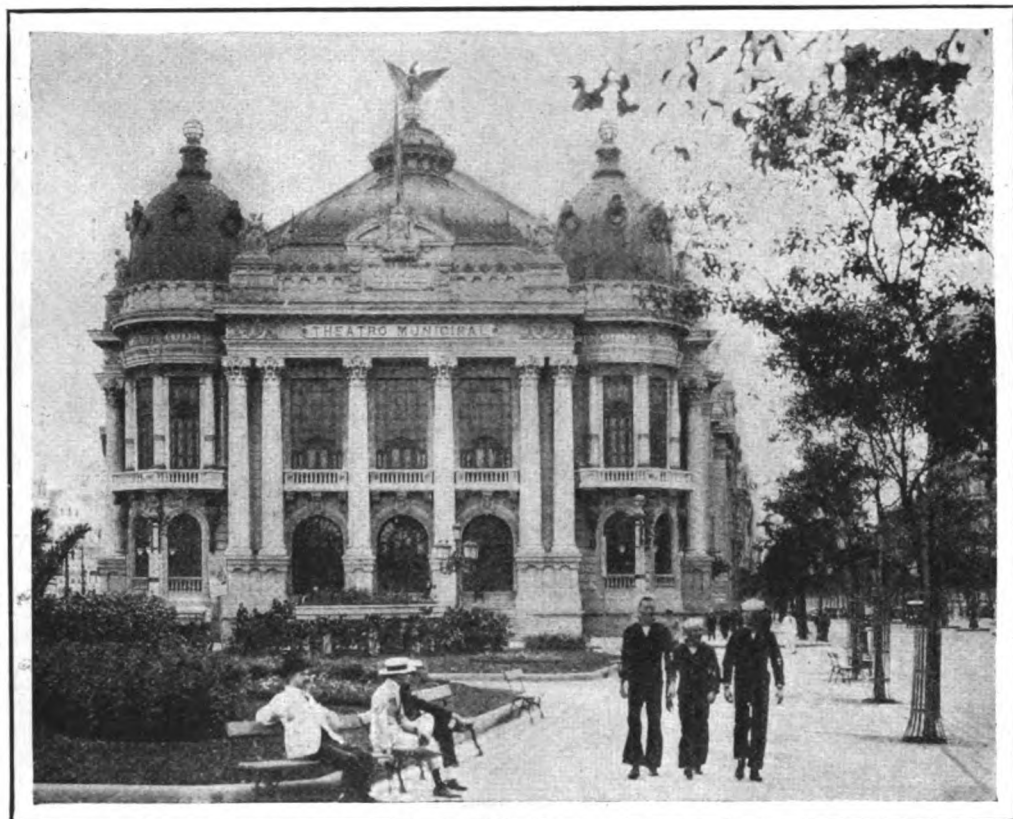
AMERICAN SAILORS SEEING THE SIGHTS



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

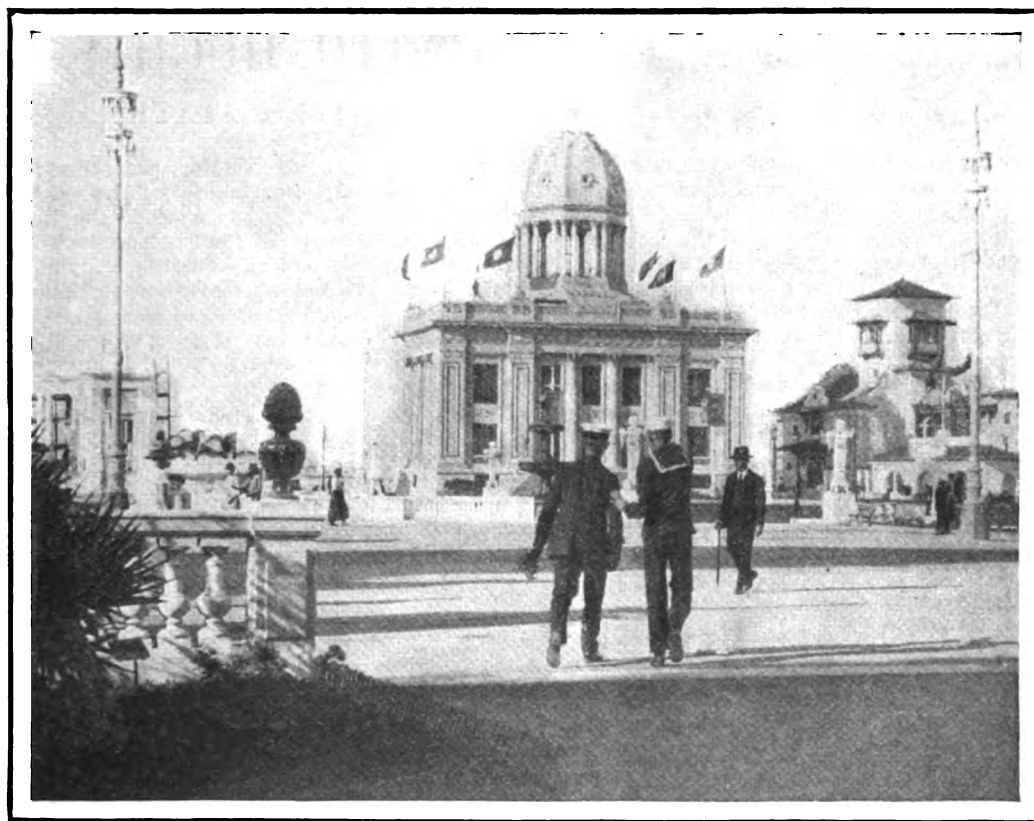
BLUEJACKETS ON THE AVENUE OF PALMS; CASTLE GUANABARA,
WHERE SECRETARY HUGHES STOPPED, AT END OF STREET

OF THE GREAT BRAZILIAN CAPITAL



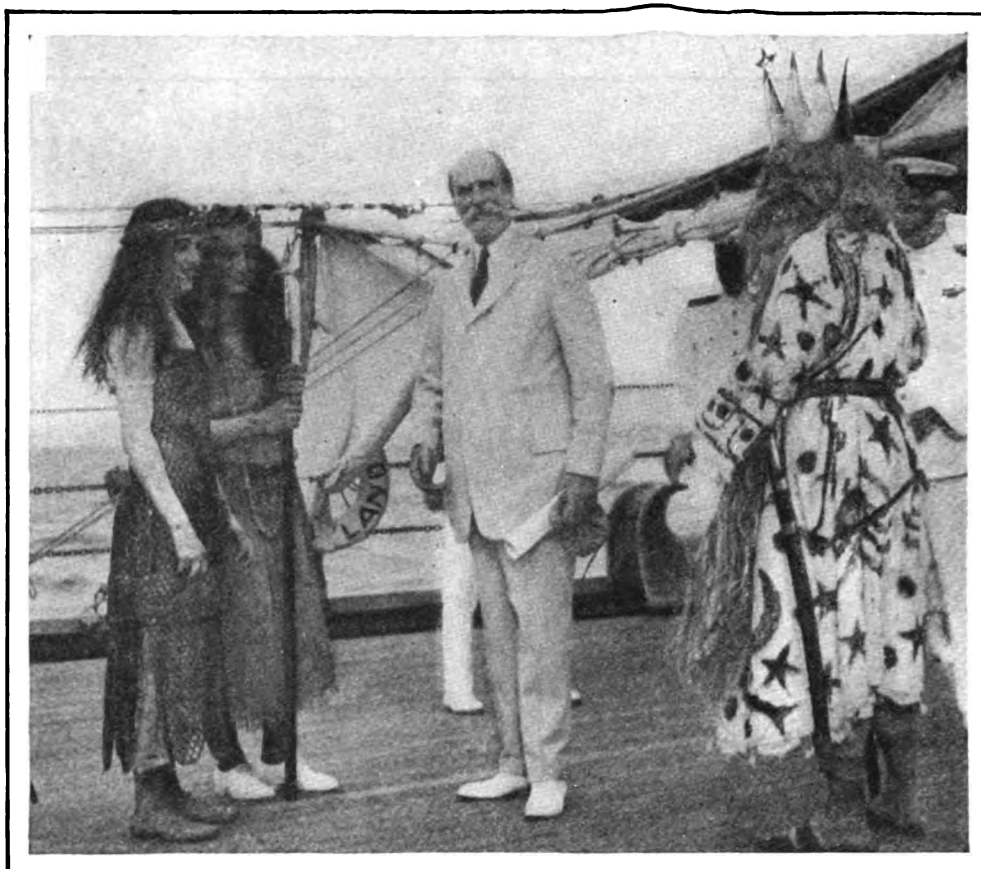
U. S. Navy Official Photograph

BLUEJACKETS OF THE MARYLAND IN FRONT OF THE MUNICIPAL THEATER



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AT RIO. STATISTICAL BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

SECRETARY HUGHES, KING NEPTUNE, THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ON BOARD THE MARYLAND

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO WITH HUGHES

BY WILLIAM W. MORRIS, CHIEF YEOMAN, UNITED STATES NAVY

PROBABLY because the most of us speak only English and unconsciously assume a superior attitude toward Latin countries we are inclined to overlook the tremendous growth of our sister republics in South America. Few of us realize that Brazil has been an independent nation for one hundred years, and few indeed take more than a passing interest in events that are really important in that rich and growing country.

But our Government in Washington was wide awake to the importance of promoting better friendship and closer relations, not only with Brazil, but with the other Latin-American republics. Consequently when Brazil invited the United States to participate in the centennial celebration of her independence it was a graceful recognition of the increasing importance of South America in international affairs that prompted President Harding to send our Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, as an Ambassador Extraordinary to represent us at the opening of the Exposition in Rio. Secretary Hughes, Representative Stephen G. Porter (Chairman of the House Foreign Relations Committee),

Judge Finch (of the First Judicial District of the State of New York), Admiral H. P. Jones, U. S. N. (Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet), and Major-General Bullard, U. S. A., constituted the Commission. They sailed from New York on the Shipping Board liner Pan-America on August 23, 1922.

During the trip Secretary Hughes participated in the time-honored ceremonies incident to crossing the equator. When hauled before King Neptune and his Court, the Secretary was accused of having scrapped the Navy, but he appeased the wrath of King Neptune by promising to send what was left of the Navy across the equator more frequently than in the past. This so pleased King Neptune that he let the Secretary off with a light sentence—"Life service to your country."

The Navy Department had been ordered by the President to provide a suitable naval escort for our mission, and also to represent the United States suitably in the harbor of Rio during the Exposition. Accordingly the superdreadnought Maryland, Captain D. F. Sellers, U. S. N., commanding, and the Nevada, Captain D. E. Dismukes, U. S.

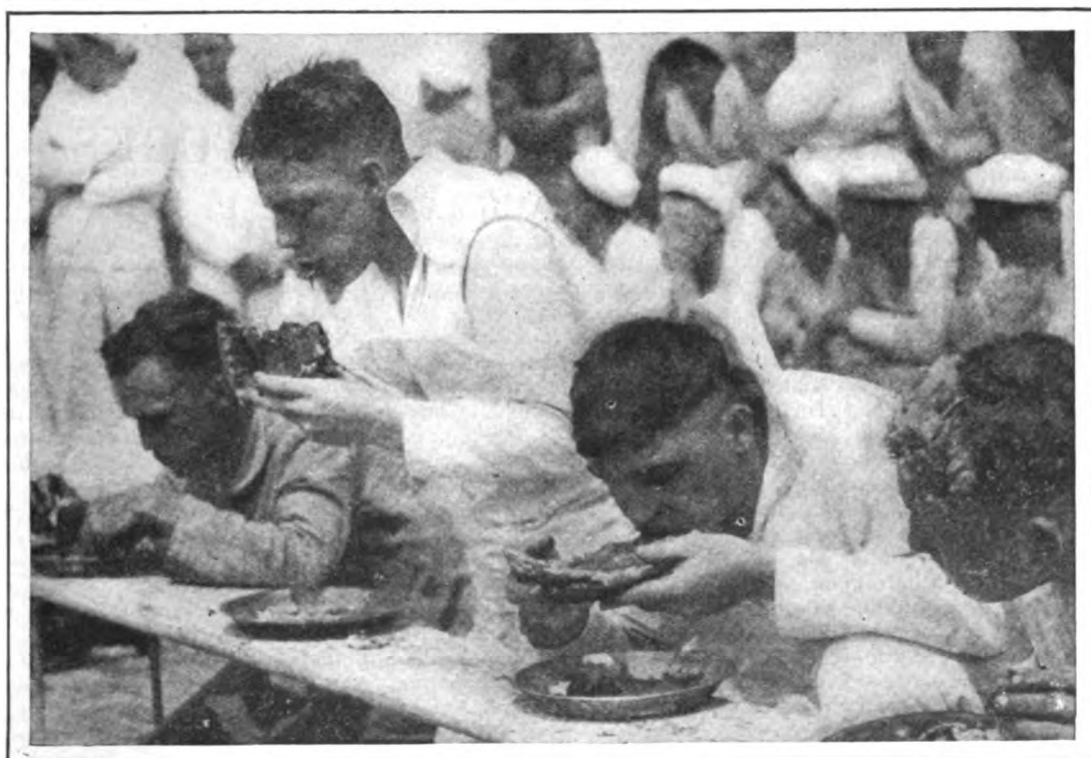
N., commanding, had preceded the Pan-America, and fifty miles out of Rio they hove to and awaited the Pan-America. Presently the Pan-America stopped close aboard the flagship Maryland and the Admiral's motor barge was lowered from the man-of-war and sent to the liner for Secretary Hughes and his party. No time was lost in making the transfer, and as the Secretary stepped over the gangway to the quarterdeck he was greeted by a splendid-looking crew in immaculate dress uniforms and by a salute of nineteen guns and the breaking of the Secretary of State's flag at the fore-truck.

When the Maryland, followed by the Nevada, steamed into the beautiful harbor of Rio and received the national salutes from the British superdreadnaught Hood and from the French, Japanese, Brazilian, Italian, Mexican, and other men-of-war, Secretary Hughes undoubtedly felt a thrill of pride in the knowledge that his country was participating in a manner befitting the home of the Monroe Doctrine. It is well to remember that foreign countries are more impressed by the display of rank and so our position in the world d



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

A LIBERTY PARTY OF AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS LANDING AT RIO



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

**A PIE-EATING CONTEST WITNESSED BY SECRETARY HUGHES ON THE MARYLAND
EN ROUTE FROM RIO TO NEW YORK**

mandated that we be represented in the best possible manner by high officials of the country and by an adequate naval display.

When Secretary Hughes landed in Rio on September 5 he was escorted to Guanabara Palace, which was placed at his disposal. Since then this same palace has been placed at the disposal of the President of Portugal. No other representatives have been so highly honored by the Brazilians.

The following day, September 6, Secretary Hughes and other members of the American mission presented their credentials to the President of Brazil.

On September 7, the one hundredth anniversary of the independence of Brazil, the Exposition was opened by an international parade participated in by soldiers and sailors from fifteen countries. Our American bluejackets and Marines led the parade, and were beyond doubt the finest-appearing men in it. This was attested by the great applause that greeted them all along the line of march. After the completion of the parade the President of Brazil congratulated Secretary Hughes, who was sitting beside him, on the magnificent appearance of our men.

During the following days Secretary Hughes was extremely busy with the many ceremonies and official calls, luncheons, banquets, and public speeches. Among these ceremonies was the official opening of the Exposition by the President of Brazil and the dedication by Secretary Hughes of the new American Consulate in the Exposition Grounds.

Meantime our three thousand blue-

jackets were acting as unofficial representatives of the United States, and they made a fine impression wherever they went. The principal sporting event was an international boat race, participated in by pulling cutters from the men-of-war of eleven different countries. The crew from the Maryland was unfortunate in getting off to a bad start, but somehow they felt that the prestige of the United States was just as much at stake in the race as in the ceremonies participated in by Secretary Hughes, and so they pulled their hearts out, and at the end of the two-mile race flashed across the line a boat's length ahead of the next best—England.

It had been originally planned for the Secretary and his party to return on the Shipping Board liner American Legion, but at the last minute it was decided that the Secretary would return on board the Maryland. The Nevada was left in Rio for the duration of the Exposition.

The Maryland got under way late in the afternoon of September 12, and, demonstrating the flexibility of her American motive power—electric drive—gathered headway rapidly and in a few minutes was steaming at over eighteen knots without a particle of smoke from her funnels. With men standing at attention on deck, and with the band playing the national airs of each country as she passed their foreign men-of-war, she steamed majestically out of the harbor, a fitting representative of the power and dignity of the United States. The Maryland maintained this speed, and even better, all the way to New York, even during a

two days' gale, and succeeded in shattering all records for the run between Rio and New York.

On the way back Secretary Hughes was again hauled before King Neptune on crossing the equator and was presented with a handsomely engraved Neptune certificate which made it known to all men that he had become a trusty "shellback" and had been duly initiated into the mystic and ancient order of the Deep. During the ten days' voyage Secretary Hughes inspected the crew, their mess tables, where they slept, the engine-room, fire-rooms, and all parts of the ship and made himself very popular with the men by the interest he displayed in their work. They had expected to find him rather austere and dignified, but, on the contrary, they found him to be a regular fellow and a good shipmate. This favorable impression was mutual, for upon landing in New York Secretary Hughes stated to the press that his trip on the Maryland had been the most enjoyable and instructive voyage he had ever made and that he had great admiration for the officers and the men of the Maryland.

It is safe to say that the visit of Secretary Hughes under such auspicious circumstances as attended his trip to Rio has done much to strengthen the ties of friendship between the United States and Brazil and to bring about a clearer appreciation in both countries of our kindred aspirations. Secretary Hughes has added greatly to the prestige of this country by his visit, and it is hoped that our Government will continue its efforts in this direction.

THE AMERICAN NAVY AND THE TURKS

BY COMMANDER ROBERT A. BACHMAN (M.C.), U. S. N.

WITH events in the Near East bursting suddenly from an apparently peaceful condition into a state of war, the United States Navy found itself once more so placed as to make it the center of the entire Nation's eager interest.

In order to clear up the official status of our official representative in Turkish waters and to make plain just what part the Navy is playing to-day, when the situation between England and Turkey is so strained, it may be well to state exactly in what capacity Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol is acting, and how he is representing our Government.

When the Allied Governments concluded the armistice with Turkey, they established an Allied High Commission to deal with whatever problems might arise in connection with the Near Eastern situation. During the World War the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with Turkey, although war had never officially been declared.

On this Allied High Commission the United States had no representation, and, as our relations with Turkey still precluded the sending of an ambassador, it eventually fell to Admiral Bristol, as Senior United States Naval Officer in Turkey, to handle all diplomatic business.

This official designation, however, left him without adequate power and authority to deal with the many phases of our foreign relations which demanded his attention. In all common councils a greater voice than his was exercised by the other Powers on account of being represented by diplomats with higher credentials. To correct this situation—and our interests at that time were of the greatest variety and importance—the President, upon recommendation of the State Department, on August 11, 1919, appointed Rear-Admiral Bristol High Commissioner of the United States, and the negotiating of all matters between the United States and

Near Eastern countries was carried on through him. Although since then diplomatic relations have been resumed, the office of High Commissioner proved to be so desirable that it has been continued to this day. By this change of rank the importance of Admiral Bristol's position was properly emphasized, and consequently the usefulness of his office proportionately increased.

In brief, the duties of the High Commissioner include the following appointments: He is diplomatic representative of the United States, Senior United States Naval Officer in Turkish waters, representative of the United States Shipping Board in the Near East, Chairman of the Constantinople Chapter of the American Red Cross, General Assistant of the Near East Relief Committee, and General Director of all United States Consular Offices in Turkey.

With the despatch of twelve additional destroyers to Constantinople, the naval



REFUGEE CHILDREN IN THE NEAR EAST CLOTHED IN OLD UNIFORMS BY OFFICERS OF AN AMERICAN DESTROYER

forces of the United States there will be augmented to twenty destroyers, the small station ship *Scorpion*, and some supply ships and tenders.

Vice-Admiral Long on the cruiser *Pittsburg*, his flagship, will be in command of the entire United States naval forces operating in European waters. Admiral Long will make an inspection trip to Turkey to look over the situation and determine the disposition of the forces under his command. The immediate handling of the vessels at Turkey will remain with Rear-Admiral Bristol.

To set down in detail all the matters which must of necessity claim Admiral Bristol's attention in such unsettled times as these would take too much space. But one fact should not be forgotten—that, first of all, relief work carried on and the protection given to Americans constitute the bulk of his affairs.

Destroyers have steamed from port to port, carrying stores, transporting members of the Near East Relief Committee, assisting in every way the efforts of the Red Cross and other relief organizations, evacuating Americans, non-combatants, and wounded from Black Sea ports, and helping American business keep on its feet.

When in 1920 communication lines in Turkey, Bulgaria, Russia, and Rumania were badly shattered, and at times even totally destroyed, Admiral Bristol was able, through stationing his destroyers advantageously, to keep up communications with London and from there to the United States by means of their

radio equipment. But for the naval communication office which he established ashore it is difficult to imagine what our Near East Relief, Food Administration, Red Cross, and commercial men would have done. The last were

especially handicapped by the military control of cable lines and the frequent total paralysis of mail facilities. All messages sent out via commercial cable were more or less open to the scrutiny of foreign competitors, and the saving of American trade became almost completely a question of communications. At one time the Navy handled as many as two thousand incoming and outgoing messages a day.

In the transacting of official duties a sharp line was drawn between state and naval matters. When Admiral Bristol took over the Embassy and established the headquarters of the High Commission there, two files were begun—one known as the Navy file, and the other as the State Department file. In this way it was arranged that whenever the time came for the Navy to withdraw the Embassy files would be left complete.

Now, with the eyes of the entire world focused on Turkey, it may be apropos to quote a despatch recently sent to one of our metropolitan dailies by its staff correspondent:

"The humanitarian work done by Admiral Bristol and his small naval force," he says, "cannot be overrated. He has demonstrated that the American Navy is not only a fighting machine in time of war, nor a mere ornament in time of peace. While other naval forces are chiefly concerned with evacuating their own nationals, American destroyers are practically the only forces devoting themselves wholly to the unfortunate Greeks as well as to the Americans."

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE, "the only unmarried American woman, outside of the relief organizations," wrote some intimate letters home about the life there during the past year, and about some of the outstanding figures in that Near East storm center. Notable among the figures she describes is

ADMIRAL BRISTOL

But she does not stop with these high personages. She describes also the "soft-eyed Turkish doll," the prize beauty, Little Baala; the Princess Sabailheddin, a "Turkish princess with blond bobbed hair;" the Spanish Jew, "who scurries in and out like a rabbit;" and others who do not get into the papers. Best of all, she tells how Americans and Europeans pass their time "where every meal is a party" and where "it's a delirious life for a British or American girl."

She writes with zest of her experiences and observations, which she characterizes as "Turkish Delight."

*First installment in
next week's Outlook*

ALWAYS ON GUARD

THE NAVY—IN PEACE

BY CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET, U. S. N.

THE Navy is a constructive and a humanitarian as well as a fighting organization. The general impression that the men of the Navy are idle in time of peace, save for necessary war drills, and that money appropriated for the Navy is expended entirely in preparing for future battles, is incorrect.

The men of the Navy are so active in time of peace governing certain of our island possessions; protecting our citizens abroad; promoting and safeguarding our foreign trade; assisting all merchantmen in approaching our coasts; and in developing shipbuilding and engineering industries, that money appropriated for the Navy is well invested.

NAVY GOVERNS OUR ISLAND POSSESSIONS

Virgin Islands. These islands, which we obtained from the Danes in 1917, are governed by an American Admiral, assisted by a staff of some twenty other naval officers, of whom fourteen are doctors. In the early days St. Thomas was a pirate stronghold. Here exists the famous "Bluebeard's Castle," built in 1700. The native guides point out the many black crosses on the inner walls of the Castle, which indicate the number of wives the old pirate killed. At one time St. Thomas was the most important transshipping port in the West Indies, where slaves and cargoes were redistributed and where steamers were coaled. In the good old days our men-of-war were prone to drop in at St. Thomas to fill up their wine lockers.

The islands have an area of 142 square miles, a population of 26,000 (largely Negroes), and a trade valued at \$4,000,000 annually. The largest island, St. Croix, exported nearly \$2,000,000 worth of sugar in 1921, with small amounts of molasses, cotton, and cattle. Two other islands, St. John and St. Thomas, used to make valuable exports of bay rum, but prohibition has now crippled this as well as the real rum industry.

The Naval Governor has given education an impetus by revising the school laws; by raising from thirteen to fifteen years the age limit for compulsory education; by requiring parents and guardians to keep the children in school; by increasing the number, salary, and quality of the teachers; by introducing nurses and dentists into the schools; by increasing night school facilities; by establishing libraries; and by organizing schools for nurses. In February, 1921, the first native girl graduates in the history of the islands were given diplomas as nurses. Baby shows are held monthly, at which a Navy band plays, pink lemonade is served, and the Governor awards prizes to the proud

mothers of the islands' finest infants. Infant mortality has been reduced from 325 to 207 per thousand in the Virgin Islands as a whole, while in the capital the rate has been reduced to 86 per thousand. Improved sanitation has eliminated typhoid and reduced the evil effects of other diseases.

The Navy allots \$340,000 of its money outright to govern the Virgin Islands. Many additional thousands are expended maintaining the naval force, improving sanitation, and furnishing medical treatment to the natives.

Samoa. A naval captain, assisted by some twelve other naval officers, governs American Samoa. We took over this group of South Sea Islands from the natives in 1899 by an agreement with England and Germany. The rest of the Samoan group went to Germany, but it is now governed by New Zealand. The group has an area of 77 square miles, and a population of 8,000 people. These natives belong to a fine type of the Polynesian race. These islands have a great strategic value to the Navy. Pago Pago is the best harbor in this region of the South Seas, is *en route* from San Francisco to Australia, about 4,200 miles from the former and 2,400 from the latter, and 2,300 miles to the southward of Honolulu.

The laws have been revised and issued in both English and Samoan. For the first time in history the natives have laws in their own language. Fifteen school districts have been established, and schools increased from two to six. Nine more will be started when capable teachers can be obtained.

Public health has been improved by issuing sanitary regulations in Samoan to each family and by using copies in English in the schools. Navy doctors and nurses are training native girls for nursing, while Navy pharmacists have been put in charge of dispensaries which have been established on two outlying islands and in a distant part of the main island of Tutuila. A free dental clinic is run for the natives. An excellent native female nurse, a graduate of a naval hospital in America, delivers lectures continually in the native villages. A sanitary inspector travels from village to village to lecture and give instruction.

The chief export is copra. The crop is valued at about \$175,000 annually. The natives used to pay their taxes in copra. This method required the collection of an excess amount in order to allow for shrinkage and to realize a definite sum of money. Excess cash was returned to the chiefs of districts, and trouble followed. The Governor has therefore changed this to an exact cash

taxation, based on the annual budget, with satisfactory results. Good roads are being cheaply built by sending out prisoners daily to work on them.

Guam. A naval captain, assisted by some twenty naval officers and a force of marines, governs Guam. This island is a small one (area 225 square miles, population 1,500, mostly Chamorros of the Malay type), which we obtained in 1898 from Spain. Guam has great strategic value. Guam is *en route* from San Francisco to the Philippines. It is 5,000 miles from the former, 1,500 miles from Manila, and some 2,300 miles to the westward of Honolulu.

The balance of trade is against Guam, as the copra exported annually is valued at some \$40,000, while the imports, mostly foodstuffs and cotton goods, are valued at over \$400,000. The island revenues amounted to over \$112,000 in 1921.

As in the Virgin Islands and Samoa, great attention is given to education, sanitation, and health. In addition to regular academic schools, there is an industrial school and an experimental farm. Two new schools are being built, while two native students are kept in the United States in agricultural schools. Improved sanitation has reduced disease. The birth rate now is more than double the death rate. There were no cases of leprosy last year. There are no local doctors or dentists, so the Navy medical force, consisting of nine doctors, two dentists, forty hospital corps men, and eleven female nurses, assisted by a few native nurses and midwives (whom our doctors have trained), must care for the health of the entire island population. There are numerous outlying medical stations, with additional dressing stations, while all school teachers and patrolmen are given first-aid training. Due to the native habit of betel-nut chewing, a Navy dentist spends two afternoons a week in schools; tooth-brush drills have been introduced in the schools in order to combat the betel-nut chewing evil. All schoolboys are given physical training for four hours a week, including Swedish setting-up exercises to music. The boys join the militia from the age of sixteen to twenty-three, are then transferred to the first reserve with monthly drills, and finally to the second reserve, with semi-annual drills. The result of this training has been very satisfactory and has improved the health and strength of the male population.

The Navy allots \$20,000 outright to the care of lepers, who are sent from Guam to the leper colony at Cullion in the Philippines. In addition, many thousands of dollars are expended in maintaining the naval force and in im-

proving education, sanitation, and health throughout the island.

The Navy is proud of the results of its work in these island possessions. Some stress has been laid upon these naval activities since they are not generally known. Naval officers, during their forty years of active service, are constantly caring for the education, health, and recreation of their men in order to provide happy, healthy, and efficient crews for their men-of-war. They are, therefore, well qualified to govern these islands, where questions of health and sanitation are of the greatest importance.

NAVY PROTECTS COMMERCE

In order to protect our citizens abroad and our foreign interests, the whole world is divided into sea areas. An admiral is held responsible for the area allotted to him. In the Asiatic area the admiral must keep a force of gunboats on constant patrol on the Yangtze River. This patrol extends nearly 2,000 miles up the river into the very heart of China. At least one gunboat is kept in the river between Hongkong and Canton. The present war at Canton has made it necessary to reinforce this gunboat by a destroyer. A cruiser is kept in Vladivostok. The rest of the Asiatic fleet, consisting largely of destroyers and submarines, is generally in the Philippines.

These small cruisers and gunboats doing patrol duty have little value in time of war, but they protect American interests and even save the lives of Chinese merchants from their own brigands. Our exports to China in 1920 were valued at over \$145,000,000, and this trade, together with the Americans handling it and our missionaries, needs protection. This patrol work costs the Navy some \$3,000,000 annually. During the recent crisis in the vicinity of Peking cruisers and gunboats were rushed to North China and extra Navy men landed to reinforce the Marine Guard which the Navy keeps at all times on duty in the Chinese capital. By international agreement, we are pledged, during internal Chinese wars, to co-operate with the other Powers in keeping the railway lines open from Peking to the sea.

The Navy also keeps a patrol force on duty throughout the Caribbean Sea to protect our interests. The fruit alone we import annually from this region is valued at over \$50,000,000. This trade, as well as our citizens, must be protected throughout these troublesome West Indian countries. It costs the Navy some \$3,000,000 annually to maintain this patrol. This amount does not include the cost of maintaining the force of sailors and marines who are temporarily on duty in Haiti, San Domingo, and Nicaragua.

The Navy maintains a considerable force of ships throughout the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Americans have important oil and tobacco interests in the Near East; in

fact, the annual shipments of tobacco from the single port of Samsun in the Black Sea to America are valued at over \$15,000,000. Due to the present Greco-Turkish war, a destroyer is constantly on duty at Samsun to protect our interests. After the collapse of General Wrangel's Russian army our destroyers helped to bring the remnants out of Sebastopol. One destroyer, in fact, picked up in the Black Sea a broken-down merchant ship which was crowded with Russian refugees and towed it into Constantinople.

An American admiral is our High Commissioner in Constantinople, as we have no ambassador there. With a force of eight destroyers he has been able to protect our trade in the Near East to the extent that it has increased over 1,000 per cent in the past two years. It costs the Navy about \$4,000,000 annually to do this work in the Near East.

During a revolution in South America, some years ago, a rebel gunboat fired on an American merchant ship while it was proceeding to land a cargo of our products. An American cruiser at once fired a single shot, and our merchant ship was not again molested. There have been many special instances of commerce protection similar to this one. In 1920 our oversea imports were valued at nearly five billion and our oversea exports at over seven billion of dollars. When we have abolished our city police, our State constabularies, and our National Guard, and are living peacefully among ourselves; when we are safely shipping our own mail and freight across the United States without protection; then (if other nations have done the same) we can consider eliminating the men-of-war now needed to protect our twelve-billion-dollar sea-borne trade.

Our very first men-of-war were built in 1794 in order to protect our commerce. When the pirates on the Barbary Coast seized the wheat we were sending into the Mediterranean, we paid tribute until these ships were completed. Payment of tribute stopped as soon as our newly built men-of-war reached the Mediterranean. Two of these first famous ships, the *Constellation* and the *Constitution*, still exist.

Some may exclaim: "But we do not have pirates to-day." Is not China forced to pay huge sums in futile efforts to buy back her own territory? This huge nation of 400,000,000 peace-loving people does not have an efficient navy, and it cannot drive off its aggressors.

The State Department is constantly calling upon the Navy as a strong right arm to assist in carrying out its foreign policies and to protect our citizens and our commercial interests. One of our ablest Secretaries of State, John Hay, said in 1902, after some troublesome revolutionary events in the Caribbean: "I have always felt relieved when a naval officer had arrived on the scene, because he always kept within the situation." Later, in 1904, John Hay said: "We have had a number of difficult in-

ternational situations in the West Indies in the last two years, and they have all been handled by naval officers very well. They have not made one single mistake."

NAVY OPENS PORTS TO TRADE

Commodore Perry opened Japan to the trade of the world in 1854. This is so generally known that it seems superfluous to give the details.

In 1811 the Navy took steps to open Turkey to our trade. At that time we were sending exports valued at \$1,000,000 annually to Turkey, but as it was not generally open, our products had to be landed in Smyrna. The commanders of our squadrons worked with the Turkish Government until a treaty was consummated which opened Turkey fully to our trade, and an ex-Naval officer was made our first Minister to Constantinople.

After the opium war in China in 1842 the British forced the Chinese to make the "Treaty of Nanking," whereby the five Chinese ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuchau, Ningpo, and Shanghai were opened to British merchants. The alert naval commander of our Chinese squadron at once secured a copy of this treaty, and arranged with the Chinese Viceroy at Canton to give our merchants all the privileges accorded to the British.

NAVY BUILDS UP INDUSTRY

The late Andrew Carnegie said that the great steel industry of America was built up by the United States Navy, whose contracts, specifications, and inspection work made steel what it is today. In the Act of August 5, 1882, Congress wisely provided for the construction of two men-of-war to be built of steel of domestic manufacture. There was no steel industry in our country at this time, and the shipbuilders opposed this project vigorously. However, the Navy insisted, and experiments were made, with the result that the great American steel industry was founded. The price of steel ship plates dropped from 8½ to 4½ cents a pound.

On board ship it is necessary to save weight as much as possible, and with this end in view, the Navy has constantly drawn up specifications substituting lighter materials for heavier. Large Navy orders have put the Monel metal industry on its feet. The manufacture of armor plate has caused exhaustive research in treating and alloying steel. A large order for light-weight Navy pumps to be made of naval brass, of tensile strength of 30,000 pounds, resulted in tests which produced a high-grade material having a tensile strength of 50,000 pounds. The Navy has been able to increase steam pressures, to produce turbine engines, internal combustion engines, reduction gear drives, and even electric drives for our ships. The merchant marine, many shore industries, and the people at large have had the benefit of the Navy's engineering work.

The Navy operates two ships for the



THE GOVERNOR OF SAMOA, A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER, GREETED BY SOME OF THE NATIVE CHIEFS OF THE ISLAND

Bureau of Fisheries to enable scientists to carry out research work. This has resulted in the location of fishing banks, oyster beds, etc., and has been a great benefit to our fishermen and to our consumers. It costs the Navy some \$175,000 annually to maintain these ships.

Three gunboats have been loaned to the three States (Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania) having marine schools for the training of officers for the merchant marine. In addition to the loan of the ships, the Navy contributes some \$75,000 annually to help maintain them.

Many Naval Academy graduates resign and enter civil life. These men, such as Homer Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipyards, use their nautical and engineering education to advantage by managing our shipyards and our engineering plants. Hundreds of sailors, who have been taught trades on our battleships, are returned to civil life annually as trained mechanics.

NAVY ASSISTS MERCHANT MARINE

Hydrographic Office. The Navy began making ocean surveys off Cape Cod in 1837. The Hydrographic Office was established so the United States, through the Navy, could supply charts, sailing directions, navigation manuals, and other navigation data to the ships of our Navy and to the merchant marine. The Hydrographic Office, therefore, issues the following publications: "Sailing Directions" (fifty-eight volumes) which contain data needed by mariners to enable them to cruise along foreign coasts or enter foreign straits, seas, rivers, or harbors throughout the world; "Light Lists" (six volumes) which contain lists of lightships, lighthouses, and other navigational lights along all foreign coasts; "Azimuth Tables," a book

which gives the true bearings of the sun needed for correcting ship's compasses; "Bowditch," a book containing logarithmic tables with full instructions for working navigation at sea; "Notices to Mariners," which are pamphlets issued weekly giving changes in lighthouses or buoys throughout the world; monthly "Pilot Charts" which give the best ocean routes for the month, the probable cyclone and other storm areas, probable location of icebergs and derelicts, percentage of fog to be expected, location of Navy radio compass stations, and other important information; and charts of foreign waters. The Navy issues some 2,600 foreign nautical charts and has plans to issue 1,150 more in order that American ships may get all the foreign charts of the world, at cost price, at home. The few charts, some 650, for our own coasts with sailing directions and light lists are issued by the Commerce Department.

The Navy sells all these charts and publications mentioned at cost prices in all our seaports through the local dealers in ship supplies. To further assist the merchant marine, hydrographic offices are maintained in all our principal seaports where sea captains can get latest information, bulletins, pilot charts, notices, etc., free. They are required, however, to send in weather reports and other observations made at sea. Some 6,000 sea captains co-operate with the Hydrographic Office in the exchange of valuable hydrographic information.

Naval Observatory. The Naval Observatory was established in Washington, in 1842, in order that astronomical observations needed to determine the exact time and the position of certain heavenly bodies used by mariners might be made in America. From astronomi-

cal observations made here, the exact time and the position of certain heavenly bodies are determined. Time signals are sent out twice daily through the naval radio service to ships at sea, which enable navigators to correct their chronometers. Chronometers are high-grade clocks, which must show the exact time required in working navigation problems. Time signals are also sent out daily over land wires to enable the people on shore in the United States to set their clocks. The positions of the heavenly bodies used by mariners are issued in an annual publication called the "Nautical Almanac."

In order to ascertain his position at sea, the mariner must take the following steps. Measure the angular altitude from the horizon to some heavenly body (sun, moon, planet, or star) with a sextant; note the exact chronometer time of the observation; pick out from the "Nautical Almanac" the exact position of the observed body in the heavens at the instant of observation—that is, the declination (angular distance from the equator) and the right ascension (angular distance round the world from the first point of Aries); and, by means of logarithmic tables, solve the problem to find the position of the ship at sea—that is, the latitude and longitude. These tables, with a full explanation as to the proper method of working out all kinds of observations, are found in a book called "Bowditch," a publication of the Hydrographic Office.

The mariner now plots this position on a chart, draws a line to his port of destination, and picks off the compass course along this line. To check the correctness of the compass he now looks over the compass and reads off the bearing (direction) of the sun. He notes the chronometer time, turns to the "Azimuth Tables" (a Hydrographic Office publication) and calculates the true bearing of the sun from the ship. The difference between the compass bearing and the true bearing shows the error of the compass which must be allowed for in steering the ship on a compass course. If the ship is heading for New York, the mariner now turns to the "Monthly Pilot Chart" (issued by Hydrographic Office). He finds that while crossing the Gulf Stream the ship may be set ten miles to the northward, or far enough to cause the ship to run ashore in a fog on Long Island, so allowance is made for this current. If, on approaching New York, the weather is foggy, the captain has merely to ask the Navy radio compass stations to guide him safely into port, as will be described later.

The Observatory also issues chronometers, compasses, sextants, and other navigational instruments to ships of the Navy. Its publications, however, are on sale for the benefit of all mariners.

Some feel that we should have a noted astronomer at the head of the Naval Observatory instead of a naval officer in order to do scientific astronomical re-

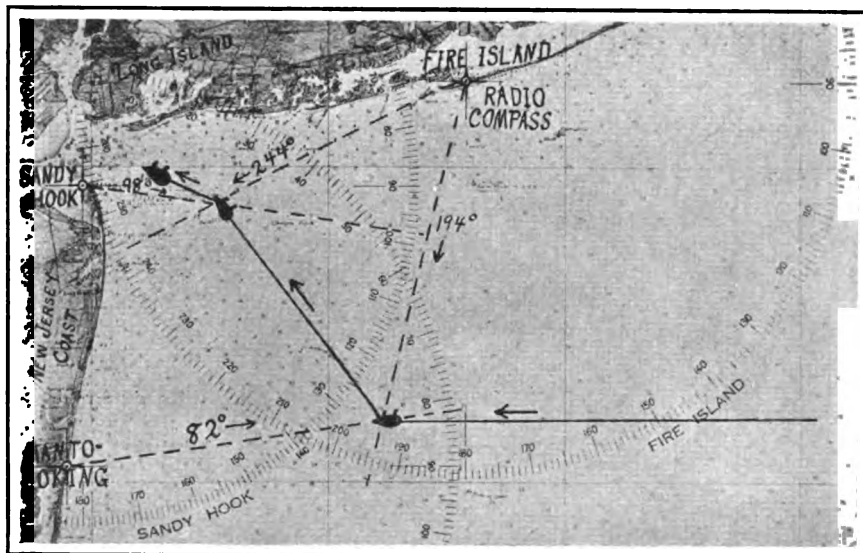
search work. Such a change would be a blow to mariners. The mission of the Naval Observatory is to supply mariners with the exact time and with the annual "Nautical Almanac." This requires constant routine astronomical observations. There are some thirty-two private observatories in the United States. Several of these have better equipment for special research work than the Naval Observatory. The largest of the private astronomical observatories are those of Harvard, of the Chicago University (Yerkes), of the University of California (Lick), and the astrophysical observatory at Mount Wilson, California, which is supported by the Carnegie Institute. The Mount Wilson Observatory cost nearly a million and a half dollars, or twice as much as the Naval Observatory. Harvard has a branch observatory in Peru, South America.

Radio Stations. A chain of Navy radio stations encircles the globe. These stations broadcast to ships at sea daily weather reports, special reports of storms, location of ships in distress, location of icebergs and wrecks, and Naval Observatory time signals.

During the Boxer outbreak in China the Legations in Peking were cut off from the world. However, while the recent battles were raging around Peking, there was little danger that our Legation would be cut off. Since the Boxer outbreak our Navy has installed the most powerful wireless now existing in that city. Our admiral can keep in constant communication with our Legation from his flagship.

The Navy Department in Washington can communicate with Peking by flashing a message from the Navy radio station at Arlington through the chain of Navy radio stations at San Diego, Honolulu, Guam, Cavite, and to Peking, or by another route from San Diego to Alaska, to Vladivostok, and thence to Peking. Recently, when it was thought that General Wood might be in a shipwreck in the southern Philippines, it took little over four hours for the Navy to send a wireless from San Diego through Honolulu and Guam to the Philippines, and to get back the report that he was safe.

The Radio Compass. Within the last few years the Navy has installed a number of radio compass stations along the coast. These stations would, in time of war, be able to locate and trace the course of enemy ships. In time of peace they guide our men-of-war and merchant ships safely into port in spite of fogs and storms. A ship approaching New York in a fog, for instance, has merely to call up the Navy radio station and ask for bearings. The radio compass stations listen to the radio signals made by the ship and determine the direction of the ship from each particular station. For instance, the Fire Island station may find that the ship bears 194°, while Mantoloking on the Jersey coast may find that the ship bears 82°. These bearings are sent by radio to the captain



THE NAVAL RADIO COMPASS GUIDES SHIPS THROUGH FOG INTO PORT

of the ship, who merely has to draw two lines on his chart showing these bearings. The intersection of these lines gives the position of the ship. If the captain sees from this plot on the chart that the ship is about to run ashore on the Jersey coast, he heads to the northward and soon asks for another "fix." Fire Island and Sandy Hook may now give him new bearings. Radio compass stations are located in the vicinity of all our great seaports both in the Atlantic and Pacific, and are rendering valuable service in guiding ships in through fog. During the recent month of May the Navy radio compass stations at New York gave bearings to 37 men-of-war and 298 merchant ships, or over ten ships a day, entering that port. The saving of one ship will save enough property to pay the cost of the radio service for the year, not to mention the saving of the lives on board. Only recently the operator at the Otter Cliffs compass station found a ship that was in danger, so he sent a radio "Stop! danger ahead." The captain stopped the ship, and, when the fog lifted, saw rocks just ahead.

Submarine Cable. The Navy has recently laid a cable along the bottom of the channel leading into New York. A destroyer, through the use of a listening device on each side of the ship's bottom, was able to follow this cable (through which there was an alternating electrical current) up the channel, although the man steering was blinded from looking ahead.

New Sounding Devices. Our destroyers are now making extensive tests endeavoring to get the depth of water as they cruise along by using certain wartime devices, such as were used in listening for submarines. A sound signal sent from the bottom of the boat strikes the bottom of the ocean. A man at a submarine listening device catches the echo as it comes back. By getting the interval of time for this return echo, as sound travels slowly through the water, the depth of water can be calcu-

lated. This apparatus will enable captains of ships approaching the coast to get the depth of water at all times. Few ships would go ashore if the captain could know the depth of water at all times.

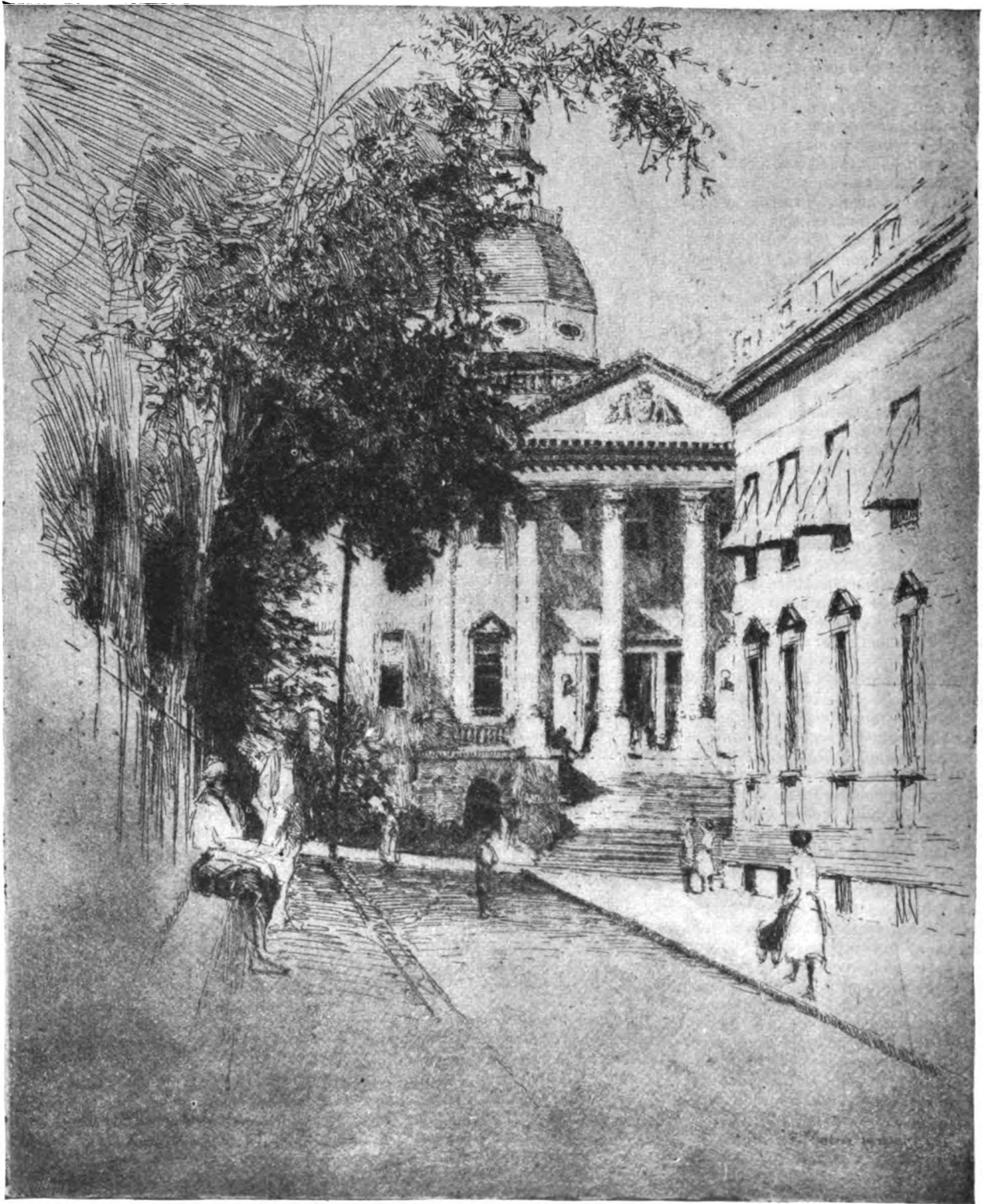
The Navy has eleven high power radio transoceanic stations, ninety smaller shore stations, forty-six stations on light vessels, and fifty-four radio compass stations. It costs the Navy over \$2,500,000 annually to maintain this splendid radio service. This is money well invested, for thousands of dollars and many lives are safeguarded as the radio guides merchant ships safely through the fog into port.

NAVY A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE

There are some 3,000 naval officers (men specially trained in navigation and in radio engineering) cruising on 300 naval vessels (battleships, cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, submarines, mine layers and sweepers, colliers, tankers, supply ships, and hospital ships) in all parts of the world, from Halifax to Hongkong and from Alaska to the Straits of Magellan. These officers do the work outlined in this article as a part of their regular duties. No other department of our Government could maintain ships and technical men all over the world to do the essential work done by the Navy.

The Navy is proud of its constructive work in shipbuilding and engineering. In opening foreign ports to our commerce, in protecting our trade and the lives of American citizens throughout the world, and in improving sanitary, health, and educational conditions in our insular possessions the Navy has been eminently successful. By its astronomical, hydrographic, and radio work lives and property on the high seas are regularly safeguarded. The men of the Navy are glad to feel that, in addition to a constant readiness to defend the flag, they are useful citizens in times of peace.

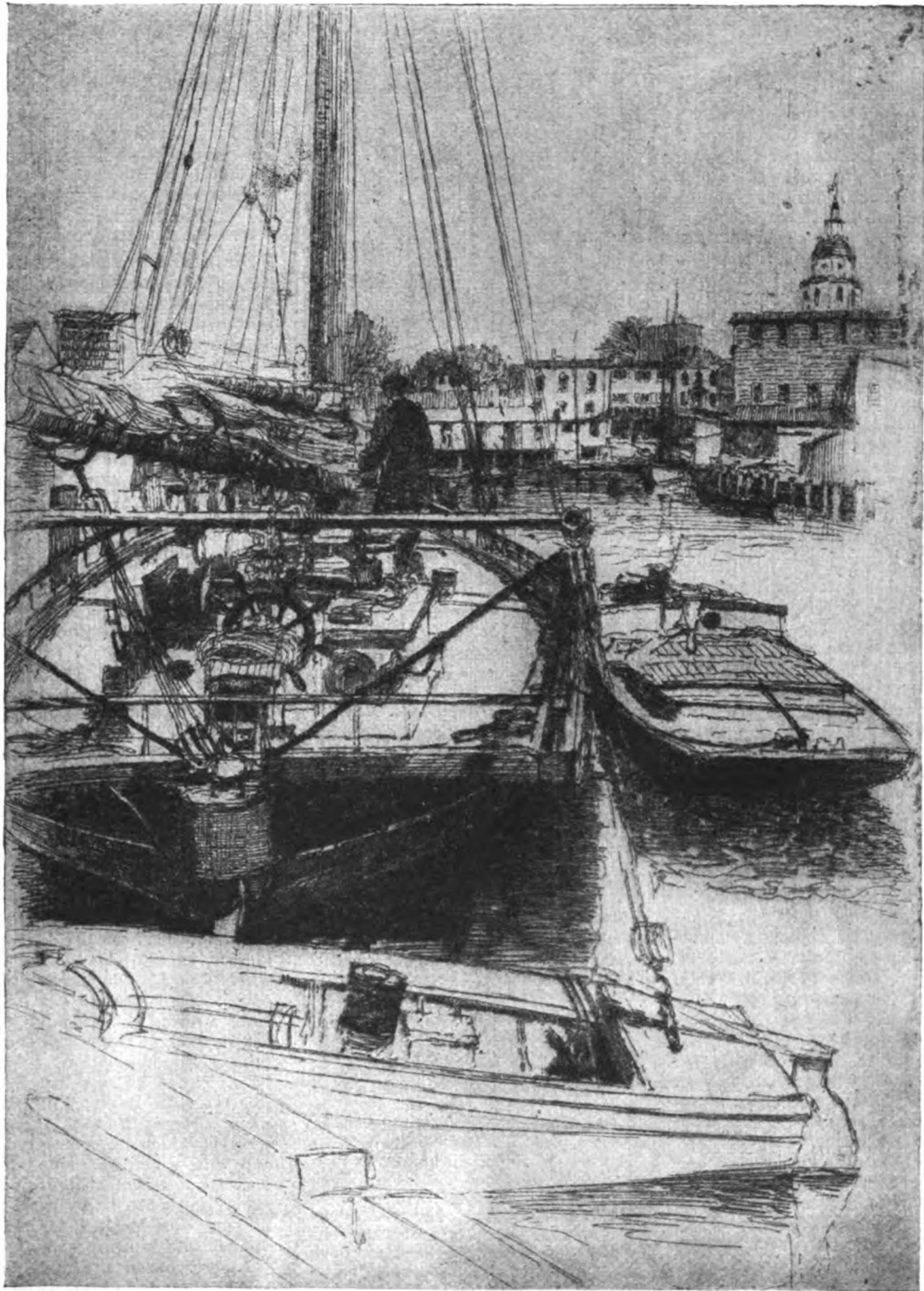
ETCHINGS OF OLD ANNAPOLIS: THE



A VIEW OF THE STATE HOUSE

These etchings are by Eugene Paul Metour, a native of Brittany, who has been professor of languages at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, for the past five years. During this time he has found delightful recreation in studying old Annapolis and recording in his

RECREATION OF A NAVAL TEACHER



THE SCHOONER'S DECK

etchings the atmosphere of its streets, shipyards, quays, and Colonial architecture. The etchings here shown are from a current exhibition of Mr. Metour's work at the Brown-Robertson Gallery, 415 Madison Avenue, New York City

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER VII—HARRISON AND MCKINLEY

WAVES of Russian-Jewish immigrants were pounding our shores in the spring of 1891. In Russia pogroms and other forms of mob persecution had become so persistent that refugees were arriving in pitiful droves at our ports. Sinister circumstance had hurled them from one country into another. Many had been compelled to abandon their employment or even their own established businesses in Russia, due to the enforcement of the Ignatieff laws and the consequent prohibitions, restrictions, and persecutions.

Determined to lay the facts before President Harrison, a committee was formed of prominent Jews from New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, headed by Jesse Seligman. Among others on the committee were Jacob H. Schiff, of New York; General Lewis Seasongood, of Cincinnati; and myself.

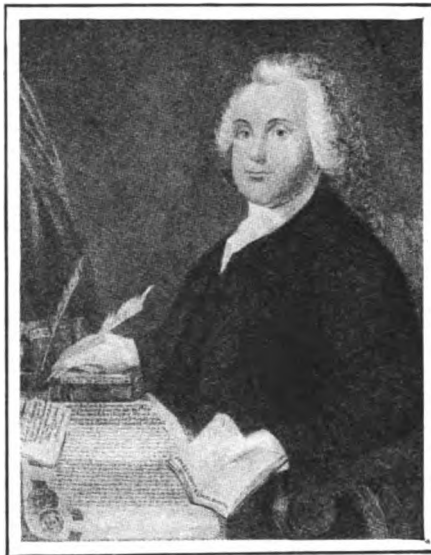
The President listened to our story with sympathetic interest, and then turned to me and asked what, in the light of my international and diplomatic experience, I thought should be done. I told him that any nation with which we were on friendly terms, as we were with Russia, and which by special laws forced groups of its people, in pitiable condition, to seek refuge in another country, and that country our own, should, in my opinion, be remonstrated with for committing an unfriendly act.

HARRISON PROTESTS AGAINST RUSSIA'S TREATMENT OF JEWS

The President agreed with me, but suggested that our Government ought to have before it an official statement of the facts. I replied that this could easily be obtained by sending a competent commission to Russia to make inquiry. Promptly Colonel John B. Weber, Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island, admirably qualified by his experience in office and sympathetic interest in immigrants, together with Dr. Walter Kempster, a physician, famous for his studies of the pathology of insanity, were sent abroad to make an investigation and report.

Their investigation was thorough, and they embodied their findings in a report that is a model of its kind. It was the first authentic and official report on these Russian restrictions and persecutions, and, when published, it roused the indignation of America and of enlightened parts of Europe. The distinguished English historian, Lecky, refers to it in his own work, "Democracy and Liberty."

George Jones, of the New York "Times," also had an investigation and report made by his London correspondent, Harold Frederic. These findings "Times" published as articles and



Roger Williams, pioneer of religious liberty in America, and the subject of a book by Mr. Straus entitled "Life of Roger Williams"

syndicated them to several other papers of the country, and later Frederic brought them out in book form under the title "The New Exodus."

President Harrison was much impressed with the report of the Commission, and through diplomatic channels undertook to reason with the Russian Government. His reference to this action in his annual message of December, 1891, so clearly states the principles of international relationship and constitutes such an authentic recognition of humanitarian diplomacy that I quote it:

This Government has found occasion to express, in a friendly spirit, but with much earnestness, to the Government of the Czar, its serious concern because of the harsh measures now being enforced against the Hebrews in Russia. . . . It is estimated that over one million will be forced from Russia within a few years. . . .

The banishment, whether by direct decree or by not less certain indirect methods, of so large a number of men and women is not a local question. A decree to leave one country is, in the nature of things, an order to enter another—some other. This consideration, as well as the suggestions of humanity, furnishes ample ground for the remonstrances which we have presented to Russia, while our historic friendship for that Government cannot fail to give the assurance that our representations are those of a sincere well-wisher.

The President's Message was quoted and praised in this and many European countries. All of this produced a de-

cided reaction in Russia itself. No matter how autocratic a government may be, as Russia then was, it could not free itself from "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." For the time being conditions in Russia for the Jews were ameliorated.

WHERE ROGER WILLIAMS WENT TO SCHOOL

During Cleveland's second Administration I seldom went to Washington. At that time I was occupied also with the writing of two books, but was not, of course, relying upon my pen for a living. I should not have survived long if I had! Historical writing, which has been fittingly called the aristocracy of literature, requires long and patient investigation and yields meager returns. For me it made a fascinating avocation.

My "Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty," was published by the Century Company in 1894, and "The Development of Religious Liberty in the United States" appeared in a limited edition, published by Philip Cowen, New York, in 1896. The latter was a slim volume, an amplification of an address I had delivered in New Haven before the Yale College Kent Club, and elsewhere; the former grew out of studies I had made in preparing my first book, "The Origin of Republican Form of Government." "Roger Williams" was well received and had a generous circulation, being several times reprinted. Brown University, under the presidency of that eminent historian and scholar, E. Benjamin Andrews, conferred upon me the honorary degree of Litt.D.

When I was again in London in 1898, I carried out a purpose I had long had, to visit Charterhouse School, earlier known as Sutton's Hospital School, where Roger Williams received his early education. I met the Rev. Dr. William Haig Brown, master, who showed me the register of the school for 1624 containing the inscription of Roger Williams. When he saw that I was much interested in Roger Williams, he told me of a recent life of him that had been written, which he considered very fine and with which he wanted to acquaint me. He went to his library on the floor above, and when he returned he handed me my own work! (I had not previously told him my name.)

I observed in the main hall of the school a number of tablets commemorating distinguished scholars who had attended there. There were represented Thackeray, General Shakespear, Archdeacon Hale, Sir Henry Havelock, and several who were sacrificed in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. I asked Dr. Brown whether he did not think it fitting that a tablet should be

added in memory of Roger Williams, and told him that I should be glad to defray the expense thereof. He agreed, and I authorized him to have the tablet made. He employed Howard Ince, a well-known architect, to design the tablet, which contains the following inscription:

In memory of
ROGER WILLIAMS

Formerly a Scholar of Charter-house, Founder of the State of Rhode Island, and the Pioneer of Religious Liberty in America. Placed here by Oscar S. Straus, United States Minister to Turkey, 1899.

I did not wish my name on it, but Dr. Brown quite definitely preferred it so.

Of all my books, the "Life of Roger Williams" contains the greatest amount of research work and study; but the amount of pleasure it gave me in the doing was commensurate.

THE FIGHT FOR ELECTION REFORMS

In politics I had become more impressed year by year with the importance of a reform in our electoral system, especially in our large cities. The bosses in the two big parties were the "invisible powers" who dictated the nominations. Primaries were primaries in name only, and were so conducted as to strengthen the power of the bosses.

In Chicago a campaign to purify the primaries had been carried on by the political committee of the Civic Federation, whose organizer and secretary was Ralph M. Easley. This organization now enlarged its scope in the political field and issued a "Call for a National Conference on Practical Primary Election Reform," in the name of some two hundred and fifty of the leading men of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and thirty-five cities in between. Prominent in this list I remember Mayor William L. Strong, of New York; ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, of New York; Darwin R. James, President of the New York Board of Trade; Andrew B. Humphreys, of the Allied Political Clubs of New York; Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston; Mayor James D. Phelan, of San Francisco; ex-Mayor George W. Ochs, of Chattanooga; Albert Shaw; Nicholas Murray Butler; Carl Schurz; Lyman Abbott; Lyman J. Gage; Melville E. Stone; Myron T. Herrick; Albert J. Beveridge; and Robert M. La Follette.

The meeting was held in the rooms of the New York Board of Trade, on January 20, 1898, and we organized the National Primary Election League. I was elected president; Josiah Quincy, first vice-president; Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, second vice-president; Walter C. Flower, of New Orleans, third vice-president; Ralph M. Easley, secretary; and Darwin R. James, treasurer.

The conference gave a distinct impetus to primary reform all over the country, and in many of the States led to



President Harrison, at the suggestion of Mr. Straus, sent a commission to Russia to investigate the persecutions that were driving multitudes of Jewish refugees to America. In the above picture, Harrison is at the left of the first row, and James G. Blaine at the right

the passage of laws providing for such reforms.

In the Presidential election of 1896 I voted for McKinley, despite my former political affiliations. The outstanding issue between the Republican and Democratic parties was the money question, and I was an advocate of sound money.

ADVISING WITH MCKINLEY TO AVERT WAR WITH SPAIN

Early in the new Administration our relations with Spain were rapidly drifting to a crisis over conditions in Cuba. My friend General Stewart L. Woodford was appointed Minister to Spain, and I gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who was now British Ambassador at Madrid. Wolff was very sympathetic toward America, and Woodford later informed me that the letter had been very serviceable, especially as his audience had been delayed for several weeks on account of the Queen's absence from the capital.

He very frankly laid before Wolff the American position and attitude with regard to Cuba, which Wolff asked permission to detail to his Government. Based on that information, the British diplomatic representatives were advised by Lord Salisbury: "The American cause is absolutely impregnable; govern yourselves accordingly."

President McKinley had frequently invited me to Washington and encouraged my writing to him, especially on international matters; and my letters always received prompt reply over his own signature. Accordingly on March 12, 1898, I wrote him at length stating that perhaps the impending war with Spain could be averted if we proposed to Spain a plan of suzerainty. I quote from my letter:

We have no need for Cuba; our destinies point to the Continent; to leave it to make conquests will weaken our rights, . . . and will place us against our will on the world's chess-board, from which we have



From a newspaper cartoon published at the time President McKinley sent Mr. Straus on his second diplomatic mission to Turkey

happily kept clear. The Cuban insurgents are imbued with a spirit of belligerency, but have neither past training nor the knowledge to maintain freedom and to accord to each other individual liberty.

The great problems, I take it, are, first: to stop the war; secondly, to find a solution which will bring independence to Cuba and at the same time preserve the *amour propre* to Spain. . . . The proposition to which I have given considerable thought . . . is the following:

That we insist that Spain accord, and Cuba accept, the position of suzerainty such as are the relations between Egypt and Turkey. This will give Cuba self-government, and will at the same time preserve the *amour propre* of Spain by retaining a semblance of a claim of sovereignty without power to interfere with self-government on the part of the Cubans. . . . We could much better afford to help Cuba with a number of millions, which would, after all, be a small fraction of what a war would cost us. . . . especially when the end attained is the independence of Cuba, and attained in such a way as not to entail upon us unending responsibilities full of care and entangling obligations.

Immediately upon receipt of this, the President asked me to come to Washington for a conference. He was very much interested in the idea, and requested me to write out the plan in more detail. This I did. I discussed with him the suzerainty plan as developed in Europe and as it was working in Egypt. I expressed the opinion that, as the leading nations of Europe were familiar with the idea, it was not likely to meet with any serious objections.

He was impressed with the feasibility of my proposal and was in favor of some such arrangement, but said he was having difficulty because of the jingo agitation in Congress and the storming for war of the American press. He felt that when the report of the Board of Inquiry on the Destruction of the Maine was made public, as it would be in a few days, nothing could hold back Congress

and the press, and matters would be pushed to an issue.

McKinley immediately communicated the plan, however, to Minister Woodford, who brought it to the attention of the Spanish Government, and General Woodford reported that he had every reason to believe it would be acceptable to Spain. But meantime things moved with lightning speed and war was declared.

McKINLEY URGES ACCEPTANCE OF ANOTHER MISSION TO TURKEY

Our relations with Turkey at this time were also not going very smoothly. At a conference with McKinley one day he showed me a communication from Dr. James B. Angell, Minister at the Porte, suggesting that the only way to bring Turkey to terms was to send warships up there and "rattle the Sultan's windows." The President was much disturbed. He felt the sending of warships might result in another incident like the blowing up of the Maine. He said the situation had worried him so that it interfered with his sleep, and he begged me to accept again the appointment of Minister to Turkey, adding in an appealing way that he regarded me as the only man who could adjust the situation.

I frankly explained to him my business obligations and that it was very difficult for me to drop them at this time; but under the circumstances that he had outlined to me, I felt I had no right to interpose my personal affairs as a reason for refusing, for I certainly regarded no sacrifice too great to make in the service of the country when it was needed, as in this instance. I said that I had been too young to shoulder a gun in the Civil War, as he had done, but, with a full understanding of my personal affairs, if he should feel it necessary to call upon me, I should be at his service.

Dr. Angell was a distinguished scholar and not lacking in diplomatic experience. He was President of the

University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and had been special envoy to China. He was also an adviser and one of the trustees of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. However, in some public utterance he had criticised Turkey unfavorably, and the Porte was having its revenge. Every request Dr. Angell made was declined; exequaturs were refused to our consuls appointed at Erzerum and Harpoot. Dr. Angell, discouraged and incensed, was about to resign.

Finally, one day I received a telegram:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,
May 27, 1898.

Honorable Oscar S. Straus,
New York:

Remembering our talk of a few months ago, I would be glad to have you accept the post of Minister to Turkey. Dr. Angell has resigned, to take effect 15 of August. I would be pleased to nominate you before Senate adjourns.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

And I telegraphed back that same day:

President McKinley,
Executive Mansion,
Washington:

Your request that I should accept the post of Minister to Turkey, with which you honor me, I regard as a command, and deem it my patriotic duty to you and to the country to accept.

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

Among the telegrams and letters of congratulation I received was one from William L. Wilson, now President of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Kentucky, reading: "Washington and Lee greets you as Doctor of Laws."

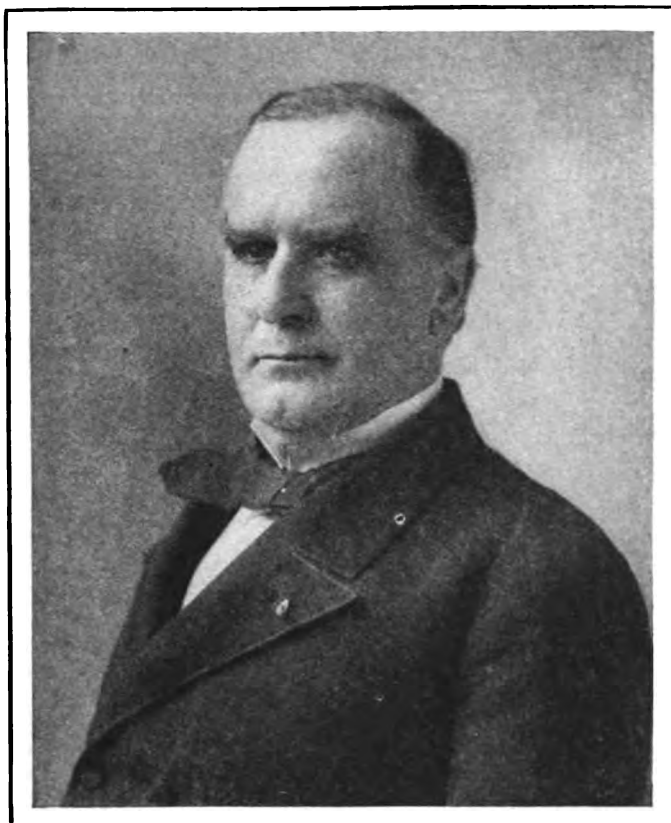
The National Civic Club of Brooklyn gave me a dinner and reception, presided over by my friend and college mate, Frederic W. Hinrichs, and at which the leading speaker was Dr. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle." During the evening a letter was received from my former chief and Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, saying:

It was my good fortune to be associated with Mr. Straus when he first took up the tangled web of Turkish diplomacy, so that few persons can so well attest as I his possession of those talents and high personal characteristics which give him weight everywhere.

Ex-President Cleveland, who was prevented from being present by another engagement, wrote:

I would be glad to join those who will do honor to Mr. Straus . . . and thus show my appreciation of his usefulness and the worth of his good example in recognizing the demands of good citizenship and responding to the call of public duty.

And there were also messages from many others, including President McKinley.



Bain

President McKinley called Mr. Straus to Washington in 1898 to confer with him regarding the latter's plan to avert war with Spain

I did not leave for my post for several months. Meanwhile I had more conferences with the President regarding the Spanish situation, and early in August, in discussing pending Spanish peace negotiations, he wanted my ideas regarding them and regarding the Philippines—how much we should take. I strongly advised that we take as little as possible—nothing more than a naval and coaling station; that otherwise to appropriate the Philippines would in the long run entail endless obligations without commensurate benefits. I told him I believed these to be the views also of many of the thoughtful citizens, and that I had spoken with a number of prominent men, such as ex-Postmaster General Wilson, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, and Clifton R. Breckinridge, formerly of the Ways and Means Committee, all of whom agreed with me.

The President seemed to appreciate my view, but again feared the jingo spirit of Congress. He complained also of the attitude of the Cuban insurgents, who were exaggerating their numbers as well as their demands.

Turning for a moment to my appointment, McKinley said: "I don't know whether you know it, but your nomination has been received with more praise by all parties throughout the country than any nomination to office I have made since I am President."

I assured him that I was gratified, but

NEXT WEEK— NEW IMPRESSIONS OF ROOSEVELT

Before Mr. Straus became a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet he was in Roosevelt's "kitchen cabinet," as the President called his group of unofficial advisers. Intimate glimpses of the strenuous statesman at his work are briskly presented by one who had hundreds of opportunities for the closest observation. Next week's installment of the Autobiography describes how Mr. Straus dissuaded the Administration from sending a punitive expedition into the Philippines. It recites the inside story of a piece of diplomatic strategy rebuking the Czar of Russia. It describes the interesting origin of the famous "covenant running with the land" idea used so effectively by John Hay in dealing with the Panama dispute.

realized the emphasis this put upon my responsibilities. Of course, as I had been a Cleveland Democrat, my appointment by a Republican President created a great sensation in the press; it was heralded as a step toward the merit system in our foreign service.

"SECRETARY OF STATE FOR TURKEY"

John Bassett Moore was now Assistant Secretary of State, and with him I spent several days in the preparation of my instructions. I considered him even then the best-equipped authority on international law in the country, and I thought it was a pity that his services could not be retained in the Department of State; but his salary there was \$500 a year less than as professor, and he had a family to support. He told me that the President and Secretary Day wished him to accompany the Peace Commission to Paris, and subsequently he went as secretary and counsel.

While I was with the President for a final conference a week before sailing, Attorney-General Griggs came in all aglow and announced with much enthusiasm that he had just had a telephone message from Justice White (Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, later Chief Justice), and that White would consent to be one of the members of the Spanish-American Peace Commission. That specially pleased the President, because White was a man of great ability, and, being a Catholic, might make a more favorable impression upon Catholic Spain, and he immediately directed that the names be given to the press. Shortly thereafter, however, White reconsidered his acceptance, for reasons which were not made public, and former Senator George Gray, who was serving as a member of the Quebec Commission, and who, like White, was a Democrat, was prevailed upon by the President to accept in his stead. The other members were all Republicans. The Commission as finally constituted was: Secretary of State William R. Day, Senator Cushman K. Davis (Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate), Senator William F. Frye, George Gray, and Whitelaw Reid.

There was considerable clamor, from missionaries and others, that we send warships to Turkey. Of this I entirely disapproved and so told the President. He answered me:

"I shall be guided by you; I shall support you; I have confidence in your ability and foresight. No vessels will be sent to Turkey unless you demand them, and then, only then, will they be sent. And when you get to London I wish you to see Ambassador Hay"—Hay was about to return to take up the post of Secretary of State—"and tell him that I have not only constituted you Minister to Turkey, but Secretary of State for Turkey, and that both he and I will be guided entirely by your judgment and advice."

ALLENBY TO THE RESCUE!

BY W. D. McCRACKAN

HOBBY-HORSES in the Jordan Valley, hobbled in the Plain of Jericho! Make-believe horses, put together of sticks and canvas, hitched in long rows on either side of drinking-troughs to deceive the Turks and their instructors, the Germans! Dummy camps and dummy tents; mules drawing heavy drags around at random to make a big dust and suggest traffic! What a joke! German airmen were allowed to draw near enough to see all this and were then driven off and never allowed to return. They reported to enemy headquarters that the Jordan Valley was full of British cavalry and that the British push north would doubtless advance that way.

All the while Allenby was shifting every horseman who could be spared over to the coast of the Philistines to make his great rush up that way, leaving the mock cavalry in the Jordan Valley and smuggling his real cavalry by night onto the broad bosom of the Plain of Sharon, hiding them by day in the deep clefts as they crossed the Judean Highlands. It was a neat trick. It worked wonderfully. In the daytime all was quiet, but at night everybody was on the move. The real cavalry was glad to get out of the awful Jordan Valley, stifling at 120°, and leave the mock cavalry behind to blister and warp. Every night, until the dawn set for the great race, masses of troops and transport kept moving towards the front, to get near the gate of the opening which was to be made in the Turkish line. It was a host pressing forward to sure victory, edging up every night closer, getting into firmer position, orderly according to plan.

Allenby and his brainy little chief of staff had worked it all out: At dawn on September 19, 1918, the artillery was to break up the Turkish trenches, the infantry was to make a hole and the cavalry would pour through and dash up the coast to the Plain of Esdraelon, and so get behind the Turks whom the British drove through Samaria into their arms. It worked like a charm. It was the neatest maneuver in the World War, and it brought about the beginning of the end of the World War.

The night before the orange groves of Jaffa and Saron, the apricot and nectarine orchards of Ludd and Ramleh, were full to suffocation. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, Peerless trucks, Fords, and camels, amid the cactus hedges, everybody and everything was getting into final position, wrapped in clouds of dust, advancing like clockwork, on schedule time, pushing in perfect discipline towards the starting post of that terrific race, that epic ride which was to rid the Holy Land forever of its fearful Turkish taskmaster and bring the Oriental ally of the Central Powers to his



International

VISCOUNT ALLENBY, NOW BRITISH COMMISSIONER TO EGYPT, WITH HIS PET STORK
One of the hobbies for which General Allenby is well known is his love for birds

knees. The horses champed at the bit and pawed the dust. They shook their heads impatiently. Their time had come at last in the World War to show their mettle. The men beside them were on tiptoe, every man set on the mark, waiting for the pistol shot. It was going to be a clean job. That was the night before.

Allenby said afterwards: "I was up at 5:30 in the morning, when the division was ready to attack. By a quarter past six three divisions of cavalry began to pour through the gap made. They were told to go right away through the Turkish army"—and they did. It was the prettiest stroke in the World War. Without an error made, the ball was hit square and landed on the green; the club followed through. Turks, Germans, and Austrians fled or surrendered or lay on the field. British Yeomanry and Australians with flashing swords, Indians with sparkling lances, swept by, swept on, squadron by squadron, trotting, galloping, holding the line as on parade, irresistible as law, determined as righteousness, over the land of the Philistines, acting a drama, fulfilling prophecy, racing against time into the Plain of Esdraelon, the Plain of Armageddon, back of the Turks.

The next afternoon by five o'clock the British cavalry had ridden into Nazareth, seized El Afule, Beisan, Megiddo (Armageddon), and was waiting for the beaten Turks to issue from the defiles

of the mountains of Samaria. They came, fleeing in broken bits of an army, shot to pieces, without food or drink, helpless, hopeless. They had been trapped as prearranged in the land of Ephraim. The British wireless had called up the bombing fliers from the airdromes, and they had come, like birds of prey, in flocks to rain destruction on the moving columns of the Turks below. They would bomb the leading troops in the defiles, and presently the whole column would be piled up, a medley of men, guns, and transport. We turned away so as not to see. Wretched Turks, wretched rulers of the Holy Land! The survivors stumbled into the fateful Plain of Esdraelon, into the arms of the British cavalry. All that remained to be done was for the umpire to sound the trumpet. The maneuver was over and the prisoners could be counted.

On September 20, 1918, the Seventh and Eighth Turkish Armies were destroyed, the power of the Turkish Empire was broken. "This way, please," muttered the irrepressible Tommies, as they conducted the Turks into the vast barbed-wire inclosures hastily erected for their reception. There was no resentment in this police work. Just another day's work done in this curious task of regulation, administration, and organization which seems to fall to the British in outlandish places. The significant thing about it was that this particular police work took place in the

Plain of Armageddon. When given a peerage Allenby took the title of Viscount of Megiddo, or Armageddon. Watch this Lord of Armageddon; he is among the great men who have great work to do for mankind.

But that was not all. Haifa fell, the British swam and fished in the Sea of Galilee, then Damascus fell, the Fourth Turkish Army was destroyed, Beirut was taken, Tripoli, Aleppo, and the head waters of the Euphrates. Far into Asia Minor British order penetrated. The Turks were obliged to withdraw their remnants to harmless distances. They were discredited, beaten, without equipment, without money. The Pax Britannica brooded over the Near East in 1918. Why does the Turk trouble the nations again in 1922? Why should he return to-day to vex the world, to massacre, as is his wont, to suck up the moisture of the Near East, to turn back the clock of progress, to make a desolation

of every spot he touches? He was once undone, finished, *khalass*, as the Arabs say. What is it that has given him arms again and money to buy arms? What secret shame hides behind his resurgence into power after his power had been stripped from him by Allenby, Lord of Armageddon? Must Allenby meet him again in the Plain of Armageddon and defeat him a second time? Will the world wait until the Turk has gathered the vultures from out of Russia, Afghanistan, Persia, India, and the farthest East and raised rebellious hordes at the back of the Western Powers? The Holy Land is a sacred trust. The danger comes from the north. Let those whose right it is stand by, fully armed to overturn and overturn.

Allenby told me in the spring of 1920 that if the Turkish Peace Treaty was not signed soon we would have another war. The war came. Turkey is still in

Europe. France, Italy, and Greece jockeyed each other for the position at the gate-post where Britain stood first; they scrambled for the heritage which was that of the men from the Isles of the Sea, from the antipodes, from the West Indies and India, of the men who had rid the Near East of the Turk. While his neighbors haggled, after his conquerors had returned to the ends of the earth, the Turk armed himself from a secret source and to-day he is still in Europe.

America was offered the mandate over Syria by its people. America was requested to take over Asia Minor. It was not ready. To-day its relief workers are exiled, their stores burned, their girl protégées stolen for Turkish harems. Oh, for an Allenby! Allenby is a name, and that name means in Arabic, in the language of the Koran, *Allah-neby*, Prophet of God.

Allenby to the rescue!

LET'S GET TOGETHER

BY A TEACHER

LAST June a great many children and parents and teachers faced disappointment and discouragement, and wondered why. The children for the most part agreed that their teachers expected too much of them and "never explained anything;" also that their parents "didn't understand." The parents with equal unanimity charged the children with being "so difficult these days" and the teachers with "being a mighty low-grade set." The teachers for their part comforted each other with the reflection that "the modern child simply doesn't know what real study means," and that "if parents would stop jazzing around and pay a little more attention to their main job of bringing up children teachers might have a chance."

Thus ended the last school year—substantially as the last fifty school years have ended—with each party of the educational triangle inwardly or outwardly throwing the blame for failure on the other two. Shall we begin this year in the same way? Perhaps we shall; but do we have to? Can't we get together and talk it over? Can't each of us get the other two points of view? Let's try.

Boys and girls, think back a bit. You know perfectly well that we teachers have offered you at least three times as much information as we have ever asked you to give back to us on final examinations. You say we never explain things. How about that time last winter when the arithmetic teacher was explaining just how it happened that you couldn't add three-fifths to seven-eighths and get ten-thirteenth? Do you remember what you were doing then? If you were not in some form of undetected mischief, then you were thinking of the

coming snowball fight at recess or of some other equally unmathematical subject. And when the teacher said, "Does everybody understand? Is there any question?" you remained silent. She had explained and had offered to explain again, but you wouldn't listen. You wouldn't give her a chance.

And do you remember when dad looked over your report card and scolded you for having so many low marks? You thought he was pretty harsh and unsympathetic. Have you thought that perhaps his heart is so wrapped up in your success in life that your failure to do your best has been like a bit of cold steel entering that very vital part of him? Have you thought how you may perhaps feel some day when your children don't do their best? You say now that dad and mother "don't understand." Think it over. Perhaps they are actually looking back at their own childhood failures, and understand only too well what the habits of slackness acquired then have meant in their later lives.

Parents, you say that children are "so difficult these days." Why are they difficult? Is it not perhaps chiefly your own fault? Are you giving them a square deal? Have you learned to be loving but not indulgent? Have you learned to be inexorably firm but not harsh? Have you learned to give them the liberty that the child of to-day is rightfully coming into without failing to demand a concomitant sense of responsibility? Have you learned to listen to their confidences without tirades of criticism? Have you learned to be a pal without insisting upon being the boss pal? How much, in short, have you tried to get in touch with these "difficult modern children"?

And how about the "low-grade set of teachers" that you complain about? What makes us "low-grade"? Will you "high-grade" ladies and gentlemen come and take over our jobs for a little while, including the forty or fifty restless children, and the gloomy, stuffy rooms, and the hard, immovable benches, and the antiquated courses of study, and the rigid methods of discipline? Oh, yes—and including our salaries? If you could only take our places for a little while, gentle parents, you might see how even the best of us cease to be as "high-grade" as we should like to be. And after you had tried to teach the children now in our care you might think that our results do not measure up quite so badly, after all. Consider also that, if we are actually low-grade to start with, it is because you who have the power of the almighty dollar in your hands have offered so little remuneration that too few really high-grade persons can be tempted to enter the teaching profession. Also think over the amount of moral support you have given us when your children came home and criticised us. How often have you met such criticism with the loyal answer that there must be some misunderstanding which you can clear up by coming frankly and in friendly spirit to us? How often, instead, have you said, "Well, of all things! I never heard of such methods!"

And, fellow-teachers—for it is our turn now to examine our own hearts—how about the difficulties of teaching this *enfant terrible*, the modern child who has so many outside distractions and who "doesn't know what real study means"? Do the difficulties really lie in the child? Or do they lie in our failure to keep pace with the expanding nature of child life, our failure to un-

derstand the new relationship between child and world, our failure to apply the best principles of education to the job of to-day? When the child of to-day rebels and says, "Why do I have to study that dry old stuff?" how many of us have ever answered, "I'm not sure. Let's talk it over and see why"? And if in talking it over with the child and his mates we come to see that there is something of justice on the side of the child, how many of us have been square enough to modify our course of study where it really ought to be modified? Again, when a whole class has been lethargic over our presentation of a really interesting and worth-while subject, how many of us have admitted to ourselves that we must be the ones to blame? How many of us have strenuously gone about casting out the beams from our own eyes before railing against the motes in the eyes of our children?

And how about our attitude toward the parents whom we declare to be "not on their jobs"? Have we ever thought how little we really know about whether the parents are "on their jobs" or not? We don't like parents to judge us by the tales our children tell of us. Is it fair to judge the parents by their children? There is a gulf of black ignorance lying between us and these parents. And we have been deepening it and widening it with each generation. What do we do when a parent appears at the school-room door? Is it not true that inwardly we sigh or curse according to our natures, while outwardly we preserve an attitude of chilly courtesy or hypocritical delight—unless we break loose and use the opportunity to inveigh against the child of that parent? How often do we say, frankly and in a truly friendly spirit: "Well, Mrs. Blank, I am glad to see you. Won't you sit down and visit us this morning and then come and talk with me after the children have gone home? No, Jimmy is not doing as well as he could, but I believe we can solve his problem if you'll just come and give me what light you have on the subject." I warrant that not many of us greet our parents in any such spirit. But we ought to. That is our salvation—getting together with the parents in behalf of the children.

Failure to get the other fellow's point of view—that is the great stumbling-block in the way of educating our children. And, after all, it is we teachers and we parents—for the writer has children himself—who are to blame. At least we are old enough and ought to be wise enough to reform. Our children cannot be reached until after we have reformed. Possibly their reformation will go hand in hand with our own. Yes, probably it will, for they are wonderful little persons when it comes to responding to the influences about them. By all means, then, let us begin to hunt the other fellow's point of view.

In thinking of our children let us remember that from the moment of birth

THE problem of Johnny and his sister, whatever their real names may be, is one which is never far from the mind of the public. Hubert V. Coryell has given us another article dealing with Johnny and his favorite authors, which is a sequel to his widely read article on Johnny and his favorite books.

Mr. C. K. Taylor, whose articles on height-weight standards for boys and girls were one of the notable features of *The Outlook* during the past year, discusses in another article the problem of finding out what Johnny is good for and how he can be helped.

they begin to have rights of individuality which grow and expand month by month, and that never in all the life of a child has any parent a right to invade the individuality of his child by his own individuality, or to try to shape the life of his child for the carrying out of parental ambition. We must help our children to find themselves. But for our protection, the protection of others in the world, and for the child's own benefit, we must teach a child not to invade or violate the rights of others. We must be firm and constant in our efforts at this sort of discipline. And we must be reasonable—checking childish impulses only when we can show clearly that the safety of the child or the rights of others demand the check.

But it is in getting together as teachers and parents that we can perhaps accomplish the most immediate good. So let us consider ways and means. In the first place, we must frame our minds without antagonism. Each of us must assume that, while the other has probably grave faults and is perhaps not thoroughly competent, he is nevertheless really eager to do the right thing. Each of us must admit to himself that, while he is trying to do the right thing, there is no doubt that he is often failing. Each of us must realize that just as he could give good advice to the other so the other could give good advice to him. And then in humble but frank and friendly spirit each should seek the other.

For instance—and I am taking a real case that has come within my experience—Johnny is falling further and further behind in his lessons. He seems dull and uninterested. Yet now and then there is a flash of unusual intelligence. The teacher is puzzled and doesn't know quite what to make of it. After much consideration of the problem on the part of the teacher, a letter goes to Johnny's father: "Dear Mr. Blank, will you call me up soon and make an appointment to talk with me about Johnny? We don't seem to be getting

the best out of him, and I want your advice." The father comes.

"I want you to understand," says he, "that Mrs. Blank and I are mightily pleased with what you have already done for Johnny. We know he is still not doing all he can, but we don't blame you a bit. Probably it is our own fault mostly. What have you to suggest?"

"I don't want to suggest anything," says the teacher, "until you tell me what you think I can do that I'm not doing."

Whereat the father laughs deprecatingly, hesitates, but finally admits two things: First, that Johnny can't seem to understand the grammar work required of him; and, second, that Johnny has a notion that teacher is down on him.

The teacher considers, resolves to have a quiet personal talk with Johnny, and makes sure that these two obstacles to Johnny's progress shall be removed.

"And now," says Johnny's father, "how about us? What can we do?"

It is the teacher's turn to hesitate deprecatingly, but Johnny's father looks friendly and eager to be advised, so the teacher speaks:

"It seems to me that Johnny eats altogether too much candy. Has he perhaps too much pocket money not earned by himself?"

The father thinks a bit, admits the probability, and plans reform. The teacher goes on:

"Johnny is often late. He looks sleepy. Does he get to bed early enough?"

Johnny's father blushes.

"I'm afraid not," he says. "The evening is the only chance I get to talk with him, and I guess I let him sit up too late. What do you think is a proper hour for a twelve-year-old?"

The teacher gives his opinion modestly; the father agrees and promises to set forward the bed-time hour; they talk over a few more points about Johnny's régime; and finally they begin to talk about Johnny himself—what his chief interests are, how cleverly he has constructed his wireless set from almost nothing, and what a really intelligent conversationalist he is. The teacher and father separate greatly encouraged, resolved to improve in their handling of Johnny and, above all, inspired by the discovery of a very real common interest in Johnny.

This was not a super-teacher or a super-parent. It was a pair of average human beings blessed by the sane impulse to bury antagonism and to co-operate for the benefit of a perfectly average boy whom they had been mishandling because they didn't know all points of view. And the co-operation is equally as valuable when it is initiated in a friendly and frank way by the parent as when it comes from the teacher.

Let us hope that more such average parents and teachers will be blessed this year with the impulse to co-operate, to get together for the benefit of more average boys and girls.

THE BOOK TABLE

BOOKS I HAVE LOVED AND LOST

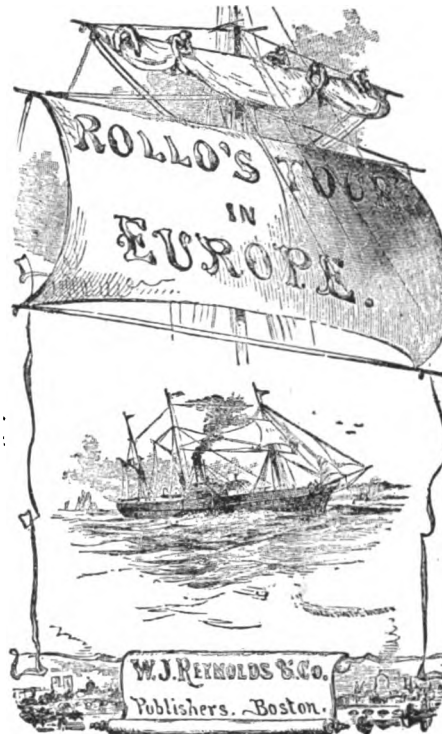
BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT is best to be off with the old love before we are on with the new; and this is as true of books as it is of girls. Until modern science can supply a book-lover with an elastic house adorned with an extensible library as easily adjusted to an unexpected company of guests as is a dining-table, until this devoutly-to-be-desired guerdon is granted to us, we have to clear out our shelves now and again to make room for newcomers. We have perforce to get rid of the volumes which have ceased to please and to provide shelf-room for the volumes which have more recently attracted us. Yet as soon as the discarded tomes have been irrevocably dispersed—sold or given away—we begin to doubt our own judgment and to yearn over the dear departed. But it is in vain that we wish them back and that we wonder why it was we were foolish enough to let them go. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: It ought not to have been.

Although I was not born in a library, as Lord Beaconsfield boasted he had been, I grew up in a home where books were made welcome and where I was encouraged to read them and to own them. I can recall that I was not yet proficient in the art of reading when I became the owner of the ten volumes narrating the adventures and misadventures of Rollo in Europe; and as soon as I was able I read them again and again. Before I was seven I had crossed the ocean four times, twice over to Europe and twice back; and I retained vivid visual recollections of the places to which Rollo and his sister traveled. (What was the name of that sister? I remember that she took her canary with her—but, although this fact is adhesive in my memory, her name I cannot now replevin after more than threescore years.) What most delighted me then was the unsuspecting visit of the boy and girl to the Hippodrome in Paris one Sunday afternoon when they had followed the crowd and made their way fortuitously into the huge circus tent—which (in their American innocence of Parisian manners and customs) they mistook for a camp-meeting. They discovered where they were only when the splendidly adorned horses pranced into the arena; and then they decorously withdrew. Or did they remain? Really my septuagenarian memory plays me strange tricks. I can see the pair of them slipping in, merged in a flock of French children; but I cannot now follow them out.

Where are those ten volumes now? I wish I had them. They were cased in wine-colored cloth, with an embossed side-stamp of a fashion now no longer seen. And where are the entrancing

tomes of Mayne Reid—"Osceola" and the "Scalp-Hunters"? They are lost, strayed or stolen, long years ago, and my five-foot shelf of boy's books knows them no more. Do the boys of to-day know them, I wonder? If not, my grandson is not now as fortunate as I was. Only a decade after I had become acquainted with these masterpieces I had the joy of meeting the author at a round-up of men of letters (at Mr. Hamersley's, I



TITLE PAGE OF ONE OF THE ROLLO BOOKS,
BY JACOB ABBOTT

think)—a gathering to which I had then no claim to be admitted, for I was only a college boy. I saw Mayne Reid face to face, and I noted that one of his shirt studs had fallen out. I did not have speech with him; but my eyes paid him the tribute of boyish admiration. He had recently returned from England on the same boat with a friend of mine, who told me later that when the ship ran into a storm, so severe that the passengers were ordered below, he had heard Mayne Reid say almost under his breath, "I led the forlorn hope at Chapultepec, and am I now to be drowned here like a rat in a box?"

It was a Christmas before or a Christmas after I had "Osceola" and the "Scalp-Hunters" given to me that I received the "Gorilla-Hunters" and the "Coral Island" of Robert Michael Ballantyne—the "Ballantyne the brave" whom Stevenson companions with "Cooper of the Wood and Wave." I fear that the years have dealt hardly with his fame

and that the younger generation does not now share the pleasure I had in his pages threescore years ago. When my friend Clayton Hamilton was editing and annotating "Treasure Island" as a school text-book for supplementary reading (painful words, indeed), he came to inquire if I knew who this Ballantyne might be that R. L. S. held in honorable memory. But when I read the "Knights of the Joyous Venture," one of the best of the tales of "Puck of Pook's Hill"—if it is possible to make a choice where all are transcendent—I rejoiced to observe that Puck's young friends, Una and Dan, had enjoyed the blessed privilege of reading the "Gorilla-Hunters." But I have not seen this book these many years, nor the "Coral Island" either. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I drop a silent tear; and then I ask why it is that no American publisher has seen fit to reprint these cherished classics of my boyhood—the best of Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, the "Green Mountain Boys" of Judge Thompson, and the thrilling "Nick of the Woods" of Richard Montgomery Bird, that fearsome tale of the mysterious and appalling Jibbenainosay. Of a truth such a publisher would reap a rich reward.

How it was that these books of my boyhood deserted me I cannot guess. All I am sure of is that they are no longer mine. Like Hans Breitmann's party, they have gone "away in the ewigkeit." I do know what happened to some other books that were mine a little later in my youth, treasured tomes dealing with the art and mystery of conjuring. Before I was fourteen I was the happy possessor of the "Magician's Own Book," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, generous benefactors of boyhood; and a year later in Paris I found the French treatise on prestidigitation which had been the font and origin of this American manual of magic. Soon I also acquired the memoirs of Robert-Houdin, master of the art. In the decades that followed I kept on adding to my collection, delighting in the succession of clever dissertations by "Professor Hoffmann" and enjoying hugely "Our Magic" by Maskelyne and Devant. I gathered volume after volume year after year, and I guarded them jealously, grateful for the pleasure I had had in their perusal; and I am glad to know that they are now safe on the shelves of the library of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.

There are other collections, begun in the early years of my manhood, when I was allured into rambling along the byways of the curiosities of literature. In time I had got together nearly a dozen volumes devoted to macaronic poetry, and a dozen or more devoted to the art of the fan-maker and a score devoted to the art of the bookbinder. I must have picked up here and there in Europe

more than a score of volumes setting forth the history of playing cards, catalogues of collections of them, and discussions of their use and abuse in games of chance. These several accumulations I sold, pitilessly ousting them, one after another, as my affection waned and as I moved along to worship at new shrines. I cannot deny that I have more than once had occasion to regret my cruel treatment of these lost loves, maidens all forlorn, dispersed at random, and deprived of the congenial companionship to which they had perhaps become accustomed. My deeds be on my head; and I can blame no one but myself.

There are, however, a host of other books for which my shelves now yawn and which I did not part with voluntarily. They have unaccountably vanished. Like Catiline, they have gone, departed, escaped, broken out. Even to my best friend I have never been rash enough to say, "Come and take a choice of all my library"—as Shakespeare makes a feeble-minded creature say in "Titus Andronicus." I may have lent one or another in a trusting moment and after dinner; but I can never have consented to the abstraction of all of the disparate volumes for which I now yearn. Where are the two little paper-covered sixteenmos (or *infra*) in which I first read "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode"? I have recently re-read with renewed approbation these first fruits of Henry James's cosmopolitan investigations; they are now to be had in a single seemingly tome in the "Modern Library" with an appreciation by Howells as cordially enthusiastic as it is keenly critical. But I cannot help wishing I had them again in their original form, as members of "Harper's Half Hour Series"—a series which contained a heterogeneity of lively tales, including, if my memory does not play me false (as perhaps it does), the "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgilllicuddy," which Laurence Oliphant wrote in the hospitable home of S. L. M. Barlow at Glen Cove.

There was then—forty years ago, alas!—another paper-covered series, the so-called "Standard Library." I find I still have the "Essays of George Eliot" collected by Nathan Sheppard and containing several articles not included in her "complete" works. But I have lost another volume of that series that I once possessed, the "Archibald Malmaison" of Julian Hawthorne, the story which witnessed that he was the son of his father. Nor have I been able to find what I once owned, the "Fables" of George T. Lanigan—"anywhere, anywhere, out of the World." Who was bold enough to borrow that little volume? Or did a false friend steal it? It was small enough and thin enough to hide itself in a felonious pocket. It had illustrations by F. S. Church—illustrations worthy of the delectable text. Also missing and unaccounted for is my copy of Stockton's "Rudder Grange," with its illustrations by Arthur B. Frost, little masterpieces of pictorial humor, at once

firm and delicate. Is it because these favorite authors were makers of light literature that their volumes have been so volatile? Or am I the victim of deliberate and indefensible villainy? He who steals my purse, steals trash, but he who robs me of my books is—well, I do not dare to print my opinion of him. My sentiments were voiced nearly half a century ago by Laman Blanchard in his quatrains on the "Art of Book-Keeping:"

How hard, when those who do not wish

To lend (that's lose) their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks. . . .

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are split;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt. . . .

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing
Swift,

As swiftly went my Steele. . . .

I Prior sought, but could not see
The Hood so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for Lee,
Oh! where was my Leigh Hunt? . . .

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found in Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BREATH OF SCANDAL (THE). By Edwin Balmer. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.90.

A novel of contemporary American family life, sometimes uncomfortable in its realism, but in its happenings a strong argument against conventional ignorance. In this case it is the father of the family against whom the breath of scandal stirs, and the volcanic results teach his daughter that innocence is not safety from injury.

INSTRUMENT OF THE GODS (AN). By Lincoln Colcord. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Tales of the sea and its ships and sailors, enlivened by "chanteyns" and ballads of the sea. The volume has variety of scene and incident.

NORTHWEST. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.75.

"A tale of endeavor, of mystery, and of love, in the wilds of the Canadian Rockies. A weakling, idling away his life and fortune in drinking and gambling, easy prey to the professional crooks into whose clutches he falls, is given his chance to become a man"—thus the publishers correctly describe this volume.

**HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
LARNED HISTORY.** By J. N. Larned. Vol. I. The C. A. Nichols Publishing Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.

This is the first volume of a twelve-volume compendium of history put together on an original plan. It is based on a five-volume reference work prepared about thirty years ago by Professor Larned, called "History for Ready Reference," and now very much enlarged in

It is not the standard authors that I mourn, for them I can find in the club library. It is for books of less outstanding fame, which are not so easy to get at. When I had finished the "Age of Innocence," I looked in vain for three other novels of New York with stories set in the same innocuous epoch; Orpheus C. Kerr's "Avery Glibun," Dr. Mayo's "Never Again," and William H. Bishop's "House of a Merchant Prince."

In like manner, after I had feasted on the hinted but untold horrors of Henry James's "Turn of the Screw," I looked high and low for the "Green Tea" of Sheridan Le Fanu, for the tales of FitzJames O'Brien, and for Jean Richepin's "Morts Bizarres." Nor could I find Mrs. Oliphant's "Little Pilgrim" or her "Beleaguered City." Once I had a rich collection of tales such as the Fat Boy in the "Pickwick Papers" would have revealed in, tales that "would make your flesh creep." As it is, I must go to bed shiverless, with no hope of a nightmare, despite my former ownership of a nest of them. It is small consolation that I have at last laid hands on Bayard Taylor's delightful "Diversions of the Echo Club" and on Frederick Beecher Perkins's "Devil-Puzzlers." What do these trovers profit me, if all their lovely companions are faded and gone? Unlike the Cheshire cat, they have faded away and not left even the grin behind them.

scope and contents. It is arranged in encyclopædia form and the articles appear in alphabetical order. They are chiefly composed of extracts from histories, newspapers, magazines, and textbooks, and in this way are chosen to represent "the better and newer literature of history." It is evident at a glance that a great deal of pains and hard work have been put on the preparation of this work, and the first volume indicates that it will be valuable. It is fully illustrated with reproductions of photographs and with maps.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS (THE). By Le Roy Jeffers, A.C., F.R.G.S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$5.

Exceptionally well printed photographs of some of America's most beautiful scenic attractions accompany the interesting textual descriptions of this volume. The author, who is Librarian of the American Alpine Club, is thoroughly conversant with this theme and has made a valuable addition to the works descriptive of the continent's wonderlands.

TALES OF LONELY TRAILS. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.

One scarcely expects the accounts of real adventure by a writer of "thrillers" in fiction to be as absorbing as his efforts in imaginary description, but Zane Grey in these pages keeps his readers' pulse-beats going fast. Bear-fights, lion-hunts, and exploring and hunting trips in little-known regions of the West are described with a zest that imparts its spirit to the reader.

Thrift and Prosperity

WITH FACTS BEFORE YOU, it is a question of conscience—of patriotism—of the honor of Uncle Sam—of justice for ALL who toil with hand or brain.

There are not "two sides" to such questions. That is why we meet no opposition but "silence"—side-stepping—camouflage. The book more than confirms every claim of the advertisements.

Incidentally, it is a question of dollars in your pocket—many of them—reduced taxes, better business, because of general prosperity.

The Gist of It All

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least the pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than 1½ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds now in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at 2¼ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the mar-

ket price for money on the solidest security been less than 3½ to 4 per cent, and today, as everyone knows, is 6½ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per cent, gradually diminishing to 5 or less as world prosperity returns.

Third—Four per cent semi-annual compound interest will go directly to depositors.

Fourth—The balance of the profits shall be paid twice a year into the United States Treasury, thus making possible the reduction of taxes and thereby benefiting the whole citizenship, including, of course, the depositors. This, it is estimated, should bring into the U. S. Treasury, without taxing anybody one cent, an annual income of at least \$120,000,000, to possibly \$300,000,000 or more.

Fifth—Every banking institution in the United States in good standing may become an agent for the Postal Savings Bank, both to receive deposits

and to make loans, receiving for such service a small commission on both deposits and loans.

The Postal Savings Bank will thus become the greatest and strongest bank in the world, one vast national reservoir of the people's savings, available for loans to all who furnish proper security. There will be no favoritism to any class or interests—practically no limitation to loans except the limitation of good security and use in harmony with public good.

Sixth—The present gold standard is not affected and will be permanently maintained, yet gold is made no longer either fetish or a scarecrow.

Seventh—The Postal Savings Bank will be placed beyond the power of domination by any interest or class. It will have no power of either inflation or contraction, these powers being left in the exclusive possession of the existing Federal Reserve Banks.

Eighth—It will quickly mobilize and put into ordinary bank channels over three billion dollars (\$3,000,000,000) of money not now in any bank—the identical kind of money that is now the foundation resource of all banks.

Ninth—With this bill in operation there will be scores of millions of depositors, instead of half a million as at present, with deposits exceeding thirty billions, possibly soon nearer one hundred billions, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million deposits as when this is written.

To Men of Business

To men of business, "big" and "little." To farmers—to all who toil.

To stimulate "thrift and saving" among the millions who labor—such as the world has never before seen.

To stabilize business, build confidence, pour the oil of peace and prosperity on the troubled waters of unrest.

To get for YOU who are now "thriftily" 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually, on your "daily balance" of every surplus dollar you possess—even the dollars in your pocket, cash drawer and safe.

Unfetter the existing Postal Savings Bank, now "shackled"—"hamstrung"—by cunning, short-sighted greed.

Bankers with Brains, Vision,

Conscience and Patriotism (plenty of all four cordially recognized) will see, not antagonism, but co-operation in an unshackled Postal Savings Bank.

Bank prosperity goes naturally with industrial prosperity which the freed Postal Bank will enormously stimulate.

PATRIOTISM—the freed Postal will absorb the entire National debt and provide resource practically unlimited for National emergencies, at low interest, without perceptibly trenching on commercial funds.

CONSCIENCE—It is not believable that honorable bankers approve of

To get for YOU whenever you want to "borrow" money, all you want and can adequately secure, for "long time" or "short time," at the "market price for money."

Without an iota of "flat" fallacy, without an atom of "inflation."

Without a shadow of "injustice" or of "favoritism" to any "class" or "interest." To do all this:

the way Uncle Sam has been "used" to get the money of Postal Bank depositors at one-third to one-fifth of the "market price for money"—85 per cent of it going to bankers' use.

PROFIT—legitimate, honorable, in return for economic service, will go to bankers in commissions on both deposits and loans of the Postal Bank—profits 100 times greater than had in the past from "skinned" depositors.

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"REAL MONEY"—INTEREST FREE

No "bluff" about it, no "magic," no "flat" fallacy, no "inflation"—nobody disputes the facts in the case.

One hundred and twenty million dollars or more in taxes, yearly, saved right in your pocket and mine!

All made available quickly by a little "practical sense" and **JUSTICE**—unfetter our existing Postal Savings Bank, now "hamstrung" by short-sighted selfishness and greed.

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No more U. S. mail robberies; no more pay-roll "hold-ups;" **INCIDENTAL** results of an unfettered Postal Savings Bank, now "hamstrung" by cunning, short-sighted greed.

Every certificate of deposit, whether \$1 or \$1,000, is "to order," or "to bearer" at the option of its owner; if "to order" bandit or burglar can't "cash" or "pass" without identification and consequent arrest—no inducement to steal or rob.

Another **INCIDENTAL** result is, certificates of deposit are good anywhere in the United States—or world—the same as "gold certificates," thus doing away with present enormous cost of "bank exchange," and risk of money transportation.

An unfettered Postal Savings Bank, now "hamstrung" by cunning, short-sighted greed, would bring billions of dollars to bankers—bring tens of billions of dollars to men who toil—justly, expediently, bring prosperity and "peace"—in exchange for the "economic war" of the past—and of the present.

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswered—unanswerable—see "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John B. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, ex-editor and book publisher; \$1 at book stores, or free at Public Libraries.

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A TALK ON PICTURE MAKING¹

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

Art Manager of The Outlook

Member Executive Committee Pictorial Photographers
of America

THERE is a distinction between making a picture and making a photograph with a camera. A picture must please us with an element of beauty; a photograph may be merely a record of a fact. It sometimes depends on our point of view whether we regard a photograph as belonging in the first classification or the second. I once made a photograph of a shoemaker at his bench. I was much pleased with it. When I showed it to him, he said: "Heavens! is that me?" The light and shade in the little shop, the modeling, and even the wrinkles on his face, were most agreeable in my sight and made the photograph to me a picture; but to him there appeared only the fact that he was getting old. Leaving the personal element aside, perhaps this *was* a picture; but, at any rate, the thing I want to emphasize is this—the difference between making mere records and making photographs that have an art element.

Lots of people say, "It's all in the lens." If they see a photograph that is at all unusual, they say: "What a good lens you must have!" It's a little like saying to an artist who paints fine landscapes, "What good brushes you must have!" The truth is, you don't need an expensive lens to make good pictures. A costly lens will make sharp and mathematically correct photographs and it will make them in the thousandth part of a second; but it won't make a real picture any better than the lens in your brownie. There! I suppose I ought not to use any word that sounds like advertising an article; but if I say brownie or kodak in this talk, please understand that in using those words I refer to small cameras of any make. These small cameras in their cheapest form are perfectly capable of making pictorial photographs. When you buy one of them that is fitted with a costly lens, you can take better snap-shots of race-horses and railway trains with it, and sometimes you can get photographs with it on rainy days, but otherwise you are no nearer to making pictures than with the cheap lens. The man or boy or girl who goes into a store and buys a lens costing \$400, in a "box"—that is, a camera—costing \$200 (and you can easily spend that amount for your outfit)—is really no better equipped for picture-making under ordinary conditions than the possessor of a little film camera costing \$2. That seems a strong statement, but listen. A man I know who has traveled all over this country and taken charming photo-

¹ Mr. Moore's Talk on Picture Making has already reached the many thousands who "listen in" on the broadcasting from WJZ—the Newark station of the Westinghouse Electric Company. In the thought that it would have an equal interest for Outlook subscribers it is published here.

graphs to illustrate his fascinating books carried an old camera with a cheap, old-fashioned lens and a home-made shutter. I once asked him, "How do you make quick exposures with that shutter?" He answered, "I put a lot of extra rubber bands on it." His books are filled with attractive and in many cases admirable pictures that he made with this simple outfit. You can find his books in almost any public library and judge for yourselves as to their merit. You naturally ask his name. Without consulting him, I take the liberty of saying that his name is Clifton Johnson and the books bear the title of "Highways and Byways" in many parts of our country and in foreign lands.

And, to draw a leaf from my own experience, let me say that a few years ago I went up to the State of Maine with an expensive photographic outfit. I had an 8 x 10 camera, and an anastigmatic lens, double-coated plates, color filters, and so on. I carried this heavy outfit around the rocks and up the hills of Maine till I was weary—and got some fairly good results; but one day I shook this outfit and borrowed a brownie from a friend and with it got what the critical ones called a real picture—a snap that caught a fleeting impression of sand and sea and sunset clouds and a human figure, that couldn't have been captured with a big view camera.

Another amateur photographer, whose work can be seen in almost any of the current exhibitions of photographic art, gets his original negatives with a film camera of the $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ sort. He works them up into larger negatives and prints and gets effects that are properly described as "stunning."

Well, how are these things done? In the first place, you must, as a rule, learn how to develop your own films or plates and make prints from them. Is this troublesome and expensive? When I began to do my own developing, after an apprenticeship of the "you press the button and we do the rest" variety, I asked an experienced friend what I needed. "It's easy," he said. "All you need is a five-cent developing powder, a pound of hypo, a graduate glass, and two small trays. On second thought," he added, "I'll say you don't need the graduate. You can mix the developer in one of the trays. After you develop the film in one tray and fix it in the other, tell the missus you want to borrow her kitchen, and then wash your film in the sink." This man made two mistakes. First, he didn't realize the fascination of photography, which makes you want to buy more and more material. Second, he didn't know my missus.

Nevertheless, the initial expense of a developing outfit is really small and the satisfaction is large.

When you have learned to develop and print your snap-shots, you should get an enlarging outfit. You can pay \$450 for this, or you can get one for \$3.71. You can make exhibition pictures with either kind. The majority of the pictures shown in the photographic exhibitions are what are called bromide enlarge-



Magic Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show you how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

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A TALK ON PICTURE MAKING

(Continued)

ments, and they are made with these enlarging cameras.

Before you get into the exhibitions, however, you should attend some of them and see "what's what." Many of the art museums throughout the country have within the last few years given space to photographic exhibitions, and the beauty of the prints shown will be surprising to people who have been accustomed to seeing only the ordinary snap-shots. Then perhaps there is a camera club in your vicinity which holds exhibitions from time to time. These are often good to see.

In making enlargements there are some tricks to learn—I use the word in no disparaging sense. The most important of these, perhaps, is the use of what is called a soft-focus or diffusing lens. This is a lens which is so constructed that it does away with the wiry sharpness that the beginner in photography admires. It gives "atmosphere" to a picture when properly used—either in an enlargement or in making the original negative—something of the quality of impressionism which makes the paintings of the great modern masters so much admired. But you don't have to begin with the soft-focus lens in making your enlargements. Learn to see pictures around you and try to get them in your original negatives and you will have good results with any enlarging lens. When you take a portrait, don't have the subject stand stiffly erect, hands at side, staring into your lens. When you try for a landscape effect, don't take it at noon, in a strong, hard light, but get plenty of soft afternoon shadows in your picture. Don't be afraid of photographing against the light, provided you don't have the sun shining directly into your lens. Try photographing your best girl on the shadow side of her face and see how beautiful she will look—though of course she'd look beautiful anyway. That reminds me that women often make the best photographers as well as the best subjects for photography. A woman amateur photographer last year won from a field of over a thousand competitors the \$100 prize offered by a Seattle firm for the best picture, and women and girls are represented in all the best photographic exhibitions. It's a good thing to have a woman criticise your pictures. The only fault I find with her as a critic is that too often she thinks it impolite or unkind to use the word "rotten."

I'll close with telling you how a woman helped me in a photographic emergency. I was photographing scenery on a New England lake for a magazine—you know you can sell your good pictures to the magazines and newspapers, don't you?—but that's another story. Well, when I was getting off the rowboat I dropped my camera into the water. I said, "Oh dear!" My dear fished the camera out and I put it in the sun to dry. It seemed not badly damaged when I later examined it, but the



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Childs' Garden Guide

Tulips, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Crocus, Forsythia—all these lovely Spring flowers should be planted NOW. Immense stocks of Peonies, Iris, Phlox and scores of most popular hardy Perennials to make flower gardens that last for years. You should get this helpful Garden Guide, including premium offer. If not a recent customer, write for it TODAY—mentioning this paper.

John Lewis Childs Inc.
Floral Park, N.Y.

shutter refused to work. I fussed over it a while, then gave it up. Some carpenters were at work near by and got interested in my trouble. One of them, an ingenious young chap, worked over the shutter for an hour. Nothing doing. I took it to the wife and said, "Guess I'll have to send it to New York. Goodness knows when we'll get it back—and my work only half done." I went to the hotel desk and wrote a letter to the camera people about it. Came back to get the camera. The lady said, "Do you know, this shutter works all right now! I fixed it with a hair-pin."

AN APPRECIATIVE READER

I AM sending you a snap-shot of one who probably ranks among your youngest appreciators, Jean Stewart Navarre. She represents the third generation in a family which has for many years weekly turned to your magazine



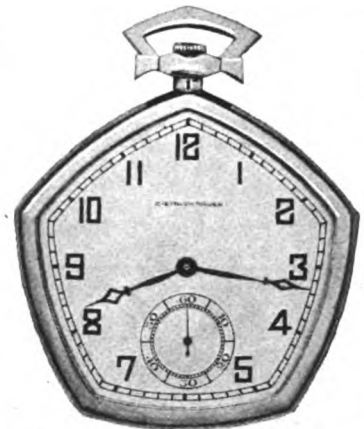
for information and for inspiration. I sometimes wonder why she always selects The Outlook when she sits down to "read," but it is so gratifying to have her seem instinctively to choose good company. Your magazine is a constant refreshment to my spirit, which seems so often to be growing worn and discouraged in this battle of earning a living and of trying to make the living worth the earning on a Michigan farm in these last years. It reassures me of the happy truth that the world is as full of people fine, brave, and big as it seems to be of the gossipy, the ignorant, and the greedy. And for that, words are inarticulate to tell you how deeply I thank you. Most cordially yours,

LILLIAN S. NAVARRE.

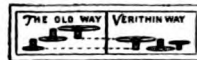
Monroe, Michigan.

Perhaps to some men the most appealing feature of the Pentagon is its practical shape. Others no doubt admire the sheer beauty of it—or possibly its striking individuality. In any event, the Pentagon—Gruen's newest achievement—has attained national vogue almost overnight. At the leading jewelers.

No. X-101—Ultrathin Pentagon, (shape patented) solid green gold, Dietrich Gruen *Extra Precision* movement, \$275; solid 18 kt. white gold, \$410; solid platinum, \$650. Verithin Pentagon, solid gold, *Precision* movement, \$100 to \$175; ultra quality gold, \$70 to \$75.



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GRUEN *GUILD* WATCHES

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A MAN remembers to ask for Shawknit Hosiery. Previous experience has taught him that it is a most satisfactory investment.



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Lowell, Mass.

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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Nile Cruise to Second Cataract in private steamer. Long Tour sails **January 6** by **ADRIATIC**.

Also

Later sailings and shorter tours.

Write for information to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.

Egypt, Palestine

Large steamers throughout. Small groups, personally conducted.
Sailings Jan. 6, \$1385—Jan. 17, \$1385—Feb. 10, \$1500, \$2060—Feb. 24, \$1385—Mar. 10, \$1500.

EUROPE 1923

Limited parties enrolling now.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-A Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

AROUND THE WORLD

Leaving New York Jan. 6, 1923

Not a cruise but a real visit into the interior of the countries

A high-grade tour under efficient cultured leadership, limited to 12 guests. Arrangements made for any portion of the tour.

Miss KATHERINE A. PANTLIND
110 Morningside Drive New York City

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1910. **BARNACK'S TOURS**, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO

for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, \$5-6 in cities and popular resorts, \$4-5 in the country

Boarders Wanted

COLLEGE WOMAN offers real home to young women studying in New York. Excellent table. Highest references. Chaperonage, if desired. \$20 to \$30 weekly. 8,711, Outlook.

Board Wanted

Room and Board Wanted New York City about Nov. 1. Boarding house, private family or apartment. Artist's widow. Must be reasonable. Highest references required. Reply by letter only. Mrs. Kings, 48 West 51st St., New York.

Country Board

Morristown, N. J. Restful home life, attractive room, suitable for couple, in beautiful residential park, near station, easy commuting; excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 8,283, Outlook.

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address **MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.**

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)

40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.

REDUCED RATES DURING SUMMER
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Health Resorts

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Real Estate

BERMUDA

Bermuda—For Rent Furnished cottage, 5 rooms. \$100 per month, \$500 six months. Dr. A. H. FRITH, Hamilton, Bermuda.

CALIFORNIA

Completely furnished cottages and apartments \$20-\$60 per month. Town of 12,000. 3 hours motor to San Francisco on cement highway. Lovely winter climate. A. B. Herriman, 130 Barton St., Santa Cruz, Cal.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

All-Year-Round Home

For sale, in the foothills of the Berkshires, **Washington, Conn.**

A country place of about 8 acres, situated in the midst of charming scenery. Colonial house of 14 rooms, 6 open fireplaces, steam heat, 3 bathrooms; stable with living quarters, 2-car garage, chicken house and yards, ice house, flower and vegetable gardens; never-failing water supply from individual spring. Waring sewage disposal system. Admirable church and school advantages and golf. Fine town library. An all-year-round home of charm and comfort. On Litchfield branch of N. Y. & N. H. R. R., 28 miles from Danbury by motor, 40 miles from New Haven. For further information address 8,281, Outlook.

FLORIDA

For sale—winter home. Captiva Island on the Gulf of Mexico, facing Pine Island Sound. 5-room modern cottage, all conveniences, servant quarters, etc. Private dock. Fishing and bathing. 6-acre tract, including 5-acre grapefruit and orange grove. Bargain. Address J. Sanchez U., Captiva, Lee Co., Fla.

The Knickerbocker furnished housekeeping apartments. Adults only. Ocean, Indian River, fishing, golf. \$150 to \$300 to May 15. Miss EMILIE ROBERTSON, New Smyrna, Fla.

NEW YORK

\$400 Secures 100-acre Farm. With horses, 100 bu. potatoes, 10 bu. apples, 200 h. hay, harnesses, tools; 1 1/2 mi. depot; 7-room house, barn. \$1,700, only \$400 needed. Page 79 Illinois. Catalog 1,200 Bargains FREE. **STROUT FARM AGENCY**, 150 B.M. Nassau St., New York City.

FOR RENT Ludlow-on-Hudson, N. Y., seven-room house, newly painted, all improvements, near station. Grand Central 35 min. Grounds 43x140. Long lease. Owner, 46 Sunnyside Drive.

VERMONT

FOR SALE AT WINDSOR, VT. Farm, 90 acres; good house, 10 rooms; fine fruit and sugar orchard; wonderful view. Ideal place for house or summer boarding house. For particulars inquire

WM. A. DONAGHUE, Windsor, Vt.

Apartment

SUB-LEASE—APARTMENT OF 3 ROOMS, with bath and kitchenette and large closets, overlooking the B. E. corner of Central Park. Furnished in old mahogany, antique rugs; attractive library; new building, elevator, maid service and dining room. Can be seen by appointment only with the best of references. Booklet for not less than a year at \$3,500. 8,287, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DRUGGIST—Best available location for drug store in Arizona now open. Correspondence invited if able to finance. Wonderful climate. Thomas Marshall, Tucson, Ariz.

WANTED—Lady of personality to acquire interest and become active in aristocratic girls' summer camp. Lock Box 26, New London, N. H.

SAFE \$1 FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or convertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SPEAKERS—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, radio addresses. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston office, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

ROOMS TO RENT

TO rent in private family on Brooklyn Heights, large, sunny, furnished room; modern improvements; quiet neighborhood; 3 minutes from Clark Street station on 7th Ave. subway. References required. \$15 per week. Address 2,867, Outlook.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1. Postpaid. Burnett Print Shop, Box 146, Ashland, O.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (8 1/2 x 7) and 75 envelopes, printed, \$3 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, **YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY.** Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5642, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 283, or P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and assistant to do all the work (except laundry) in household of three women in Cleveland, Ohio. One of them is a professional woman away all day. Quiet household, with many privileges. Address 2,214, Outlook.

WANTED—Useful companion to elderly lady. Protestant. One who understands housekeeping. References required. Address Box 478, Scranton, Pa.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess or mother's helper. English preferred, to assist in care and training of five children, four of whom attend school. Pleasant home life. Summer home New England. No housework required. Please state salary expected. Mrs. Robert Kip Goodlette, 291 High St., Pacific, N. J.

WANTED—Experienced governess, Protestant, to teach girl 8 and niece 6 and girl 2. Capable of taking entire charge. State age, method of teaching, and experience. References. Florida, winters; New York, summers. 2,237, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman, well educated, governess-companion for boy twelve years old who attends school mornings and afternoons. Must do mending and assist with upstairs work. State salary expected and references. Mrs. H. G. Fisk, 111 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.

WANTED—Private teacher, experienced, to teach young girl English and school subjects. One who also speaks French preferred. Must be willing to live two hours from New York. 2,874, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

THE author of the "Chimmie Fadden" stories, Edward W. Townsend, tells in the New York "Herald" how he got the idea of the stories. He was at a news-boys' dinner and saw a young woman serving a hungry youngster. She leaned over him and whispered, "Jimmie, how would you like another piece of pie?" "Great!" he answered. She brought it, and as she placed it by his plate he lifted up one of her hands and kissed it. Afterwards he saw the same young woman walking on the Bowery with a "masher" following her. A boy—perhaps the hero of the dinner—told the gallant to "beat it." "The boy explained to me when I questioned him," says the author, that "De bum had a right not to be folleyin' a loidy, a silk-haired dame, what done good for de boys and goils 'round here." Out of these incidents grew the famous stories.

Lord Northcliffe saved "Notes and Queries" from extinction shortly after the war, as a tribute to its influence in his personal fortunes, according to an English writer. It is said to have inspired him with the idea of his own "Answers," which gave him his start in his newspaper career. "Notes and Queries" has been published for more than seventy years. It is a small-sized magazine, and Lord Northcliffe is said to have predicted that the future newspaper will have a page no larger.

The San Francisco man was speaking. "Pickup" says. "I do not believe in all this 'boost' business," he said. "There is too much brag about it. Especially I do not believe in running down other cities, other parts of the country. It is making claims to excellence that do not need to be made. We should not do it. It is not modest and is likely to arouse jealousy. But I will say this much for San Francisco: Wherever you go from here it is worse."

Intern (to flapper), as reported by the "Journal" of the American Medical Asso-

Do You Need

A HOUSEHOLD HELPER
COMPANION
NURSE
GOVERNESS
TEACHER
BUSINESS ASSISTANT?

The following letter which we have received may contain a suggestion for you:

Sept. 12, 1922

Advertising Manager,
The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue,
New York City

Dear Sir: An advertisement inserted in your "Help Wanted" column for two weeks brought 187 replies from all parts of this country. It was possible to see personally only a dozen or more of these applicants, but, besides the large number, the quality of the applicants impressed me. Evidence has been given me, as the advertiser, of the excellence of The Outlook as a medium for reaching a very fine class of applicants for positions.

Yours very truly,

Try an Outlook "Want Ad." The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, exceptional ability, would care for chronic case of any description, or chaperon lady. Regular rates. 2,205, Outlook.

NURSE—Efficient for invalid. Cheerful, companionable. Can superintend home with help; or willing to travel. Physician's testimonial. 2,232, Outlook.

Business Situations

WOMAN, middle-aged, with library training, wishes position for the next months as an exchange or as hotel librarian. Florida or California preferred. 2,225, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN, training and seven years' experience, wants special library position in New York City. Excellent references. 2,233, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, 32, wishes office position. No typewriting or stenography. Excellent references. 2,265, Outlook.

SECRETARY—stenographer, experienced in medical, scientific, and literary work. Has held posts of great executive responsibility. Salary \$35-\$40. 2,265, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of situation at Christmas. Would travel or consider any position of trust. American and Canadian references. 2,245, Outlook.

DOCTOR'S widow would go South with one or two ladies, as companion-housekeeper, preferably after Christmas. 2,273, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Place by fine, educated woman as housekeeper or companion. Free to travel. No encumbrances. Best of references. Box 44, Lexington, Ky.

MIDDLE-aged widow, Protestant, housekeeper. Widower's or bachelor's home. Highest credentials as to ability, disposition, character. Last position five years, New York. No encumbrances. 2,266, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman desires position as housekeeper. Sixteen years' experience. Understands laying, catering, making of menus, and management of servants. Excels in taking charge of special occasions. 2,269, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman wishes position. Companion, fine sewer, reader. Care semi-invalid, generally useful. 2,264, Outlook.

WOMAN, having two unfilled days per week, will help in the home in any way. Hours: 9 to 5. 2,263, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 2,249, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR will drive party South or other points. 2,251, Outlook.

CANADIAN gentlewoman who has traveled extensively wishes position as companion or supervisor in well appointed private home. Exceptional qualifications and credentials. F. K. Kent, 117 Monhagen Ave., Middletown, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN, active, cheerful, desires engagement as traveling or visiting companion to woman of refinement. Highest references furnished and required. 2,256, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion or head of institution by woman of refinement and ability. Experienced. 2,255, Outlook.

EDUCATED Christian woman, experienced housekeeper, nursery governess, teacher, desires position. 2,258, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR—Experienced lady wishes tutoring—mathematics, Latin, English, etc.; college entrance. Address Mary Douglas, 225 West End Ave., New York.

GOVERNESS-companion—one or two children, family going South. Best references. A. Block, care Mrs. Loomis, Granby, Conn.

EXPERIENCED woman teacher, academic subjects, public or private school. 2,257, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes position—governess, mother's helper, companion. Best references. 2,260, Outlook.

YOUNG Danish woman, experienced, desires position with American family, one or two children. Languages, music. References. 2,261, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

FLORIDA—Will you drive car down next month? Two or three may go. Expense small. Address Owner, 2,272, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman who can punctuate and spell desires manuscripts and other material to type. Address 2,212, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, home in Paris suburb, will take three girls for winter. Social and educational advantages. For references and information apply 2,271, Outlook.

SLEEP on a genuine Adirondack Mt. Balsam Pine Pillow. SOOTHING! REFRESHING! INVIGORATING!!! (Beautifying). Size 12" x 18". \$1.35 postpaid. Pine Pillow Co., Inwood Sta., N. Y., Box 14c.



(left)
Warren E. Jenison,
Bedford, Mass.



(right)
Ruth F. Bennagartner,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mellin's Food

When you think of Mellin's Food, picture in your mind healthy babies, as the two naturally go together. Mellin's Food and fresh cow's milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

We will be pleased to send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

BY THE WAY

(Continued)

clation—"I think you have acute appendicitis." Flapper—"Oh, thank you, doctor."

Under the head "And Cooling?" a house organ reprints this advertisement from the New York "Times":

Neat, attractive girl wanted to do billing. Address Box 362, etc.

"Your column of August 30 quotes from a newspaper of 1783 a note about Byrne, the famous Irish giant, saying that his friends planned to take his body to Ireland for burial." So a subscriber writes, and proceeds to tell the story's sequel: "Dr. John Hunter, the famous surgeon of those times, succeeded in obtaining the body, as he wanted the skeleton for the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London. Byrne, it seems, dreaded dissection by Hunter, and shortly before his death arranged with several of his countrymen to have his body buried at sea. The undertaker, who had been offered £500 for the giant's body by the great anatomist, managed that while the escort were drinking at a certain place on the journey seawards, the coffin should be locked up in a barn. There some men he had concealed speedily substituted an equivalent weight of paving-stones for the body, which was at night forwarded to Hunter." The giant's skeleton, 7 feet 7 inches high, may still be seen in London, it is said.

From giants to dwarfs is an easy transition. The same day the above note was received the following paragraph appeared in a New York newspaper:

Peppino Magro, aged twenty-nine, who is twenty-two inches high and weighs only forty-five pounds, appeared yesterday at the Federal naturalization bureau, Brooklyn, to make application for his final papers to become a citizen. They were granted and he will come into full citizenship in ninety days. He gave his occupation as a freak. Asked if he was married he said: "No, but sometimes I think I would like to be."

General Tom Thumb, it will be remembered, who became probably the most famous freak of history under the management of P. T. Barnum, was twenty-four inches high when he was first caught by the famous showman, but grew to nearly forty inches.

As a refinement of luxury, a foreign motor car firm advertises that the windows in its car are "made of Purdah glass, which renders the occupants of the car invisible, although they can see outside in a subdued light."

Visitor to very quiet seaside place (as reported in "Punch")—"And what ever do you people do with yourselves in the winter?"

Landlady—"Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer."

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE: For style, material and workmanship they are unequalled.

Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

Years of satisfactory service have given them confidence in the shoes and in the protection afforded by the W. L. Douglas Trade Mark.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New England.

COMPARE our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes with any \$10.00 or \$12.00 shoes made.

If not for sale in your vicinity, send for free catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas Shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.



Boys Shoes \$4.00 & \$4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
107 South St., Brockton, Mass.



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TREASURER—Commodore Louis M. Josephthal

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*Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps*Vice Admiral John D. McDonald,
*Second in Command, Atlantic Fleet*Rear Admiral Carl T. Vogelgesang,
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The Outlook

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for Boys and Girls

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*Who'll Win the
Money Awards*

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LIFE INSURANCE has become an Institution. It is performing a great service. But how many of us have really noted the benefits conferred by it in our own communities? We accept life insurance quite as we accept the public school and the church. Yes, such institutions are benefiting the public to a wonderful degree; but who can say as to A, B, C, how he has been benefited? The influence of the church and the school are rather intangible. Life insurance speaks with the dollar-mark, and its trail can be traced.

Let us follow up the proceeds of an insurance policy and see what has become of the money.

There is Dora Briggs, for instance, who was the recipient of \$5,000 from her father. How has she used the money? How has she been benefited?

There is Albert Southwick. He was left \$10,000 by his uncle. What use has he made of the money? Has he been benefited? By its result you can tell.

The Postal Life Insurance Company has asked to have made known to it instances of specific benefits performed by life-insurance money. We want our policyholders to locate the instances and write statements about them.

The ten instances judged (a) to be the best and (b) told best in 800 words, or less, will entitle the writers to money awards, graded for the points of excellence from \$5.00 to \$50.00. These awards are open only to the class of 1922 (those holding policies dated in the present year), including those who will take out policies between now and January 1, 1923.

How such money saved the family from distress, due to the loss of the breadwinner, should be shown. How the child was educated, and what happened to him in later life, should be most interesting. How a widow in her later years was saved from penury and was enabled to help others ought to make a fine story. How debts have been paid, and valuable property, and perhaps a business, saved from bankruptcy proceedings, would contrast with the unprotected business and the foreclosure that might have followed.

Important details should be given.

The judges will be selected from among our own official staff.

All manuscripts must be in hand by January 1, 1923.

Applicants for new insurance should furnish the Company (a) full name, (b) age and (c) occupation.

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Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

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99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE IT FLOATS

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The Outlook

OCTOBER 25, 1922

MASTERS OF THE AIR -

IN American aeronautical circles the year 1922 will always be known as the renaissance year of aviation. For, with the winning of the world's speed records at Detroit, Saturday, October 14, America's leadership in the science of aeronautics and the art of flying is unquestioned. We now hold the endurance, altitude, and speed records for heavier-than-air machines, and these records were made by American pilots in American-built machines designed throughout by Americans.

It had been expected in Army and Navy aviation circles that the Pulitzer speed race at the National airplane meet at Detroit would bring home to the United States the international speed bacon. Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, of the Army Air Service, in his Curtiss army racer lived up to those expectations when he flew over a closed course of 155.34 miles at the rate of nearly three and one-half miles a minute! Maughan's average speed for the entire distance was 206 miles an hour. As a close second to this performance came Lieutenant L. J. Maitland, also of the Army, who drove his Curtiss racer over the same course at an average speed of 203 miles an hour. During some of the laps of his flight Maitland made better time than Maughan; for 50 kilometers he flew at a rate of 216.1 miles an hour and for 100 kilometers at 207.3 miles an hour.

Both of these fliers beat the 100-kilometer record of Le Cointe, famous French pilot, whose average speed last September was 202 miles an hour. They also beat the record of Kirsch, another Frenchman, who flew 200 kilometers in October, 1921, at an average speed of 174.8 miles an hour. Five other contestants at Detroit also beat this last record. Thus three world's records fell before American brains, skill, and endurance. And of the eleven pilots who finished in this race, none made less than 149.3 miles an hour average speed.

Watching this race were two middle-aged men: one, Orville Wright, the father of heavier-than-air flight, who on December 17, 1903, with his brother Wilbur gave aviation to the world; the other, Glenn H. Curtiss, foremost aeronautical engineer in the world to-day, who designed and built the successful

machines. Both men saw the fruition of their dreams and their labors, American supremacy in all departments of heavier-than-air flight.

After this race Lieutenant Maughan drove a Curtiss machine over a short distance at the incredible speed of 248.5 miles per hour.

Aside from the performance of the machines and pilots in the numerous races during this Detroit meet, another



International

LIEUTENANT RUSSELL L. MAUGHAN, WHO WON THE PULITZER TROPHY AND ESTABLISHED NEW SPEED RECORDS AT DETROIT. HE FLEW ONE KILOMETER AT A RATE OF 248.5 MILES AN HOUR

event took place which is of tremendous import to the growth of commercial aviation in this country. An American Aeronautical Association was formed, which is Nation-wide in its scope, and which begins its life of usefulness with a tremendous membership. Men and women from all walks of life are enrolled in this great movement for the establishment of commercial aviation on a grand scale in America. For, after all, the real mission of aviation in this world is commercial. Were it for military and naval purposes only, it would have been ten thousand times ten thousand times

better for the world had flying remained an unknown art.

This year's results in aeronautical effort, then, reaching a climax at Detroit, may be said to be the dawn of a new era in American aviation. We have reached the highest development in planes, engines, and equipment; we have produced the world's most skillful pilots; we have laid the foundation for public support of commercial aviation through the medium of a Nation-wide union of enthusiasts and practical, experienced airmen.

One thing remains to be done to place commercial aviation before the Nation as a useful adjunct to present methods of transportation; we must have Congressional laws for regulating and fostering its establishment—laws which will safeguard the public, which will do away with recklessness, which will prohibit dangerous equipment, which will provide air navigational facilities similar to shipping facilities, and which will permit the most complete co-operation between private and public aeronautical enterprises. The enactment of the Wadsworth-Hicks Bill for a Bureau of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce, a bill now before Congress, will bring about this desirable condition of affairs in American commercial aviation.

SECRETARY HOOVER'S OPPOSITION TO THE CANCELLATION OF DEBTS

BANKERS, who are supposed to know a great deal about finance and ought to know a good deal about economics, have been represented lately as being disposed toward canceling all, or at least a large part, of the debts which European countries owe us. So we may judge from their chief spokesmen. The impression, for example, given by the recent Convention of the American Bankers' Association as reported by Stephen Bell in last week's Outlook is that the most influential bankers regard the payment of these debts as practically impossible.

Flatly opposed to any such conclusion is, however, the American who has earned the reputation of knowing more about international economic relations than any other American and quite as much as any other man in the world. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce,

has explicitly stated that those debts (except for a negligible five per cent) can and should be paid.

As may well be imagined, Mr. Hoover rests the duty of payment, not upon a merely selfish consideration of American interests, but on a consideration of world stability and confidence. He points out that the economic problems of the world should "not be obscured by fluctuation in exchange or by calculation of trade balances in terms of war and depression." Many commentators on these economic conditions cannot see the woods for the trees; Mr. Hoover certainly has better vision than they have.

He points out, too, that these debts are not so much debts to our Government as debts to our taxpayers, and that the repudiation of them "would undermine the whole fabric of international good faith." He declares that the annual payments would vary in their burden upon the various debtor countries "from two to twelve per cent of their governmental incomes." Naturally, the American taxpayer regards other things as of more importance for stability than the repudiation of that amount of debt—and among them the reduction of armaments, the balancing of budgets, and the cessation of inflation. In comparison with the waste and destruction of armaments, extravagance, and inflation, the burden of the loans due to us is, says Mr. Hoover, trivial.

In detail he meets the argument that the payment of these balances means shipments of either goods or gold, that these shipments would have to be direct to us, that they would embarrass our industries, that they would depend upon the ability of a country to produce a surplus for export, and that present trade balances are an indication of future paying power. All these assumptions he examines and finds faulty. For instance, sources of money supply from which European countries can draw for paying their debts are to be found in the amounts spent by American tourists abroad, the remittances of emigrants, the investments abroad, etc., amounting in all to three times the interest on the debts. Moreover, even in payment of goods, shipments need not be direct; they may consist in shipments of manufactured goods to tropical countries and then shipments to us of tropical products which we need. Before the war the rest of the world owed Europe over thirty billion dollars, and that debt was borne without a ripple. The creditor situation has been shifted, but only partly.

Mr. Hoover rightly concludes that we should have more experience with economic forces before we jump to the idea

that there is any necessity for putting irretrievable burdens upon the American taxpayer by canceling the debts.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENDATION OF CONGRESS

WITHOUT any reference to the approaching election, and without even a hint of partisan appeal, but evidently in recognition of the fact that as the election approaches the people of the country have a right to expect an account of stewardship from the party in power, the President has reviewed the work of Congress for the past two years and has called it good. Though he has addressed himself to the majority leader in the House of Representatives, he obviously intends his informal report for the whole people.

No one can expect, much less require, the President to emphasize the faults and shortcomings of a Congress in which his party has control. There is no reference, for example, in the President's letter to the passage of the Bonus Bill, which the President vetoed. Nor is there any suggestion of the tendency, discernible even in his own party, to the formation of such a group as the farm bloc, which the President has openly deplored. Naturally, too, the schedules of the Tariff Act which have been under attack are not mentioned even for the purpose of defense, as it is too soon to forget the effect of President Taft's approval of Schedule K.

On the other hand, President Harding's commendation is not emotional or excessive. The contrast which he draws between the record of reconstruction after the Civil War and that after the World War is striking and true. Certainly the convulsions of the early period of which President Harding reminds his readers—"the impeachment of one President, an embittered National election contest, and a prevalent conflict between legislative and executive branches"—have been conspicuously absent during these recent months. Similarly, his comparison of our own experience with other nations after the World War is fair and reasonable, and should lead to confidence in our own Government apart from party considerations.

Though it may be said that the reductions which we made in our expenditures, particularly for military purposes, which the President cites were made much more safely than they could have been if we had such close neighbors as France or Britain has, nevertheless the record is commendable. A reduction of annual public expenditures of over three billions in two years is one for which Congress should have credit—and all

the more credit because it is in part the result of a budget system created by Congressional enactment.

The feature of the tariff which the President selects for special praise is its provision for administrative adjustment that makes the tariff flexible and adapted to changing conditions.

Many people who are concerned with our apparent isolation from our former Allies will welcome the President's statement that—

The last thing in our thoughts is aloofness from the rest of the world. We wish to be helpful, neighborly, useful. To protect ourselves first and then to use the strength accruing through that policy for the general welfare of mankind is our sincere purpose.

There will be by no means unanimous assent to the approval which the President gives for the extent of the provision which has been made for disabled veterans; and there are signs that people in certain regions of our country are by no means satisfied with the agricultural advancement which the President cites; but on the whole the President is not without justification in expressing gratification at the progress made toward normal conditions. Certainly as a measure of economic health it would be hard to find anything better than the advancing value of Liberty Bonds. After all, that tells pretty well of the confidence which the people of the country have in the soundness of their Government.

THE FEDERAL COAL COMMISSION

THE country will welcome President Harding's appointment of the United States Coal Commission. The Commission proposed has been pretty generally called a Fact-Finding Commission; it will be also, we hope, a fact-selecting commission. There has been a vast amount of statistics, averages, and the like put forth by the leaders of both sides of the recent coal war. What most of us would like to see would be an intelligent and wise selection and presentation of those things that are of vital importance—the things that will aid the consumer to get fair treatment from the industry, the operator to carry on his business with some security, and the working miner to have steady employment for reasonable hours at a fair wage.

There has been nothing but approval, so far as we have observed, at the list of seven names in the President's Commission. Its chairman is John Hays Hammond, who has no superior as a mining engineer and is thoroughly acquainted with the practical as well as the financial aspects of mining; the

IF HE DO RESIST, SUBDUE HIM AT HIS PERIL

(Othello, Act I, Scene 2)

Darling in the New Haven Register



LETTING COUSIN JONATHAN ATTEND TO THE DOOR

From Ellnor C. Woolson, Naugatuck, Conn.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



WILL THE TURKS LISTEN TO REASON?

Marcus in the New York Times



TURKEY: "THANKS! AGAIN YOU'VE HELPED ME WIN!"

From Wayne W. Jordan, Atlantic City, N. J.

Bernard Partridge in London Punch



THE WATCH ON THE BOSPHORUS

Turkey (fortissimo): "See the conquering hero comes!"
Britain and France (together): "Yes, we see all right; but don't you let your head get too big for your fez, young fellow."

From Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Ridgefield, Conn.

others are, Thomas Marshall, Vice-President during the Wilson Administration; Judge Samuel Anschuler, who arbitrated the labor dispute in the packing industry; Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution;" George Otis Smith, head of the Geological Survey; Dr. Edward T. Devine, economist and philanthropist of New York City; and Dr. Charles P. Neill, formerly Commissioner of Labor.

The duties intrusted to this Commission are numerous, but we see no mention of a report on the desirability of establishing a permanent National Coal Commission. That is a step which most impartial students of the question believe should be taken, so that the coal industry, like the railway industry, should have a permanent body prepared to consider and act within reasonable limits in the case of disputes within the industry.

Among the subjects to be reported by the Commission are all facts which should make it possible to stabilize the industry, to insure a steady supply of coal to consumers, and to indicate remedies for possible future strikes. This would of course include all facts of large importance regarding ownership, wages, production, labor cost, distribution cost, and the profits of owners, transporting railways, controlling coal companies or wholesalers, and retailers.

Since the miners in both branches of the coal industry have been back at work the opinion has been frequently expressed that the settlement is merely a truce and that there is great danger that the war may begin anew in April, 1923, when the entire wage question must be taken up again. One example of this opinion is found in an address by Mr. C. E. Maurer, Vice-President of the American Mining Congress. He is quoted as saying that the whole industry should "organize its household for self-examination, self-expression, and self-government," that the mine workers have got the upper hand, and that the operators have managed their own business so badly that Federal control is imminent.

If this condition of things exists, there is certainly great need for intelligent and thorough investigation by the new Coal Commission. The time between now and April 1 is short for such an investigation and for legislative action by Congress. All the more reason that the work should be pressed with vigor and sound judgment.

AGAINST LIFE-SAVING

COPIES have been sent us of so-called anti-vivisection bills introduced in Colorado and California; we are told in the latter State an attempt is to

be made to secure indorsement from the voters at the coming election. We strongly urge any voters before whom the question may come to refuse to indorse the measure. Certainly they should not do so unless they know just what it means.

The California bill bears the misleading caption "An act prohibiting the vivisection or torture of human beings or animals." But in the text we find that "the causing of any deformity, sickness, or disease in or to any living creature for experimental purpose" is punishable. Now, it may be wrong to give a mouse a new drug or inject in him a new serum, but it certainly is not "vivisection or torture" unless it is "vivisection" to inject the new diabetes serum in a human patient or "torture" to give him a dose of calomel. The major part of the anti-vivisection argument is based on the horror caused by the sound of the word vivisection, although the thing sought to be restrained is not torture but mild experimentation from which (as has been demonstrated beyond question) both the human and the animal world have benefited enormously.

The present California law allows "properly conducted scientific experiments or investigations performed under the authority of the faculty of a regularly incorporated medical college or university of this State." The new bill repeals this provision, and thereby brands all the State's colleges and medical schools as cruel. Could fanaticism further go! An attempt is made to get the trapper and farmer vote by allowing amateur barnyard operations and ignoring the suffering or starving of tortured trapped animals.

The Colorado bill has a mild title referring to "experimental operations or administrations;" but the text defines among the things included anything which may "cause pain or suffering in any part or any organ"—a wide-open definition.

A refreshing contrast to these bills comes to us simultaneously. It is a resolution passed by a vote of about 600 to 20 by the Pennsylvania State Federation of Women putting on record "their gratitude to medical science for past discoveries so profoundly beneficial to human beings and to animals, and we believe that such beneficent researches should be continued and encouraged."

A valued correspondent calls attention to the benefit of animal experimentation in saving animals from death and suffering and in food values. Thus in six years through the use of a serum discovered by animal experimentation the loss from hog cholera was cut down by

about \$47,000,000. The illustration might be multiplied.

If there is any real cruelty or malicious torture going on, by all means let it be stopped. But don't be misled by hysterical language.

SIMS, THE UNMUZZLED

THERE are times when retirement laws seem to work against the public interest. The thought is brought about by the news that Rear-Admiral William Snowden Sims has been placed upon the retired list of the Navy merely because he is sixty-two years old. Age may be a matter of record, but the record does not always correspond with the spirit.

Rear-Admiral Sims has always been a center of discussion and controversy. His enthusiasm, his drive, and his eagerness for results have not always been recognized for their true worth by more placid souls in the Government.

He upset tradition by appealing directly to President Roosevelt for reforms in American gunnery. If tradition was broken in this instance, so also were American gunnery records.

Later he caused another storm and received a Presidential reprimand for a speech on Anglo-American friendship made in England long before the World War. According to naval tradition, the rebuke was deserved, but his prophecy was nevertheless to be fulfilled.

The New York "Times" in its editorial on Rear-Admiral Sims's retirement says that for the "commander of the Navy in European waters and liaison officer between the United States and British Governments . . . a better choice could not have been made by President Wilson." The "Times" is manifestly right in this statement, but it fails to record the fact, so amply shown in Ambassador Page's biography and in Admiral Sims's own story of the American Navy in the war, that the Navy Department failed lamentably in the early days of the war to give to Sims the support and co-operation which was his right.

When the war was over, Rear-Admiral Sims again was a storm center in the controversy over the question of the award of naval honors. His recommendations to Washington were largely ignored and a policy of distribution of honors was adopted by Secretary Daniels which seemed so unfair to Admiral Sims that he declined to receive the honors which the Navy Department was ready to accord him. Both informed and popular opinion sided with Admiral Sims in this controversy.

When Admiral Sims retired, he was President of the Naval War College at Annapolis. Our Navy is a better Navy because it has enjoyed the lifelong de-



International

THE ENTRANCE OF THE TURKS INTO SMYRNA—A SUPPLY TRAIN ENTERING THE CITY,
WITH THE TURKISH CRESCENT PROUDLY DISPLAYED ON THE FOREMOST OX-CART

votion and service of Rear-Admiral Sims.

THE NATIONAL NAVY CLUB

LAST week *The Outlook* devoted a large amount of space to the constructive work of the United States Navy in times of peace. The courage and self-sacrifice of American naval officers and bluejackets in times of war is spread upon the records of the great European Continent, notably in Admiral Sims's remarkable book. During their term of service the home of our bluejackets is on the sea, and when they touch at American ports they are to a certain extent strangers in a strange land. Everything possible should therefore be done by their grateful countrymen to minister to their comfort and welfare while in port. New York City is the port most frequented by ships of the Atlantic Squadron, and the National Navy Club of New York is performing a service which ought to enlist the interest, not only of New Yorkers, but of people all over the country, for our bluejackets come from all over the country. We know from personal inspection what this Club is doing, but in order that our commendation may not be tossed aside as the opinion of mere landlubbers, we quote from a letter which we have recently received from a lieutenant commander of the Navy:

It is not generally realized how important to the enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps is the work undertaken by the Navy Club. There is no other club of this kind to compete in this special field of activity, and, consequently, there is no duplication of effort. The Naval Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn (so generously sponsored by Mrs. Finley J. Shepard) does a very fine work, but it is not located in the heart of New York City. I know from my observations and talks with men under my command that fully ninety per cent of them instinctively would choose association on shore with the same kind of girls and women as they left in their own home, but, unfortunately, it is very difficult for a bluejacket to make the

proper kind of friendships in New York or other large cities. This need is met at the Navy Club, where ladies of the highest standing in New York volunteer their services to help make the club a home for the men.

There is a reading-room, library, writing-room, pool-room, and a small café where simple meals are served at cost; there is also a limited dormitory space. The principal handicap that now confronts the club is the lack of dormitory equipment, where men on liberty or furlough can find a clean, pleasant place to spend the night at a minimum charge.

The drive which is to be inaugurated by Mrs. William H. Hamilton and others interested in the Navy Club deserves the support of friends of the Navy throughout the United States, for its benefits are given as freely to the boy from Kansas as to the one from New York—in fact, the Kansas boy, being further from home, really benefits more than his shipmate whose home may be near New York.

The American public may have an honest difference of opinion as to the size of the Navy, but there should be no difference as to the wish for having a Navy of the highest quality as regards officers and men. To attract and hold the clean-cut, manly high school boy and the ambitious young man who enlists to learn a trade it is necessary to have contentment in the service. The Navy of to-day is making a sincere and effective attempt to build up and insure contentment on board ship; but on account of the restrictions imposed by law, the Navy Department can do very little to insure its men against homesickness and discontent while ashore on furlough or on liberty ashore.

We urge those who are interested in the efficiency and welfare of the American Navy to write to the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the National Navy Club of New York, 15 East 41st Street, New York City, for full information about the activities and work of the Club. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the European War under the Administration of President Wilson, as his cousin, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is now Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the Admin-

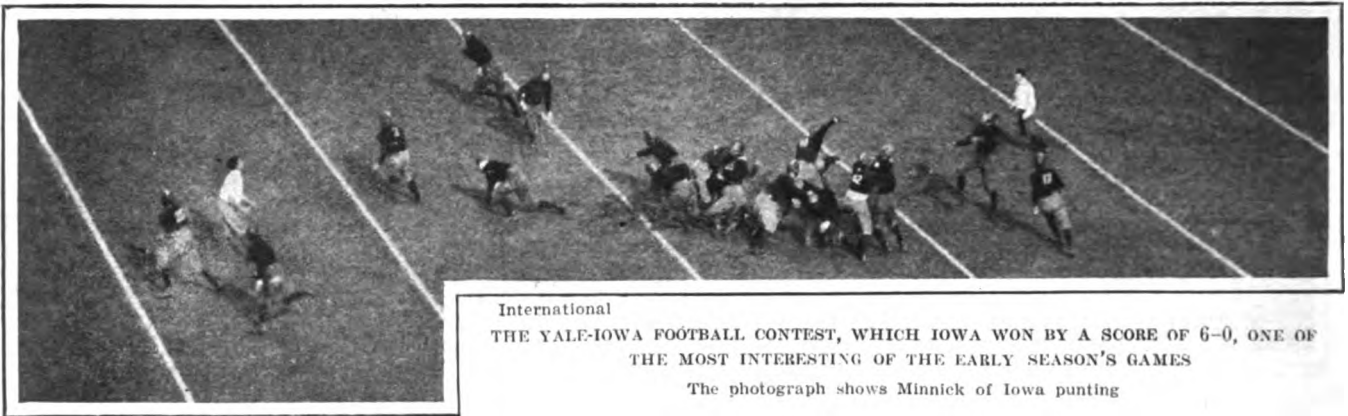
istration of President Harding. In this very striking fashion the Roosevelt name is still intimately associated with American naval progress, and our readers may be assured that any welfare enterprise with which Franklin Roosevelt associates himself is worthy of the fullest confidence.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEAR EAST

THE political crisis in England largely, but not entirely, grows out of the recent situation in the Near East. Lloyd George's address at Manchester before the Reform Club was both a call to his supporters to enter the political battle and a defense of his administration's conduct of affairs in the Near East.

A general election is, as we write, considered imminent; if it is averted, it will be because the meeting of Unionist leaders planned for October 19 will have indicated such a large support for the continuance of the coalition under Lloyd George's leadership that his resignation and appeal to the country will not be needed. He summed up his defense in two sentences: "I cast myself upon the people; the people will see fair play," and "We have not been war-mongers, but peacemakers."

Americans who do not follow English politics closely have often expressed surprise that the coalition of parties formed when the war broke out should continue four years after the end of the war. The chief reason is the potential power of the Labor Party. Austen Chamberlain laid great stress in his recent speech, which was only less important than that of Lloyd George, on the danger that an increase of strength in the Labor Party would mean its domination of the Coalition through its power to throw its solid vote one way or the other. It is a mistake to suppose that the Conservatives, or Unionists, are united against Lloyd George. He is supported whole-heartedly and aggressively in the present situation by such



International
THE YALE-IOWA FOOTBALL CONTEST, WHICH IOWA WON BY A SCORE OF 6-0, ONE OF
THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE EARLY SEASON'S GAMES

The photograph shows Minnick of Iowa punting

of their leaders as Austen Chamberlain, the Earl of Balfour, Winston Churchill, Marquis Curzon, Viscount Birkenhead, Bonar Law, and many others. The real question is whether an Opposition made up of men and of parties who dislike Lloyd George and distrust his policies will so combine after the proposed general election as to form a working majority and to be intrusted with the Government. To an outsider this would seem somewhat like a Cave of Adullam party.

"WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF BRITAIN'S?"

LOYD GEORGE'S speech varied from passionate earnestness to free and easy facetiousness; an instance of the latter was his sardonic remark in reply to the opinion that "What the country wants is less brilliancy and a change to something a little more dull and ordinary." He said: "There ought to be no difficulty in supplying from among my critics any number of suitable candidates that would fulfill that description." The personal and familiar note was struck again when he said: "I have been treated by some of the London press as if I were an old actor whom fashionable circles in London have no use for. But, gentlemen, I can still go touring the provinces."

There was no jocosity in Lloyd George's treatment of the Eastern situation. Astonishingly direct and open to attack was his remark:

Our critics say: "Why didn't you have an understanding with your allies?" We did. Only a few weeks ago we received a message from the French Government that if the Greeks or the Turks invaded the neutral zone they would have to be resisted by force by the Allies. We accepted that. We thought they meant it. How were we to believe it was only intended for one side?

Nothing was more earnestly put in the whole address than Lloyd George's reply (after his statement that since 1914 the Turks had slaughtered 500,000 Armenians and 500,000 Greeks) to the supposed question, "What business is it of Britain's?" He said: "That was not the old Liberal policy. It was not the policy

certainly that I was brought up in. It was not what I was taught in my youth—that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen should every morning repeat reverently the litany of the cynic: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'—that Great Britain should face the world with the brand of Cain upon her brow." In line with this the Premier pointed out the vital importance of securing the Straits against what happened in 1914: "Vital to us, vital to humanity, we could not have those Straits barred without giving away the biggest important prize we had won by the victory over Turkey in the Great War, and which had cost us so much in life and treasure."

Mr. Chamberlain, who was no less outspoken in his defense of the British action in the Near East than was the Premier, declared that there were moments when danger of attack on the British forces at Chanak was imminent and that the criticism of opponents included language "the only effect of which could be to weaken the Government authority, encourage the Kemalists, and present the British Empire to France as a humble satellite in the orbit of French policy, bound to exercise no independent judgment or take independent action."

These two addresses and that of Mr. Bonar Law, who declared that withdrawal from the neutral zone would have been regarded throughout the whole Mussulman world as defeat for the British Empire, certainly show that the most prominent leaders of the Coalition are ready to enter a political contest with an undivided front. If the Opposition should win, Mr. Lloyd George will have the opportunity to criticize from the side-lines. He indicated some skepticism as to whether his opponents would find their job an easy one: "I've had a long spell and a pretty hard one," he declared, and added: "I'll watch, for instance, to learn how to forgive Germany her reparations and yet make France love us more than ever. I'll watch how we are to pay the United States, yet forgive every other country

everything they owe us. I'll watch how you work the educational system, giving more to the unemployed, yet lightening taxes."

THE HONOR OF JAPAN

ON December 2 next the port of Tsingtau will be turned over by Japan to China. The announcement of the forthcoming transfer has been made by the Japanese Government. The prophets of evil, who have tried to discredit Japan's word, have only about six weeks in which to hope for some accident to thwart this honorable act.

If this proceeding were the aftermath of a war between the two countries, it would signify a great victory for China. As it is, the withdrawal of Japan from this Chinese port signifies as well a great and notable victory for Japan. It virtually completes the settlement of one of the most perplexing and irritating of recent international questions—the question of Shantung. Nothing in the Versailles Treaty aroused more irritation in America than the provision which, by recognizing Japan's succession to the German lease of territory on Kiaochau Bay and the control of the railway from Tsingtau to Tsinanfu, gave to Japan virtual economic control of the most sacred and one of the richest of China's provinces. On the other hand, nothing which occurred at the Armament Conference at Washington was more of a diplomatic achievement than the agreement reached between China and Japan for the restoration to China of the rights which Japan held in Shantung by virtue of conquest over Germany and of international law.

It would be hard to find in all diplomatic history a problem more complicated by a snarl of moral rights, legal rights, national sensitiveness, economic considerations, and Oriental intrigue. That it has been settled without clash of arms, without even recourse to arbitration, but by mutual agreement, with the friendly counsel of other nations, is creditable alike to China and Japan, and is as favorable an omen of peace and

justice among nations as is to be found anywhere in the world to-day.

FOOTBALL

THE football season has brought with it the usual amount of space-filling comment from the legion of sport writers. The oracle of Delphi could have learned much from many of these writers concerning the fine art of non-incriminating prophecy. To many of these writers should also be apportioned due share of the blame for the championship mania which has undermined our amateur standards.

It seems to us that the chief function of the football writer should be the effort to make the game as intelligible as possible to the public which has not had the benefit of playing the game. Real football experts could find ample material in this field to fill any number of newspaper columns. But probably it is much easier to fill their space with such statements as "undoubtedly the Hoozis Wildcats will be weaker than the Whatsat Bohemoths if the Whatsat Bohemoths are not stronger than the Hoozis Wildcats, but on the other hand . . ."

We need "quote" no further—the formula can be repeated to infinity, like the pattern on a wall-paper.

THE ABUSE OF THE CHILD

TWO earnest attempts to abolish the abuses of child labor have failed because the Federal laws enacted for that purpose have been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Therefore the only way of bringing the Federal power to bear is to amend the Constitution. This is the ground now taken by the friends of the movement against excessive child labor. The Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee some months ago announced his belief that it would now be folly to attempt to deal with the matter in any other way, and his position has been sustained by utterances from others all over the country, including some from the South, where State's rights feeling is so strong.

It is evident that if an Amendment to the United States Constitution is to be passed it should be permissive, not compulsory; that is, it should give Congress power to pass an enforcing law which should meet the requirements of the United States Constitution as amended, but it should not require that such a law should be passed.

There seems to be a tendency among those who have not looked into this question to suppose that agitation has

led to such regulative State legislation as to reduce the evil substantially. This is a mistake. There are only two ways of making child labor conditions what they should be. One is that already indicated—namely, by an Amendment to the Constitution; the other is by the growth of public sentiment in the States to such an extent that the Legislatures shall pass really satisfactory and uniform laws and that the people shall then insist upon their enforcement.

Recent reports as to actual conditions show that the laws are lax in no fewer than twenty-eight States; that, for instance, in Georgia children twelve years old may be worked ten hours a day and children fourteen and a half all night long, while none of the twenty-eight States referred to come up to the reasonable standards fixed by the two Federal laws which have been discarded. The United States Children's Bureau has quite recently issued a special report relating to excessive child labor in the anthracite mining districts. In one area of about half a mile square all the living conditions were found to be such that they were injurious to the health of the children, while the schools were deficient and about 1,350 out of 3,000 of the boys and girls between thirteen and sixteen years of age had left school for work. Moreover, more than five hundred of the boys employed in connection with mining were, says the report, employed contrary to law because below the legal age, while a considerable number of them not yet sixteen years of age were employed underground.

These facts, and very many others that might be quoted, certainly show that the child is urgently in need of protection from the United States Government. The form of Amendment which has been suggested by the National Child Labor Committee is certainly moderate. It reads as follows:

Congress shall have power to regulate or forbid the labor of minors at an age, or under conditions, deemed injurious to their health or morals. Such power shall be concurrent and not exclusive and the exercise thereof by Congress shall not prevent any State from adopting other or further regulations, not inconsistent therewith.

Reports show that an enormous number of young children are now engaged in work unsuitable for them who would be in school to-day if the last Federal act had stood the test of the courts. The form of amendment which the Child Labor Committee proposes is too specifically confined to one aspect of protective welfare legislation, and is therefore not the best that can be devised; but there is need of doing something, and of doing it soon. As Mr. Lovejoy, of the National Committee, says: "A nation

that cannot protect its own children from industrial exploitation should be ashamed of itself. It should at least have the power to do so. There is no democracy in permitting backward localities to use up childhood. We might as well speak of a democracy of robbery, of murder."

WANTED: CONSISTENT PACIFISTS

PEOPLE who are inconsistent are always a disappointment. They are particularly disappointing when one happens to be looking for sincere opponents with whom to argue.

We know of one man who lost a valuable friendship because his "preachin' and practice" didn't "gee." And he lost his friend by doing something which that friend was willing to die for.

It happened during the early days of the war. The inconsistent gentleman was a pacifist. His consistent friend was a devout believer in the cause of the Allies—we shall therefore adopt momentarily the pacifist nomenclature and call him, for the purpose of this editorial, Mr. Militarist. Before the United States had entered the war Mr. Militarist had served in France in the Ambulance Corps and had returned to America only in the hope of enlisting under his own flag. While moving heaven and earth to get into the service he roomed with Mr. Pacifist, who had for many months been preaching the avoidance of military duties. Mr. Militarist, believing in the sincerity of his friend, gave him counsel as to the proper occasion for registering his protest against the draft—whether the fight should be made at the time of registration or on the day he should be called to the colors. When the call came, however, Mr. Pacifist meekly donned the uniform and went off to camp. Mr. Militarist, we believe, has never spoken to him since. He lost his friend, not because he differed from him in opinion, but because he found him lacking in the courage to be consistent. Similarly, we find that some of the pacifists who are still working for that very desirable end—the abolition of war—are appealing to convictions which they themselves shrink from following to the end.

On the back of a recent issue of the "Nation" we find a page advertisement appealing to American citizens in the following words:

You are conscious of the concerted effort of the schools, the press, the movies, the church, the government, to make us a slavish-minded people and to create as the pattern of the loyal citizen the man who obeys, conforms and never analyzes or criticizes

the existing order. Have you failed to revolt against this? . . .

Those of us who know that war is always wrong will work together.

At the bottom of this appeal is a pledge which the reader is asked to sign, which reads as follows:

I affirm that it is my intention never to aid in or sanction war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, in any way, whether by rendering military service, making or handling munitions, subscribing to war loans, using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service, helping by money or work any relief organization which supports or condones war.

The inconsistency of this pacifist appeal is to be found, we think, in the pledge which we have just quoted. It covers much, but it does not cover enough. If the philosophy of the preceding appeal is to be carried to its logical conclusion, it demands absolute non-resistance. A man or a woman who accepts this philosophy cannot say, or rather should not say: "I will resist some things and will refuse to resist others. I will not resist the attack of a nation, but I will resist the attack of a thug. I will not support soldiers, but I will support policemen." The pledge, it seems to us, should have an additional clause. This clause might read: "I will pay no taxes either directly or indirectly to any National, State, or municipal government which uses force for the purpose of maintaining law and order."

Only by extending the pledge to this limit can its demands be made logical and complete. A subscriber to such a pledge would at least not be inconsistent in declining to follow in the wicked footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Surely the breed of martyrs has deteriorated if our present variety is willing to ignore the logic of their principles for the sake of avoiding the inconvenience of refusing to pay taxes.

THE LEGACY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is right and proper for Americans this week, which includes the anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth, October 27, to consider how and why his spirit has still a potent influence upon his countrymen. For that reason both in prose and verse special emphasis in this issue of *The Outlook* is laid upon his life and work.

The test of a democracy lies in the leaders that it produces. A nation which within little more than half a century produces a Lincoln and a Roosevelt need not fear the verdict of pos-

terity. In literature, in music, in sculpture, in painting, in architecture, we have produced no men of equal eminence. We are a nation of action rather than of artistry. When Theodore Roosevelt published his volume, "The Strenuous Life," he prefixed to it a quotation from Tennyson's "Ulysses" containing these lines:

How dull it is to pause, to make an
end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in
use.

The English artist summed up the energy of an irresistible and permanently inspiring American statesman. No such driving force had emerged in our public life for many decades. Indeed, it begins to appear that Theodore Roosevelt was and is the greatest exponent of American spiritual energy. It is still less than four years since his death—and here one thinks of Browning's words, "Never say of me that I am dead"—yet his fame seems already secure and his birthday is sure to be more and more widely celebrated as the years go by. "They must needs be men of lofty stature," says Hazlitt, "whose shadows lengthen out to remote posterity." Roosevelt was one of those men.

No better proof of his unquenchable energy for righteousness could have been supplied than during the period, six years after he had retired from the Presidency, from May, 1915, to April, 1917. It is no exaggeration to say that during that bitter time he was the great awakener of his country's soul, the real leader of our spiritual forces. The moral indignation of his writings recalled a Carlyle or a Swift. His capacity for action went into his pen; its results were cumulative and sure. While men of lesser stature were counseling timidity and profits from munitions, he foresaw the part which America must perforce assume. And he did not die until the triumph was won. Figuratively but none the less actually he carried the flag and led the charge.

Like all great fighters, he loved a fight only for its results in righteousness. In these days of unsettled policies, of fierce industrial conflict, it is salutary to remember that Theodore Roosevelt was a statesman, not a politician. He never vulgarly asked, "What is there in it for me?" but, "How can I serve my country and my time?" With mean struggles for financial advantage he was never in sympathy. He regarded "malefactors of great wealth" and of labor unions with equal abhorrence. He called American citizens to service for their country—which in the end means true advantage for themselves. He looked beyond the hilltops, not into the slime. The man with a muckrake, the man who lights

the destructive torch or loosens railway ties, he considered a low type of human animal. The forces of unrighteousness had good reason to fear his tremendous energy and his searching intellect. The feeble poison of their attacks on him had small effect, however, upon the public mind—and still less upon his own mind. He knew that his country would remember his services, whether in the matter of settling a coal strike or acquiring a Panama Canal or putting America on record as participant in the greatest of historic struggles to overthrow a ruthless military tyranny. Such an example of leadership as his is not dimmed in death; it does not rust unburnished, it shines in use. For it is the sword of the Republic, which he kept bright and handed on.

The astonishing thing about Roosevelt, however, was that he was not only a great man of action but a mirror of the best in American culture. An indefatigable reader, observer, and talker, he absorbed information and inspiration in the same manner, one thinks, that Shakespeare absorbed them. At one moment he was lunching in the White House with a noble leader of the Negro race; at another he was encouraging a poet who since has risen to the foremost rank among us. Like Goethe, he looked once into a book and twice into human nature; like Arnold, he felt that it is conduct which makes up three-fourths of life; like Emerson, he believed in a kind of mystical common sense which can hitch a wagon not merely to a horse but to a star. There was no useful and noble side of American life that he did not touch. If he lacked the austere and Scriptural simplicity of Lincoln, he had the same magical understanding of the common people, the same enduring sympathy with them. He walked with kings or with plowmen with the same easy stride and the same born comradeship. No name since Lincoln's evokes such popular enthusiasm; and none is so worthy of it. We have no Westminster Abbey in which are buried the best of those that served their country and mankind; but in our American temple of silent admirations we have merely to mention the name of Theodore Roosevelt to awaken echoes of his greatness.

"The end of a man," said a remarkable writer, "is an action and not a thought, however noble." In these United States we have not yet retired to the library to compose masterpieces. Our greatest men are still in the open, under the sun or the stars. They build industrial empires, structures of steel or of statesmanship. They make ready a vast territory for later leisure and for perfection of culture. They serve a country still young and with the head-

long impetuosity of youth. They have found that "something lost behind the ranges" which has always waited for ex-

plorers, for pioneers. The best reminder of Roosevelt's spirit which his death evoked was a drawing, by a Western

artist, of a fiery rider up the trail toward the mountain ranges which hold our hopes and our dreams.

THE TURK IN THE NEAR EAST

WHAT WOULD ROOSEVELT HAVE DONE ABOUT IT?

BY S. RALPH HARLOW

TWO anecdotes in which Theodore Roosevelt centers may be of interest, especially because the second has direct relation to the present world situation.

The first incident took place when I was an undergraduate at Harvard. There was a serious question at the time as to whether intercollegiate football might not be abolished by the College Faculty. Very strong opposition to such a move was felt by the student body. It was when this subject was the main topic of discussion in the college halls at Cambridge that President Roosevelt spoke to us in the Harvard Union. The great assembly hall of the Union was packed with undergraduates, and when Roosevelt came in and waved his hand to the crowd he was received with a fine ovation. In the middle of his speech he turned to the subject of intercollegiate athletics, and, with that vigor and enthusiasm which he threw into any cause in which he believed, he said, "I believe in *intercollegiate football*." A great roar went up from the crowd that shook the very roof. When the applause had died away, he leaned forward and said in a clear, quiet voice: "And I also believe in good hard study. I believe in *scholarship*." Raising his hand to his ear, as though listening, he said: "I don't hear so much enthusiasm about that. Where are your *cheers*?" This produced a good deal of laughter and hand-clapping.

The next time I met Roosevelt was on the platform of the railway station at Syracuse. With a group of friends, I was coming to Boston from the West. The conductor told us that Roosevelt's car had been attached to ours during the night, but he added, "Roosevelt had given instructions that he does not wish to see any one." It happened that I was the only Harvard graduate in the group in our car, though there were several Yale men. I suggested that there was a way by which we could easily get Roosevelt, but that they must be willing to give a Harvard cheer. So we all piled on the station platform under the windows of Roosevelt's car and there we gave a good rousing Harvard cheer with "Teddy" three times on the end. In five seconds there he was climbing down the steps to the platform, both arms reaching out to us, and that wonderful smile of his, with the old familiar "de-lighted" on his lips.

At that time I had just returned from Asia Minor, where I had witnessed the fearful deportations on the Bagdad Rail-

road, and could give him first-hand information of the awful atrocities going on. He asked me a number of questions, continually shaking his head and saying, "Terrible," "Terrible," "Terrible." Then, with a tense expression on his face, he said: "Mr. Harlow, the greatest regret that I have as I look back on my Administration is the fact that when that awful Adana massacre occurred this Government did not take steps against that outrage on civilization."

My readers may remember that when Roosevelt gave his inspiring message to the American Army he was criticised in some places because he included the Turks in his address and urged our boys to do all in their power to defeat the Germans and the Austrians, *and the Turks*.

I wonder what Theodore Roosevelt would say to-day, when in the name of *humanity* we drew the sword and sent our sons to France, when we declared that, though we were the "last to come, we will be the last to stay, till right has had her crowning day."

I have just listened to the contents of a letter sent by one of our boys on an American destroyer at Smyrna. He tells of having to stand by while the brutal Turkish soldiers seized beautiful Christian girls and tore them screaming from their mothers and outraged them right on the public quay of Smyrna. He saw these brutal soldiers shooting down helpless women with children in their arms, unarmed men beaten to death by the gun butts of these Turkish soldiery. And then he tells of his anguish that the orders of our Government were such that he had to stand by, helpless, before such atrocities.

America to-day is the strongest and most powerful nation in the world, the richest nation in the world. We pledged (in terms of idealism such as had never before been attained by a people on a nation-wide scale) to lay all our treasure and manhood on the altar of *freedom and humanity*. Those were not idle words then.

When the war came to an end, those great problems which most affected the happiness and welfare of countless thousands—yes, millions—waited to be solved. We were definitely asked to accept responsibility in the Near East. The Harbord Commission said that it might take two divisions of men and some millions of dollars. We could have disarmed the entire population. Turks, Greeks, and Armenians longed for our coming, yes, prayed for it. As the Har-

bord Commission stated, if justice, humanity, and a great opportunity to render service on a wide scale were taken into consideration, there was only one path to follow. As the Chairman of the Near East Commission at the Versailles Conference declared: "The greatest opportunity that ever came to a nation to render humane service on a large scale knocked at America's doors. The zero hour struck, and America refused to go over the top." As Dr. Conrad declared in Symphony Hall, Boston, this week, and as Harry Fosdick in the very same words declared in New York City recently, America's attitude in the present world situation "smells to heaven."

Yesterday five hundred thousand helpless Christians were done to death, and not a single protest against the cruelty, the inhumanity, and the injustice has been raised by the American Government. We have expressed sympathy; we have sent relief "for Americans only;" but we have not uttered a word of warning as a Government to the criminals, and we have asserted again and again as a Government that we do not intend to interfere. Nearly two million helpless, unarmed Christians await massacre and death in Constantinople and Thrace. The Near East Relief has all the evidence that the massacre in Constantinople has been definitely planned, that the city has been even divided into areas, with the amount of money the Christians in each area possess. It is not *Turkey*, or the *Allied nations* who stand to-day alone at the bar of justice. *America* stands there too, and when history is written may God help us! Our statesmen, our leaders, call themselves Christians. Many of them are officers in the Christian Church. They are supposed to have pledged their loyalty to the God of humanity above their loyalty to any party or any policy. And yet to-day, I ask, where is the voice in America of any statesman or of any Government official that is sounding out, not sweet nothings of sympathy, but stern denunciation and warning to the Turkish Government against these unspeakable atrocities? The only voice I can think of from a man who has held a high Government position is that of Henry Morgenthau; but when I think of Roosevelt, and of what this situation would have stirred him to, I cannot help but repeat those familiar words—

"O for the touch of a hand that is gone and the sound of a voice that is still!"

VILLAGE EVENTS IN

BOY SCOUTS IN THE "SAFETY FIRST WEEK" PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

A feature of the parade was a section numbering 1,054 children, to show the onlookers the magnitude of the children's sacrifice to vehicular traffic in New York



Paul Thompson

"WHITE STAR" MOTHERS— THOSE WHO HAVE LOST CHILDREN THROUGH ACCIDENTS— WITNESSING THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO CHILD VICTIMS

The monument, a tablet molded in plaster, designed by Thomas Hastings, sculptor, was erected in Central Park. Dr. Copeland, who dedicated the monument, said that the city's mortality from accident was greater than that from measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough combined

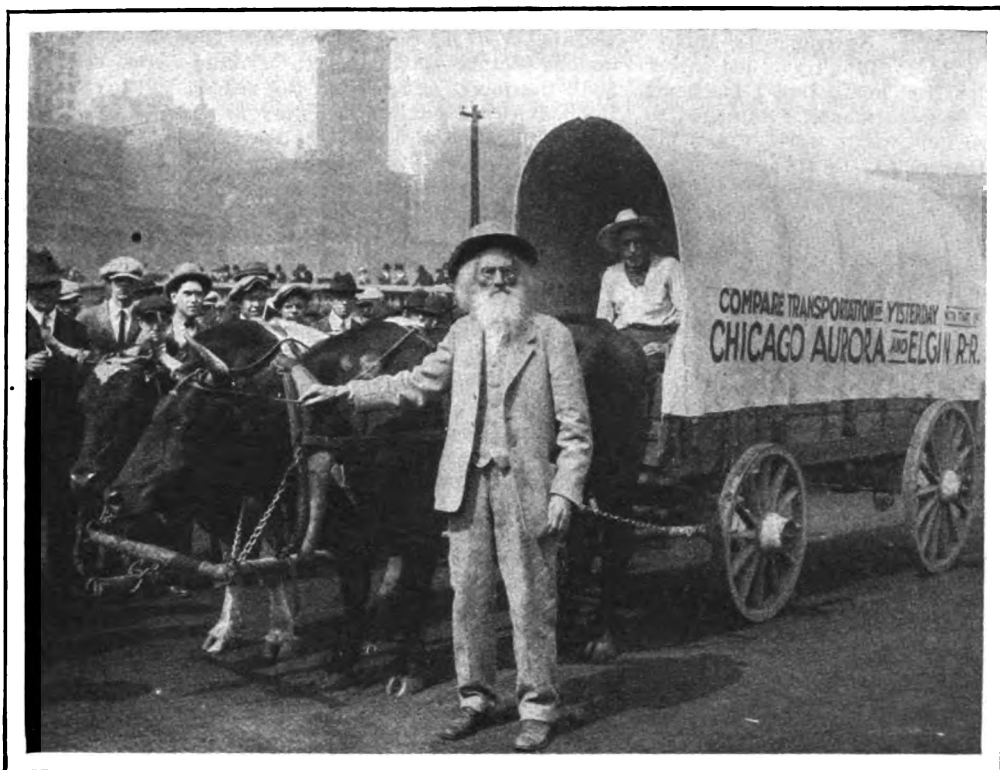


Paul Thompson

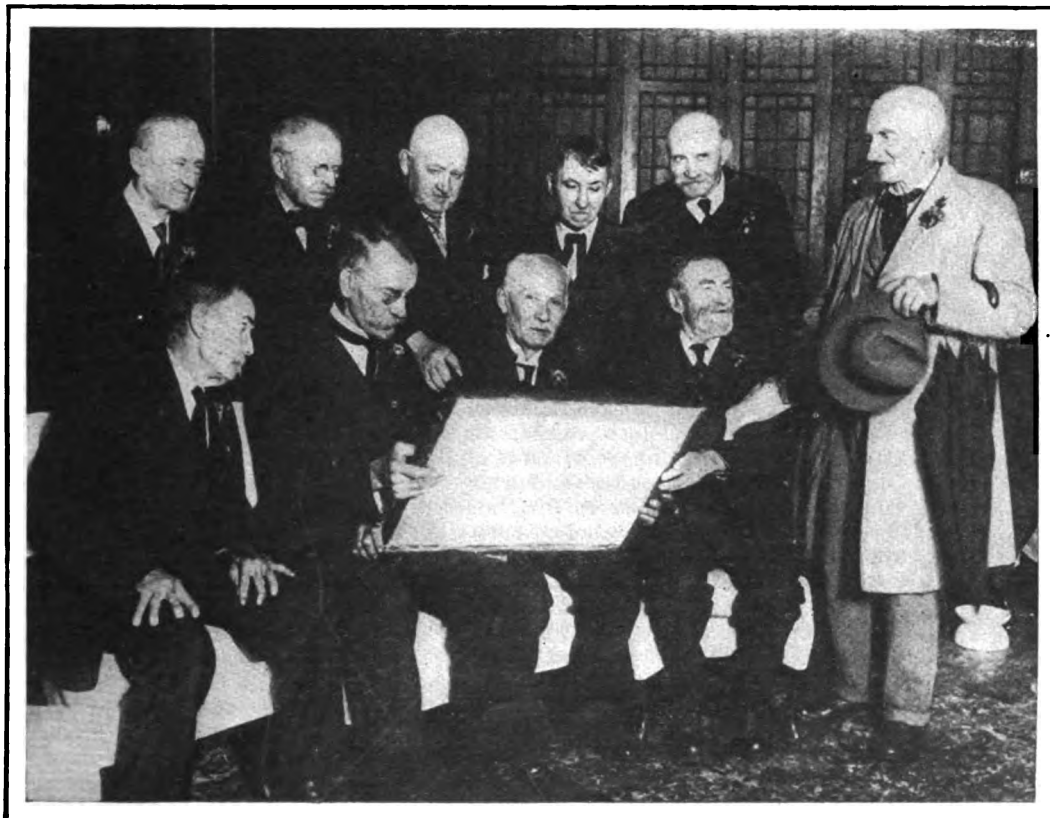
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER IN THE TRANSPORTATION SHOW CONDUCTED BY THE RAILWAY CONVENTION IN CHICAGO

This prairie schooner was driven by Uncle Ezra Meeker, who fifty years ago drove a similar vehicle across the plains from Indianapolis to Seattle



P. & A. Photos



VETERANS OF THE GREAT FIRE AID "SAFETY FIRST WEEK" IN CHICAGO

This group of veteran fire fighters of Chicago, who aided in fighting the great fire of 1871, also aided in the Fire Prevention Drive just held. These ten men were the guests of the Chicago Retired Firemen's Association. Seated, left to right: I. M. Adler, J. C. Pazen, C. Schimmells, Nicholas Wienard. Standing: F. W. Gund, G. Teady, A. J. Calder, C. Schroeder, C. Steimagle, Thomas J. Cauty

"TURKISH DELIGHT"¹

AS IT APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople,
November 18, 1921.

DEAR SAM: Didn't you just shriek when you heard that I had gone to Constantinople? Returned to my native land, as it were—I and my Oriental tendencies. I'd always dreamed, and this time "dreamed true." And it's a hundred times more fascinating than I ever imagined. I love it!

It happened suddenly. My brother Cleveland has lived abroad so long we thought he had forgotten he had a family; and the last two and a half years he had been in Constantinople. He cabled for me to come direct by water, and go home with him across the continent, after perhaps a year. I just flew, for fear he would change his mind, and sailed in ten days.

Everybody said: "Oh, but aren't you afraid? The bugs and diseases in those dreadful Eastern places!" But truly, I never saw one really objectionable bug! Only cockroaches; but what are they to an ex-Greenwich Villager? The rest must have been there, but I simply ignored them.

I left New York on a Greek steamer early in September. It took three weeks. The passengers were a rather unexciting lot—Middle-Western missionaries bound for Smyrna; a tobacco man on his sixty-fourth trip across; a sweet mother and literary daughter, who took me under their care when we stopped; a Russian girl (being, I suspect, deported from the United States) who played the piano with such passion that its strings broke.

My table companions were two nice boys going into our consular service, and Leo, a young Greek of Bolshevik tendencies. Leo was rather amusing on deck, where he could argue his very advanced views on life and letters; but he wielded a wicked toothpick at table all the time except when in the very act of gorging himself with everything in sight. He would look up, find me lost in wonder at him, and say, "What's the matter—you sick? You eat too few!" I afterward found that toothpicks are quite the thing in Greece, and that throughout the Near East it is a sign of appreciation and good breeding to make a great noise with your soup and coffee.

We stopped one day at Naples, and saw Vesuvius at dawn against trailing pink and purple clouds. Pompeii, and had heavenly glimpses of gardens, with the blue sea beyond, through open white-washed doors, as we tore through the streets.

Then three perfect days in Athens. We did the bazaars and the ruins and had a picnic on the Plain of Marathon, and spent most of the time at the Acropolis, drinking it in. I know now what phrase "immortal beauty" means.

This will be followed by another letter from Constantinople in an early issue.

It was a miserable, cold morning when we anchored in the Bosphorus. The famous picture—the minarets of Stamboul, the forest of masts in the Golden Horn, outlined against the gray sky—looked ghostly and dead. I shivered.

Then before any one else had thought of going ashore came my darling Clee. He took me and all my possessions. We stopped at an American destroyer on the way ashore, where I was given a warm welcome and American coffee and toast.

Have you ever seen a little paper called the "Far Seas," published by our Navy in Turkish waters? It ran from the time of the Crimean evacuation (November, 1920) until now, but I hear that it is being threatened by the present Economy Wave in Washington. It is a healthy and interesting thing in a place which is too interesting but not at all healthy for the grown-up children that are our sailors.

Going ashore, the beautiful, ghostly picture of Constantinople vanishes. One plunges into a vortex of fighting, shouting people, either bullying or cringing, pushing you off the narrow sidewalks unless you have a cane and push them first. Raucous voices of street peddlers deafen you. Whining beggar women with borrowed babies pull at your sleeve and tell you how beautiful you are and pinch the baby to make it cry. Hideously deformed creatures crawl along under your feet. Allied officers, haughty and immaculate, tear through the streets in motors, and the Turkish traffic policeman draws up at salute, then jumps to get out of the way. There are new Turkish ladies with painted eyes and lips displayed to the world below a thrown-back veil; old-fashioned ones with the *charchaf* down (but very thin, if they are pretty); Greek girls with thick ankles; starving Russians with hopeless dull eyes selling paper flowers or pitiful little dusty cakes; a camel train lurching down the street; a *hamal*, or human express wagon, carrying a piano on his back; spahis (French Moroccans) striding, tall and handsome in turbans and red-lined cloaks; fat sleepy Turks sitting in café windows all day long, smoking narghilehs and drinking endless cups of coffee. Dirt, disorder, and poverty everywhere. Fairytale palaces, falling in ruins. Refugees without a roof over their heads. This is hardly the romantic, languorous life, with its undercurrent of tragedy, of Pierre Loti's tales, of our imaginings. The tragedy is nakedly apparent. The "Sick Man" is dead, and little pieces of him are being devoured by all sorts of parasites. It is life spread out on the dissecting table that you may see in Turkey now. I have nothing to do but watch it, study it from the inside, meeting Turks, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, as well as the British, French, and Italian

Forces of Occupation, socially. Living in a hotel and keeping house in my own apartment give different angles on life.

Of course Clee knew everybody, and very soon I did. I went to the Pera Palace at first. That is one of the two good hotels. I slept in linen sheets, had breakfasts in bed, shoes shined, bath water drawn, without so much as lifting a finger. But private baths are unknown, and the public conveniences are places to shut your eyes and nose in. You pay fifty piasters (thirty-five cents) for a bath, and if there are too many mad English or Americans staying there, who will bathe every day, you must make an appointment, hours ahead of time, and then have to threaten to leave, before you get it. Water is very precious.

I registered of course as "Miss," but neither the proprietor nor any one else there ever called me anything but Madame. When Clee would bring me home from a party, the porter would avert his eyes and smile discreetly as we said good-night. Old ladies would beam upon us and whisper, "*Nouveaux mariés! Comme ils sont contents!*" I must be either a bride or a sweetheart. Attractive young men simply do not wander about the East with their sisters. It isn't done!

The first feeling you get is of a confusion of nationalities that never can agree because of different religions, ignorance, corrupt government (until the British took things in hand). There is no census kept; you can have a dozen children, or get sick of it all and drop into the Bosphorus, and probably never be noticed. The newspapers are miserable affairs with no real news in them. If the British organ, the "Orient News," is any standard. Constantinople is a perfect Babel of different languages. I am now living with my brother in an apartment. Our household staff consists of Anna, a dear motherly German-Serb, who speaks every known language except English and Chinese; Rosa, the Armenian scrubwoman, "nothing but an animal," according to Anna; old one-eyed Mehmed, a Turkish patriarch over whom I stumble in the hall mornings as he sits on the floor cleaning our shoes; he has a deadly fear of Rosa, who could "put an evil eye on him" if she got angry. Our landlord, a Spanish Jew, keeps a room for himself on the outer hall, where he scurries in and out like a rabbit. He gives himself a thorough wash once a week, when he is going to call on his Russian sweetheart, and invariably leaves the water running and floods the whole place.

It seems to me that there must always be one strong power to hold this mélange together. The Turks are too indolent and too weak. The English have cleaned up the city considerably,

they say. What must it have been before they came! Its picturesque dirt and rags must have been too highly flavored even for my romantic imagination!

The famous street dogs are gone; some years ago they became too numerous and were put on a barren island in the Marmora to eat each other and gradually die. Of course a Turk could not actually kill one himself! One day, looking out of my window, I saw a dog lying on the sidewalk below, surrounded by a group of Turks. One held its head, another ran for water, the rest looked on with expressions of solicitude. I thought, "These people have hearts, after all! Nobody anywhere could be kinder to a sick animal!" Suddenly the dog stiffened, died—the crowd melted. The dead dog lay there, walked over unnoticed, until a street-cleaner finally swept him up. If it had been a man, it would have been the same. I saw a Russian lying dead on the street one morning. Nobody paid any particular attention. Human life is very cheap out here.

To a resident on the spot Turk, Armenian, Greek, Jew, are all rascals and barbarians according to our code of living; the Turk perhaps appears a shade more civilized. He is a poor business man, and is rather more honest than the rest. An American business man here told me that he would take the word of a Turk any time in preference to that of a Greek or an Armenian. And the Jews are completely outclassed. There is an old Levantine proverb, "It takes three Jews to cheat a Greek, and three Greeks to cheat an Armenian." The Turk is an agreeable rascal, anyway. I was very much amused by an experience that I had with a charming young Turk, Osman Bey. Osman belonged to a very aristocratic family, had lived for some years in America, and was married to a pretty American girl. I had often visited their house in Stamboul, and they had called on us. I was selling tickets for a Russian Relief tea-dance at our Embassy, and called to sell some to the Osman Beys. He said that charity was a corner-stone of the Mohammedan faith. He was very glad to help the suffering Russians, although he did think that the Americans might consider that the Turks, too, had their refugees in the city—26,000 of them, starving quietly and with dignity, and nobody was making any fuss over them! At any rate, he bought some tickets, and gave me a check. When presented for payment, it was returned marked, "No Funds." I have seen Osman several times since. His manners are beautiful; always agreeable and entertaining. Very curious people!

Some tourists in Athens asked me if it really was safe to go to Constantinople now. They had heard all sorts of things. It certainly is. An American, I believe, is the most popular person anywhere in the Near East at present. Everybody else has an ax to grind. After long doubting they've begun to be-

lieve that we haven't. They laugh at our simplicity, but love us. I can walk into any shop and take home anything I like, without money or guaranty. The shopkeepers urge me to. I did not understand at first. "But you are an American!" They will send rugs on approval, to try as long as we like.

Of course we don't have to trust entirely to their love. We have six destroyers now in the Bosphorus, under command of Admiral Bristol, our High Commissioner to Turkey. Our destroyers protect American interests here, on the Black Sea, and down along the coast of Asia Minor.

Admiral and Mrs. Bristol are absolutely perfect for their position. The Embassy is "my home" while here, as the Admiral says, so I see a great deal of them. He is very handsome, and has an eye that looks straight through you. Every one adores him. Under him, our Embassy has become the friendliest spot in Constantinople—a meeting-place for all nationalities. The Admiral can dance or play bridge all night, and be at the breakfast table at eight, go through the daily papers, have a French lesson, and be at his desk at nine. And his aides are expected to do the same. Mrs. Bristol is just as energetic. She is also beautiful, and talented socially; just the mistress for an Embassy. She is the heart and soul of the Disaster Relief Committee, formed at the time of the Crimean evacuation, which is tireless in its efforts for the helpless Russians—some 35,000 of them, stranded in Constantinople because no other country will have them.

There must be about four hundred Americans in Constantinople—the Embassy, Consulate, and Navy; the American College people; the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.; Near East Relief; the Standard Oil and Tobacco people. There are no theaters; one or two respectable restaurants. The Russians have brought good music, but most of the entertaining begins at the Embassies. In spite of the fact that ours is small, that Congress allows practically no funds for entertaining (one must pay for the privilege of being an American diplomat), ours is the gayest of all.

The British Embassy affairs are a bit stiff. The French and Italians only have a few big balls during a season. They are poor, and do not go to parties (excepting at the Embassies) because they cannot return them.

It's a delicious life for a British or American girl. *Thousands* of British officers (the most handsome creatures on earth—so slim and straight, and just poured into their uniforms); fiery Italians and French; the mad, impulsive, pathetic Russians; all lonely for women of their own class to talk to, all new and strange and exciting. Our own Navy admire the beautiful Russians, just take a brotherly interest in us. Our Near East Relief girls are marrying the British officers at an alarming rate. One girl—a new arrival—was asked what im-

pressed her the most about Constantinople. "Being cut in on twelve times during one dance," was the candid reply. You can imagine what a good time I have, being the only unmarried American woman, outside of the relief organizations. It will be hard to come down to earth when I get home.

Every meal is a party. This is an average day: Breakfast in bed, at ten. Ready for lunch at one. Clee doesn't come home at noon, but I am never alone. Probably lunch at the Muscovite, with a party of from two to eight, until 3:30. You, like almost any other good American, will turn a bright green when I tell you what we would have for an average little luncheon party. Cocktails first. Then vodka with the caviare; white wine with the fish; Burgundy with a pheasant; champagne with the dessert; coffee and a liqueur; and whisky-sodas to taste the rest of the afternoon. Thus strengthened, one dresses for tea. If it is a tea-dance, it lasts from five to eight. But any missing brother or husband may be found at the "cocktail hour"—from six to eight—at the Constantinople Club, enjoying a little bridge or the latest rumor. Around 9:30 dinner begins; and is served in a leisurely fashion until midnight. Then we wonder what we will do this evening. Perhaps there is a dance somewhere; if not, bridge; or Rector's (a dancing club, with American music); or Maxim's (a wilder place, but everybody goes), kept by an American Negro with a titled Russian wife. And so, home and to bed, just before dawn.

Motherly old Anna gets utterly worn out with us once in a while. She says we will die. Last night she said she was going to get a big string and tie me to my bed for twenty-four hours. I told her I had every intention of going to bed at sunset to-night. She said, "*Non—non. Après le dîner, quelqu'un vient—heidi! heidi! vite! vite!*" "*Heidi!*" being Turkish for "go."

It sounds like an utterly useless existence—and of course it would pall after a while. But it's the people that I meet that make it worth while; people who know so much, and yet don't take life so solemnly as it's taken in America. To know people who will be figures in history: General Wrangel; Sir Horace Rumbold, British High Commissioner; Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces here; Baron Uchida, Japanese High Commissioner; members of the reigning Turkish house; Mr. Thomas, a vice-president of the Standard Oil, representing Standard Oil interests in Europe, and a very powerful influence during the war. To see these people at play; I'm just absorbing it like a sponge. Has any girl ever had a happier life than I? Why should I be so lucky?

More, later. Must run and dress now for a party. I'll tell you all about it, and about some of these fascinating people, in my next. As always,

FRANCES.

THE PENDLETON ROUND-UP

A CLASSIC OF AMERICAN SPORT

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

"ARE you going to the series?" A friend asked me that just after my return from a month's jaunt to the Pacific coast.

"What series?" I asked.

"The World's Series, of course," he replied. "The baseball championship."

"Probably. . . . But I have just seen the settling of another World's Championship that makes the Polo Grounds show look like a censored classic."

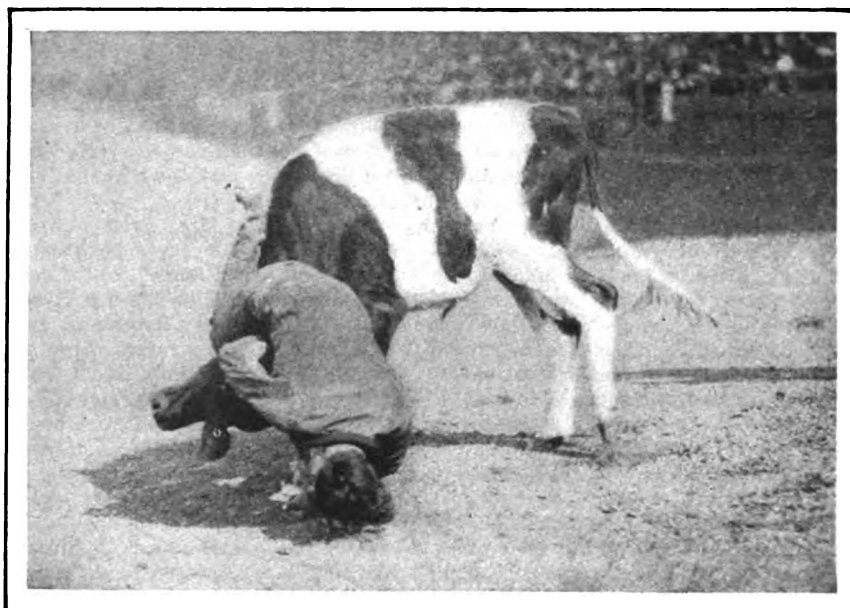
Which of course was saying a good deal, but at least it focused the attention of my baseball-enthusiast friend, to whom forthwith was told the story of another really great epic of American sportsmanship, the Round-Up at Pendleton, Oregon—a superspectacular championship of which he, like many another Easterner, had never even heard.

Each year there are a number of these rodeos, or round-ups, throughout the West, perhaps the most notable of them being held at Pendleton, Oregon. Thither, with a group of Nationally known authors, I went this autumn. Our itinerant writers, who ranged from Frederick O'Brien and "Dr. Walter E. Traprock" of rather dissimilar South Sea fame, to Wallace Irwin and Charles Hanson Towne, were inevitably forthwith dubbed the "rough writers." In honor of the literary visitors the slogan of the Pendleton show, which normally is "Let 'Er Buck," was paraphrased to "Let 'Er Book."

The Round-Up is a great deal more than a merely "Wild West show." It is wild and Western enough and reminiscent of the picturesque past. But it is much more than an exhibition. It is a competition. It is a pennant race in which America's best horsemen and most competent cowboys compete.

Pendleton itself is a prosperous town in the heart of the wheat and cattle country of eastern Oregon. Normally, I suppose, its population is some fifteen thousand. But during the three days of the Round-Up, when it is the focus of interest for most of the Pacific Northwest and an increasing number of Eastern seeing-America-first-ers, it expands miraculously to thrice that size. Well over thirty thousand enthusiasts paid admission on the last day of this year's show. Which at that compares pretty well with a Polo Grounds attendance, especially considering that Pendleton is some three thousand miles from Eastern population centers and that the whole State of Oregon hasn't as many people as Brooklyn.

Consider, then, a frontier town—albeit a modern one with paved streets, porcelain tubs, elevators, and all the metropolitan trimmings—entirely turned over for three hectic days to the show, which the town itself owns and conducts, not



"THE GREATEST WRESTLING IN THE WORLD"

for profit but for the downright glamour of it and the glory of the West that was and is. Cowboy clothes are the order of the day—woolly "chaps," swashbuckling spurs clinking from leather boots, broad-rimmed Stetsons, gay-colored silk shirts and scarfs, and, above all, gaudy vests hued like unto the aurora borealis.

"Assuredly," as Charles Hanson Towne punned it, "here is where the vest begins."

There is a saying, epitomizing generosity, that one "would give you his shirt." Just that happened in Pendleton, for our hosts at once insisted that we exchange our becollared drab affairs for their own giddy silk creations. In celebration of which hospitable transfer Wallace Irwin perpetrated a song that forthwith became the popular Round-Up hit and doubtless by now echoes merrily throughout cowland, to the tune of "Tourelay:"

When I was in Oregon scratching the dirt,

I met a young cowboy who gave me his shirt.

The shirt it was silk, and the shirt it was red,

So I held out my hand and these fine words I said:

"Cowboy, O Cowboy, I hope you do well,

You're a good-natured, bulldogging son of a swell."

So I put on the shirt, and I tucked in the tail,

And beat it back East on the Oregon Trail.

The show itself is staged on a quarter-mile track and in an arena at its center, the whole surrounded by bleachers and grand stands. There is, of course,

racing of all kinds—bareback, pony express (where the riders shift the saddle from one horse to another at each change), Indian squaw, and, most picturesque of all, the wild-horse race, which last is an unexampled epic of concentrated excitement. A score of absolutely unbroken horses—animals who have felt neither bridle nor saddle—snorting, raging, are turned into the track. At a signal a group of mounted cowboys go after them, each ultimately roping one. Then, in a welter of wild-eyed, fighting, biting, rolling, bucking creatures, the rider and his assistant somehow contrive to get a bandage over the horse's eyes, which, after frantic struggles, quiets him enough to make saddling possible. Then off with the eye bandages and on with the race—and often enough, off with the rider! Remember, no horse ever has been ridden. Their one interest is to get rid of saddle and rider. They have no intention whatever of going around the track. Instead they buck and "sunfish," actually roll over on the ground, and generally mill around like four-footed demons gone mad.

A wonderfully unforgettable sight is that concentrated inferno of insane horseflesh and rolstering fearless manflesh. This year, just to see a lean buckaroo named Punch Guyette ride the bereft cayuse which luck wished on him—ride him right side up and upside down, horse and rider somehow somersaulting quite completely, with Punch remaining in the saddle, all with a whoop and a laugh, was in itself quite worth the trip from New York.

And that wild-horse race was, of

course, only a detail, a sort of curtain-raiser, a tasty appetizer for the big events. The contests for bucking, bull-dogging, and roping are the top-line attractions. And working up to the championship decisions of the last day are a welter of hair-raising elimination trials, so that the fifty or so riders are put through their paces, under all sorts of circumstances, and the crowd is fairly saturated with a veritable saturation of exciting sights.

Those Round-Up names mean little to us back here. Suffice to say that Yakima Canutt (who this year rode third in the bucking) is a Babe Ruth of cowland. Howard Tegland, world champion, and Ray Bell—who wears a neat white collar even when astride twelve hundred pounds of horse-hided insanity—are every bit as well known out there as Dempsey and, say, Harold Bell Wright; while the Western reputations of marvelous women riders like Mabel Strickland and Bonnie McCarroll rank right up with Mary Pickford and Elsie Ferguson.

The bucking horses which supply the motive power, so to speak, for the riding contests are the pick of the untamable "bad" animals of all the West. Their names become historic. There are "Lena" (no lady, she!), "U-tell-Em," "Bill McAdoo," "Wiggles," "Angel," and others. This year two especially bad-mannered beasts were christened "Doc Traprock" and "George Putnam." Neither, we regret to state, succeeded in unseating his rider!

The matter of getting the saddle on a "bad horse" is a problem in itself, solved by the "wranglers." Ultimately the rider gets aboard, but not necessarily for long, for those horses know every trick imaginable likely to encourage an immediate divorce between themselves and the unwelcome stranger perched upon their hurricane deck. Be the horse a trained buck or an outlaw, he can be counted upon for all sorts of gymnastics, ranging from the "side wind" and "sunfish" and "weave" to the straight buck and the high dive, not to mention the pleasant trick of rearing and falling back on the rider.

They ride with only a halter, no reins or bridle being used. And they must ride with style—ride "slick"—that is, straight up, with a close seat, and "no daylight showing." And really to impress the judges the rider must "rake" the shoulders and rump of his horse with his blunted spurs, and "fan" the animal at every jump, swinging his hat with a full arm sweep. And, above all, he must not "pull leather" or touch the saddle with either hand.

And then the roping. That means to ride after a wild Texas long-horn steer, get a lasso around his horns, throw him, and "hogtie" him by fastening his four feet together while the cow-pony at the other end of the rope holds the steer helpless on the ground. And it must all be done under two minutes.

But, from the standpoint of individual muscular prowess and sheer human grit, "bulldogging" is the showiest event of

all. The steer is driven out of a chute, and he emerges much as a limited mail train comes out of a tunnel. They give him about thirty feet start, and then the man starts after him on a horse running like a scared jack-rabbit. The horse draws alongside and the man leans over, hooks an arm around the steer's horn, and slides from the saddle. The horse goes on, so does the steer for a few jumps, the man dragging through the dust and acting as a brake. Finally the two come to rest. Then the man reaches for the steer's nose and, clasping his hands around it with the horn between his arms, leans backward and tries to throw the animal. Sometimes the steer shakes him loose, sometimes it whirls and tosses him, but we have seen a man bring down an animal in seventeen seconds from the time he started after him. They call it bulldogging, but it's the greatest wrestling in the world.

And let this be clear: there is no cruelty to animals. The broken bones—and necks too—are the lot of the two-legged contestants. Not an animal this year was injured. It is the men and the women who take the big risks and get the real hurts.

"Let 'er buck!"

"Ride 'em, cowboy!"

Those cries of the Round-Up echo still in our ears, and the memory of all that goes with them is a magnet that inevitably will draw us again westward to this courageous competition—an epic of sportsmanship so essentially American.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM TO WORK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

This is the fourth of a series of letters from the Middle West written by Senator Davenport in an interpretation of economic and political movements in that section of the United States. Kansas thinks she has a remedy for strikes

in essential industries. Senator Davenport comments on the good and bad effects of the political experiment, so far as they appear to the people of the Middle West up to the present time.—THE EDITORS.

"HENRY and me," Governor Allen of Kansas and William Allen White, the famous editor and publicist of the same State, have given dramatic publicity to the Industrial Court experiment in the famous sunflower commonwealth. Henry is at the moment haling Bill before the high courts of the State to determine whether Bill's theory of free speech under the law is or is not sound. We all have a right to speak of these fine personalities in this undeferential manner, because that is the way they do it in Kansas, and Henry and Bill do it themselves. Their recent legal controversy has undoubtedly ruffled their nervous systems, but it doesn't appear to have shattered their friendship.

As I understand it, it all came about over the railway strike. Bill is an instinctive and militant idealist and lives in Emporia. Emporia is a railway shop

town on the Santa Fé. The shopmen there are neither aliens nor secessionists nor men who love violence or anything of the sort. They are just plain Americans whose children are in the high school and who sit on the school board and are generally a part of the backbone of a very democratic community. Bill is universally respected in the highest degree in his home community, as he is by everybody in America who knows him and his influence for the right. When the strike started, he got in touch with the shopmen in the town and was a sort of guide, philosopher, and friend. He was anxious for them to pull through without violence of any kind. He expressed fifty per cent of sympathy for them. He said it was a good cause because living conditions had not reached the point where wages should have come down, but it was a bad strike because it was likely to inflict a heavy loss upon

the farmers of Kansas and the West. But he was willing to go with them fifty-fifty, and he wanted them to be men of peace.

In an important railway shop town the shopmen are apt to be a very dominating part of the population. In time of strike the merchants carry them on credit, and it is to the advantage of the merchants in the long run to display a kindly bias toward the men who have temporarily left their jobs. One of the methods adopted at Emporia of exhibiting kindly feeling was the posting of placards in the windows of the merchants expressing a hundred per cent sympathy with the strikers. Bill came down to the "Gazette" office one morning and he passed the placards on every block. When he got to his desk, he said to one of the boys, "Go out and get me one of those posters." Bill marked out the one hundred per cent and put forty-nine per cent just below it and hung the

poster in the window. He announced that he would raise his sympathy one per cent a day as long as the men kept the peace.

And here is where Henry comes in. The Governor for a year or two has been conducting a difficult laboratory experiment in compulsory arbitration of disputes in the essential industries generally in the State. The new Industrial Court Law forbids picketing altogether in case of a strike on an essential industry. A railway is an essential industry, and the recent strike was putting the new law to a new test in the State of Kansas. In many of the shop towns, what the Governor believed to be subtle forms of picketing were resorted to. Merchants, at the behest of strike committees and strike sympathizers, were refusing to sell the necessities of life to the strike-breakers. One hardware dealer told a detachment of the State police that he thought it inadvisable to sell them metal watering-troughs for their horses. The Industrial Court said this was a form of intimidatory picketing and forbade it. Then in various shop towns the placard in the window of the merchant was resorted to. "We are one hundred per cent against the strike-breakers," and the Court forbade this as intimidatory picketing. Then came the friendly placard such as appeared in Emporia, expressing one hundred per cent sympathy for the strikers. This also the Governor and the Court put under the ban, as the last step in a conspiracy, as they viewed it, to make the drastic picketing provisions of the new law of none effect.

And thus arose the clash between freedom of speech and the freedom to work, between Henry and Bill. Henry said to Bill: "You must take that placard out of your window. You are joining in a conspiracy, and your luster as a citizen only adds to the menace of it." Bill said: "All right. You bring action against me in the courts, and we will see if you can drive free speech so far into a corner in the State of Kansas; and in the meantime I will take the placard out of the window and ask every other merchant in the State to do likewise."

You see, it may be quite possible that legally and practically Henry is right, and at the same time that instinctively Bill is right. The question of how far we should go in a country like ours, even in essential industries, in suppressing freedom of speech and all picketing is a delicate one, and nobody contends that a thoroughly wise statute has as yet been framed in Kansas or anywhere else in the country. A measurably perfect statute we shall no doubt grow into, as they have in England, and perhaps we shall get a better one than in England. In the meantime these instinctive flashes of good red-hot American indignation against what may have the look of oppression or suppression are not by any manner of means altogether unhealthy. There is room for it on the planet as well as for Henry.

It was the same resurgence of the American sense of right which arose in many parts of the country at the late Daugherty injunction. It was not that men objected to the use of the injunction in some phases of labor dispute, although many felt that the criminal phase could better be dealt with by other process; but it was because of the drastic and seemingly unnecessary lengths to which the phraseology of the injunction seemed to reach. It seemed to a great number to be a touch of Russia and Prussia which boded no good for industrial America. It will not do for men who wish wisely to defend both property and public right to go to such lengths in the suppression of a rational freedom that they may furnish both example and incentive to a more radical dominant class some day to go and do likewise against property and the general welfare. Such practice is not good public training for the growing mass of workers of any land. As Bill White puts it, "I've got all the freedom of speech I want. But I would like to see this country grow into so clear a sense of what is right and just that my children and my children's children will have all the freedom of speech they want."

It yet remains to be seen whether Davies Warfield, the enlightened President of the Seaboard Airline, with his human strategy and his able spirit of fairness and conciliation, has not done more to break the railway strike than the Daugherty injunction. And it is the Warfield method which has in it promise of a permanent settlement. Far be it from me to decry the use of force to the limit by Government when the general welfare is gravely threatened, but force which is not rooted in wisdom and justice is only the opposite pole of anarchy. And I think we need to remember that as long as the essential industries remain at least semi-private, and have in them still the element of purely private management and profit, and sometimes very serious evils of such management, it is especially incumbent upon Government to recognize those evils and clear them away, because compulsory arbitration or injunction which leaves a bad *status quo* in the essential industry is not a permanent remedy at all. Permanent stabilization of essential industries should, save in exceedingly exceptional cases, precede the discussion of a permanent programme for the compulsory settlement of strikes and follow hard upon compulsory settlement in the exceptional cases. This stabilization will be opposed by narrow-minded operators and managers, on the one hand, and by narrow-minded labor leaders, on the other, but there is no peace until it is done.

To return finally to Kansas and the Industrial Court. I think Governor Allen is entitled to great credit for making the experiment. As a matter of fact, contrary to much prevalent opinion, the Court has done some admirable things. My information is that if the law were put to referendum in Kansas, probably

two-thirds to three-fourths of the State would vote to retain it. The Court has put some men in jail, but it has been reasonably fair. And its decisions on the side of labor have been numerous and noteworthy. It has not been a capitalistic court. The impression that it has seems to have grown partly out of misrepresentation and partly out of the somewhat belligerent attitude of the Governor toward the labor leaders in his addresses before Chambers of Commerce and other such bodies. The Governor is a born fighter, one of the best in the country, and the labor leaders have hit his idea hard. And he has struck back in like manner. But this has not been the temper of the Court. As a matter of fact, the fiercest opposition to the Court seems now to come from the group of employers in Kansas known as the Associated Industries, who by propaganda and lawsuit are doing everything possible to break its morale and reputation and get rid of it.

A great deal can be learned for the whole country by experimenting with the idea in Kansas. I am not at all sure that compulsory arbitration of disputes even in essential industries will be widely successful until pretty close to the industrial millennium. The experience of Australia with compulsory arbitration in businesses affected with a public interest is not very hopeful. The penalty falls down. Just as you cannot indict a whole people, so the State will always have great difficulty in putting, it may be, several hundred thousand workers into jail because in a crisis they failed to obey the law. And in Australia the daily struggle before the courts of the two classes in interest seems to have strengthened class consciousness instead of softening it. The old natural cleavage of Conservative and Liberal in party politics seems to have vanished and in its place a dominating majority working group has established Labor Party rule. Compulsory arbitration has brought little that is reassuring in Australia.

Kansas as a State is peculiarly constituted for the experiment. It is very predominantly agricultural, and a State administration can have the farmers, who are not in love with the mine and factory laborers, anyway, right at its back. Politically in Kansas it is not an extraordinarily difficult problem. But it is a constantly worrisome problem at best and does require patience and firmness and sound sense in its outworking. During the railway strike things in Kansas have been pretty tense at times and the effect of the decisions of the Court and of the pressure of authority for law and order has often been in doubt. I suppose that is one reason why Henry felt that Bill's sudden incursion into the fray was a bit gratuitous and harassing.

I think it is a mistake for the Governor to urge the plan so vigorously upon other States, as if it were of universal application and a completed

product. I can think of nothing more fantastic, for example, than attempting to put it into operation in the State of New York. Politically it would be incomprehensible, chiefly because public sentiment would, I think, regard it as an unfair thing to do. Take, for example, the transportation situation in New York City, with its record of enormous watering of stock, of mismanagement, of

disorganization, of lack of unity. The attempt to impose compulsory arbitration and establish forcibly wages and living conditions and hours on the basis of such a *status quo* would be unthinkable. The first great job would be to do what the Governor Miller administration has done in New York, namely, to appoint a transit commission to clean up the evils of the transportation monopoly

and lay the foundation upon which a policy and programme of at least conciliation and co-operation may be built up. The same thing is true, it seems to me, in many other instances of essential industries of the country.

Kansas is conducting a valuable experiment, but the time is not ripe to accept it at full value or to imitate it widely.

ROOSEVELT

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE breakers pound the rocks and the combers pound the sand.
Thunder echoing thunder, the white horns charge the land.
And the wind, the gaunt night-herder, wheels on his pony white
And drives his panicky cattle on through the fog and the night.

But high on the bleak, black headland the beacon flares to the sky,
And the flames like banners clap and like bugles in battle cry.
And the sparks roar to the stars, with a roaring louder than fame;
And the hearts that they strike as they fall tremble and burst into flame.

THE NEURASTHENIA-BREEDING SMILE

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

IN some of the Prussian sanitariums the consumptive patients are forbidden to cough. This measure is based on the right principle—coughing irritates the lungs and makes the disease worse. But the efforts to stifle coughing often exhaust the patient much more than would the most violent cough.

This sample of Prussian discipline comes to my mind when I am thinking about American optimism. It is at times harder to stop crying than to stop coughing. But your optimism demands that you smile even when you feel like an ocean of tears. Everybody smiles here, more frequently than in any other country I have visited, with, maybe, the exception of Japan. Yours is such a serene, cheerful smile! And yet, more and more often I see in your papers popular articles on "NEURASTHENIA, THE GREAT AMERICAN DISEASE."

I studied both your smile and your neurasthenia, till I connected them. It seems to me that the first breeds the other.

Psychologists state that it is dangerous to suppress anger, sadness, spite. It sinks down into the depths of your soul and lies there like a heavy stone. It helps forming inhibitions. At times it drives one insane.

Now, with all the blessing of American civilization, you still have lots of things to be angry about. You want to swear and cry at times like every normal human being, but—you are taught extreme reserve. Often you would frown at your capricious customer, swear at your exacting boss, stamp your feet at your lazy employee. But no, you must

smile. For it was repeated to you over and over again:

"Say it with a smile."

"The voice with a smile wins."

"Hurray for optimism!"

This optimism of yours is the most remarkable sentiment I ever saw upsetting human lives. You even grow insane—optimistically. On Ward's Island, in one of the largest insane asylums in the States, there is a section called Millionaires' Ward. It is the biggest one. Its inmates consist mostly of people who failed in life. But so strong was their optimistic belief that sooner or later they would succeed that, after innumerable cheerful efforts to conquer fate and circumstances, they went insane—cheerfully.

To be sure, most of them are happy. The administration kindly furnishes offices for the most persistent of the "millionaires," in which they make their enormous business transactions, each one bringing more millions. Among these "successful business men" there is a gentleman who thinks himself a benefactor of humanity; he hands every visitor a check "according to his needs." This man looked to me a symbol of your optimism: It continues to hand to you one worthless check after another. And on each is written: One Million Hopes!

I have watched a striking example of ravages wrought by hopes on a friend of mine. She is a capable fiction writer, contributing to many a leading magazine. She often reproached me for my eternal "kicking," for being "horribly pessimistic," and believing in the strength of circumstances. She herself was optimism embodied.

Two years elapsed, as they say in novels. The business in this country went from bad to worse, contrary to the assurances of the daily cheerful editorials in your leading newspapers. Naturally, it was reflected on fiction magazines. The editors began to buy less and pay less. Things grew so dark that many brilliant free-lance writers had to go into the advertisement game, instead of following "free creation."

During these times of literary famine I cursed our fate in my most somber Slavic fashion, and waited for the worst to come, while my poor optimism-poisoned friend was daily expecting the sky to clear and success to blossom out. And here we are, with about the same material results, which are far from what we think we are worthy. I remain in my usual mental state of well-balanced pessimism, contemplating life with more or less critical look, while she is having hysterics every day and professes a desire to "end it all in the East River."

I believe it was her exaggerated optimism which brought her to despair. When you expect too much from life, the slump your hopes take is usually more or less violent. It often brings severe nervous breakdown.

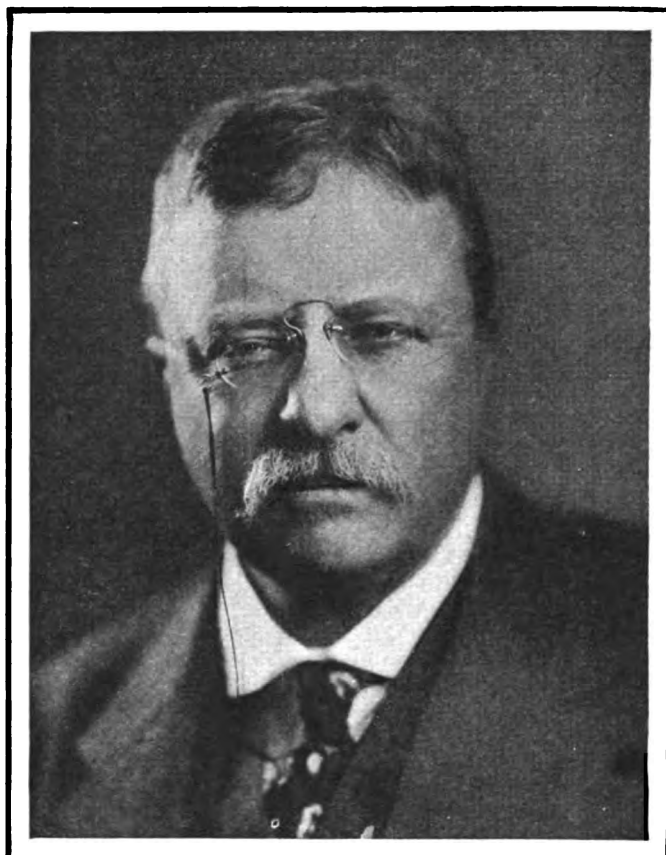
Personally, however, I consider my friend's neurasthenia the lesser of two evils. If she continued to force herself into smiling much longer, she might have ended in the Millionaires' Ward.

Beware of the Millionaires' Ward. I am afraid that every one of your forced smiles is a brick added to building up insanity.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER VIII—EARLY RELATIONS WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT



(C) Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"He had the quality of vitalizing things—a situation or condition coming within his executive ken became so charged with life and imagination that men wanted to put their hands and minds to it"

BEFORE I became a member of President Roosevelt's official family I was in what he termed his "kitchen cabinet." My experiences in both cabinets are among the treasured recollections of my life.

We were the unofficial advisers who met round the luncheon and dinner table and afterwards in the White House study, where the President spoke without reserve of his executive problems and read for our criticism and counsel his rough drafts of Congressional messages, speeches, and notes to foreign governments.

Holding no portfolios of state, these "kitchen cabinet ministers" yet gave of their best; were always prepared to toil to any extent to be of assistance to the President. He had the quality of vitalizing things—a situation or condition coming within his executive ken became so charged with life and imagination that men wanted to put their hands and minds to it. They served Roosevelt as energetically and loyally as if the grave

responsibilities of state were upon their own shoulders.

International relations and labor arbitration were the public activities which interested me most. The President had appointed me a member of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague to succeed the late Benjamin Harrison, and shortly thereafter in his charming manner had designated me as a member of his "kitchen cabinet." Thus there had commenced for me a memorable series of conferences.

We met usually at the White House table. The President commenced the discussions by speaking frankly of whatever problems of state were occupying his attention. In explaining he had a manner of addressing his remarks directly to the man from whom he wanted an opinion. This gave his guest the opportunity to devote the highest possible concentration to the subject while the President was speaking. An opinion, if it won his approval, was greeted with a "Good! Fine!" and

he incorporated it immediately into his plans.

I never knew any one whose mind was more open to suggestions. I never knew any one who acted upon suggestions with more promptitude. Yet it was not simply impulsiveness. It was not a matter of taking the first advice that was offered, but of being quick to see and act upon the right advice.

ROOSEVELT, THE IMPULSIVE

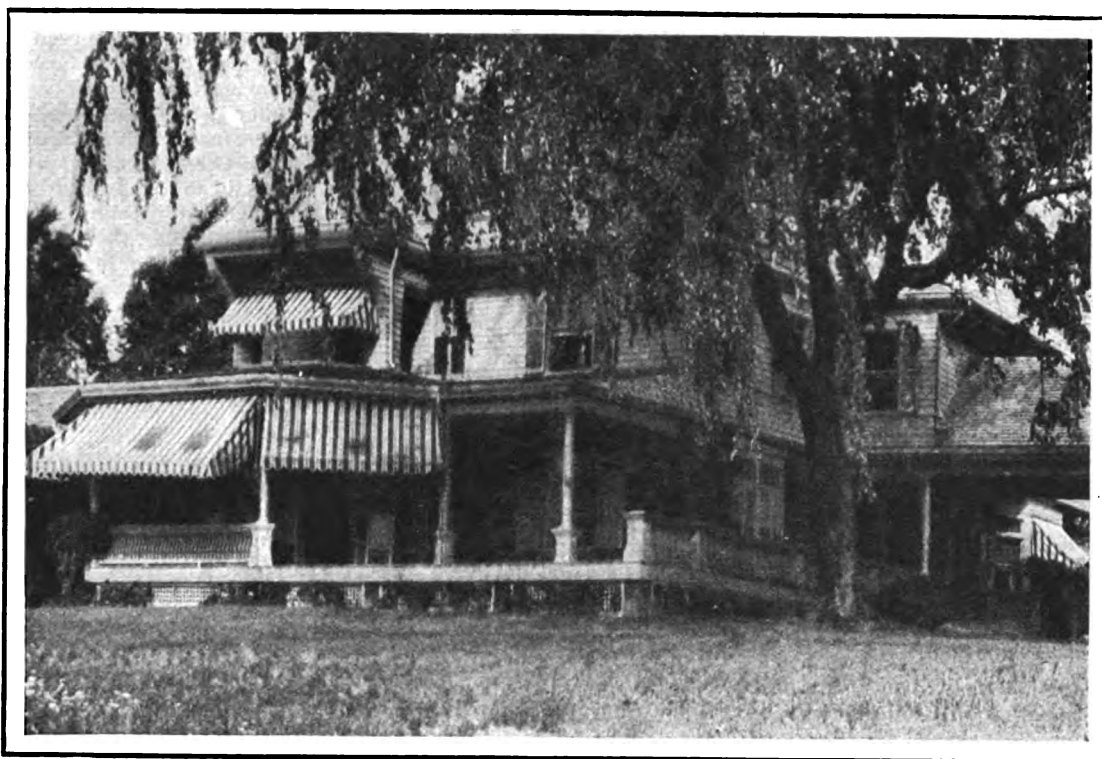
There is much misapprehension regarding Roosevelt's so-called impulsiveness. This was evident to those who had an intimate view of the man at work. He was quick. He was a prodigious worker. He was so constituted and so self-trained that he had to do things immediately, get them out of the way. What people called his impulsiveness might have been more aptly termed his preparedness.

I had hundreds of opportunities to observe his methods. When he accepted an invitation to deliver an address or write an article, he would prepare it immediately, even if the occasion were two, three, or six months off. He revised considerably, showed his work freely to friends and associates for criticisms, but completed it at the earliest opportunity. He never waited. This method served to perfect his thought and expression on a given subject. His promptness left him free for other things.

The President never seemed to be hurried, though he always worked with a wonderful driving force. He seemed never to waste any time. It was play or work, and both with his whole heart.

During his last few months in the White House, while making preparations for his African trip, for instance, he accepted the invitation to deliver his now famous address at Oxford University. The address was not to be delivered until after his return from Africa, yet immediately after accepting he began writing it, and revised and completed it before he left America. He practiced the same method with his Nobel Peace Prize address, which he delivered at Christiania. It left him free for play. He did not want to think about Oxford addresses while in Africa.

His public addresses were almost invariably the result of preparation. It was seldom that he spoke extemporaneously. The fire and animation which he imparted in the delivery of his speeches certainly conveyed no impression that they might have been carefully prepared and considered at a desk in a study. His papers were so small and inconspicuous that they did not interfere with his natural gestures. The



Photograph by H. H. Moore

The Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, where Mr. Straus and other distinguished statesmen were frequently in conference with the President

effect was almost as if he spoke extemporaneously. The notes, printed on sheets about 3 x 6 inches, and held in one hand, were completely lost sight of by the audience in those moments when Colonel Roosevelt became emphatic. In those moments he also interspersed extemporaneous remarks which brought out his arguments more vividly and forcefully.

"A DIABOLICAL PLAN"

During 1902 a number of public matters brought me into frequent consultation with President Roosevelt.

When Germany, backed perfunctorily by Great Britain, sought to hold Venezuela to certain agreements by blockading her ports, which constituted an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt took prompt steps to prevent it. There was a disposition on the part of Germany to ask Roosevelt to arbitrate between her and Venezuela.

Secretary of State Hay seems to have favored this plan, but I advised against it. It was better not to become involved in the muddle, especially because the machinery of the Hague Tribunal provided for just such arbitration. By the terms of that treaty the signatory Powers were morally committed to arbitration. Roosevelt took my view and succeeded in having the subject referred to the Hague Tribunal.

During the same year I was able, by reason of my previous experience in Turkey, to advise the President regarding a critical situation in the Philippines. An American soldier had been killed and several others wounded by

Mohammedans in the southern Philippines. It was announced in the press that a punitive expedition of twelve hundred men was to be sent to the scene of the killing.

Negotiations which I had had with the Sultan during the McKinley Administration were instrumental in pacifying the Philippine Mohammedans after the Americans assumed control of the islands. Fearing that the good relations promoted through the agency of the Sultan might be disturbed and disrupted by a punitive expedition, I advised the President against resort to force of arms. Instead, I recommended that it would be wiser to send a commission to treat with the Moros.

Upon receipt of my letter, the President wrote me to come to Washington for a conference. I arrived after a Cabinet meeting. With the President in his study were Mr. Taft (newly appointed Governor-General of the Philippines), Adjutant-General Corbin, and Acting Secretary of War Sanger.

Again, and in fuller detail, I gave reasons why military force in this matter was inadvisable. After I stated my case, the President showed me a copy of a telegram despatched to General Chaffee the day before, instructing him to send a peaceful diplomatic mission to the Moros. As a result of the conference, Adjutant-General Corbin was directed to advise General Chaffee to use the offices of friendly *datos* to obtain the desired redress.

The investigation revealed that the disorders had been due, not to the Moros' aggressiveness, but to panic.

They had seen the soldiers laying a telegraph line, which in their ignorance they had regarded as some diabolical plan to destroy them. The matter was adjusted. The slayers were surrendered and punished.

ROOSEVELT'S DIPLOMATIC STRATEGY IN REBUKING RUSSIA

The Kishineff massacres in April, 1903, shocked the civilized world. In all countries and among all faiths meetings were called to express indignation and protest. On May 28, 1903, there was a notable mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall in New York, presided over by Paul D. Cravath and addressed by ex-President Grover Cleveland, Mayor Seth Low, President Jacob G. Schurman of Cornell University, and Edward M. Shepard. The meeting was called by several hundred leading New Yorkers of the Christian faith. Resolutions were adopted that the United States "should exercise such influence with the Government of Russia as the ancient and unbroken friendship between the two nations may justify to stay the spirit of persecution, to redress the injuries inflicted upon the Jews of Kishineff, and to prevent the recurrence of outbreaks such as have amazed the civilized world."

Roosevelt's diplomatic tactics in bringing the Kishineff subject to the attention of the Czar of Russia won the approval of all students of international affairs.

Members of the American Jewish fraternal order B'nai B'rith, under the leadership of their president, Leo N. Levi, presented Secretary Hay with a statement regarding the massacres, to-

gether with a petition which they asked to be forwarded to the Government of the Czar. Secretary Hay made a speech expressing sympathy and accompanied the committee to the White House, where they presented the President with facts regarding the oppression of their coreligionists in Russia. The President made a lengthy reply, expressing the deepest interest and sympathy.

On July 8 I received a telegram from Oyster Bay, the President's summer residence, inviting me there for luncheon the following day, together with Simon Wolf, of Washington, and Mr. Levi, of the B'nai B'rith. Present also at Sagamore Hill were Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review of Reviews," and his friend Morris Sheldon Amos, an Englishman. After a discussion of the question during lunch, the President suggested that a note should be sent by Secretary Hay to John W. Riddle, American Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, and that this note should embody the entire petition Mr. Levi and the committee had drafted. Dr. Shaw added that the embodying of the petition to the Czar, together with full publicity for the note, would have all the effects of a presentation even if he should refuse to receive it.

After lunch we went to the President's study. He said, "Now let us finish this thing up." Secretary Hay, he said, had been to see him the day before and had left a memorandum. Roosevelt took his pen and began drafting the note, incorporating part of Hay's memorandum.

The note, sent as a cable, was as follows:

Riddle

St. Petersburg.

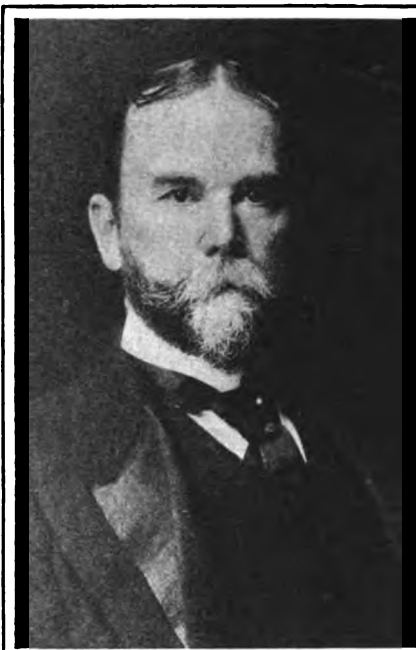
You are instructed to ask an audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and to make to him the following communication:

Excellency:—The Secretary of State instructs me to inform you that the President has received from a number of prominent citizens of the United States of all religious affiliations and occupying the highest positions in both public and private life a respectful petition addressed to His Majesty the Emperor relating to the condition of the Jews in Russia and running as follows:

Here the petition is set out. The note concludes as follows:

I am instructed to ask whether the petition will be received by your Excellency to be submitted to the gracious consideration of His Majesty. In that case the petition will be at once forwarded to St. Petersburg.

The President wished the cable to be sent at once and was in a hurry to have it go from Washington. He stated as one of his reasons that the late Russian Ambassador, Cassini, who had been dismissed, had gone back to Russia, and he wanted the petition to reach the Russian Government before Cassini arrived at St. Petersburg. Mr. Wolf, who lived in Washington, was asked to take the



Brown Bros

John Hay, former Secretary of State, whom Mr. Straus provided with the "covenant running with the land" idea which Hay used effectively in the Panama dispute

draft of the cable to Secretary Hay, but, as he could not return there that night, the President asked me if I could take it.

At ten o'clock the next morning I placed the President's draft in Secretary Hay's hands. It was cabled immediately. Hay thought that, instead of embodying the petition in the cable, it would be better to ask first if it would be accepted, but this was precisely what the President did not want. He anticipated that the Russian Government would not accept it, and yet by making the cable public it would for all intents and purposes be a presentation, not only to the Czar, but to the entire world.

The President was right. The Minister of Foreign Affairs informed our Chargé that he could not receive it.

On July 17 Secretary Hay wrote me that, as anticipated, the Russian Government declined to receive or consider the petition. However, the purpose in view had been accomplished. The officials of the Russian Government had read the petition, and through press despatches it was known throughout the civilized world. According to subsequent reports, it had a most salutary effect in bringing about the trial and punishment of some of the leaders of the massacres, and exerted a restraining influence in other places in the Empire where similar outrages were threatened. In addition, it was another notable instance of humanitarian diplomacy.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY SHOVED DOWN

Reverting to the Sagamore Hill luncheon of the previous day, the President, Albert Shaw, and I conferred about

the Alaskan boundary question after the Russian note had been drafted. The President brought forward the maps showing the disputed boundary and explained that the six commissioners, three from the United States and three from Great Britain, would investigate. He said that they were not arbiters, as he refused to sign an arbitral agreement. If they did not agree, he would take the matter into his own hands.

The whole trouble, he said, arose from the fact that the Canadians had shoved down the boundary-line after the discovery of gold.

"It is just as if a man pitches a tent on my grounds and claims the grounds," Roosevelt explained. "I want him to get off. He says he will not get off, but will arbitrate the matter."

He then turned to me and said: "Straus, you are a member of the Hague Tribunal; don't you think I am right?"

I replied: "As a member of the Hague Tribunal, I must hear what the other side has to say, and therefore must reserve judgment," and we all laughed.

"IN THE TEETH OF OPPOSITION"

After the historic anthracite coal strike of 1902, in which President Roosevelt opposed the autocratic, unreasonable attitude of the mine operators, he became the pivot in another controversy, in which he was obliged to reprimand organized labor for an unreasonable attitude. This was the Miller case. Miller was dismissed from the Government Printing Office because he did not belong to a union. Roosevelt reinstated him. This brought a protest from the American Federation of Labor.

Samuel Gompers and several members of the Federation's Executive Council appeared at the White House on September 29, 1903, and protested that Miller was a non-union man and incompetent.

This was a case that appealed to Roosevelt's innate sense of justice, and he liked to decide such questions regardless of political consequences. Miller's fitness, he told the delegation, was a matter of administrative routine that must be decided by his superiors. In no way could it be regarded as an issue for such a protest. The real issue was whether the Government should practice discrimination between union and non-union men, and on this issue the President's decision was final. The reinstatement stood. No further action would be taken.

I wrote him that his decision and statement were consonant in principle with the position he had taken in the anthracite coal strike. In answer he wrote me the following letter, which in a few lines presents clearly his determined stand to do justice to capital as well as to labor:

October 1, 1903.

White House

Washington.

My dear Mr. Straus:

I thank you heartily for your letter. When you can get on here I

should like to tell you for your own information some of my experiences in connection with this Miller case. I feel exactly as you do—that my action was a complement to my action, for instance, in the anthracite coal strike, and that I could no more hesitate in the teeth of opposition from the labor unions in one case than I could when the opposition came from the big monied men in the other case.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE PANAMA DISPUTE

Panama has been a subject for discussion and controversy for almost a score of years. The Panama Canal will ever be linked with Roosevelt's name. Roosevelt's handling of the Canal problem forms one of the most notable chapters in American history.

As with other problems, the President consulted members of his "kitchen cabinet." My first participation in the Panama conferences was on November 6, 1903. In the President's luncheon party, besides Mrs. Roosevelt, were Cornelius N. Bliss, former Secretary of the Interior; John Clark Davis, of the Philadelphia "Ledger;" Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago; Lawrence F. Abbott, of The Outlook; and the President's brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander Cowles.

Panama had separated from Colombia. The indications were that we were about to recognize Panama. The President in his informal way, as was his custom at luncheons, opened discussion of the situation, referring to our treaty of 1846 with New Granada, afterwards the United States of Colombia and later the Republic of Colombia. In this treaty we had guaranteed to protect the transit route. One of the questions involved was whether the treaty still held us to that obligation notwithstanding these several changes of sovereignty.

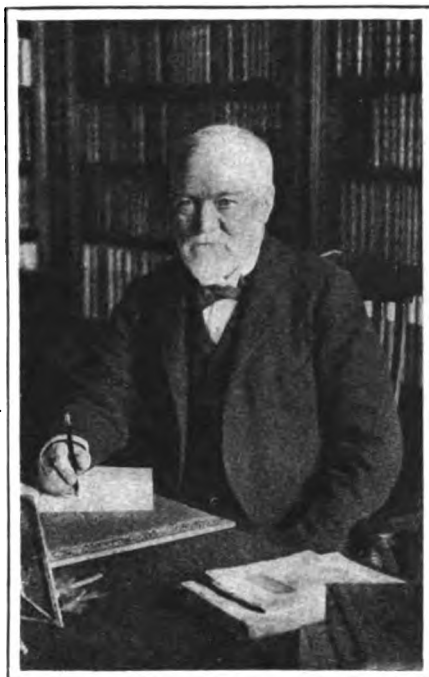
The President, in his usual manner of indicating that he expected a reply from a certain individual, addressed his remarks to me. When he finished, I suggested that the change of sovereignty, according to my reading of the treaty, did not affect either our obligations or our rights. Our guaranties I regarded in the nature of "a covenant running with the land."

"That is fine! Just the idea!" exclaimed the President. "I want you to explain that idea to Hay after lunch."

At first he was for going to the office and telephoning the Secretary. Instead, he took a correspondence card and scribbled a note to Mr. Hay, asking him to discuss my suggestion with me and work into the treaty the "covenant with the land" interpretation.

Secretary Hay, with whom I conferred at his home that evening, seized upon the idea at once, and said he would make use of it in a general statement he was preparing for the press.

The next day it was announced that the President, following a meeting of the Cabinet, had decided to recognize the



(C) Underwood.

Andrew Carnegie, with whom Mr. Straus was closely associated for many years in the promotion of world peace

de facto Government of Panama. I will not go into much further detail here, for the Panama Canal story is well known. Roosevelt in his Autobiography devotes considerable space to a presen-

IN THE CABINET

CHRISTMAS at the White House and social life at the "Venetian Palace" are described by Mr. Straus in next week's chapter of the Autobiography. He recounts some of his memorable experiences in Roosevelt's Cabinet, as a colleague of Messrs. Root, Garfield, Cortelyou, Taft, Bonaparte, etc. Mr. Straus, who was Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, describes the scope and work of his Department, his trip to Hawaii, his efforts in connection with the Japanese question, his idea of harmonizing human and business interests.

tation of reasons for his official actions.

Secretary Hay's statement said in part:

It must not be lost sight of that this treaty is not dependent for its efficacy on the personnel of the signers or the name of the territory it affects. It is a covenant, as lawyers say, that runs with the land. The name of New Granada has passed away; its territory has been divided. But as long as the isthmus endures, the great geographical fact keeps alive the solemn compact which binds the holders of the territory to grant us freedom of transit, and binds us in return to safeguard for the isthmus and the world the exercise of that inestimable privilege.

On November 12 I received the following letter from the President:

My dear Mr. Straus:

Your "Covenant running with the land" idea worked admirably. I congratulate you on it.

With warm regards,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Viewing the situation with his expert professional eye, John Bassett Moore, the distinguished authority on international law, derived considerable entertainment from the "covenant running" feature, and wrote me a few days later as follows:

So you had a finger in the pie! I find a great deal of amusement in reflecting on the end reached from the premise of my memorandum; and almost as much on the conclusion reached from your suggestion. Perhaps, however, it is only a question of words; that is to say, it is, indifferently, a question of the "covenant running with the land," or a question of the "covenant running 'away' with the land."

A NOTE FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN

The President took occasion later to refer publicly to my interest in international activities. In January, 1904, a number of peace societies had a conference in Washington and passed resolutions urging enactment of treaties with Great Britain and other Powers providing for formal arbitration of disputes in the event of diplomatic negotiations failing. A delegation from the conference called upon President Roosevelt. The resolutions were presented by former Congressman Henry St. George Tucker, of Virginia, after which there were a few brief remarks by Andrew Carnegie and myself. The President, in reply, expressed himself very fully upon the subject. He greeted it cordially and spoke of the good work of the peace societies; then, referring to me, he said:

I have had from Mr. Straus aid that I cannot overestimate, for which I cannot too much express my gratitude, in so much of the diplomatic work that has arisen in this Administration—aid by suggestion, aid by actual work in helping me to carry out the suggestions; and Mr. Straus

was one of the two or three men who first set my mind, after I came in as President, in the direction of doing everything that could be done for the Hague Tribunal, as that seemed to be the best way to turn for arbitration.

When the President finished his remarks, we gathered around him. Mr.

Carnegie meanwhile had congratulated me upon receiving such compliments, and now in speaking to the President referred again to his remarks about me. Mr. Carnegie said to the President that he suggested I should get a copy of the President's remarks to preserve for my children and grandchildren.

Roosevelt immediately turned to his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., and instructed him to send a copy of the Presidential references to me. That is how I happen to have this extract, and I trust I may be pardoned for the egotism which induces me to incorporate it here.

MAKING GERMAN SCHOOLS EDUCATIONAL

BY JOSEPH DANZIGER

VERBOTEN!

UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS ARE FORBIDDEN FROM ENTERING THESE PREMISES UNDER PENALTY OF FINE AND IMPRISONMENT

EVERY pre-revolutionary public school in Germany had a notice to this effect over its gate. Parents were the particular "unauthorized persons" whose presence was banned in the school building.

"Mothers must bear sons, for the Kaiser needs soldiers," was a dictum which even otherwise intelligent men and women repeated as though it were a truism. Parents were expected merely to provide the physical presence of children. Pastor, schoolmaster, policeman, and drill sergeant—all government employees—saw to it that youth was trained in the way it had to go. The schools were primarily intended to perpetuate established conditions and curb all progressive tendencies that might contaminate the budding intelligence.

There was a "Kultus" Ministry, in charge of education and public worship, whose chief function it was to throttle dangerous ideas in schools and churches. Heterodox opinions were jealously quarantined in the schools and universities.

It was taught and believed by high and low that republics were a failure everywhere. The Swiss were longing for annexation to the Empire, and were only being thwarted by the wicked French. A common question often raised by otherwise well-informed men was whether we of America could find no way to satisfy our national longing for a monarch. I was frequently asked whether I had completed my military service. My interlocutor would regard me with incredulous amazement when I told him that we had no compulsory military duties. How could such a thing be in a civilized state?

Such being the mental equipment of the better educated, the intellectual abasement among the masses was abysmal. In the rural schools the children of peasants and agricultural laborers were taught just enough to enable them to sign the muster rolls and decipher the numerous *verboden* notices that gladdened their lives.

In the vital statistics of Germany they were not classed as illiterates. Actually, they were less educated than

the most illiterate hillbilly of Alabama. They demonstrated the truth of Josh Billings's philosophy: "It is better not to know so much than to know a great many things that ain't so."

The urban schools for the working classes were a shade better. A machinist or grocer's clerk had to know more arithmetic than a farm-hand. But in all degrees of society pupils were taught just enough to equip them for their stations in life. Labor unions maintained continuation schools for their members, and in this way a bright, ambitious young mechanic was given a chance to study history, mathematics, science, and languages. The possibility of satisfying their thirst for knowledge created many self-educated men among the unionists. Their political and economic training was entirely along Marxian lines. It is no wonder, therefore, that the German workman is class-conscious. The system made it inevitable.

Young lads of nine or ten destined to be officers were thrust into uniforms and sent to cadet schools. Their education was very one-sided, and not so high as the standards set at West Point. Its fundamental purpose was to alienate the cadet's sympathy for other classes. The latter condition was likewise true of the *Gymnasien* where the civilian boys of the middle class and aristocracy received their education. These schools prepared for the universities, and graduation from one of them was a prerequisite to serving for one year as a volunteer, instead of two or three years as a conscript. This was a very valuable privilege. The volunteer for one year did not have to live in barracks, but had private quarters like an officer and was exempt from all policing duties. Every family that could possibly afford it sent their sons to the *Gymnasien*. Pathetic stories are told of widowed mothers and their hard-working daughters making the utmost sacrifices in order to keep a son and brother in a school that would guarantee him exemption from the inhuman brutalities of the garrison. Many a German boy who failed at graduation has preferred suicide to facing the degrading manhandlings of the notorious Prussian drill sergeant.

The *Gymnasien* included nine years of Latin, six of Greek, and four of French and English. Mathematics was taught

entirely by memorizing set rules. If a boy had no natural talent for mathematics, his case was hopeless so far as any practical application of the science was concerned. When properly taught, mathematics is sure to develop the logical faculties, and reason was anathema to the old system. I have watched boys above the average intelligence try to solve a problem in the third year of algebra. It was in simple equations, such as we have in about the first three months of high school or the last year of grammar school. When I tried to analyze the equation for them, they fell into utter confusion. Their analytical faculties had been deliberately atrophied.

A review of the old German school system is necessary to a correct estimate of the herculean task that faced the revolutionary reformers. One of the first acts of the revolution, even before the Constitutional Assembly was called, was to declare that all schools were free to the elective preference of all children, regardless of class. The Constitution abolished class privilege, but it could not abolish class spirit. The old system had implanted it too deep in the consciousness of the nation for the present generation to rid itself. The chief votary of class distinction was the university.

Professional men and Government officials were recruited exclusively from university graduates. *Gymnasien* teachers were likewise elected from these circles. They had all been held strictly aloof from any contact with workingmen from earliest childhood. As children, they even followed the mediæval custom of affecting a distinguishing dress to denote their classes. This alone served to segregate them in public, and under no circumstances were boys and girls of different social strata ever known to mix.

A democracy segregated into classes cannot stand, to paraphrase Lincoln. Germany is not a democracy—except on paper. It became apparent to all real democrats that the first essential to democratization was its application to the schools. *Gymnasien* and university faculties, saturated as they were with monarchistic and feudal sentiment, opposed any movement toward abolishing class distinction.

The mother of a six-year-old boy had

to start him to school at Eastertide. According to law, he was obliged to attend the common preparatory school for the first three years, after which he could elect between the *Gymnasien* or grammar schools. The only way to avoid sending him to the common school was by showing that his health would not stand it. However, this particular boy is a superb specimen, better grown than most German boys of ten or eleven. The mother bribed a doctor to certify that the child is neurotic and needed special attention. The school physician accepted the document, although when the boy was stripped before him he could not help remarking about his perfect physique. I asked the mother why she had gone to all of that trouble instead of sending the boy to a common school.

"What! And have him associate with children of the proletariat!" she cried. "Never! I would rather keep him out of school altogether!"

She sent the child to a private school that is so overcrowded that the pupils are taught in three-hour shifts, beginning at seven in the morning and ending at 5 P.M. The last shift is compelled to work under artificial light all winter long. Parents submit to such discomforts rather than have their children "associate with the proletariat."

The school reformers put up a hard fight against such notions, and are slowly making headway. The first step was to abolish the autocratic rule of the principal. This functionary was always a man who was "right." A democrat need not apply. Under the new rules, a principal may not suspend a teacher without preferring charges. The teacher, therefore, has a chance to exercise his individuality, especially in teaching history. The perversion of history in the old German schools was, and often is now, notorious. German history particularly was confined chiefly to a list of battles and the names of the Prussian kings who fought in them or were responsible for them. Classical history was perverted from its true significance whenever the facts turned upon some fight against tyranny in ancient Rome or Greece. Although Prussia is a Protestant country, John Huss was pilloried as a scoundrelly traitor, not because of his relations to the Church, but for the real, but camouflaged, reason that he fought for the self-determination of his native Bohemia.

The severest fight for democratization turned on the question of religion in the public schools. Objections were not raised against teaching Christian doctrine. The fight was directed against the peculiar organization of the Prussian State Church, which was antagonistic to any democratic movement. Although nominally Christian, the Church was under the authority of the Kultus Minister, and actually constituted a powerful machine for sustaining the existing order. A pastor who was properly subservient



PARADE OF BERLIN SCHOOL-CHILDREN, ARRANGED BY THE PUPILS' COUNCIL.

The banners carried by the children, whose ages are from ten to fourteen, demand the abolition of whipping and the secularization of the public schools. Good order was maintained during the parade by the children's self-appointed marshals.

to the All-Highest—not the Supreme Being in this case—was sure of some desirable appointment and a magnificent title, such as Supreme Councillor of the Consistory.

If some honest-thinking Christian layman, incensed at the perversion of his faith to political ends, ventured to withdraw from the Church, he became a social outcast. His sons could never be appointed to any Government position nor even become reserve officers in the army. So far as possible his business or professional career was ruined by machinations from above. Therefore only workingmen who had nothing to lose separated from the State Church, although since the revolution the desertions from its membership amount to a veritable exodus.

The Centrist or Catholic party is the chief opponent to dispensing with religious training. They favor free election or, at most, separate schools, and their influence is strong enough to put over one or the other plan.

The common-school teachers welcome the chance of teaching religion as Christ preached it and without any Hohenzollern trimmings.

I attended a meeting where this subject was up for discussion. It was testified that the masses are in favor of some kind of religious instruction. It is believed that religion is needed now more than ever as an ethical rule to supplant the policeman's broadsword, which the revolution took from him. Most of the teachers held that the instruction should be confined to Bible readings or lectures. Old Testament stories are told the smaller children, or Luther's wonderfully devout and simple translation of the Bible is read from to them. The older pupils are given instructions from the Gospels with special

reference to the Saviour's teachings of brotherly love, peace, and kindness. All testified that this sort of instruction was much more suited to the imagination and conscience of children than the lessons they had been getting from the pastors of the State Church.

During a discussion as to the best answer to give to children of eight or ten in reply to questions regarding the origin of life one teacher said that he had found a satisfactory symbol in the egg. He told about a particularly inquiring mind who wanted to know how life got into the egg. "I explained that this was the great mystery of life which no sage had ever been able to understand. The child went away satisfied, and at the same time awed at having been brought face to face with the veil before the Holy of Holies."

It seemed to me as I sat among these public school teachers that they were well suited to teach the principles of Christ's doctrines. They are devoted to service and not salary. The latter is inconceivably small. Most of them were obviously poor. Their clothes were made over from field-gray uniforms. They displayed none of the pride and supercilious contempt for the common herd that characterizes university professors and pastors of the established Church. They spoke humbly and with devout earnestness of the great task that lay before them of creating a new and better nation from amid the coming generation. There were only a few who favored the exclusion of the Bible and the substitution of abstract moral lessons.

These gray-clad men are being assisted by some choice spirits from the *Gymnasien* and universities. The number of these is increasing, as pressure of public opinion enables democratic men

and women to get appointments on the faculties of the higher institutions. Among the leading liberals are Professor Paulsen, of Hamburg, and Professor Julius Scheve, of Berlin. They have created a new type of school, the *Gemeinschafts-Schule*—freely translated "fellowship school." It is representative of the new educational idea in revolutionary Germany. Twenty-nine schools of this type have been started in Hamburg, which is a free city with autonomous government. In Prussia the schools are all under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education, Arts, and Sciences. The old bureaucracy of the Kultus Ministry still holds forth there, and so far as possible impediments are placed in the path of progress.

In fact, this is the great weakness of the German revolution. A clean sweep should have been made of the old bureaucracy. This was not done. When I visited Wilhelmstrasse, I found the same old *Gehcimrats* occupying the same old desks they occupied during and before the war. A revolution does not merely consist in overturning the throne and putting the monarch to work sawing wood. It must go down to the roots of the old system, and this is only very slowly going on in Germany.

The fellowship school is based on the fundamental idea that individuality should be developed and encouraged to express itself through democratic control. Schools of this type are governed by three branches: teachers', parents' and pupils' councils. As much autonomy is given the pupils as they can safely be trusted with. Under the old system, the principal and, through him, the teacher were irresponsible autocrats. In the new order the pupils' council is responsible for discipline in the schools, and is given a voice in the nomination of teachers for the several branches and classes. While the choice of the pupils cannot always be accepted, it serves as an excellent test for the fitness of a teacher for a given subject.

Pupils' councils have not always worked smoothly. There were strikes in some of the schools in Chemnitz (Saxony) and in an industrial suburb of Berlin. It usually developed that such disturbances were founded in protest against some reactionary teacher and reflected the child's natural sense of democracy and fair play. However, this was not invariably the case.

In Lichterfelde, a suburb of Berlin, the Government conducted a free boarding-school for former military cadets. Under the Peace Treaty this school had to be closed as a military academy. The votaries of the officers' caste protested at the proposal to place the former cadets in regular schools. Their objection that the previous training had unfitted the boys for regular schools was admitted by the authorities, and so the school was reorganized on a civilian basis.

A matron supplanted the former commandant. During some public function in the assembly hall this lady declined to stand up when the boys chose to sing "Deutschland über Alles" or "The Kaiser is a Beautiful Man," or some other patriotic ditty of the old régime. Whereupon the boys resolved to make it too hot for the matron. They visited her with every kind of covert and open insult that boys of their sort are ingenious in devising. In the course of another celebration, where her presence was required, she was greeted with catcalls and the demand that she retire. As the lady refused to do so, some of the boys attacked her with physical violence. They were merely living up to the old Prussian standard of what constituted an officer and "gentleman." About sixty of the leaders, boys of eighteen or older, were expelled. At this the militarists denounced the pusillanimity of a democratic government in breaking its promise to support these young men to maturity. The mere incident of beating a woman was no very great concern to men of their caliber. They created so great a disturbance by their vociferous agitation that it became impossible to restore discipline in the school and it was closed. This is the only case where the pupils' council idea was a total failure.

The parents' councils are chiefly advisory. It is a radically new idea to consider the opinions of parents. Most of them are at sea with regard to pedagogic measures. The teachers must encourage an active interest in the administration and urge frequent visits to the school-rooms. In this way they hope to enlighten the elders with some of the practical questions that arise and secure their aid in accomplishing further reforms.

The teachers' council legislates for the school. The principal has been deposed as an autocrat and become an executive. This removes an important obstacle to the introduction of democratic measures. The school curriculum is as elective as possible. The rudiments of education are of course insisted upon, but beyond that the pupils' natural leanings are considered. Advancement does not depend upon qualification in every branch. It is well known that a pupil may be excellent at mathematics but backward in languages. In the fellowship school such a deficiency would not militate against promotion if the pupil were otherwise fit. It is believed best to develop the mind along its natural bent. There is no use wasting a pupil's time with drawing if he has no eye for line and form, or retarding his progress in natural sciences and mathematics simply because he has no mind for grammatical construction or languages.

Manual training, nature studies, and physical culture are important departments. The labor unions do not oppose manual training the way the New York unions objected to the introduction of

the Gary system. Labor leaders hold that, besides being an excellent training in itself, it inspires many middle-class children with respect for manual dexterity. Some men regard their inability to manipulate tools as a thing to be proud of. I have heard them boast that they never so much as drove a tack in the wall.

Manual training in the fellowship school is not restricted to mere routine knowledge of tools or the making of useless things. The child takes pride in creating something that is a useful part of the world he lives in. It makes him feel that he is actually participating in life instead of merely preparing for the future. Pupils are given many things to make that can be used in the class-room.

One day I chanced upon a full-page rotogravure from a New York Sunday supplement. I took it around to a school I was visiting.

"Who is this?" asked the teacher.

"Abraham Lincoln," shrilled an enthusiastic chorus.

"Who was he?"

"He freed the slaves," "He was a man of the common people," were the two facts about Lincoln that seemed to have made the strongest impression.

"What shall we do with his picture?"

"Let's frame it in oak. He was a sturdy oak," suggested a twelve-year-old.

"And carve oak leaves on it," added a more artistic lad.

"And Uncle Sam too!" piped a childish treble whose owner must have had relatives in America. "He sent my mother a big box of food last winter."

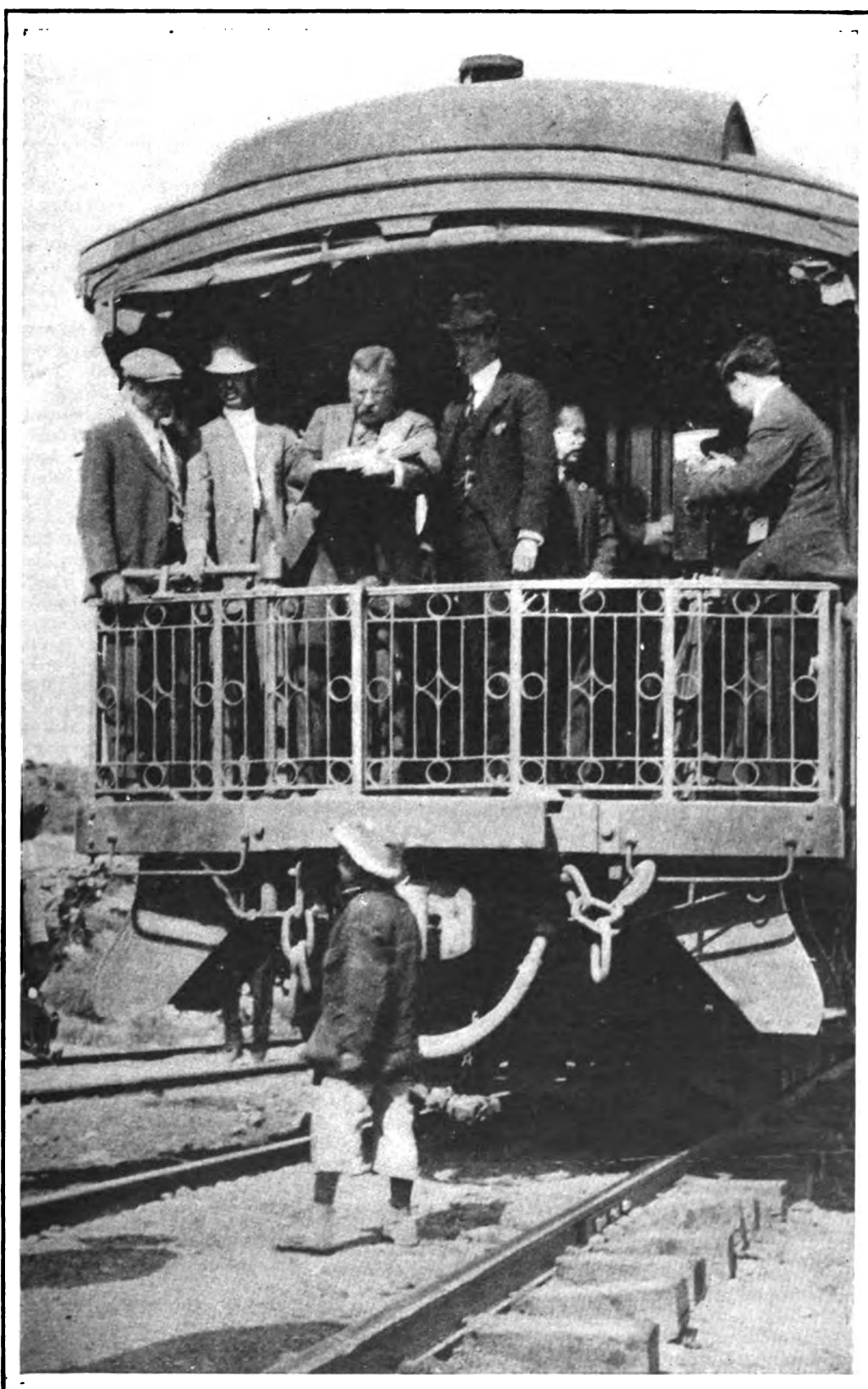
"I hardly believe Uncle Sam would like that," the teacher interposed. "But we will have the frame." Then he suggested that the boys nominate committees for securing the wood, making the designs, working up the materials, etc. The incident was concluded with a short talk on Lincoln, his obscure origin, his early struggles and final triumph. When the teacher told of his tragic death, many a childish eye glistened in sympathy. The point of it all is that the fathers of many of these boys would not have been able to distinguish a chisel from a screw-driver, and their knowledge of Lincoln would have been equally vague.

The democratizing idea back of the fellowship school is slowly permeating society. Neither parents nor pupils are concerned with the social standing of their neighbors. All are comrades in a common cause—the building of a temple of social justice in which future generations may enter. This is the vitalizing principle at the root of its growth. It cannot fail.

Speaking of future plans and prospects, Professor Scheve said: "We have no rigid theory, but a democratic foundation on which we are building. We face a situation whose spirit alone we understand and approve, but whose methods we cannot entirely foresee."

NEVER TOO BUSY FOR A FRIENDLY ACT

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



From E. A. Frey, Exeter, California

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON A SPEAKING TOUR IN ARIZONA AUTOGRAPHING
A BOOK FOR ONE OF HIS LEGION OF ADMIRERS**

THE BOOK TABLE

A COLYUMIST HISTORIAN BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

A CYNIC, regarding the recent agitation for more accurate writing of American history, and remembering the futility of similar movements for other ends, might well have applied to it the Horatian epigram, "*Parturit montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.*" But not even the most pessimistic of cynics would have been likely to anticipate the birth of a mouse quite so ridiculous, and withal so pernicious, as that which has actually appeared. It would, for very shame, be more agreeable to pass by in silence so gross a reproach upon American scholarship and letters were it not that fatuous friends have insisted upon touting into conspicuousness a work concerning which its author should have no desire save that for charitable oblivion, and that men of supposed discretion and authority have placed upon it the cachet of their high approval and have commended it to public confidence. The widely blazoned declaration of the publisher that it is "the one indispensable work" and "the most remarkable book of the century" may be passed by as a characteristic "blurb." But when the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association awards its first medal of honor to Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon for his "Story of Mankind" as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" written during the year, more serious attention is prescribed.

WITH the actual work named I shall not here concern myself at length, because it purports to be a universal history, and my present theme is the history of the United States. "The Story of Mankind" has indeed been adequately disposed of by the discriminating editor of the New York "World" in reprinting it as a serial in connection with the comic supplement of his paper. It will serve the present purpose for me to cite two sample passages from that limited portion of it which relates to American history. One is his reference to the Pilgrims of Plymouth as "a sect of Puritans who were very intolerant." The other is his criticism of Emerson's "exaggeration" in writing of the first shot at Lexington as the "shot heard around the world," because "the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Russians, not to speak of the Australians and Hawaiians, never heard of it at all." In this amazing utterance he displays the lack of imagination and of humor which seems to be one of his salient characteristics. We may almost wonder that he did not say that it would have been impossible for them to hear it, because the wireless transmission of sounds, which has since reached from America to Hawaii, had

not then been invented. His lack of accuracy is shown in his verbal misquoting of Emerson's famous line, and in his attributing to Lexington the poem written specifically for Concord. He also in the same place refers to the Australians and Hawaiians as having "just been rediscovered by Captain Cook, whom they killed for his trouble." Cook did not discover Hawaii until 1778, three years after Lexington and Concord, and was not killed until 1779.

MORE pertinent for consideration in connection with the demand for revision of American history is the later work which Dr. Van Loon has brought out upon the strength of his medal-adorned "Story of Mankind," and which has been widely disseminated by a newspaper syndicate as a daily serial. This is entitled "America for Little Historians;" it purports to be a children's history of the United States, and there is much talk of securing its adoption as a reading text-book in schools in place of the American histories now in use.

It will, I assume, be generally agreed, as a basis of critical consideration, that a work of history should be accurate in statements of fact, just in its judgments, and serious—not solemn—in spirit. It need not be overlaid with dates and names of places, the bane of many histories; but those which it gives should be given correctly. It need not be a critical commentary upon all the incidents and processes which it records; indeed, there are those who advisedly hold that a history should be a statement of facts alone, and not of opinions; but certainly so far as it does express opinions these should at least be rational, judicious, and honest. It need not be dry and dull; indeed, it should, if possible, be vivacious, entertaining, and even touched with humor; but it should have a spirit so serious, or perhaps I should say so earnest, as to cause the reader to regard it as a veracious narrative and not as a burlesque composition. Moreover, there is the greatest need of these three qualities in a history designed for children, because they have not the knowledge and discretion necessary to protect themselves against errors which their elders would promptly detect and reject.

Now it must be said that in every one of these three essential qualities "America for Little Historians" is greatly lacking. It is replete with glaring errors as to concrete facts of record; it is profusely marked with implications and judgments which are perniciously misleading; and it frequently manifests a flippancy calculated to inspire contempt rather than respect for the history of the country, and better suited to a news-

paper "colyum" or comic supplement than to an informative book of reading, reference, and study.

THE inaccuracies of statement—to describe them with courteous euphemism—are of two major kinds. There are those which are misstatements in themselves and nothing more, their errors not affecting the general purport and teaching of the narrative, and which are presumably due to mere ignorance or carelessness; and there are those which, whatever their source or cause, almost inevitably lead to a misunderstanding or misconstruction of historical forces or tendencies far beyond their own literal limits. To cite a few samples of the former class:

"The West Indian Company . . . bought the island of Manhattan from the Indian tribe . . . and built a fortress called Fort Orange. This was in the year 1621 . . . It made New Amsterdam (the town which had grown up around Fort Orange) a hustling little city." Here are three glaring errors. Fort Orange was not built on Manhattan Island, but at what is now the city of Albany, a hundred and fifty miles away; and it was built, not in 1621, but in 1623 and 1624; and Manhattan Island was purchased and New Amsterdam was founded, not in 1621, but in 1626.

After an account of Howe's capture of Fort Washington and his advance upon Fort Lee, we are told:

"When he arrived, Washington and his men had vanished. . . . Washington had gone to Hackensack. . . . Washington sent an urgent message to Gen. Lee to join him with the 7,000 men whom he had at Northcastle. . . . At last, on the 3rd of December, sixteen days after he had been ordered to start, Lee set off with his army for Morristown, a short distance west of Hackensack. But he had hardly arrived there when a party of British dragoons captured him. . . . New York and the surrounding districts were now all in the hands of the British, and Washington began his famous retreat through New Jersey."

Here are four gross errors. Washington had not gone to Hackensack, but to West Point; Morristown was not "a short distance" west of Hackensack, but more than twenty-five miles, a long distance for those days of primitive roads and transportation facilities; Lee was not captured at Morristown, but at Baskinridge (now Basking Ridge), some miles distant; and Washington did not wait to begin his retreat until after the capture of Lee, but began it long before, having got as far as Princeton before Lee started from Northcastle, and being in Pennsylvania before Lee was captured.

"A representative from Pennsylvania, David Wilmot, had asked for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery in the lands acquired from Mexico," is the account given of the

¹ The Story of Mankind. By H. W. Van Loon. Holt & Liveright, New York. \$2.

famous Wilmot Proviso, which was a proposed amendment, not to the Constitution, but to a mere appropriation bill. At the beginning of Lincoln's Administration and the outbreak of the Civil War, "Edwin M. Stanton was Secretary of War." He did not become Secretary of War until the early part of 1862, more than ten months later. Fifty years ago, we are told, there was little transatlantic travel. But the largest number of immigrants that ever entered this country, in proportion to its population, came from Europe in the year 1850; and the Cunard steamship line was started in 1840, the Collins and Inman lines in 1850, the North German Lloyd in 1858, and the French line in 1861.

Again: "A Civil Service Commission was appointed (1883), and ever after that day if one wanted to be postmaster of his home town he had to take a civil service examination and await his turn." The fact is that postmasters were not put under the Civil Service regulations until December 1, 1908, more than a quarter of a century later than "that day."

It would be tedious and needless to cite further the multitudinous misstatements abounding in this work which are of a kind plausibly attributable to carelessness or ignorance. No less numerous and much more pernicious are those which are calculated to create false impressions concerning men, measures, and the whole trend of affairs, and from which mischievously false inferences are likely to be drawn. Thus:

"The events of the fifty years following upon the expulsion of the French seemed to put those pessimists in the right. . . . A grand and glorious game of mutual misunderstanding was inaugurated which lasted fifty years and ended only when the colonies had been recognized as an independent commonwealth." Now, instead of fifty years, as twice stated, it was exactly twenty years from the expulsion of the French in 1763 to the recognition of American independence in 1783. Obviously, much more is involved than a mere matter of dates. It made a very great difference whether the Revolutionary War was fought by the same colonists who had fought in the French and Indian War, as was, in fact, the case, or by a subsequent generation, as this misleading work pretends. That such a misstatement should have been made, even if quite inadvertently, is a matter far more serious than a mere numerical error in dates.

Referring to the "Intolerable Acts," which were among the provocative causes of the Revolution, we are told that in England "only one man spoke out against these laws. That was Edmund Burke, who afterward gained fame as the enemy of the French Revolution." It would be difficult to contrive a much more deplorable example of *suggestio falsi*. If it did so happen that in some one debate on some one act or group of acts Burke was the only

speaker against the oppression of America, it is a monstrous perversion of history to ignore the thunderings of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; of Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor of England; of Colonel Isaac Barre; of Lord Cornwallis, who by one of the strangest ironies of fate was selected to be the last British commander in America; of John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London; and other English champions of American liberty. Equally reprehensible is the sneer at Burke, who reached the height of his splendid fame long before the French Revolution. It is easy to see how readily this passage might create the impression that in all England there was only one friend of America, and he an obscure and discredited person. Of a piece with this is the statement that "there was little enthusiasm in England for this war," which, while true enough in its way, practically involves *suppressio veri*—of the facts that British regiments threatened to mutiny if ordered to America, that Lord Chatham's eldest son, Admiral Keppel, General Amherst, General and Field Marshal Conway, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Earl of Effingham, and other distinguished officers resigned their commissions rather than serve against America, and that the Corporation of the City of London formally commended Lord Effingham for so doing.

Scarcely less mischievous are the elaborate implications that one of the chief causes of the Revolution was the British Government's interference with the wholesale smuggling in which the colonists were engaged; the characterization of the colonial patriots as "perfectly good people with the souls of flunkies;" and the explicit declaration that in the first Continental Congress, in the fall of 1774, "the Radical wing, under the leadership of Virginia and Massachusetts (represented by Washington and Adams), advocated a war for independence." In respect to the last-cited statement, it is quite certain that, whatever Adams and a few others may have thought, nobody "advocated" independence, but from beginning to end of that session of Congress not a word to that effect was spoken. On the contrary, the Congress adopted a formal resolution denouncing as a calumny the imputation that it was seeking independence, and declaring that, if America were permitted to enjoy the same freedom that prevailed in England, it would ever esteem union with Great Britain to be its greatest glory and its greatest happiness. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the injustice done by these misstatements to that illustrious company of patriots.

Coming down to a much later date, within the personal memory of Dr. Van Loon himself, I find it stated that upon the outbreak of the war with Spain "a treaty of annexation was hastily signed and since 1898 the Hawaiian Islands have been a Territory of the

United States." The treaty of annexation was, in fact, signed long before the war began, and not at all "hurriedly;" but it was never ratified, and the most significant and interesting feature of that annexation was that—like that of Texas—it was effected, not by treaty, but by a mere joint resolution of Congress.

THERE are numerous other equally flagrant errors, which it is difficult to classify, whether as due to carelessness, ignorance, or misconception of the essential and indispensable spirit of true history.

I have spoken of a certain flippancy which frequently mars this work in a manner calculated to engender contempt for the whole subject of American history, instead of that earnest regard which is supremely desirable. Thus in an early chapter the author writes of "fishing smacks angling for whitebait off the coast of New Jersey (if whitebait grows there, which I do not know, being merely a historian and not a botanist)." It may be that some tolerant adult readers would be wearily amused by this feeble attempt at humor; but it is far more likely that the "little Americans" for whom the work is designed, and who are given to understand that it is an instruction book and not a joke book, would be unfortunately puzzled at the intimation that an expert on fishes is a botanist, and misled into supposing that people "angle" for whitebait and that those fishes are found in American coastal waters; while it is pretty certain that discriminating readers would feel a certain contempt for at least this particular history of America. Another lamentable attempt to be humorous occurs in connection with the account of the battle at White Plains: "So when the rainstorm came up, a battle was usually called off, and the contestants were doubtless given rain checks." That might pass muster in a comic "colyum." In a serious history it is as offensively incongruous as a jester's cap and bells on the bench of a court of justice.

Such are some of the errors of fact, of judgment, of taste, which are profusely scattered through a work which has in daily installments been widely issued to the children of America, for their instruction concerning the history of their own country, and for the determination of their mental attitude toward its eminent men and controlling events, and in a measure also toward the outside world. With the intellectual equipment or the conscientious motives of the author of it I am not concerned. Let it be conceded that they are both as high and as faultless as he would wish them to be thought. The work itself is its own most efficient and most convincing touchstone.

In its concluding chapter Dr. Van Loon recognizes the fact that it contains many errors; in attempted extenuation of which he says: "It is not easy to be a historian and a journalist at the same

moment, with a copy boy at one's elbow." No; and it is not incumbent upon any one to essay the task. His fault was in undertaking a work for which by both information and disposition he appears to have been conspicuously unfitted; in writing what purports to be serious history with the irresponsibility and in the fashion of a humorous newspaper "colyum;" in attempting to paint a panorama of a nation's life without background, without atmosphere, with-

out sense of proportion, without knowledge of color, and without accuracy of draughtsmanship.

But greater even than his fault has been the fault of those professed critics and authorities who, obviously on the most superficial inspection of his work, have exploited it into a prominence and a circulation which it could never have attained through its intrinsic merits, and have without qualification commended it and him to the confidence of

the history-reading public and history-studying public. It will be of more than passing interest to observe whether, in another year, the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association will, on account of "America for Little Historians," again bestow upon its author a medal of honor for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." Though, to be sure, there are more ways than one in which literature may be "distinguished."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION
MARKET BUNDLE (A). By A. Nell Lyons. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

Mr. Lyons is recognized as one of the best of English short-story tellers. The East Side of London is his stamping-ground. Cockney fun and genuine feeling make these tales dramatic life-studies.

ON TIPTOE. By Stewart E. White. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

As a story this is amusing but slight. What really interests the author is the raising in a concrete form the question as to what would happen to capital and business if an inventor should discover a way to get endless electric power directly from the air. Here the hero does just that thing, but his machine is smashed with all his data and figures, and he is left vainly trying to rediscover the invention.

RED KNIGHT (THE). By Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

Beginning in an unpromising way, Mr. Young's new story soon becomes tense and exciting. "The Red Knight" of the story is a young man who has an inherent propensity to take the weaker side in all quarrels and in all political questions. He reaches the island of Trinacria at the peril of his life, and as a stoker in a steamer. He hopes to aid his old Socialist friend, Massa, to establish liberty through revolution. But he finds Massa already a dictator and despot, and the condition of the land is much like that of Russia after the Bolshevik success. He is forced to become a spy upon the imperialist leaders, runs into a romance, finds himself in an impossible situation between his love, his obligations to Massa, and his belief in liberty, and commits suicide. The story is on original lines, and is not only exciting in its plot and incident, but singular in its study of a character torn between conflicting impulses.

POETRY
POEMS AND PORTRAITS. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.50.

So few of the popular newspaper columnists can become serious in a graceful manner that it is a pleasure to draw attention to Don Marquis's "Poems and Portraits." His poetic genius is not of the highest order, but it is authentic, and there is no small degree of felicity in the manner in which he handles such modest themes as "A Wood Fire," "A Gentleman of Fifty Soliloquizes," "The Towers of Manhattan" (not so modest,

after all), and "The Tom Cat." Concluding the book are thirty-four "Savage Portraits," which are quite the best part of the contents. Let one of them represent Mr. Marquis's book:

DIRK

Dirk gleams and twists sarcastic lips about

An epigram he's never uttered yet—
A mordant word! Edg'd phrase none might forget,

A spoken knife, did he but flash it out!

"We wait for it! Applaud, almost, or shout,

Or wince beforehand, at that epithet:—

It never comes. But fifty men I've met

Say Dirk is keen. 'Twere heresy to doubt!

Dirk glinted thus on me ten years or more

Ere yet he uttered, mantling with conceit,

His jets . . . poor ass! . . . I glowered upon the floor,

Ashamed for him; I stared down at my feet:

Then laughed, for Dirk's soul twinkled in his eyes,

Telling his world, "I am a wit and wise!"

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
CAUSES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE (THE). By C. H. Van Tyne. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

A scholarly study by the head of the History Department of the University of Michigan. It examines closely the reasons and evidence that have brought about modifications of historical views as to the relative importance of the causes of our Revolution. It would be interesting to compare this book closely with Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION
LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$5.

Captain Monckton's earlier book, "Taming New Guinea," was one of the liveliest accounts of adventure ever written. He here continues the story. He knew the country when its people were savages; his experiences were thrilling and make an exciting and entertaining narrative.

SENTINELS ALONG OUR COAST. By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

The recent development of the radio in safeguarding navigation makes this book, with its timely descriptions of the

new methods in use in lighthouses and lightships and on ocean carriers, of real interest. The style is entertaining and the pages are enlivened with many photographs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

SIR EDWARD COOK, K.B.E. By J. Saxon Mills. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
LEGISLATIVE PROCEDURE. By Robert Luce. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

PROBLEM OF WAR AND ITS SOLUTION (THE). By John E. Grant. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

RUSSIAN TURMOIL (THE). By Gen. A. I. Denikin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$8.

STATE GOVERNMENT. By Walter F. Dodd. The Century Company, New York. \$3.75.

ULSTER'S STAND FOR UNION. By Ronald McNeill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

LAST HARVEST (THE). By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

MORE AUTHORS AND I. By C. Lewis Hind. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHILDREN'S BIBLE (THE). By H. A. Sherman and C. F. Kent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

HOW TO KNOW THE BIBLE. By Robert A. Armstrong. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.75.

PROGRESS IN RELIGION TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA. By T. R. Glover, D.D., LL.D. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

SCIENCE

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Almo W. Monco, M.D. The J. F. Rowley Press, Los Angeles. \$2.50.

LETTERS OF A RADIO-ENGINEER TO HIS SON. By John Mills. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.

RURAL SOCIOLOGY. By J. M. Gillette. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SECRETS OF THE STARS (THE). By Inez N. McFee. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.60.

MISCELLANEOUS

MODERN FARM CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT (THE). By Chelsea C. Sherlock. The Homestead Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

PRACTICAL COOK BOOK. By Bertha E. L. Stockbridge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOR. By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$8.

SHANTUNG QUESTION (THE). By Ge-Zay Wood. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$5.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

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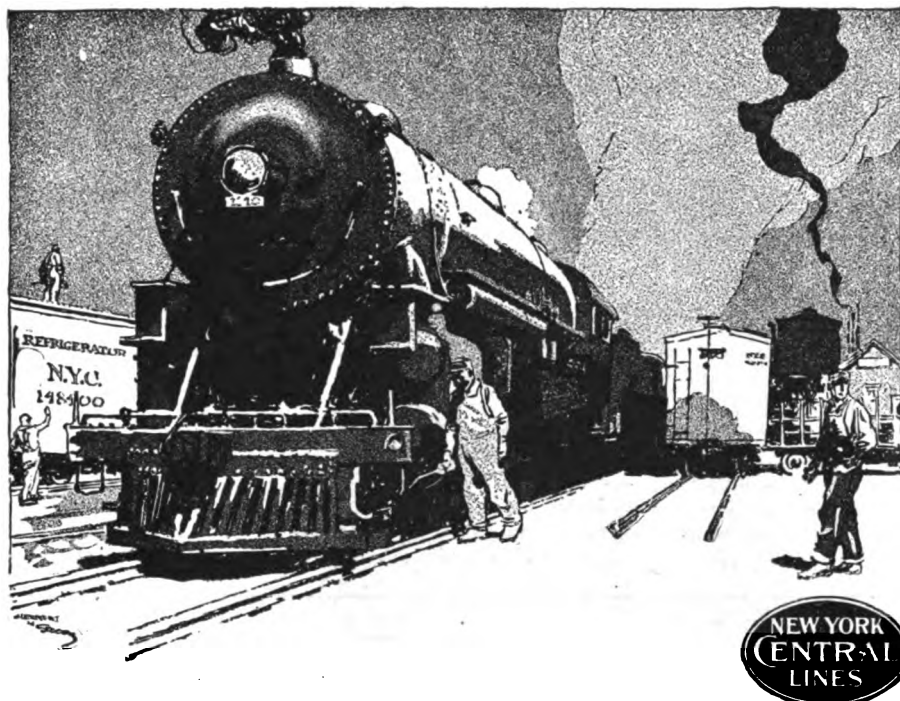
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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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dends paid on the stock. Two thousand dollars margin on a hundred shares of stock is twenty points. Every time the stock declines one point in price the purchaser's margin is reduced by \$100, and if it declines twenty points his margin of \$2,000 is wiped out. Before this happens, however—probably when the stock has declined about fifteen points—the broker will call for more margin. The customer then has the option of putting up additional margin or running the risk of being sold out, for if he fails to put up more money and the stock declines twenty

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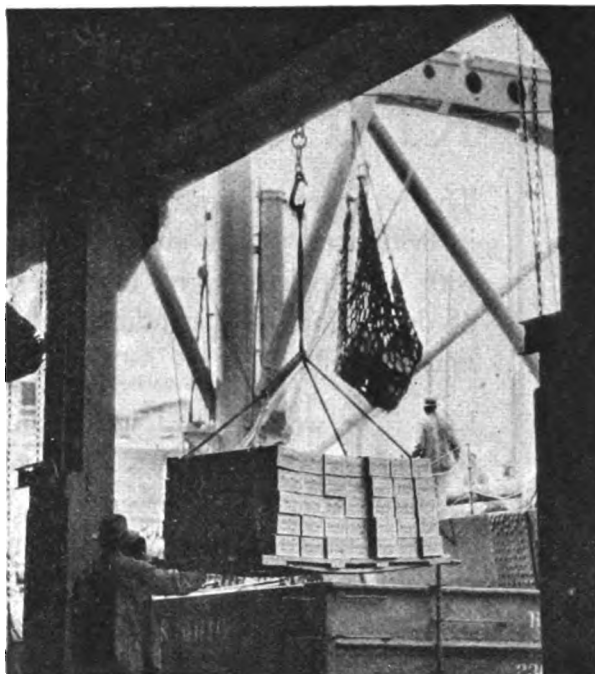
points the broker will sell the shares and the customer's stake is gone.

It is of course true that a rise of one point in the stock means \$100 profit for the purchaser, and another \$100 profit for every succeeding rise of a point. And by buying on margin one's capital goes further. Two thousand dollars will buy less than ten shares of Steel if the stock is purchased outright, whereas it will purchase one hundred shares on a twenty-point margin. On a ten-point margin it will buy two hundred shares. Thus it is seen that by buying on margin the profits are very much larger if the stock goes up than they are when an outright purchase is made and the shares are paid for in full. It is well to bear in mind, however, that stock prices have been known to go down as well as up, and when they decline the loss to the man who buys on margin is as large in proportion as his possible gains. And suppose it is not possible for him to furnish additional margin. His money is gone forever.

A man invests \$2,000 in one hundred shares of stock selling at par. He buys on a twenty-point margin. If the stock goes up twenty points—and he sells—his profit is \$2,000. If it declines twenty points, he may have to sell, and his loss is \$2,000. Another man invests \$2,000 in the same stock, but buys it outright. He gets twenty shares, and a twenty-point rise means a profit to him of \$400. On the other hand, a twenty-point drop means only a "paper" loss to him; he is not obliged to sell, but can hold on in the expectation that the stock will go up again. In other words, this is the essential difference between a speculator and an investor: stock fluctuations mean everything to the speculator and little to the investor. And the moral is, don't speculate unless you can afford to lose.

There is, however, a safe method of buying stocks on margin, an excellent method, and one which would be to the advantage of the small investor to study. So far as we know, it was devised by five young business men, and is known as the club plan. It has proved itself a great incentive to saving for numbers of people and works out beautifully in almost every instance.

The way it operated in the case of the five young men was as follows: They agreed to buy five shares of stock, one share for each member of the group. The stock they selected was listed on the New York Stock Exchange, thus assuring them of a ready market on practically a moment's notice if at any time or for any reason they desired to sell. The stock they chose cost \$120 a share, so that the total cost of the five shares was \$600, and they agreed to pay for it in regular monthly installments of \$20 each. Their broker bought the stock, and each member of the group put up \$20.50, or a total of \$102.50 in cash. Previous arrangements had been made with the local bank, and one of them signed a note for \$500; the note was indorsed by each of the other four, and



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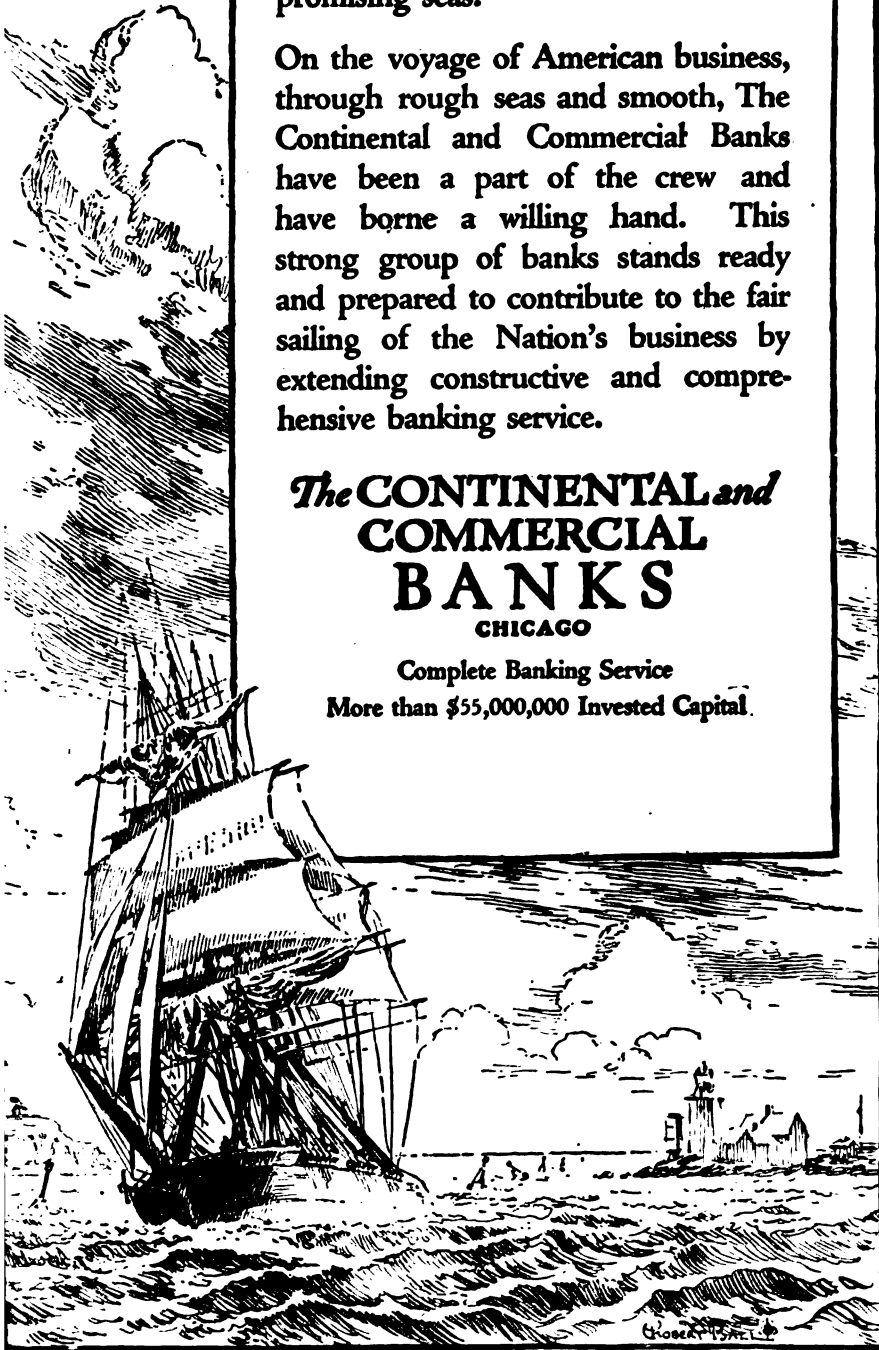
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

bank, the face value of the note less one month's interest. The \$600 cash was then turned over to the brokers in payment for the stock, the stock certificate being left at the bank as security for the note.

When the end of the month came, each one of the five paid in \$20.40, or a total of \$102. The bank was paid \$100 plus \$2 interest on a new note for \$400. At the end of each succeeding four months another hundred dollars was paid to the bank and a new note for \$100 less given. When the loan was paid in full, the stock certificate was turned over to them by the bank, and was forwarded to the transfer office of the issuing company and five certificates for one share each obtained in exchange, each certificate registered in the name of one of the group of five.

The person who does not regard saving as worth while might object that this club plan is too much trouble. The answer is that nothing worth while can be too much trouble, and the whole transaction here described was designed, not for speculation, but to assist five young men to save some money, and it proved so well worth their while that they have continued to buy stocks in this way ever since. Their agreement provided further that in case any one of them wanted to sell out his interest before the stock was all paid for it would be offered at auction to the highest bidder among the remaining four.

In the case of the five shares of stock mentioned above the dividend rate was 8 per cent, and of course the group received the dividends while the stock was pledged with the bank. And the dividends in this instance exceeded the interest on the note by a slight margin, and also provided enough for the brokerage commissions.

The bank has given these men the fullest co-operation. Sometimes they have paid as little as ten dollars a month each. But the bank has signified its willingness to loan them up to ninety per cent of the market value of good stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, provided the stock certificate is pledged as security, and provided further that interest is paid monthly and the note reduced by at least ten per cent each month. No doubt similar arrangements can be made with banks in every city in the country. The plan encourages regular systematic saving, and makes it possible for many people to purchase securities who might be unable to do so if they had to pay for them in full at the time of purchase.

It is buying on margin, but it is a safe method of buying on margin. The money is borrowed from the bank, not from the broker; the stock certificate is delivered, and there is no chance of the purchaser being sold out, as frequently happens in the case of regular speculative margin accounts. Purchasers under the club plan need pay little attention to the daily fluctuations of the stock market, and so long as they stick to

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

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A. American Tobacco; Atchison; Topeka, and Santa Fe; Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent; National Lead; and Union Pacific.

Q. Will you please tell me the par value of Central Aguirre Sugar stock, its dividend rate and selling price? What is the amount of the funded debt of this company?

A. Par value of this stock is \$20 a share; the present dividend rate is \$6 a share a year; and the stock is now quoted at about 77 bid, 79 asked. There is no funded debt.

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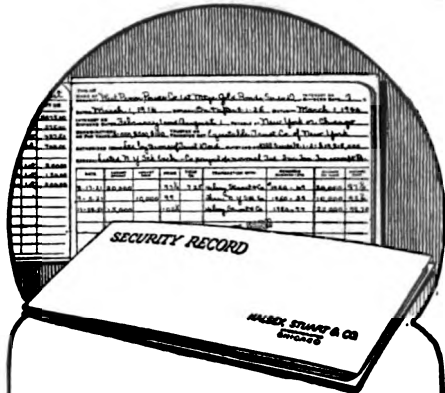
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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

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Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Galesburg, N. Y.

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Morristown, N. J. Restful home life, attractive room, suitable for couple, in beautiful residential park, near station, easy commuting; excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 8,263, Outlook.

Apartments

SUBLEASE-APARTMENT OF 3 ROOMS, with bath and kitchenette and large closets, overlooking the E. E. corner of Central Park. Furnished in old mahogany, antique rugs; attractive library; new building, elevator, maid service and dining-room. Can be seen by appointment only with the best of references. Sublet for not less than a year at \$3,500. 8,267, Outlook.

Furnished Apartment To Rent. High class elevator apartment overlooking Columbia University grounds. Delightful location. 3 well-heated, light, airy rooms and bath. For 6 months from about Nov. 15, \$800. 8,263, Outlook.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

All-Year-Round Home

For sale, in the foothills of the Berkshires, Washington, Conn.

a country place of about 8 acres, situated in the midst of charming scenery. Colonial house of 14 rooms, 6 open fireplaces, steam heat, 2 bathrooms, stable with living quarters, 2-car garage, chicken house and yards, ice house, flower and vegetable gardens; never-failing water supply from individual spring. Waring sewage disposal system. Admiration church and school advantages and golf. Fine town library. An all-year-round home of charm and comfort. On Litchfield branch of N. Y. & N. H. R. R., 26 miles from Danbury by motor, 40 miles from New Haven. For further information address 8,281, Outlook.

Wonderful Colonial House

Ask description. Beautiful setting. Charming village. SAGE, Woodbury, Conn.

FLORIDA

Sorrento, Fla. Attractive country home, two bathrooms, sleeping porch. Ideal location. Fine spring water. For quick sale, \$10,000. Address owner, Box 94, City Point, Fla.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

NORTH CAROLINA

For Rent, season of '22-'23, Furnished Cottage. 6 rooms, screened and open porches. Central in tourist town of the Carolina sandhills, 7 miles from Pinehurst. Terms attractive. 8,265, Outlook.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on best days' approval. The line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 1: Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

BOARD AND ROOMS

BOARD and room. Lady, 72 years, active, alert, wants permanent location within 20 miles New York; not exceeding \$45 month. 2,916, Outlook.

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DOG OWNERS, amateur or professional. Here is your opportunity. New book, "Care of Dogs," free, contains helpful, instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 months' trial subscription to "Sportsman's Digest." America's popular illustrated Dog and Hunting Magazine. Send 25c to-day (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 527 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 6% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or recoverable. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

ESTABLISHED and paying ten rooms in university town. House of 15 rooms, on the campus, also on State road. Rental of extra rooms pays all overhead, including rent, light, heat, etc. Cheap maid service and student help for board. An excellent opportunity for one with sons to educate. Address 2,579, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 1, East Side, Boston Office, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologues, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage hand book, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74 Chicago.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheap stationery, but do you want it? Lewis, 28 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

100 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1. Post paid. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashland, O.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6x9); and 75 envelopes, printed, \$2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

DIETITIAN—nurse for boys' boarding school, Westchester Co. Write, stating qualifications and salary wanted, Doctor, 66 West 58th St., New York.

COUNCILOR, Protestant, with following boys' summer camp, Maine. 2,903, Outlook.

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HOTELS NEEDED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-malaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5642, Washington, D. C.

FIRST-class man for cutter and to take charge of small factory making men's suits. Box 20, Burlington, Vt.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 232. P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and assistant to do all the work (except laundry) in household of three women in Cleveland, Ohio. One of them is a professional woman and all day. Quiet household, with many privileges. Address 2,214, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper who understands vegetarian cooking, adult family. New York City; no laundry work. No servants need apply. Address 2,869, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for married widow living alone in small home 7 miles from Penn. Station, New York City. All conveniences. Good home, wages, references. 2,999, Outlook.

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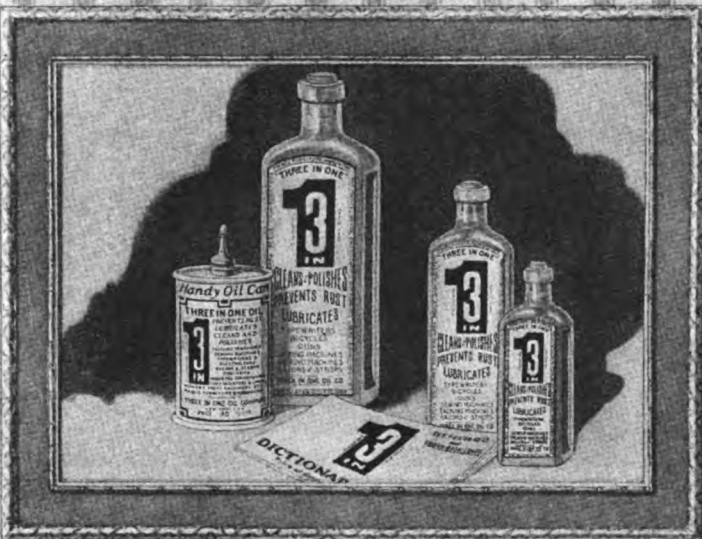
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E-545

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPETENT woman as housekeeper in
family of two. References. Box 192,
Hinton, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Private teacher, experienced,
to teach young girl English and school sub-
jects. One who also speaks French preferred.
Just be willing to live two hours from New
York. 2,874, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE—Efficient for invalid. Cheerful,
uncomplicated. Can superintend home with
help; or willing to travel. Physician's testi-
monial. 2,852, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse. Refined, Christian wo-
man, capable of taking entire charge mother-
less children or invalid home. Previous ex-
perience. References. Moderate salary. 2,915,
Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG married man, with accountant's
experience, desires position offering advance-
ment toward responsibility and executive
work. Address 2,882, Outlook.

FARM SUPERINTENDENT — Woman
with 15 years' experience in farm manage-
ment, and a student of horticulture in Eng-
land and U. S. State agricultural colleges,
wishes position to manage an estate with up-to-
date dairy and poultry plant. 2,890, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of
situation at Christmas. Would travel or con-
sider any position of trust. American and
Canadian references. 2,945, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman desires position as
housekeeper. Sixteen years' experience. Un-
derstands buying, catering, making of menus,
and management of servants. Excels in tak-
ing charge of special occasions. 2,899, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as companion-helper
in suburban home by an educated, refined
woman of ability and wide experience. 2,877,
Outlook.

YOUNG woman, Protestant, social and
business experience America and Europe,
speaking French, desires position as chaper-
on, courier, secretary. 2,878, Outlook.

CONGENIAL, cultured woman as useful
companion or supervisor where help is kept.
Widow's or widower's home preferred. 2,875,
Outlook.

POSITION wanted by cheerful, sensible,
experienced young woman as companion-gov-
erness or chaperon. American, Protestant.
References. 2,861, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, college educated woman
desires position as secretary or governess-
companion. 2,883, Outlook.

INDUSTRIAL position desired by gradu-
ate, registered nurse of long experience.
2,887, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion—Registered nurse
going to Florida about November 15 would
exchange services for fare. 2,898, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising house-
keeper by experienced woman of ability, edu-
cation, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last
position held eight years. 2,892, Outlook.

YOUNG woman. Managing housekeeper
institution, school, hotel. Excellent refer-
ences. 2,895, Outlook.

YOUNG woman (unmarried) desires po-
sition as companion to either adult or child, in
Christian family, outside New York. Refer-
ences. Moderate salary. 2,901, Outlook.

CULTURED, refined Southern lady desires
position as traveling companion or chaperon.
Highest references. 2,900, Outlook.

LADY, refined, of social position, desires
situation in high-class home for winter. Ex-
perienced in management of domestic affairs
and care small children; sews well; having
traveled, would make good companion. 2,904,
Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN (middle aged) of execu-
tive experience desires position as managing
housekeeper in home of elderly couple or
widower. Highest references. 2,893, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, congenial, cultured wo-
man as useful companion or supervisor where
help is kept. Widow's or widower's home pre-
ferred. Would travel. 2,907, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, experienced, refined, sen-
sible, wants position as companion, companion-
secretary, or companion-housekeeper. Phila-
delphia suburbs preferred. Highest references.
2,908, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement as useful companion
or supervisor where help is kept. Widow's or
widower's home preferred. 2,912, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in
widower's home. New York or suburban pre-
ferred. References if needed. 2,914, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes position—
governess, mother's helper, companion. Best
references. 2,894, Outlook.

TUTOR, experienced, young, athletic,
wants position with family traveling South
for winter. 2,898, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher of English with
excellent credentials desires position as pri-
vate tutor. 2,891, Outlook.

SCHOOL, Gentleman and wife, both with
long experience in school work, seek good
position. Christmas, or would start small
school. 2,894, Outlook.

RESIDENT tutor, 28, experienced lan-
guages. Any location. References. 2,897,
Outlook.

WOMAN, practical, adaptable, institutional
training, desires position as governess or
companion to young unusual child. Country
preferred. References. 2,898, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman desires
position as governess or mother's helper.
2,906, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

POSITION wanted—Competent governess.
Penn. Primary, kindergarten. Successful with
delicate children. Diet. Physical care. 2,913,
Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the
care of obstetrical patients a very thorough
nurses' aid course of six months is offered by
the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New
York. Monthly allowance and full mainte-
nance is furnished. For further information
address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will
shop for you, services free. No samples.
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BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The
Outlook each week. No investment necessary.
Write for selling plan, Carrier Department,
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New York City.

FRENCH lady, home in Paris suburb, will
take three girls for winter. Social and edu-
cational advantages. For references and
information apply 2,871, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman, refined, with
own car to drive it for use of private family
a few hours daily, in Southern winter resort,
in return for room and board. Reply 2,878,
Outlook.

WANTED—Invalid or elderly person will
receive expert care. Ideal country home; all
conveniences. Best physician's references.
Address Nurse, 2,885, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency,
established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery.
25 West 24th St., New York.

RED GLASS—Collection of old Bohemian
and old English red glass at private sale. A
collector's collection covering years. 2,899,
Outlook.

Typing of manuscripts or other matter by
well qualified woman. 2,911, Outlook.



Dividend checks from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are received quarterly by more than 200,000 telephone users.

Owned by those it serves

Less than fifty years ago an application was made for a patent which created the possibility of speech between distant points. It was the culmination of years of study, research and experiment. It suggested a new aid in commerce and domestic life; a new tie to bind the people together. But it was only a suggestion—a dream.

To make that dream come true required the creation of an organization unlike any other. It demanded a kind of scientific knowledge that was yet to be formulated, as well as a type of equipment still to be devised. And it necessitated the financial and moral support of many communities.

Out of this situation grew the Bell System,* bringing not only a new public service, but a new democracy of public service ownership—a democracy that now has more than 200,000 stockholders—a partnership of the rank and file who use telephone service and the rank and file employed in that service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company exists to serve the people and is

owned directly by the people—controlled not by one, but controlled by all.

Evolution is going on. Each year the ownership is more widespread. Each year the various processes of the service are performed more efficiently and economically. Each year new lines and extensions are constructed. The responsibility of the management is to provide the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost and to provide new facilities with the growth of demand. To do these things requires equipment, men and money.

The rates must furnish a net return sufficient to induce you to become a stockholder, or to retain your stock if you already are one; after paying wages sufficient to attract and retain capable men and women in the service. They must adequately support and extend the structure of communication.

These are considerations for the interest of all—public, stockholders, employees.

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toward Better Service*



This Week's Outlook

AN outline study of current history is published each week based on that week's issue of The Outlook and is sent without charge to all subscribers who request it, but is especially designed

for groups of students engaged in the study of current events, history, civics, English, etc. Information as to special rates for subscriptions ordered in quantities for class work will be sent on request to

Educational Director

The Outlook Company, 361 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

THE good friends who, after hearing a story, say to us, "The way I heard it was this," try us terribly, but they generally improve the story, we have to admit. A subscriber thus betters the legend recently printed in this column about Lafayette's greeting to married and unmarried men: "In our story (handed down in our family in Philadelphia) he told the unmarried man he was a lucky dog, while he said to the married individual, 'What a happy man you must be!' When his attention was called to the apparent contradiction between the two compliments, he said: 'There is a great difference between a happy man and a lucky dog!'"

The names of towns on the borders of States are sometimes made up of syllables from the names of the States. Sylmar, for instance, in Maryland, borrows syllables from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and Pen Mar, in Pennsylvania, does the same thing in a slightly different way. Calexico, in California, indicates its proximity to Mexico in its name. Mexicali, just on the other side of the border, in Lower California, has become celebrated as the possessor of "the longest bar in the world," to which Californians can cross over from Calexico and slake their thirst without fear of prohibitory laws.

"To be offered for sale by auction," says an advertisement in an English paper, "part of the ESTATE OF LOCHIEL, extending to a total area of about 117,000 acres." This Scottish estate, consisting of over 180 square miles of territory, includes a deer forest of 13,000 acres, a castle, lakes, mountains, sheep farms, trout streams, etc. In its various preserves a total of about 200 stags are often shot during the season, and quantities of salmon and trout obtained. "In one preserve," it is said, "Lord Burton shot the famous 20-pointer." (Refers to a huge stag whose antlers had 20 points.) This vast domain is advertised as a "sporting estate," and probably could be matched only in America for extent and romantic scenery, which includes the famous Ben Nevis.

In the window of a wholesale silk house on Fourth Avenue, New York, the wayfarer sees this cheering sign: **JOBS ALWAYS ON HAND.** This is probably short for "job lots."

Another sign, at a recent industrial show, read: **GUARANTEED EGGS. THESE EGGS ARE LAID BY HAPPY, HEALTHY HENS.**

A sign on the Bowery reads: **FRENCHY, ARTIST.** It speaks volumes as to the popular impression that the French are up on art.

Another Bowery sign, perhaps suggested by "Frenchy's," is: **SHOEY THE BOOTBLACK.**

A Yiddish-English sign in Brooklyn reads as follows: **OUR MOTTO: QUALITY, TRUTHNESS, QUICK SERVICE.**

What I Think of Pelmanism

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of tomorrow."

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force. I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans or Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America where institutions and resources join to cut success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

Either think back on your own experience or else look into a schoolroom in our own town. Routine is the ideal, with pupils drilled to do the same thing at the same time in the same way. There is no room for originality or initiative because these qualities would throw the machinery out of gear. Individuality is discouraged and imagination frowned upon for the same reason. No steadfast attempt to appeal to interest or to arouse and develop latent powers.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and

leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular diffi-

culties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries thanks to Pelman training.

How to Become a Pelmanist

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—"Twelve Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely on the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish the course in three months.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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THE MAIL BAG

THE REALITY OF DEBATING

SINCE I always read The Outlook with great interest, and am very much interested in debating, I of course gave especial attention to your number of September 13, containing the editorial on "Debates and Beliefs" and the article on "Where Men Debate Beliefs—Not Statistics." Because of my observations and experiences from four years' debating at college, I should like to take exception to most of your assertions in your editorial and article. But for the present I shall confine my attention to your statement that American college debating "lacks actuality" and to the inference from your quotation from Roosevelt's Autobiography that American college debating does not "turn out of our colleges young men with ardent convictions on the side of the right."

Your editorial writer asserts on his *ipse dixit* that our college debating "lacks actuality." Unfortunately, he does not inform us *what* he means by "actuality" or *why* this debating "lacks actuality." The assertion is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." If the editorial writer had only slight debating training, he would have learned to define his terms and give his reasons or "beliefs." Does he mean by "actuality" that the subjects chosen for debate are academic or archaic? Does he mean that the present methods of preparation and speaking are "unreal" because they give the debaters no training helpful in any way? Or has he something else tucked away in his mind? I must confess that my strong "convictions" are that your writer never debated or attended a debate.

Of course I may have been a young man who had visions and dreamed dreams, but debating seemed very real to me during my four years' contact with it. The subjects were always interesting and vital. I felt that I had "sincerity and intensity of conviction." While I may not have "moved the hearers," I thought that I was "moved."

At any rate, I have "ardent convictions" that my American college debating experience was the most valuable training that I have thus far received in my young life. While I shall not relate all of my reasons for this statement, I shall trouble you with a few. I am not so foolish as to believe that I possess all the qualities that debating teaches, but it has pointed them out to me and demonstrated their inestimable value not only in my effort to be a citizen but a lawyer also: ease; poise; self-control; courtesy; ability to stand on one's feet before people and think and speak clearly, concisely, accurately, cogently; a knowledge of human nature; the value of diligent and thorough preparation not only of your own side but of the other

fellow's; an appreciation of the fact that there are generally two sides to a question and that it is a great mistake to be cocksure that you are always "on the side of the right." I must confess that often, after a debate, into which I entered believing myself "on the side of the right" and the exclusive apostle of justice, I found the other team were not such insincere, "glibly" talking assignees and had some "right" in their case. I have strong convictions that American college debating has made me a better citizen and lawyer.

Before closing, I want further to expose myself to the elements by giving you my reasons why "college debates do not evoke the interest of the general student body nor do they call out the talents of the real college leaders." To one group of undergraduates the studious preparation necessary for debating "smacks too much of the curriculum," and the average student pays no more attention to the curriculum than is required to attain a "gentleman's grade." Consequently anything calling for very diligent, thorough study is taboo. To another group, debating interferes too much with many undergraduates' ideas of a college as a social clearing-house and country club. Again, the "rocking-chair fleet" is sufficient to anchor many who might otherwise hazard the debating tempests. Then there are the countless hosts who have never debated or attended a debate and consequently have false notions about it. Finally, there are those who often before they left "prep school" have set their eyes on the traditional college "honors" regardless of what college activities and opportunities possess the most value to them as future citizens.

LINCOLN L. KELLOGG.

Oneonta, New York.

A MAGNIFICENT EXPERIMENT

IN my message last Sunday it was my pleasure to read your entirely reasonable interpretation of the recent poll upon the Eighteenth Amendment, and to emphasize your judgment as expressed in the editorial of September 27, that Nation-wide prohibition is a magnificent and unique experiment, achieving most favorable results. As casting light upon the situation in an ordinary town, and in the center of the country, I present this interesting fact. Formerly this town was, like all small towns, saloon-ridden. This summer we have had three "big events." A Fourth of July celebration brought five thousand people here; a circus day, another five thousand; and our county fair has had an attendance of twenty-five thousand. In all there was but one arrest for intoxication, and that on circus day. Our county fair has closed without even one breach of the peace. The splendid American crowds,

full of happiness, enjoyed the event without the former disturbances due to the presence of the saloon and the sale of liquor, and the testimony seems unanimous that the conditions now enjoyed are here to stay.

S. M. CAMPBELL.

Macon, Missouri.

"DEAF" OR "DEAF-MUTE"?

THE Outlook for September 27 contains an excellent illustration of the Gallaudet statue on the grounds of Gallaudet College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C. The explanatory foot-note accompanying the illustration is in error when it says that Gallaudet College "is the only college which gives degrees to deaf-mutes." Gallaudet College is the only college in which the methods of instruction are adapted to meet the special requirements of the deaf. Any college or university will give degrees to the deaf otherwise qualified and several have done so, among them Yale, Washington University, and the University of California.

The Gallaudet of the statue at Washington is known as the "founder of deaf-mute education in America." His first school at Hartford was known as "The American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb." It was located on "Asylum" street. So much for the corporate title and the public view-point of the education of the deaf at its beginning. The word "Asylum" soon gained the disfavor of educators of the deaf and of the educated deaf. Schools of the era following the one at Hartford took as their corporate title "Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb." Later on the teaching of speech to the deaf began to be stressed. The fact that every deaf child otherwise normal could learn to talk more or less made the word "dumb" appear inappropriate, so schools began to take the title "Institution for the Deaf." The most up-to-date title is "School for the Deaf." Gallaudet College originally was "The National Deaf-Mute College." About thirty years ago the alumni of the college inaugurated a movement which culminated in a change to the name it now bears.

In so far as the general public is concerned, the terms "mute," "deaf-mute," and "deaf and dumb" are practically synonymous; but among the instructors of the deaf, the educated deaf, and well-informed people the words "mute," "deaf-mute," and "dumb" are looked upon with disfavor and their use is discouraged when referring to the pupils and graduates of schools for the deaf.

Following the line of least resistance, the deaf young man or woman seeking a higher education will go to Gallaudet College, where the method of instruction is designed to circumvent the hearing defect. Some have gone directly to colleges and universities for the hearing

and have graduated. A few have entered universities for the hearing after graduating from Gallaudet. A talented architect residing in St. Louis is a graduate of Gallaudet School for the Deaf, St. Louis; of Gallaudet College for the Deaf, Washington; and of Washington University, St. Louis. I do not believe there is a college or university in existence where one who is a "deaf-mute," "deaf-and-dumb," or "deaf" will be denied a degree provided he is otherwise qualified.

Gallaudet College does not confine its degrees to the deaf. Persons not deaf, among them graduates of various State universities, of Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Trinity and many others, who have made notable contributions to the department of education of the deaf have been the recipients of degrees from Gallaudet—among them the late Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

JAMES H. CLOUD.

A "FAKE" REVIVED

RECENTLY in an impassioned speech upon the floor of Congress reference was made to "the burning of witches" in Salem, and within a few months something of the same sort has repeatedly appeared in magazines of supposed intelligence and of such high grade as the late "Unpopular Review"—still later the "Unpartisan Review." People with any familiarity with New England history know that the victims of the lamentable witchcraft delusion, nineteen in number, were put to death in the usual official manner of the time—that is, by hanging—though one was under English law pressed to death with heavy weights, not because he was accused of practicing the black art but because he refused to plead, his motive perhaps being that his family would thus save his property from forfeiture. It is reasonable to believe that in England the same fate would have befallen him under the same conditions. The persistence with which this idea prevails that the Salem victims suffered at the stake suggests the ease with which historic myths get started and the difficulty of uprooting them—especially when they are damaging to the good name of the Puritan clergy of New England.

The foregoing considerations are submitted because another New England myth seems in a fair way of general acceptance, in spite of its absurdity. Last year the Houghton Mifflin Company published a book by Mary Rogers Bangs entitled "Old Cape Cod: The Land; the Men; the Sea," on pages 78-9 of which occurs the following statement in apparently the best of faith:

Quakers held parsons in light esteem, yet not one of the Cape clergy could have conceived such a plan as Cotton Mather, in 1682, spread before Higginson of Salem. "There be now at sea a skipper," wrote he, "which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Qua-

kers, with William Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them." Mather went on to recount that secret orders had gone out to waylay the ship "as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified, and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worship of these people." Then the astounding proposition: "Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar. We shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing the Wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people." The precious scheme somehow miscarried, the threatened engagement off "Codde" did not take place, and Philadelphia was founded.

Now the very archaisms of this posteros letter, so laboriously wrought, would arouse suspicion, the effort to imitate a seventeenth-century style of English being fairly apparent. Moreover, if such a letter really existed, the almost universal disposition to deride the Puritan clergy would have long since made its phrases almost household words among the present generation, and it would not have been left to be drawn from its obscurity by a rather negligible book in 1920. From the point of view of the modern unregenerate, the "letter" with its delicious suggestions of "rumme and sugar" and "gayne" for the clergy is altogether "too good to be true." Furthermore, it is a fair supposition that if Cotton Mather had heard that a ship-load of Quakers was on its way to such a distant point as what was to be Philadelphia, he would have thanked God that such ill-disposed persons were not headed for Boston—to insist on being hanged. At any rate, he certainly would not have suggested the selling into slavery of so influential a person as William Penn, the personal friend of the Duke of York, brother to King Charles and heir apparent to the throne itself.

As a matter of fact the "letter" went the rounds of the American newspaper press in 1891, and, strange to say, actually imposed upon persons of intelligence. The Rev. Dr. Heber Newton read it from his pulpit as genuine, and the editor of the Albany "Evening Times," T. C. Callicot, could not make up his mind to reject it as a forgery. But the New York "Sun," which justly described it "as the work of a humorist rather than of a deliberate and mercenary impostor," in its issue of June 19, 1891, in a half-column editorial, gave the history of this engaging fraud on the evidence of an unnamed Easton, Pennsylvania, correspondent.

It first appeared in the Easton "Argus" of April 28, 1870, and was the concoction of its editor, James F. Shunk, son of a one-time Governor of Pennsylvania and son-in-law of Judge Jeremiah S. Black. It was introduced as having been discovered by "Mr. Judkins, librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society," among the papers "of the late

Robert Greenleaf, of Malden," neither of which persons ever existed, as was speedily discovered by Massachusetts investigators—or perhaps it would be more exact to say that the Massachusetts Historical Society never had a librarian named Judkins, and no Robert Greenleaf had ever been heard of in Malden.

But the full humor of the "letter" can be best exhibited by a transcription of Mr. Shunk's effort as originally printed, premising that the text that went the rounds in 1891 was slightly abridged, a few lines of the 1870 version being omitted:

September ye 15th, 1682.
To ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson:

There be now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Esaias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenaway, master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye Chief Scampe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porposse to waylaye ye said Welcome styllie as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodlie crewe so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countrie with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyle can be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but we shall make great gayne for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopefull and will set down the newes he brings when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowells of Christ,
COTTON MATHER.

And to think that this sort of thing should be treated as history!

FREDERICK J. SHEPARD.
Buffalo, New York.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



EVERETT PEPPER-BELL WHEELER, lawyer and author, was born in New York in 1840. He was educated at the College of the City of New York, and in 1859 received his A.M. degree from there and his LL.B. from Harvard University. He has

been prominent in various local and National Civil Service Commissions, a member of the New York Board of Education, and Vice-President of the American Bar Association. He is the author of "Daniel Webster, Expounder of the Constitution," "Sixty Years of American Life," "A Lawyer's Study of the Bible," etc.

THOMAS MASSON is one of the best known of American critics and essayists. He has been literary and managing editor of "Life" since 1893, and is the author of several volumes, including "A Bachelor's Baby, and Some Grown-ups," "A Corner in Women," and "The Best Stories in the World." He has edited many collections, such as "Humorous Masterpieces of American Literature," "Humor of Love in Verse," and "Best Short Stories." His home is in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

JOHN BALLARD is a newspaper and magazine writer and a native of Wisconsin. He did newspaper work in that State for several years and was later a correspondent in the Northwest for New York and Chicago papers. While engaged in that capacity he began to make a study of the radicalism that has steadily gained strength in the granger States, and from 1920 to 1922 he was engaged in making investigations and writing on the subject for the American Constitution League of Wisconsin. Mr. Ballard does not view radicalism from the standpoint of either a politician or a professional economist, for he is neither one nor the other. His chosen work is that of a writer on outdoor life, and he is a regular contributor to the "Outers-Recreation Magazine" of Chicago.

KINGSLEY MOSES, who has made an enviable name for himself as an industrial writer, is a graduate of Dartmouth College. He was the only American present in Tripoli during the Italo-Arab hostilities of 1919 and the consequent negotiations for peace of that spring and summer. He traveled considerably over a thousand miles in Libya; and to him, as probably to no one else, were confided the Arab ideals of autonomy.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY writes The Outlook of her experiences as a juror in a criminal court in Pennsylvania.



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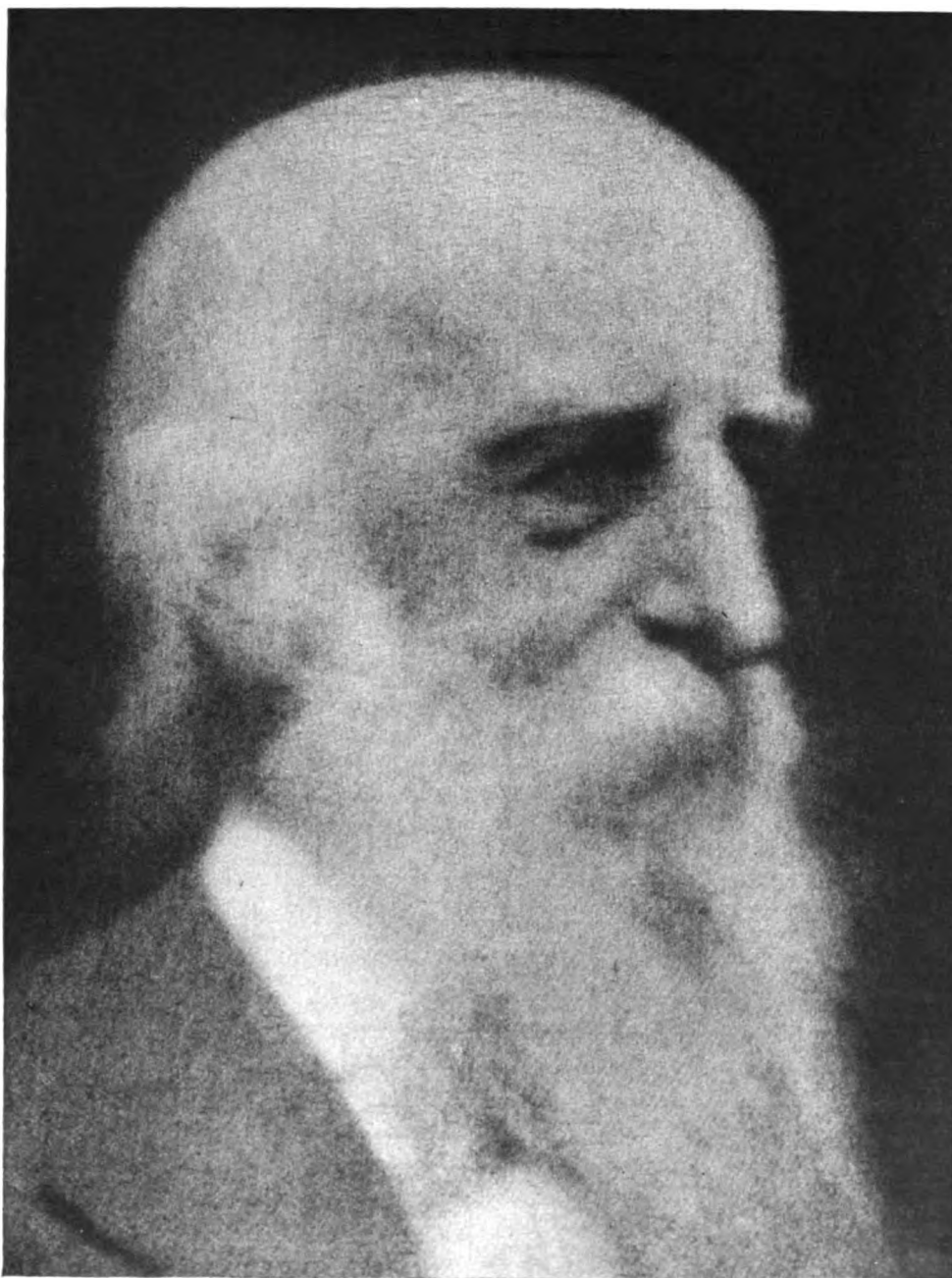
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LYMAN ABBOTT

1835-1922

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 1, 1922

LYMAN ABBOTT, FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
OF THIS JOURNAL, DIED IN NEW YORK CITY ON
OCTOBER 22, IN THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE

HE looked forward to this day without dread; he even looked for it with curiosity; for he thought of it as the beginning of a great adventure, as a time of falling asleep and waking to find himself at home, as a passage across the threshold to another room. He had fought a good fight—he was willing to trust his comrades to continue the battle. He had finished his course—he was willing to trust his message to those who would carry it on. He had kept the faith—and he was willing to trust that the faith would still be guarded.

Many have faith like his in God; but not many have such faith as his in men. In no respect did he show this faith more clearly than in the conduct of this journal. The trust that he reposed in his associates remains to-day their greatest heritage from him.

Because he trusted his associates, he laid upon their shoulders during the latter years of his life a steadily increasing responsibility for editorial decisions. He did this, not because he sought relief from labor, but because he saw that only in this way could that labor be made enduring. He did this freely and happily because he knew that his associates shared his convictions concerning the fundamental principles of life.

These principles he found supremely expressed in Jesus of Nazareth. Every problem of conduct, whether involving individual action or National policy, he referred to those principles for solution. He became and remained, as he said, the student of one Book and the follower of one Man.

Life he saw as a struggle, and the end of that struggle was life. Conflict he neither sought nor

avoided, but when he found himself in the midst of battle he fought for the peace of victory. This is the peace which he sought in his own life, in the life of his own land, and in the development of humankind.

Believing in the peace of victory, he found natural comrades in those who, like himself, were doers as well as preachers of the Word. So in his earlier years he fought side by side with Beecher; so in his later years he gave his trust and support to Roosevelt.

He was indifferent to partisan and factional labels. If consistency meant stubborn adherence to what he found to be false, he was willing to be inconsistent. He kept his mind always open to new evidence and was unafraid in the search for truth. He could change his opinions without fear because he knew his convictions were unchangeable.

The power which Lyman Abbott exercised through this journal lay not chiefly in what he wrote, though the simplicity of his style was the most fitting medium for the clarity of his thought. Nor did his power lie chiefly in the counsel he gave, though that was invariably wise. His power lay chiefly in his life. He not only preached justice, mercy, and loyalty to the eternal; he was just, merciful, and loyal in all that he did and all that he was.

That power is a living force to-day. Many times before this he has gone, as now again he has gone—into another room. We are not reconciled to the loss of the sound of his voice; we cannot so soon accustom ourselves to the thought that we shall not see him again; but we shall not be deprived of the power that he imparted, for that is the power of his life.

THE WEEK

THIS issue of The Outlook was partly on the press when word came of the death of Lyman Abbott.

Those who knew the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook will understand why his colleagues felt that he would not wish any departure from the normal course of publication.

For this reason, we shall wait until next week to give to his friends, known and unknown, a record of his life and of the tributes which marked his passing.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL CRISIS

HOW suddenly the political kaleidoscope may turn in Great Britain is illustrated by the fact that a cable despatch from London printed in New York on October 19 bore the heading "Lloyd George Sure of Caucus Victory," while in the same paper of October 20 we find the title "Lloyd George Steps Out."

The end of the Coalition formed in 1914 was certain from the hour when Mr. Bonar Law at the Carlton Club threw in his lot with that wing of the Conservative Party which is tired of political union with the Liberals and the leadership of Lloyd George, and wants to fight on the old party lines again. Mr. Bonar Law has faithfully worked with Lloyd George to carry on sound government, and only a week or so before the action at the Carlton Club approved Lloyd George's action in making a firm stand on the Asian side of the Straits.

This is one of many indications that the death of the Coalition is directly due, not to Near East questions, but to those of British internal politics, and largely that of the balance between the old parties and the Labor Party.

A political campaign moves quickly in England. Mr. Lloyd George, after the Conservatives at the Carlton Club had voted by 186 to 87 adversely as to the maintenance of the Coalition, went at once to the King and, as is the custom, put his resignation in the King's hands—"kissed hands" is the traditional phrase. The King summoned Andrew Bonar Law and asked him to form a new Cabinet. Then Bonar Law was formally chosen party leader of the Conservatives. On October 24 Bonar Law announced his Ministry; its most important members are:

Lord President of the Council, Marquis of Salisbury; Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Cave; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Stanley Baldwin; Secretary for Home Affairs, William C. Bridgeman; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Marquis Curzon; Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Devonshire; Secretary for India, Viscount

Peel; Secretary for War, the Earl of Derby.

The King will dissolve Parliament, warrants for new elections will be issued, the campaign will be fought quickly and hotly, and presumably this great appeal to the country will be heard, decided, and all over in a month,



International
BONAR LAW, GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW PREMIER

whereas our election campaign has been going on all summer and most of the fall.

Lloyd George is an old campaigner. With his usual promptitude, he began his fight before the formal preliminaries had been concluded. The day after he resigned he declared to a great crowd: "I am a free man. The burden is off my shoulders. But the sword is in my hand!" And in what we would call a car tail-end speech he said at Bedford: "I am glad to find no end of great hearts. It is with these hearts that I

am going into battle to win. I come before you as one of the great unemployed."

Arrived at Leeds, he made a long and vigorous speech, the keynote of which was, "I stand for the people," based on his declaration that "the banner of party strife has been raised in the Carlton Club," and that the question is one between the will of the people and the success of party. He defended the work of his Government in war and peace, and put the case colloquially when he said: "They say I was a very good war Premier, but the war is over now. I was like a doctor who was good in life-and-death cases, but couldn't cure a headache. I haven't got the proper bedside manner. When one cuts expenses it brings in no votes, yet as the result of our financial policy the sovereign is beginning to look the dollar in the face."

The political situation is made complex by the fact that some influential Conservative leaders, such as Lord Balfour, Lord Birkenhead, Austen Chamberlain, and Sir Robert Horne, are still supposed to desire the continuance of the Coalition, while, on the other hand, many Liberals of the Asquith stripe are opposed to it. A London correspondent of the New York "Herald" puts it this way:

Mr. Lloyd George, who during the war split the Liberal party into two sections, has now done the same thing by the Unionist party. Thus, instead of the two original parties, there now are four, with the Labor party making the fifth. There no longer will be an Irish party, which for so many years during the great Home Rule agitation was able to dominate the Westminster Parliament by throwing its seventy members to whichever side it chose.

THE TURK IN EUROPE

THE formal re-entry of the Turk into Constantinople will soon take place. Already the symbol of Turkish rule has been raised in Constantinople. Refet Pasha passed through Constantinople on his way to Eastern Thrace, where he is to act as the civil commissioner for the Kemalist Government there to be established. The sight in Constantinople



International
DR. W. W. YEN, PREMIER OF CHINA
LAST JUNE

when Refet made his triumphal entry on October 19 was extraordinary. The Turks of the great city gave him a foretaste of the reception they are planning for Kemal.

Refet rode through wildly cheering masses across the famous bridge from Galata to Stamboul. He was accompanied by the man who is to be Governor of Adrianople, the Turks' sacred city, ravished from them in the Balkan War, and now to be humbly returned. With him were gorgeously clad officials and a detachment of the Nationalist army. There were green arches in honor of Kemal's victories, red flags with the Star and Crescent and the green war flag of the Prophet waved, while Turkish bands played their independence march, sheep were slaughtered as a sacrifice along the line in Oriental style, and Greeks, Armenians, and Jews hid away or wore the Moslem fez. Meanwhile, from Adrianople and Eastern Thrace a vast mass of fleeing Christians and Jews (350,000 is one estimate) has fled westward rather than accept Turkish rule.

All this took place under the supervision of Allied forces still in possession; but when Kemal comes, as he will soon, there will be no Allied forces in Constantinople, and if the Christian and Jewish quarters are spared it will be by Kemal's orders. It should be remembered that the humiliation which the Western or Christian world is undergoing in seeing Turkey now dominant in Constantinople and dominant in Eastern Thrace, and alone of Germany's allies better off in its European possessions than it was before the war broke out in 1914—this humiliation, we say, was not, as many people suppose, a consequence

of Kemal's great victory, for the great Allies had agreed to these very things months before Kemal swept the Greeks through Asia Minor like chaff before the storm. Perhaps the settlement is the best that the general condition of the Near East and its complicated problems makes possible, but it certainly is not an inspiring or enjoyable situation.

CHINA AGAIN IN FERMENT

CHINA's development, it has often been said, depends upon internal peace. It depends rather upon order and justice. And when there is corruption combined with governmental feebleness it is impossible to secure order and justice without a disturbance of the peace. If China is to take her place by the side of other Powers whose authority is recognized and whose rights are acknowledged, she must find some way of establishing a really sovereign government. At present China has no government which other governments can hold responsible, and as long as her provinces are subject to the control of their military governors, known as tuchuns, there can be no China worthy of the name of nation. Some of the most enlightened leaders in China recognize this fact, and the disturbances in China during the past few months have been in part the result of attempts to establish a central authority and secure Chinese unification.

Yet more and more it becomes evident that the reconstruction of China must await the utter bankruptcy of militarism. The story of the fight for republican stability since the Chinese crisis of 1917 dividing the twenty-one provinces into a "North" and a "South" has been that of an ever-narrowing circle of military leaders contending for the control of Peking for financial reasons. The manipulation of the Central Government paid dividends to the winner, while the unsuccessful contenders for place have been steadily eliminated.

By last spring the power north of the Yangtze River had gravitated into the hands of three outstanding figures—Tsao Kun with his then lieutenant, Wu Pei-fu, opposing Chang Tso-lin in his descent upon China's capital from Manchuria. To-day Tsao remains as tuchun in his bailiwick of Chihli Province overshadowed by Wu and stripped of his primary military and thus political importance. Wu Pei-fu's only rival, Chang Tso-lin, retreating after his defeat to his Manchurian kingdom, has completely reorganized his forces. The consensus of opinion in China is that Chang to-day constitutes a greater menace than ever before to his opponents in Central China.

With China in the critical position she



(C) Harris & Ewing
DR. WANG CHUNG-HUI, PREMIER OF CHINA
SINCE JULY

occupies at this time, the position of the Southern leaders ousted from Canton in refusing to accept office in the reorganization of Peking's Government, under the acting presidency of Li Yuan-hung, at first sight seems playing selfish politics. Why does not Sun Yat-sen, the driving force in China's growing democratic nationalism, co-operate without hesitancy?

Far from being eliminated as a political factor in China's politics, Sun remains in Shanghai from the deep conviction that until the outcome of the conflict brewing in North China no man can do anything to help Peking out of the hole it is in with any lasting results for China's sorely tried republicanism. So long as Peking remains in the grip of contending armies, the possibility of taking hold of China's actual bankruptcy is dubious. The position of Sun Yat-sen's party is that the millstone of military politics remains around the neck of any government now taking office. Until events take that millstone off, the chances of responsible government succeeding in the task of republican reconstruction are held to be slim.

As Chang Tso-lin continues to re-establish his power in Manchuria, the position of the other super-tuchun of China, Wu Pei-fu, becomes more and more threatened. Only the lack of funds prevents Wu from attacking his rival to-day. In the meantime Sun, though driven from his capital, retains the loyalty of his main army. His forces have now turned on the neighboring province of Fukhien, and have taken the capital. A reconstitution of the Southern Government in Foochow is in the

offing, with a general realignment of interests. Wu is likely to be crushed by a new attack from Manchuria combined with the defection of some of his allies. The result will probably be to leave supreme in North China a single military leader against whom no liberal civil leadership would avail. But after a period of inevitable reaction, the grind of destiny will bring into power those men, both North and South, who are determined to build in China an enduring government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The next few months are likely to try the souls of those who believe in a republican China. But until the nightmare of militarism has worn itself out there is little real place for democratic government in Peking, a financial house-cleaning, and the necessary material support from the Powers.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS IN POLITICS

It is perhaps something more than a coincidence that the most effective political leadership at Peking and the most effective military leadership in Wu Pei-fu's army have both been in the hands of Chinese Christians.

In the enormous mass of the Chinese population Christians constitute a very small proportion, but their place in Chinese leadership has been of very great importance.

In June, upon the triumph of Wu Pei-fu, there came into office China's first Christian Premier, Dr. W. W. Yen. Like many other Chinese who have represented China in her foreign relations, Dr. Yen had a foreign training. He was graduated at St. John's University (Episcopalian) in Shanghai and studied in the United States at the University of Virginia, where he attained the scholarly distinction of membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. He returned to China to take a professorship in St. John's University. The famous Chinese diplomat Wu Ting-fang was the first to induce him to go into politics. At the outbreak of the war Dr. Yen was Minister to both Germany and Denmark, and he stayed in Berlin until China entered the war, when he withdrew to Copenhagen. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs in China for two or three years, until he became Premier.

Having accepted the Premiership only temporarily, Dr. Yen was succeeded by another Christian Chinese in the Premiership, Dr. C. H. Wang. Like Dr. Yen, Dr. Wang received a foreign training. He is a graduate of Yale and has specialized in law. He has been China's Chief Justice, and while Chief Justice was a delegate of China to the Arma-



GENERAL FENG

ment Conference at Washington. In manner Dr. Wang is mild and gentle, but he made upon those who met him in Washington during that Conference an impression that could only be made by a firm and strong personality. No one meeting Dr. Wang and knowing his record can doubt his patriotism, or his public spirit, or his disinterested purpose to serve his people. In spite of his helplessness in the face of the military situation, to have such a man as that in public office in China, and particularly in office as Prime Minister, is of real promise for China's future.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS IN WAR

WHILE these men of Christian faith and high character have been in political office, the most effective military leadership in China has undoubtedly been that of another Christian, General Feng Yu-hsiang. He has not only been the most effective general in war, but he has also been and is the Governor of Honan Province. He has been likened more than once to Oliver Cromwell, and his men to Cromwell's Ironsides.

General Feng's methods of fighting may revolutionize military operations in China—and revolutionize them for the better. A people of industry and thrift, who have long had reason to be disgusted with political corruption and

with militarism, the Chinese generally seem not to have much stomach for fighting. As we have had occasion to say before now, and as many of our readers need not to be told, until recently in so-called battles in China there has not been much bloodshed nor much determination for victory. The so-called battles have been largely maneuvers. When one force has maneuvered another force into a bad position, the general on the losing side has followed the example of the chess player and has usually yielded the game. "You win," says the defeated general; "we will drop this, and start a new campaign." At this point the victorious soldiers then begin their real operations. Unopposed and unhindered, they run amuck with fire and sword. They loot, destroy, kill, and torture. Their victims are the unarmed and pacifist population. This is the natural and practically inevitable fruit of pacifism. The result is a loss of life and an amount of suffering greatly exceeding even the worst involved in modern warfare. In the Chinese variety of battle the soldiers are safe; it is the defenseless civilian population, especially the women and children, who are the victims.

Feng has changed that. Feng's army does not slaughter the defenseless. It fights those who would slaughter the defenseless. General Feng himself is a Methodist convert, and about eighty per cent of his soldiers are said to be Christians, and of the officers all are Christians. According to information we have received, Feng regularly employs two evangelists to work among his troops at all times, and occasionally some of the leading missionary evangelists go for two or three weeks among the soldiers. When Feng's troops encamp, all evil women in the vicinity are immediately driven out. The officers meet regularly for Bible study in a sort of normal class; then in turn they hold Bible study classes with the soldiers. The spirit of Cromwell's Ironsides has seemed to reappear in Feng's camp. Like Cromwell's men, Feng's soldiers are relentless in battle. Without unduly idealizing the men of Feng's army, it is possible to regard them as a vast improvement over the Chinese soldiers who count cowardice a virtue and adorn it with atrocity.

If the Chinese can get the spirit of Yen and Wang into public office and the spirit of Feng into the army, they may make of their country a really great nation. They may create a force which will be equally unselfish in service and inexorable against exploitation. There is no greater libel that has ever been uttered against Christianity than that it is a religion of feebleness. On the con-

trary, it is a religion that, for the protection of the weak and the service of all, first creates and then harnesses power. It does not seem to us by chance that Christian influence seems to have introduced power into the public life of China.

THAT GOOD OLD GULF STREAM!

RUMORS seem to have been circulated all over the world that some evil-disposed corporations have laid hands upon the Gulf Stream, have been utilizing it to their own advantage, and have thereby put the world in a parlous condition. Happily, the fact seems to be that the good old Gulf Stream is still carrying on and is benefiting commerce and climate in the most benignant manner. The whole thing is an amusing illustration of the way in which a scientific hypothesis may be twisted into a note of alarm and terror. An eminent French scientist, Professor Berget, who is the Director of the Bureau of Oceanography in Paris, seems to have discussed the possible results that might come if the Gulf Stream were turned from its course, say, by completing "the railway that goes to sea" all the way from Florida to Cuba—than which nothing is less likely. Thereupon the newspaper sensationalists and headliners represented Professor Berget as declaring that terrible evils were about to befall the world because of what already had been done in Florida; Scotland, we believe, was to become a country of Polar ice; England was to have its temperature drop to forty degrees below zero, and it was to become impossible to grow crops in western Europe.

Our American scientists, and especially the officials of the United States Weather Bureau, immediately came to the defense of the Gulf Stream, and Europe is now safe. They declared that nothing had been done or was likely to be done which would shift the Gulf Stream, and that even if it were thrown out of its present channel it was more than doubtful whether the effect on Europe's weather would be what had been predicted. All sorts of other scientists and practical men came to the rescue also to show that nothing whatever had been done to call for alarm or sensation.

Finally, an amusing aspect of the discussion cropped up when it was asserted that the whole excitement had arisen from the efforts of various Florida boomers to show that their particular towns had the very best conceivable climate in the world because the Gulf Stream had very kindly moved over in their direction. Thereupon the whole discussion resolved itself into an inter-

esting but highly academic inquiry as to what might happen perhaps a few hundred centuries from now if the Gulf Stream should suddenly and unexpectedly move westward. In that case, say the learned men, it might be that a large part of Europe would become another "Siberian anticyclonic zone." Professor Berget sensibly remarks as to this, "Why be frightened by possibilities that are never likely to be transformed into probabilities?" But this of course was not headlined by the sensationalists.

FOR BETTER RACE RELATIONS

AN extensive report has been made by the Commission on Race Relations appointed by former Governor Lowden, of Illinois, to study the history and meaning of the race riot which took place in Chicago in 1919. As a result a formidable volume of 650 pages has been printed for the Commission by the University of Chicago Press.

If this volume dealt solely with the Chicago riots it might be of limited value, but it contains a large amount of matter bearing on the race question the country over. It should prove of high importance as material for study of the question anywhere in America. The recommendations made, former Governor Lowden declares, will, if acted upon, make a repetition of the tragedy of 1919 impossible. He particularly calls attention to the recommendation that permanent local commissions on race relations be created. As a proof of the value of this, he can well point to the work of the Chicago Commission. Its appointment was the Governor's first act after the riots and while the danger of recurrence was imminent. From the date of the appointment, confidence was restored and conditions rapidly improved. The Commission was composed of carefully selected representatives of both races; they worked without friction and agreed substantially on facts and on recommendations.

One interesting fact was that the minimum of friction between the races existed in Chicago in just that part of the city in which colored people have lived longest and in the largest numbers. It was the floating population of Negroes seeking work and the less intelligent white workers who thought that they might be driven out by a flood of Negro labor that were behind the ill feeling. Thus, when regrettable and causeless incidents occurred, the hatred behind the incidents led to the outbreak of savagery.

The sequence of events in this Chicago riot is typical of the way in which such bloodthirsty affairs spring up suddenly and as suddenly run wild. A white saloon-keeper died of heart trouble, but

some reckless reporter wrote that he had been killed by a Negro; that night white toughs fired on a group of Negroes; similar incidents followed, until not long before the riot two colored men were shot down absolutely without cause or reason except race hatred, and, so the Commission reports, policemen who saw the murders refused to make arrests. So hate and violence increased until one Sunday at a lake-front beach a young Negro, who had swum pushing a log before him over into the section of water supposed by an invisible line to be reserved for whites only, was stoned, let go his log, and was drowned. This was the event that started the reign of terror, and within a few days there were 38 deaths (15 of whites and 23 of Negroes) and 537 people were injured. In time order was restored, but too late to save lives of innocent people or homes from destruction.

It was perfectly evident to everybody that the work was, as the Governor said, the work of the worst element of both races. So the Governor's Commission set to work to study the question thoroughly and impartially. No fewer than fifty-nine recommendations are made, ranging from large questions, such as the causes of all race antagonism and racial intolerance, down to the suggestions that the word Negro should be spelled with a capital "N" and the word "nigger" should be avoided as a needless provocative. The recommendations are notable for their specific form and are addressed specifically in groups to all the municipal boards, to municipal and State officials, to the courts, and to the public at large. We commend this study of a troublesome and serious question to all who wish to see the relations of the white and colored races improved.

THE COMING ELECTION

IT will be somewhat difficult to disentangle from the results of the coming election on November 7 the settlement of any National issue. Most of the elections of Senators, Representatives in Congress, and Governors will be determined to a large extent by local and personal conditions. There are, however, two important National questions upon which the vote will throw at least some light—the question of prohibition, and the question as to whether the country is on the whole satisfied with the general course of the present Administration in Washington.

It may be set down as an almost invariable political law that mid-Administration elections are usually unfavor-

ble. All Presidents are apt to fall short of what is expected of them during their first year and a half of office. Every time the party of opposition returns to power its adherents expect its Presidential nominee to bring about a political millennium. This was so when Mr. Wilson was elected; it will prove to be so in the case of Mr. Harding, and especially because he was elected by such an overwhelming and unprecedented majority. We may therefore fully expect to find partisan Democratic papers on November 8 pointing out that Mr. Harding and all his ways and works have been repudiated; and equally we may find partisan Republican papers proving how astonishing it is that so many Democrats who voted for him in 1920 have stayed by him. We do not think that mid-Administration elections are very significant thermometers regarding the political temperature produced by Presidential policies. The real test in this respect will come two years from now.

More decisive conclusions may be drawn from the vote on the prohibition question. In Ohio there will be a popular referendum on the modification of the State liquor law by raising the legal alcoholic content of beverages. The "Wets" thus propose to relieve State officers from any responsibility in the enforcement of the Volstead Act. If the proposal is carried, it can have no other effect than registering the sentiment of the majority of the people of Ohio upon the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Law; for Federal officers will still possess the same authority that they possessed before. As a means, however, of registering public opinion the proposal has been shrewdly drawn by those who wish to modify or weaken the Prohibition Amendment, and the result will be significant. In New Jersey the issue is very clear cut. Senator Frelinghuysen is running for re-election as an avowed supporter of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act; Governor Edwards is running against him for the Senatorship in avowed opposition to prohibition in all its phases. If Senator Frelinghuysen should win, it would be reasonable to make the deduction that the sentiment on the Atlantic seaboard is favorable to prohibition. In California Mr. Richardson is running for the Governorship as a "Dry" candidate, and while his campaign turns to some extent upon questions of taxation and economy, if he should be elected it would be a distinct triumph for prohibition sentiment. In Nebraska Senator Hitchcock, the Democratic nominee to succeed himself in the United States Senate, has come out

openly as favoring prohibition, although he has heretofore been counted among the "Wets." It is said that Mr. Bryan is now supporting him, while in the past he has opposed him because of their differences on the liquor question. We look upon these various tests of prohibition sentiment with some concern. Now that the Amendment is a part of the Constitution it should be given a fair trial, and it cannot be given a fair trial with some of the country half-heartedly wet and some of the country half-heartedly dry.

In New York State the chief and perhaps the only contest of National interest is that between Governor Miller, the Republican nominee, and ex-Governor "Al" Smith, the Democratic nominee. Governor Miller has never made a special feature of his views on prohibition, but ex-Governor Smith is avowedly for "light wines and beer." The contest is, however, really between an extraordinarily magnetic personality, on the one hand, and a candidate who makes his appeal not through personal popularity, but through the highest standards of efficiency in political administration. If Governor Miller wins, it will be because the voters of New York have resisted the temptation to vote for the candidate whom they thoroughly like, in spite of his association with Tammany Hall, in order to place again in the Governor's chair a man who has shown as scrupulous honesty and as high standards of efficiency as perhaps have ever been displayed at Albany.

The Middle West, as Mr. Davenport's articles and some of the political correspondence elsewhere in this issue have pointed out, is seething with dissatisfaction about more economic and social conditions than can be catalogued and tabulated. In Wisconsin Senator La Follette and his organization are appealing to all those who for one reason or another dislike certain American traditions. Unfortunately, pro-Germanism in the worst sense of that word still flourishes in this country. In Iowa the candidacy of Colonel Brookhart for the Senatorship is the result of dissatisfaction of the farmers of the Middle West, who feel that everybody but themselves has had political consideration in the economic readjustment following the war.

In spite of the confusion of issues, we are inclined to think that the candidates and the platforms and the policies of the coming election are on the whole better, both morally and intellectually, than they might easily have been in such a period of complete disorganization as the world finds itself in at the present moment.

LLOYD GEORGE IN ECLIPSE

AS no man can live wholly unto himself, so no nation can change its government, or even its policies foreign or domestic, without affecting other nations. In one sense, whether Great Britain chooses to displace Lloyd George from the head of the British Government is no concern of ours. Certainly Americans have no right to ask the British people to consider their wishes in the matter. And yet decisions affecting the interests of America as well as of France, Russia, Italy, and Germany, the peoples of the Balkans, the Near East, and even possibly nations on the other side of the globe, will be affected by the fact that the man who came into power in Britain when Britain was fighting with but a fraction of her strength, turned the resources of the Empire over to the cause of victory, guided the nation not only through a military triumph but through a diplomatic triumph even more notable, virtually banished the Irish question as a plague of English politics and as an American bugbear, and diverted into normal channels of protest revolutionary sentiment that was making the labor problem an international one, has now been dismissed. In another sense, therefore, the change in the British Government is very much our concern. We are not responsible for it. We can do nothing about it. But we shall be undoubtedly affected by it.

Though the cause of Lloyd George's retirement as Prime Minister was chiefly, if not wholly, one of domestic politics, its effect will nowhere be felt more definitely than in Britain's foreign affairs.

On the wisdom of the change from the British point of view American comment is not likely to be helpful. In the first place, it is not likely to be adequately informed; an ignorant comment is likely to be irritating even to those whom it favors. Even English comment is not altogether clarifying. It is not by any means certain that the English people themselves understand what has been done or why it has been done. Some of the old-time distinctions between Liberals and Conservatives have been obliterated by the effects of the war and by the subsequent, if not wholly consequent, social and economic changes in England. Now that the Coalition has broken up, the old Liberal party seems still feeble, while a Government conducted, as Bonar Law's Government seems to be, by those who used to be recognized as the governing class seems somewhat incongruous at a time when

the old-fashioned Tory method of sitting on the safety valve is particularly dangerous.

If England ever needed liberal leadership she needs it now. Will the Labor Party force the Conservatives to become Liberals in self-defense? Will Lloyd George convince the people that they must choose between the Conservative Party and the Empire? Is there any other leader in England that can command a following that Lloyd George can? Britain, as it has been remarked, is sound financially but rotten economically. To restore economic health to a country cursed with unemployment as England is will require something more than a die-hard conservative or a politician with a captivating personality.

Whatever the cause of the overturn in Britain, the effect on Britain's foreign policies has already begun to be seen. Lloyd George's instability has irritated and disconcerted the statesmen of other countries, but especially those of France. In particular, the unreliability of his course in applying the terms of the Peace Treaty with Germany has been one of the important factors in the European situation. Sir Edward Carson has been quoted by the Oxford students who have recently visited America to debate with American students as describing the peace established by the Treaty of Versailles as "the peace which passeth all understanding." Certainly as applied by Lloyd George no one could be expected to understand it. Perhaps it is because he modified its terms by his own interpretation that he was the longest to last of the "Big Four" who negotiated it. Perhaps he had to seem uncertain to his foreign neighbors in order to keep his power at home. Perhaps the friction that has accompanied his negotiations ever since the Peace Treaty was signed was the inevitable product of England's economic turmoil and political instability. Nevertheless it is impossible to relieve Mr. Lloyd George of the responsibility for much that has happened in the fostering of misunderstanding over the enforcement of the German reparations, as well as the negotiations concerning the Near East. It is impossible for the foreign observer to ignore the fact that in Europe, except with Germany and her allies, Lloyd George's retirement has been greeted mainly with expressions of relief.

Nothing that has occurred in connection with the change in the British Government indicates, as far as we can see, any reason for a change in the attitude of America toward Europe. We have every reason for continuing to give our aid to those who are helpless, though those very helpless ones may have



ALASKA THE MISUNDERSTOOD

Do you know that Alaska is the most misunderstood territory on earth to-day? The popular notion that Alaska is composed entirely of blizzards, icebergs, and Eskimos is a mistake. Nearly one thousand miles north of where Alaska begins there are enormous wheat-fields, vegetable gardens, and scorching summer days when the mercury climbs to 90°. An Eskimo on the streets of Fairbanks would be a seven-day wonder. If you think that Alaska is still the land of the "rough-neck," it will interest you to know that a dinner-jacket is as useful in Alaska as in New York, and that modish fashions in dress reach Alaska almost as soon as they reach Boston and Philadelphia.

Sherman Rogers has just returned from Alaska, and in a series of articles soon to appear in *The Outlook* he punctures hundreds of our illusions about the Land of the Midnight Sun. He describes in full exactly what Alaska is and what Alaska needs. He describes its neglect by Congress, and outlines the remedy.

Mr. Rogers's report on Alaska is likely to excite much controversy. It is the story of billions of dollars' worth of potential wealth and opportunities of social and political development which at present lie fettered beneath crushing masses of administrative red tape.

neighbors whose obligation to them is more direct than ours. We have every reason to look with sympathy upon every effort towards liberty and true self-government, even when we have no means of giving material aid. But for intervention or for interference in the

general political or economic situation there seems to us to be no present necessity. The time may come when a more active policy than we are now pursuing may be effective; but if it is to be effective then, we must be careful not to do what would be ineffective now.

THE THIRD DEGREE

IF published reports are to be credited, legal officials and detectives in the New Brunswick murder case have furnished another example of the futility as well as the un-American cruelty of "third degree" methods. One person thus treated, not under arrest, already questioned repeatedly, was called out of his back door early in the evening by mysterious men, taken to a room where lawyers and detectives were waiting, and subjected to a rapid fire of interrogation that lasted for many hours and well into the early morning. He had no counsel, no friend to guard his interests. Under these circumstances the "grilling" was peculiarly an outrage. The result was apparently negligible. Another man, whom events proved to be untrustworthy, was supposed to know something he had not told. He was bullied and cross-questioned and threatened until he broke down nervously and accused of the murder a friend of his who, events showed, was innocent and who was discharged soon after his arrest. In this instance the result was a good deal worse than nothing.

There is such a thing as moral and mental as well as physical torture. It is repugnant to Anglo-Saxon ideas of personal liberty. There should be wide latitude offered to keen-witted investigation of crime, but the examination of accused or suspected persons should be conducted by a judicial officer under such circumstances that coercion and physical breaking down of the questioned person should be prevented. Scientists and lawyers agree that coerced confession, or testimony are frequently false, when admitted as evidence at all, they are regarded as the poorest kind of evidence.

Pride in the fine traditions of Anglo-Saxon law and judicial procedure should not lead us to ignore the merit in some other traditions. In respect to the examination of suspected persons or of reluctant witnesses, the French follow a method much superior to the "third degree" both in its efficiency and in its justice. Such examination is conducted openly by the judge who exercises great liberty in his questions but is restrained from excess not only by tradition and by the dignity of his office but by the very publicity of the procedure.

ON THE EVE OF ELECTION DAY

I—THE REVOLT AGAINST THE YANKEE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WISCONSIN BY JOHN BALLARD

EVERY political ostrich in the country has his head in the sand, the while squeaking plaintively that the radical success in Wisconsin does not mean anything serious. It all depends on what one considers serious. The fact has to be faced that in the Wisconsin primary election of September 5 Socialism gained the greatest victory that it has ever won in American politics. That Robert M. La Follette received not merely a majority, but a smashing, an overwhelming majority, was due to the Milwaukee Socialist organization, incomparably the best disciplined and most efficient political machine in the United States.

It is, moreover, entirely possible that Congress will again be confronted with the necessity of deciding what to do with Victor Berger.

Last spring Berger went to the National Convention of his party and persuaded the delegates so to change the rules as to permit the Wisconsin branch to make no nomination for Senator, and thus leave the members free to vote for La Follette. Perhaps it was in his mind to show the country that the bulk of the La Follette followers were now willing to share the name as well as the principles of Socialism. The outcome has justified his opinion. The La Follette faction met the avowed Socialists more than half-way. If the November decision affirms the September verdict, the full strength developed by La Follette may be counted as Socialist strength.

The real, the true reason why Socialism has made such political gains in Wisconsin since 1917 is because the European War consolidated the spirit of revolt against the Yankee tradition. The same thing is true of the whole group of Mid-Western granger States that have been populated by Continental peasants. Probably there are not more people in Wisconsin than in some other States who feel that the United States is not a country, but there are more who openly say so and who will vote for a man whose words and acts mean substantially the same thing. The two groups that dominate an immense area and population—the German and the Scandinavian—have been brought into almost complete accord by the events of the war. Scandinavian Minnesota was as balky in war time as German Wisconsin. Half a dozen States need only the same quality of leadership that Wisconsin has to become articulate in the same way. The depeasantized peasants, as H. G. Wells calls them, have in their common hatred of Yankeeism a stronger bond of unity than ever existed before.

In Wisconsin, and particularly in Milwaukee, an absurd state of affairs has resulted from the attempt to ignore

the facts. There is no wholesome ventilation of the political premises and no exchange of views on the subject that is uppermost in everybody's mind but which nobody talks about. Nobody, that is to say, except Victor Berger, for the Socialist leader is almost alone in speaking plainly. It is perfectly well known that the so-called conservative German-language papers really wanted La Follette to win in the primary and want Berger to win in November; that business men who were publicly enrolled as contributors to anti-radical funds have privately given both their money and their votes to help the Socialists win; but that it is not considered polite to mention these facts.

Berger, always more open than La Follette or the German editors who support La Follette, occasionally speaks his mind. Two weeks before the primary election, in a remarkably shrewd analysis and forecast, he gave his reasons for expecting a Socialist victory, and of three causes contributing to the situation, political and economic and ethnic, he gave most consideration to the ethnic. Here is a part of the statement, published in his "Findings" on August 22:

Ethnic. The United States are not an ethnic unit. Our population is of mixed European descent.

Naturally, the inherited characteristics and instincts play a strong part in our lives, and even for that reason alone the American participation in the World War was a crime and a blunder. Our mission naturally should have been one of peace.

Wisconsin is overwhelmingly German and Scandinavian.

For some reason La Follette always has had a strong hold on the Scandinavian farmers—which surely was not lessened by the position he took against the war, because the Scandinavians, by a large majority, were not in favor of the war.

And undoubtedly La Follette has gained the sympathies of ninety-nine per cent of all the voters of German descent, who by instinct as much as by political and economic insight were opposed to our entrance into the World War.

Add to this that the Irish element during the war and since the war has also come to appreciate Robert M. La Follette as he had never been appreciated before. It will be a sorry Irishman, indeed, who would vote for the Rev. "Big Bill" Ganfield in preference to voting for Robert M. La Follette.

The reactionaries in their stupidity have made the war the issue in this election. They have boldly proclaimed that the nomination and election of Robert M. La Follette is to be considered a referendum on the war question.

They will get their "referendum."

Now, although the German Socialists may manifest a tender interest in the Irish before election, in their secret hearts they fear the Irish politician. To this day they do not know just how it came about that Dan Hoan, of true Hibernian breed, became the Socialist Mayor of this Teutonic town. Berger likes to avail himself of Irish political skill, but it is part of the Socialist programme to make an end of Irish and Anglo-American leadership. With scandalous disregard of this ambition, sundry Irishmen went out on September 5 and cleaned up the best county nominations in sight. Inasmuch as the Irish in Milwaukee are relatively about as numerous as Scotchmen in Hester Street, a sporting population would have been moved to admiration. Not so a community whose motto, under the direct primary, has become, "Everybody welch." The day after the primary, defeated candidates agitated the air with cries of rage and demands for an independent ticket. Berger was moved to sympathy for the defeated Republican candidates and said in his disgust:

Shaughnessy, McManus, Cary, Phelps—here is a real, smashing defeat of the "Huns" in Milwaukee County—in spite of Bob La Follette's Hunnish triumph. Let Bob make progressive laws; they, the genuine patriots, will "stand pat" on the pay check.

There were eight candidates for district attorney; Koenig, Bartelt, Graebner, Groelle, Juergens, *et al.*, and Shaughnessy beat the lot. Pat McManus beat "Heinie" Bulder for county treasurer, in spite of the fact that "Heinie" holds the office now and had, besides, presented the Milwaukee zoo with an elephant. This defeat exasperated the supporters of both the Kaiser and the zoo and caused Berger to remind his readers that the elephant is the source of commercial ivory. However, Berger is too subtle for his constituency.

Some Wisconsin editors have sent out word that the vote for La Follette should not be regarded as an indorsement of his war record—which is of course the Socialist war record also. The statement is absurd. In the primary campaign no issue was more fairly and squarely before the people than that very question.

However unpalatable the fact may be, a record of service in the war of 1917-18 is a liability and not an asset for a candidate in Wisconsin.

Almost every ex-service man who tried for a nomination in the primary was *spurio versunkt*. Paulsen, with the record of a first-class fighting man, tried for Secretary of State, and in a more direct way than anybody else challenged

public opinion on the subject of La Follette's war record. He told in his campaign speeches of having rounded up German prisoners in France who informed him that Bob La Follette's protests against the war were circulated behind the German battle-lines. The German districts of Wisconsin with one accord buried Paulsen under an avalanche of votes, and his opponent, Zimmermann, was nominated by a huge majority.

One soldier, by reason of his personal popularity, did succeed in winning the nomination for sheriff of Milwaukee County. That was Colonel Westfahl, commander of an artillery regiment of the Thirty-second Division. He lives in Victor Berger's Congressional district. Berger is much annoyed by the soldier's success, and is already at work trying to turn the Colonel's military record to account against him. He invites workmen to contemplate "that German drill master of Whitefish Bay" and sneers at Westfahl as "the victor of Veuve Cliquot and Château Lafitte." Colonel Westfahl has before him in November a battle of more doubtful issue than any he fought in France.

Mr. Puelicher, elected in October President of the American Bankers' Association, is one of the best-tempered but also one of the most persistent antagonists of revolutionary radicalism in Milwaukee. Yet analysis of the primary returns shows that the Socialists ob-

tained upwards of 2,000 votes in the neighborhood that constitutes Milwaukee's "gold coast." Business and professional people rolled up Berger's big vote, cast as a defiance to Congress two years ago, and they will vote for him again this year. In that connection Berger reminded his constituents a little while ago that his case in the Federal court is not yet finally disposed of and that he is still under heavy bail.

The Socialists had the labor vote before the European War. The impressive gains made since the war represent mainly the spread of radicalism among people who are not factory workers. It is, to be sure, a radicalism that pictures Socialism as an anti-Yankee rather than anti-capitalist movement, but it swallows a moderate programme of collectivism along with the rest. At no other time during the campaign was La Follette greeted with quite such stormy applause as when he declared, for the first time, for the public ownership of railways.

What is said here is as true of the State as a whole as of Milwaukee. There is nothing to be gained by blinking at the facts, and the facts are that the people of Wisconsin indorsed La Follette's war record, approved his tacit alliance with the Socialist Tammany of Milwaukee, and, in the circumstances, virtually approved Victor Berger's record by the same unprecedented vote. There was in truth only one contest, and that was between Republicans and So-

cialists. The Socialists won and have captured the Republican organization as completely as the Non-Partisan League did in North Dakota. How completely the Democratic party has been extinguished in Wisconsin is revealed by the returns. In two counties, Sauk and Shawano, the Democrats polled less than 100 votes—74 in Sauk and 19 in Shawano. In Washington, a strongly German county, they got 221 votes; in Outagamie, another German stronghold and formerly the home of many Democrats, 163; in Kenosha, a factory district, 672. The Democratic vote was small enough in 1920—the total for Governor then was 22,435—but in 1922 it has approached the vanishing point.

After the November election it will be disclosed in what manner the Socialists propose to utilize the new alignment in making their Milwaukee machine the nucleus of a strengthened National radical movement. Berger now stands accredited as the most successful political manipulator that Socialism has produced in America. If the new third party appears, it remains to be seen how a man of Berger's intense, passionate, and dominating personality will get along with La Follette, who is himself not without similar qualities and who as a political boss is celebrated for not permitting anybody else to decide what issues shall be discussed or how his organization shall be run.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

II—POLITICAL TOPSY-TURVYDOM IN OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM AN OKLAHOMAN OBSERVER¹

O KLAHOMA is always interesting. The State got born that way when, almost twenty years ago, it adopted its 30,000-word Constitution. The Convention which framed that remarkable document, with characteristic modesty, assured itself that it was more capable of enlightened lawmaking than any Legislature which the new State was likely to elect within a decade or two, and proceeded ceremoniously to incorporate in the Constitution practically all of the legislation which it conceived a forward-looking commonwealth would need for that period. It was liberal in the quantity thus produced, as attested by the record-breaking length of the instrument, and not less so in the substance, according to the best school of Bryanism which was then ascendant in the councils of the dominant Democratic party.

It is noteworthy that, whereas the present Constitution is the longest recorded, the next one bids fair to be among the shortest, for, so far as sentiment is now formed and vocal, the experiment of embodying complete legislation in a constitution has either been

acknowledged a failure or, conceded to have been advisable if not necessary under the circumstances a couple of decades ago, the conditions no longer prompt such restrictions upon natural political development. This is the attitude of several of those still living in the State who as members of the first Constitutional Convention helped to frame the document now in force. These pioneers not only incorporated extensive legislation in the Constitution, but they made amendment so nearly impossible that only two changes which affect the substance of the document are said to have succeeded when submitted to the electorate. The issue of a new Constitution must soon be forward, since the twenty-year period, within which the question of calling a Constitutional Convention must be submitted to the people, will soon be up.

But the political situation in the present campaign is one of the most startling on the map. Nowhere is the shattering of old and rigid partisan alignments more complete. The Democratic party has dominated every election in the history of the State. That two years ago is nearest an exception, when a Republican Senator was sent to Washington and a Republican majority was returned to the lower house of the Legislature. But

the Democratic Governor and his administration still held the control of affairs. Now the Democratic party machinery has been captured by the farmer-labor group. Their leaders do not scruple to declare that they are the North Dakota Non-Partisan League under a different name. Just as the League captured the Republican party machinery in North Dakota, so they have taken over the Democratic machinery in Oklahoma.

They have done thorough work. Their candidate, formally nominated at their antecedent Convention, was tacitly accepted by the Democratic Convention, and the primaries triumphantly confirmed the choice. In this candidate's campaign the farmer-labor platform is being so openly woven into the conservative Democratic platform that lifelong and hereditary Democrats are alarmed to the point of the desertion of their party standards in multitudes. One prominent citizen remarks that his old dad warned him in his youth that if he ever voted for a Republican his dog would bite him when he returned home from the polls; he feels himself forced to put the old gentleman's prophecy to the test this year, for he joins the deserting multitude and will vote for the Republican candidate.

But the Democratic candidate chal-

¹The writer of this correspondence holds a position in the State which gives him a point of vantage for political observation which the ordinary citizen does not have and which at the same time precludes the publication of his name.—The Editors.

lenges his supporters to win over two farmers or laboring men formerly affiliated with the Republicans to replace each one of these deserters. His success is amazing in that all over the State it is conceded that he will command the Negro vote. Mark that among your freaks of a freakish year: a Democratic candidate, in a State constantly boasting of its Southern political maternity, appealing openly to Negro voters with resounding promises of service to them as a political group, and manifestly winning their allegiance! Contrariwise, the Republican candidate almost as openly poses as a Lily-White, the candidate of the Lily-Whites, and the champion of "white supremacy."

In an Oklahoma accommodation train

the other day a citizen of unmistakable Southern antecedents was overheard to remark, "Whatever else comes out of this election, it means that the South is henceforth independent in politics." His neighbor across the aisle responded in as unmistakable a Southern accent with a devout "Thank God for that!"

The Democratic candidate, repudiated openly and bitterly by many heretofore incorrigible Democrats, storms the State as a Democrat and in command of the Democratic partisan machinery. The Republican candidate soft-pedals his party doctrines everywhere, mumbles or declines to attempt pronouncing his party shibboleths, and has adopted as his campaign slogan, "Vote for the man." The banners over their respective cam-

paign headquarters in the capital city announce the one as the regular Democratic nominee, and studiously omit any reference to the party affiliation of the other. The Republican says nothing or tacitly repudiates the Federal Republican Administration, while the Democrat holds up to bitter scorn the administration of the State, which has been continuously Democratic since the State came into being.

Oklahoma may not be pointing out a clear course to new party organization but she is running true to type and her history in smashing precedents and traditions. The names are all that have been preserved of the old party organizations and principles in the present political campaign.

III—SOMETHING BREWING IN THE MIDDLE WEST

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

This is the last of a series of letters by Senator Davenport upon the political and economic situation in the Central States of America.—The Editors.

THE present Middle Western agitation is observable also in the States of Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin. Nebraska, like the battered and splattered political pioneer that she is, is normally viewed with arched eyebrows by the East. But she has a great body of husky American citizens in her midst nevertheless. In her rather violent struggles in the last generation for a better commonwealth and a better country she has practically lost all sense of party. Political machines mean nothing in her experienced young life. Republican and Democratic labels are essentially worthless as vote-getters. Issues, discontents, dries, wets, conservatives, liberals—you hear about these, but not about Republican or Democratic platforms or standard bearers.

The contest this year in Nebraska wages about the Governorship and the United States Senatorship. And unless all signs fail, she will pick Bryan for Governor and Howell for United States Senator. Bryan has the Democratic label, Howell the Republican. Bryan is a brother of the better known W. J. B., but he has a record of his own. He was long a City Commissioner of Lincoln, then Mayor, and is now City Commissioner again. He is committed to a municipal ownership and operation programme for cities, where necessary, just as Howell is. He is dry, as Howell is. He is backed by the more radical progressive faction and by the Non-Partisan Leaguers, just as Howell is. Randall, the Republican candidate for Governor, who is running against Bryan, is in natural surroundings and tendencies what they call in Nebraska a conservative. He is President of the State Bankers' Association, a man of high

character, known in kindly fashion as Uncle Charlie because he is always extending a friendly hand to somebody; prominent in the Methodist Church, which is the leading denomination in Nebraska, having sixty-five thousand members in the State and four or five hundred preachers. The Methodists were the boosters for his candidacy, and politically they usually don't go far wrong, at least on the character or the humanness of a public man. But Randall is a member of the State Senate, and has recently voted, in a brief period of conservative reaction which followed the war, for a drastic anti-picketing law; for a bill to take the party organization out of the direct primary regulations, leaving only the candidates for public office to be nominated there; for a banking statute which gives the State Banking Board power to refuse a charter wherever they like. These measures are up on referendum in the present campaign and seem not to be so popular as they looked when they passed the Legislature. So far as there is any odium attached to them, it falls on Randall particularly as a candidate for Governor. Bryan is against them all.

Howell, the Republican candidate for United States Senator, is pitted against the sitting Senator, Hitchcock, who has been much before the country as a staunch supporter of the Wilson programme of the League of Nations, and who is an able and aggressive public man. Probably a majority of the nominal Republicans, and particularly a majority of the women, of Nebraska favored the League of Nations and were well pleased with the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. But Hitchcock has neutralized with these women of Nebraska his stand on

the League by his vigorous opposition to woman suffrage, and especially his stand against prohibition. For years the men and women of the German stock, who are strong in numbers and influence in Nebraska, followed Hitchcock with devotion. When he voted for an embargo on the shipment of munitions to the Allies, the Germans in Nebraska roared approval. But he lost them by his later stand for the Wilson League and his vote against a separate peace with Germany. What the Germans will do as a body this year, whether they will remember their former devotion to Hitchcock and support him, after all, in considerable numbers, is problematical. There is no doubt that the feelings of the Germans in the State for him have amounted to personal affection. Hitchcock was once a Heidelberg student, and he has spoken sometimes to his audiences in the German tongue.

Nebraska is dry, is no longer interested in the League of Nations, shares the economic unrest of the middle country, and seems to be headed away from Hitchcock towards Howell. Howell has had an able and progressive life record. He has for years been the Republican National Committeeman of his State, a position fairly won by espousing Roosevelt Republicanism consistently and openly from the beginning. He has been in a long twenty years' fight in Nebraska to break the grip of extortionate private monopoly upon municipal utilities. He lives in Omaha, and he is now the general manager of the municipal water plant, the municipal ice plant, and the municipal gas plant—industries which he has managed with astonishing success.

Howell's point of view, as distinguished from the old order of private

profiteering in Omaha, is indicated by a conversation a little while ago between him and a prominent banker of the State. Howell was telling the banker about the success of his ice plant. He spoke of the original investment of \$240,000 and of how in the first year he had made some money. "But, do you know," said he, earnestly, "this year we are selling ice for thirty-three cents a hundred pounds at jitney stations all over the city, where people have come for the ice with baby buggies and little wagons and have taken it to their homes, while the price at Sioux City has been a dollar a hundred delivered; and, in spite of this low price, we have laid up," said Howell, "a surplus of \$80,000." And the banker looked at him and said: "Howell, isn't it too bad you couldn't have done that for yourself?" Howell represents the unselfish idealism of Nebraska. The group who are against him are particularly those who, like the banker above, have not the imagination to understand a man who glories in serving his city or his State.

Howell is against the cancellation of Europe's debt; he favors the bonus because in the war he failed to draft labor and the profiteers to a genuine public service, but sternly compelled the soldiers to take their lives in their hands on the battlefields of France. This seems to be throughout the West a strong emotional argument for the bonus. When the subject of taxes to pay the bonus is broached, however, the emotional discussion wanes. It is at bottom an uncertain issue in the Middle Western breast, unless that section of American capital which profited most by the war bears the burden of the bonus. Howell also is a foe of the Esch-Cummins Law. He, too, like Brookhart of Iowa, would squeeze out seven billions of water, restore real competition between the railways, establish regional tribunals, and abolish the dictatorship of railway capitalists. He defends public ownership only as a last resort to prevent the continued plundering of the people; and if it becomes necessary in the case of the railways to go to public ownership, he would take over one great National system, not all the roads, and force the reign of justice by the competitive use of this single great line. He is opposed to the ship subsidy and promises to support the farm bloc. He seems to fit into the temper of the time in Nebraska, as Beveridge does in Indiana and Brookhart in Iowa.

The Non-Partisan League, with its programme of State Socialism, still troubles the political waters of the Middle Northwest. Townley, the quondam leader, who went to jail for his attitude towards the war, is out and managing again. I am informed, the Non-Partisan farmers' organization of North Dakota. His hand is not so apparent as it was in the political movements of the time in the Northwest, but his cause is still to be reckoned with in Minnesota, North Dakota, and other near-by States.

Frazier, of North Dakota, who was recalled only last year as Governor, appears this year as the victorious Republican candidate for United States Senator, and is likely to join the other Middle Western apostles of a more radical day in the Senatorial circle of fame at Washington.

I speak always of the candidates for the United States Senatorship in these States, because the National battle centers around them. In Minnesota the Republican candidate is the sitting Senator Kellogg, trust-buster in the Roosevelt days, but staid and regular now, able and useful, though lacking elements of warm political popularity. The Democratic candidate is Mrs. Peter Oleson, who has been vigorously active in word and deed in the political organization and inspiration of women all over the State. She is said to be one of the very fastest talkers in captivity, only matched or exceeded, so Minnesotans say, by George E. Vincent, now President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who was formerly at the head of the State University at Minneapolis. She is against the "millionaire bloc" in Congress, against the Esch-Cummins Bill, against a sales tax, against any subsidizing of great corporate interests, in favor of a bonus paid out of excess profits. She has a name which goes far in the Swedish population of Minnesota, and she is proving dangerously attractive to Republican women.

The Farmer-Labor Non-Partisan League Senatorial candidate in Minnesota is Doctor Henrik Shipstead, a country dentist, a philosophizing Norwegian, a student of economic radicalism and of Norwegian literature, a political radical of the type of La Follette and Brookhart, and an indefatigable worker for his party and his cause. The fight for the Senatorship rages about him. It seems to be the opinion of intelligent observers in Minnesota that Mrs. Oleson will come off third, perhaps drawing sufficient Republican women from Kellogg to let Shipstead into the Senate. If this happens, the Senate will gasp. It will be the last straw. The argument against its probability is that the usual may happen and the conservative citizens of the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, without regard to party, may move in a body over to Kellogg on election day. Thus the Non-Partisan League peril, which above all things they fear, will once more be avoided.

The commercial conservatives of the Twin Cities have long had no other antidote for what they naturally regard as the menacing Socialism of the radical Leaguers, except a startled joining of forces in a crisis, without regard to party, or a hysterical digging into their pocketbooks for great campaign funds against catastrophe. They are only slowly learning that they must meet by rational remedies the undoubted ills under which the farmers of the great wheat States suffer.

The radical leaders of the farmers de-

mand that the remedies be State elevators, State warehouses, and State banks. Only slowly, in Minnesota, is the bulwark of co-operative enterprise being employed to meet the advancing pressure of State Socialism. But the co-operative spirit is growing. The present Governor Preus was elected on that issue. He convinced the farmers that they should control their own remedial institutions, and not put them into the hands of Socialist politicians of the State Government. Both in Minnesota and in Nebraska the propagandism of the Non-Partisan League is being successfully met by the advance of private co-operation. Forty thousand members in Nebraska are in the Farmers' Co-operative Union, owning and operating a long line of elevators. And the number in Minnesota is growing.

La Follette in Wisconsin is coming to the peak of his power. He has finally merged in an overwhelming personal constituency the anti-corporation agrarians, the wets, the Germans, the pro-bonus soldiers, the Socialists and the industrial workers of all shades. Here is another State where anybody is welcome to the rest of the electorate. Wisconsin is Wisconsin and La Follette has on his side the great bulk of the kind of voters who dwell in it. If he keeps his health and vigor, he would seem to be psychologically in preparation as never before for the leadership of the radical elements in the Republican party and in the country. So conservative a progressive as Beveridge recently paid La Follette high public compliment for his astonishing ability and determined integrity. In fact the whole Middle West, whether friendly or hostile to his ideas, rates his integrity high. It was with La Follette as with those other leaders who came through in their separate States; the people were in each instance groping for the men whom they regarded as of unselfish and uncompromising integrity. The voters seemed to be saying to themselves: "We are uncertain about policies, we don't know what we want; but we would choose these men whom we trust, and put the problems up to them."

And that is about as far as the Middle West has yet gone in its new onward surge of progress. It is on the warpath. It doesn't know where it's going, but it's on the way. Its movement is yet purposeless and lacks unity of method or motive. If unusual material prosperity intervenes, the temperature of its political blood-heat may be lowered by 1924. But the Middle West is already the matrix of a new National insurrection, if economic difficulty continues and the right sort of leadership arouses conscious purpose.

In any event, prospective candidates for the Presidency in 1924 would do well, I think, to bear in mind that bourbon and reactionary traits are no more beloved in the West than they were a decade ago, that a nominee for the Presidency without progressive horizon

foredoomed to repudiation in that section of the country. The die-hards of commerce and politics should take notice.

It is a long distance from Broadway out here where the cart-wheel silver dollars begin to weigh down your pocket-book and the big soft hat shades the husky form of the out-of-doors man. I went one Sunday morning to church,

and as I was passing out I was courteously approached by an elderly member who recognized me as a stranger and inquired for the place of my residence. When I replied, "New York," his face lighted up and he said: "I was in New York once, and I went to hear a man preach there. Let me see, what was his name?—Oh, yes, Beecher, Beecher. You know, he cut quite a figger in his day."

It's a long distance from Broadway, and it has its faults of unreason, but a sturdy National heart beats here, and its conscience, though socially and theologically conventional, is sensitive to economic and political injustice. Out here you catch the sound of the reveille and the early intimations of the onward march while yet the East sleeps stolidly in its tents.

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT TO PROTECT AMERICAN CITIZENS IN TURKEY AND THEIR WORK

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE President of the United States has naturally been careful to avoid any military action to check the advance of the victorious Turkish armies in Asia Minor. But the destruction of Smyrna and of the property of American citizens there and the breaking up of the work of American citizens in Asia Minor compel careful consideration of our duty at the present time.

Article II of the Constitution of the United States defines the duty of the President and expresses his powers. The executive power is vested in him. At his inauguration he solemnly swears faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States and "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution." Under this Constitution he has power by and with the consent of the Senate to make treaties.

Section 3 of this article declares: "He shall take care that the laws are faithfully executed."

Article VI provides that all treaties made "under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land."

In pursuance of the power thus vested in the President and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a treaty was made between the United States and the Ottoman Empire in 1830. That treaty guarantees to American citizens in Turkey that "they shall not in any way be vexed or molested." "They shall not be disturbed in their affairs." It also provides that "even when they have committed some offense they shall not be arrested or put in prison by the local authorities, but they shall be tried by their Minister or Consul and punished according to their offense, following in this respect the usage observed toward other Franks." A treaty between the United States and the Turkish Government ratified in 1862 confirms these provisions. Under their protection and with the full consent of the Turkish Government, American citizens have gone to Turkey, established colleges, schools, and hospitals there, and have done a most benevolent work among the native Christians.

By Turkish law a Mussulman who caves his Mohammedan faith and

adopts another is punishable with death. The work of Americans for the Turks has been, for this reason, very limited; still they have had the benefit of American medical and surgical skill.

During the last year these provisions of the treaties have been shamefully violated by the Angora Government. American citizens have been arrested, taken from their homes for no crime whatever, they have not been tried before their Consul, and the work in which they were engaged among the native Christians has been broken up. More than a million of these native Christians have been killed or deported by the Angora Government. This is just as much, to use the words of the treaty, a "disturbance" in the affairs of the Americans and a "vexing and molesting" of them as it would be to kill all the persons employed in a factory or for whose supply the factory was working. As long ago as 1855 the Attorney-General of the United States rendered an opinion that our citizens who had gone to Turkey under the protection of this treaty and established schools and colleges and hospitals are as much entitled to this benefit as if they were merchants; that the treaty applied to all lawful business, whether benevolent or mercantile. This has been the practical construction of it from the beginning.

There is no question of making war upon Turkey or doing any act which requires further legislation. The treaties already made and ratified by the Senate are the supreme law of the land. It is the duty of the President to execute them and to obtain, not only indemnity for the past, but security for the future. His executive power extends to the Army and Navy, of which he is Commander-in-Chief, and it is his duty to use the full power of the United States Government to protect, for the future, American citizens in that part of Thrace of which possession is shortly to be delivered to the Turkish Government.

All our experience with the Turks (and the same is true of the experience of other nations) shows that their promises are not to be relied upon. Whatever they may say now to obtain admission to Thrace, they will undoubtedly commit

the same crimes there that they did in Asia Minor, unless this Government makes such a show of force that the Turks will see that the whole power of this Government will be exerted for the protection of our colleges and other American institutions in Turkey and for the security of the many Americans who are living in Constantinople and doing business there.

In dealing with the Turks it must be remembered that it is part of their religion to make war upon unbelievers and to kill them unless they become Mohammedans, and that a promise made by a Turk to an unbeliever is not binding. Men are sometimes worse than their religion. They are seldom better. Individual Turks are courteous and plausible, but when it comes to united action, when they have had the power, they have lived up to the precepts of the Koran. We can expect nothing better in the future unless we satisfy them that we are both able and willing to protect our own citizens and the work in which, with the full consent of the Turkish Government, they have engaged. This is not war; it is police protection. Our Government has protected its citizens in this way a hundred times in the past without declaring war. In fact, such bold and manly actions prevent war; just as a well-organized police force is generally effective to prevent a mob or to disperse it if it should assemble.

The President, as has been shown, has full power to send a brigade to Constantinople for the protection of our citizens there and their work. The Allies would welcome this co-operation. The American flag and the power behind it would be as effective as it was when it waved over Corinna Shattuck at Oorfa, and saved a thousand innocent lives.

We may well recall the words of Grover Cleveland in his Venezuela message:

There is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which can follow a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor beneath which are shielded a people's safety and greatness.

THE CRESCENT RISES

WILL THE TURK PENETRATE ITALIAN TRIPOLI?

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

THE sirocco of Turkish victory that sweeps over Asia Minor is likely to prove far more devastating than we innocent outsiders suspect.

For a year or more in intimate touch with Mohammedanism, for four months of that time utterly isolated from any English-speaking civilization in the desert of Libya, the writer confesses a fellow-feeling for the Moslem, a personal partiality toward the individual Arab. Such sentiment, however, should not be confused with intellectual approval.

Dr. Lothrop Stoddard in his thoughtful if rather feverish volume "The Rising Tide of Color" presents all the arguments that would warn against a *Jehad* or Holy War. The imminence of such a struggle is to be discounted, if only on the grounds that the Mohammedan is far too wise and shrewd a politician to delude himself with any thoughts of immediate success. Fundamentally a fighting man, he realizes perfectly how slim would be his chance against the highly trained forces of even a single Christian nation.

It is certain, therefore, that he will not now attempt any aggressive movement that would definitely align against him the armies of England, France, or Italy; that he will not attempt to carry the war into distinctly European territory—barring that territory until lately known as Turkey in Europe.

That he will even attempt to win back his European *villayets* is, at the moment, problematical. England's official attitude is a warning. The Turk may well be skeptical, however, as to just how much police strength lies back of England's threat; how strongly the British people would support such an enterprise just at this time. And the Turk's principal virtue in addition to personal courage is the virtue of patience. Secure in his present comfortable position, he can afford to sit tight and await diplomatic developments.

Purely speculative though the opinion be, it is the writer's conviction that the present Turkish triumph will not seriously affect the peace of either the French or the English Mohammedan countries. Algiers and Tunis are too close to Paris, too precious as colonies, to be pried loose from French sovereignty. Egypt and India have been too long under the stern control of the British military forces. Sporadic uprisings may occur; but any concerted effort by Islam would in Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, or India be pretty sure of instant suppression.

There remains the question of Tripoli—or, as the country is more definitely and accurately designated, Libya.

Libya, that stretch of Sahara desert lying between Tunis and Egypt along the Mediterranean Sea, is technically to-

day under the dominion of Italy. But the grip of the Quirinal upon this enormous African waste is none too secure.

Taken by force of arms in 1911, Libya is still restive under Italian supervision. There has been no change whatever in the religion of the inhabitants, no swerving from the strict tenets of orthodox Mohammedanism. Always the most difficult of converts, the Mohammedans of Libya particularly see no attractions in Roman Catholicism; and it is doubtful that a hundred of them have been brought into the Christian Church. Other influences too, among the most powerful the presence in Libya itself of the see of the Senussi, have worked to nullify the best efforts of Roman Catholic missionaries.

Lacking also the colonial experience of France and England, Italy has failed in any material degree to colonize Libya with Italians. Naturally gregarious, the Italian peasant prefers the long ocean journey to the United States, the Argentine, or Brazil, where already are hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, to a short two days' voyage over the placid blue sea to Tripoli or Bengasi. Opportunity also, in that sterile empty land of the desert, seems unalluring. So Libya remains—and appears likely to remain—Arab.

Along a shore-line of approximately eight hundred miles, Libya, including the provinces of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, extends from a point about due south of Milan to a point due south of Smyrna. That is a long journey. And when one considers that no railway—save two negligible little narrow-gauge lines of twenty miles length—serves the country, and that communication is had along the coast only by steamer and in the interior only by camel-back, one can readily understand the difficulties of keeping such a territory under control.

Southward for perhaps a thousand miles, over the unmapped desert, Italy nominally holds control. But here again there is sovereignty only in name; and recent press despatches report towns not forty miles from Tripoli City in the hands of the Bedouins.

The reason for this tenuous hold on Libya by the Italians is due more to the very nature of the country than to any laxity or inherent weakness in Italian government. To subdue and hold a desert country is one of the most difficult tasks conceivable even in this advanced day of military efficiency. Infantry advance, ever slow and clumsy, is just about impossible in Libya, where military forces must depend wholly for subsistence upon their own lines of communication. Ask any experienced soldier how long he can maintain adequate lines of communication without railways. Artillery movement through the

heavy Saharan sand is out of the question, and may be summarily dismissed; while he who would fight the Bedouin of the desert with cavalry had better consider long and prudently, for the horsemen of the Arabs have been noted through the centuries for their ferocity and consummate skill.

More modern developments serve little. At Azizia, shortly after its surrender as Turkish headquarters in the spring of 1919, the writer personally witnessed the futility of airplane attack. The great rock, outcropping from the sands, where the Turks and Arabs had fought on for six months after the European armistice, stood practically untouched, though it had been constantly bombarded by Italian planes; and all about in the rolling sand dunes of the desert the lately hostile Bedouins camped comfortably, secure in their experience that an airplane bomb dropped into soft sand was about as deadly or dangerous as a pebble tossed into a millpond. The sand gushed up in great geysers of dust, but the shrapnel was smothered.

And there always remains in Tripoli the resentment of the natives against the method of seizure employed by Italy.

From the European point of view, the action of Italy in 1911 was perfectly natural. Certainly, with our vacillating colonial policy, it is no function of an American to criticize; we have enough peculiar problems of our own in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Haiti. Italy wanted a slice of Africa. A generation ago it had nosed into the African cupboard and brought out the driest and most unpalatable bone—Somaliland. Libya looked like fair game. France, to the west, had gobbled the rest of the Barbary States; Spain had a morsel in Morocco; England had most of the meat in Egypt and, with usual good judgment, had pre-empted the fertile and navigable valley of the Nile.

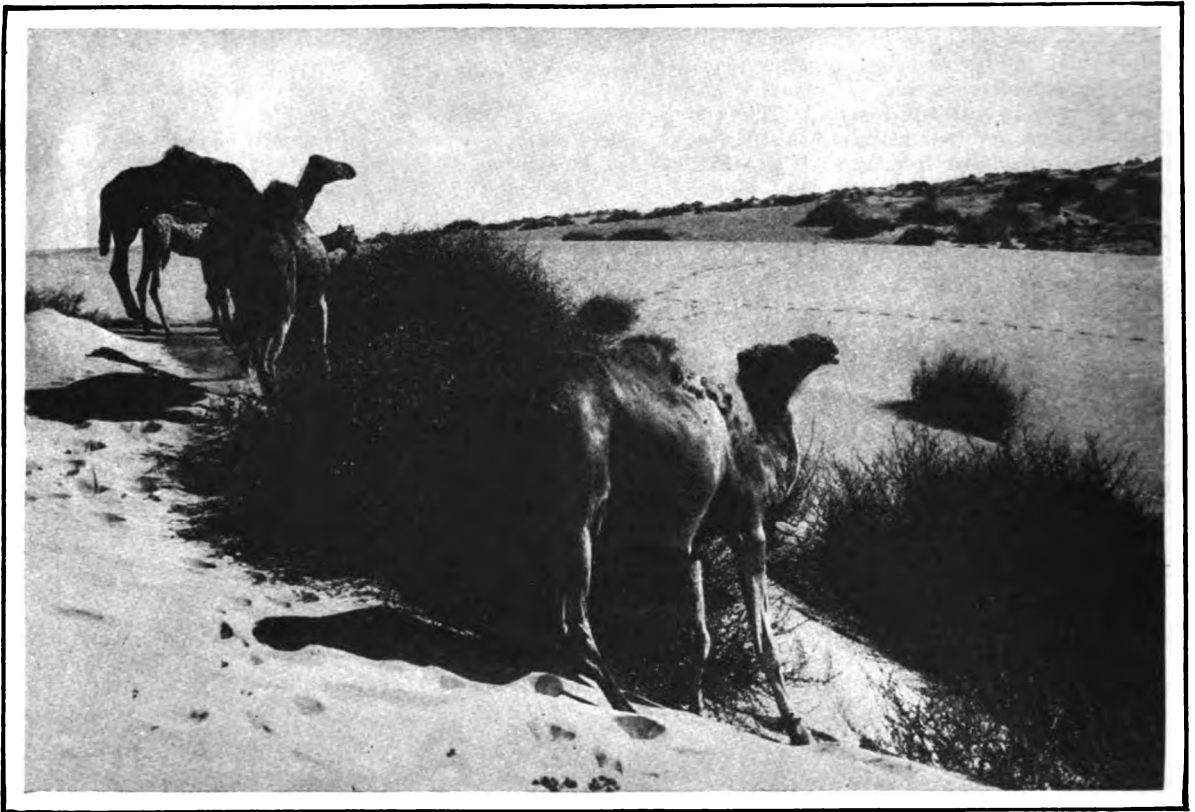
Southward in the Dark Continent practically all the desirable territory had been seized by either England or Germany. Besides, that country was a long, long way from Genoa or Naples—the leading Italian naval bases.

There remained Libya. So Italy took it.

It was a poor enough prize; but it was something. Italy hung on, tried hard to develop the land, to make it yield some slight return on the investment of money and blood.

But again luck interposed. Not three years had elapsed before the outbreak of the World War stirred up again the Mohammedan frenzy. Italy, even though not then an active participant in Europe, had to begin operation of a regular troop transport service to Tripoli. Reinforce-

"THE SANDS OF WHERE THE MOSLEM



CAMELS IN THE DESERT



ITALIAN NATIVE TROOPS IN SKIRMISH ORDER OUTSIDE BENGASI

THE DESERT" HOLDS ITALY AT BAY



ARAB CAVALRY ADVANCING THROUGH AN OASIS



THE GIBBET OF SIDI IDRIS AT THE OASIS OF DJEREBUB

ments, and more reinforcements, were demanded. Finally there was open rebellion and bloodshed.

So, while the attention of the world was centered upon the battlefields of France and Belgium, while even Italy turned its eyes toward the Carso and Mount Grappa, an unnoticed but extremely ferocious little war was waged across the wastes of the Libyan Desert, and was being carried right up to the walls and outpost forts of the seaboard cities. Misurata, on the Mediterranean, fell; and Zavia, less than fifty kilometers from Tripoli City, was taken and occupied by the Arabs under the command of Fuad Pasha, nephew of the Turkish Sultan.

In May, 1919, as has been said, an armistice was patched up. That armistice exists on paper to-day. But what the true situation is remains dubious; for news reports from Libya, having their only possible origin in the Italian Censor's office, cannot be depended upon.

The difficulties, then, that menace the maintenance of Italian dominion in Libya are three:

First, the comparatively recent conquest of the country, a matter of only eleven years past. The writer spent some days with a famous sheik of the desert, one Mohammed Shulabi, who is reputed to have been himself the leader of a terrible attack on Italian *bersaglieri* from which scarcely a man escaped. What Mohammed Shulabi thinks now no one may say, for the Arab is not communicative to comparative strangers. But what other chief men of the race feel is very evident in the very manner in which they eye their Italian overlords and in their muttered curses of hatred as the Italian soldiers, always—and prudently—fully armed, pass down the *suk* of the city.

Second, the failure of the Italian Government adequately to colonize the country with loyal Italians. Where here in

New York (an American city, despite all that some of its detractors may maintain) we have huge colonies of Italians living almost precisely as they would in Caserta or Reggio or Bari or Trapani—talking the same tongue, eating the same food, prey to the same superstitions, flaunting the same flag—in the towns of Libya, from Buchamesh on the west to Tobruch on the Egypt line, is heard no syllable of the soft Latin tongue. Here the Koran is in every tent and Dante is unknown; here fez replaces *borsalino*, and the sandal takes the place of the boot. What few civilians, clustered about iron café tables, do speak the Latin tongue turn out to be, upon closer and disappointing investigation, mongrel Maltese from Valetta or Levantine Jews.

And, in the third place, there are the almost insuperable obstacles to a purely military control. In Algiers and Tunis, not to speak of Morocco, the Atlas Mountains supply great tracts of arable and fertile country, welling with water. In Egypt is the incalculably precious Nile, along which—in addition to its fertilizing properties—troops may be moved with speed and security for hundreds of miles. But, in Tripolitania, in the interior of Cyrenaica even, twenty miles from the littoral, are none of these tactical advantages. Forever and forever the sands of the desert stretch southward, hill upon hill. Across the glaring emptiness of this awful desolation, tortured by the unbelievable heat of the summer sun or frozen by the gale of winter blasts from the bitter Adriatic, any defending forces must move painfully in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp enemy. In full possession of the vast herds of camels and of thousands of beautiful Arab horses, the Bedouins can strike, and run and strike again with miraculous speed.

And, untrammelled by any Hague conventions, the Arab knows war only in its most primitive aspects. To kill the

enemy is his ideal. How? Well, that doesn't matter very much. The night attack is his favorite pastime; the slitting of hostile throats while his victim sleeps is a peculiarly pleasant sort of play; the maiming or horrible cicatrization of "Christian dogs" is all a part of the game.

It is that sort of thing that Italy has to face in Libya. And if the Turkish uprising in Asia Minor spreads its spirit unchecked, it is that sort of thing that is almost certain to happen.

The loss of Libya would seem a small thing as measured in the great balance of world affairs. To Italy, indeed, the bereavement might not be unbearable; for the arid land is unprofitable enough as it stands, and constitutes a constant and annoying drain upon the royal treasury.

But with the Turk actually triumphant in his own ancient provinces of Asia, daily threatening a return to lost lands of Thrace, a single victorious campaign in the territory of a strong Allied nation would lend him a confidence that might well prove enormously difficult to subdue.

A thousand years ago the Christian nations were at bay in their own lands. And while there is no danger of another such situation in our living generation, the advance of the champions of the Crescent is worth more than superficial attention.

The Turk, winning Syria, wins back a land long Moslem. The Turk, winning Tripoli—all Libya—wins back a land where Christian influence has for a little time at least been omnipotent.

And there is, it may be added, a sinister significance in the circumstance that those strangers from "the parts of Libya about Cyrene" (Acts ii.10)—who on the first Day of Pentecost spoke the Apostles' own language—should be now wholly converted to the tongue of the Prophet.

THE SECRET OF GERMAN FINANCE

BY P. W. WILSON

IN considering the finances of Europe, and the question whether and to what extent the United States should press for payment of the debts due to her, it is easy to understand the situation of France and Great Britain. These countries are hard hit by the war, but both of them are obviously solvent. Britain has balanced her budget, repaid more than one billion dollars of external and internal liabilities, reduced the amount of her paper money, and brought her exchange sterling within ten per cent of par gold; while France is declared by the Bankers' Trust, after an elaborate investigation, to be as wealthy as she was before the war (this being the reward of her thrift), and if her budget does not yet balance, the reason is that she has undertaken the restora-

tion of her ruined provinces on a large scale; debiting the cost, not to taxation, but to German reparations, which are in a large measure withheld. The case of Italy, too, is plain. Her expenditure is greater than her revenue, and what she needs is a much smaller army, many fewer officials, and severe rectitude in her administration.

But when we come to Germany, we find that even experts differ. This is doubtless because some of them, like scientific witnesses, are swearing their testimony to a brief. They want Germany to pay her fines to France and they say, therefore, that she is well able to do so, or they want the United States to cancel her loans and therefore they say that Europe is perishing. I hold no brief for any policy. I have heard a

dozen budgets introduced into the British House of Commons. There is not a budget so introduced by Mr. Lloyd George that I did not hear discussed in advance and during its passage. The judgment that I have brought to bear upon the German problem is the judgment which I would apply to the finances of my own country, a judgment based on cold arithmetic, which, after all, is one of those few sciences that, even in a mad world, cannot err.

The collapse of currency in Russia was of course deliberate. During the war it was actually promoted by Germany, where billions of forged rubles were distributed for the purpose along the Russian front. The Bolsheviks may now wish to regain a monetary standard, but in the first flush of their Communist

enthusiasm they hoped to use other tokens, representing only the various units of labor performed and eliminating wealth, thrift, investment, and the entire machinery of capitalism. In Austria currency has been wrecked, moreover, by causes easy to analyze. Vienna is "the head without a body," where proceeds what business men call a vast "overhead" expenditure with no volume of business to sustain it.

But Germany is not Communist. In no country is capital more powerful and triumphant. Nor is Germany a head without a body. By war she has lost less than one-fifth of her territory, and more than four-fifths remains. Why, then, has the mark fallen from 23 cents to about one-seventeenth of a cent? It is a fall to one-four-hundredth of value or—allowing for a feverish recovery—to one-three-hundredth. What is the explanation?

The immediate reason for the fall in the mark is easy enough to state. Paper money is a symbol for gold. On a dollar bill are printed the words:

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York will pay to the bearer on demand one dollar.

The bill is issued on the security of the United States, dischargeable in gold. In Germany, one year ago, the gold reserve was \$250,000,000. The outstanding paper was \$17,500,000,000. The proportion of paper to gold was thus 70 to 1. And to-day the position is worse. German currency merely represents credit, not assets. In a single week as many as 10,000,000,000 paper marks, equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000 paper dollars, have been issued, not to pay reparations, but with obvious intent to depreciate.

On this phenomenon there can be no higher authority than Dr. Bruhn, the chairman of Krupps' directors. Recently he has said:

Inflation is the lesser evil. The greatest evil would be if we were to stop working.

In other words, the inflation is deliberate. The industrial magnates have ordained it. George Bernhard, editor of the "Vossische Zeitung," has expressed the view that Stinnes is playing for a collapse. The objective is Germany busy but Germany bankrupt. She is to recover her trade, but she is to shed her debts.

Take first her industries, and secondly her finance. In May, 1921, Mr. Schwab, supported by Mr. Hoover, declared that Germany had gone back to work and was "winning the peace." In Mr. Hoover's words, she hoped "to coin desperate labor into good solid money." On August 12 the London "Economist," the highest financial authority in the British Empire, reported of Germany:

The trade boom is growing; and an increasing number of manufacturers refuse to deliver before the end of the year, and in all cases provide for alteration of their contract prices in case wages or other costing factors increase. Employment continues to improve, and the unsatisfied demand

for labor materially exceeds the small number of unemployed. The number of publicly supported unemployed has fallen from 314,475 a year ago to 19,864 on July 1. Crops will not be as bad as was feared some weeks ago, but will not be as good as in 1921.

The unemployed in Germany are 20,000 in numbers, and in Britain, with sterling rising to par, the unemployed number nearly 2,000,000, this on a smaller population.

Inflation of currency is thus a tonic while it lasts. In Germany's home market it has resulted in constantly rising prices. Goods are ordered to-day because they can be sold to-morrow at an assured profit. Companies have raised an immense volume of new capital, employees becoming mark millionaires in a month. As prices have risen, so on the whole have wages, and one estimate is that, as a result of the war, the standard of living in Germany has fallen only six per cent. As an eight-hour day has been substituted for a nine-hour day—with a temporary but considerable diminution of output due to the fragrance of Bolshevism—this is certainly an interesting result. The workers are considered to be well fed and well clothed. A mercantile marine is in process of construction. The tonnage of shipping cleared at Hamburg is rapidly returning to normal, and the number of passenger automobiles, which in 1914 was 60,676, had risen by 1921 to 60,966, while in some cities skyscrapers of American plan are being projected. Into a period of peace Germany has thus continued the feverish activities of war.

But, having developed great industrial cities and a crowded population, the Germans cannot live by taking in one another's washing. They must have foreign trade, and this foreign trade, like the home trade, has been stimulated by inflation. Take Krupps. It is true that seventy-five per cent of the ore used by Krupps is now imported and paid for in gold. But, on the other hand, Krupps receive gold for every manufactured product that they export. The difference between these imports and those exports is a gold difference in favor of Krupps, and put into marks that gold is multiplied hundreds of times in paper value. Now the rise in German wages has always been lower than the rise in the value of gold. If Krupps get 300 marks for their one mark gold, they have only to pay 150 marks or less on increased wages, salaries, and overhead expenses. On the transaction they have thus an enormous margin of profit—sufficient to enable them to sell steel in England at \$20 less per ton than England can make that steel.

It is true that Germany has lost many investments abroad by confiscation. But after peace was signed her financiers met this difficulty by exporting foreign investments held in Germany. The object was twofold. First, it meant that these foreign investments could not be seized in Germany for reparations or taxes imposed for the purpose of repara-

tions. And, secondly, it provided Germany with assets in foreign banks against which she could get credit for the purchase of raw material that she badly needed owing to the depletion of her stocks. Her own banks were, doubtless, weakened by the loss of these exported securities and had to lend to their own people without such security and thus contribute to inflation, but this result, as we have seen, German financiers did not mind. Inflation has been their game throughout.

We thus see that, in peace as well as in war, the German mind is comprehensive, thoroughly logical, and organized to the last detail, like a machine. The depreciation of the mark has of course led to many valuable German assets passing at low prices into foreign hands, but on balance Germany has gained enormously. Her assets of every kind—mines, forests, factories, farms, etc.—are worth about \$70,000,000,000 gold, none of which assets, as valued in gold, are affected by the fall in the mark. When, however, we come to Germany's liabilities, we find a very different story. The whole of her domestic war debt, much swollen since the armistice, is in paper, and last year it had reached about 250,000,000,000 of such marks, or \$60,000,000,000. But see what happens when the mark falls to one-three-hundredth of its face value. The German debt shrinks to only \$200,000,000, or less than one-hundredth of the Federal debt of the United States. One can easily understand why Germany would like to raise an international loan, even of moderate dimensions. For every cent she receives by such loan she can redeem 300 cents of scrip face value, issued—all of it—in the first instance at or about par.

The German argument is thus subtle and ingenious. She sees Britain, with her sterling exchange almost back to normal, heavily taxed and painfully repaying to her creditors, at home and abroad, 20 shillings in the pound. How much easier to postpone taxation, to retain innumerable officials, to run the post office and railways at a loss, and so depreciate not only the currency, but the debts of every kind dependent on it! When Germany had to find a billion dollars in gold last year for reparations, she let the mark slump, and it is estimated that her foreign creditors lost much more by the fall than the Allies gained by the billion dollars. With their assets safely planted abroad, German capitalists would rather like the country to go bankrupt and get rid of its liabilities, and especially of reparations. Then, with the capital thus exported, they would start business again unhampered by actual and political liabilities.

That this has been and is the German strategy, I take to be demonstrable beyond possibility of challenge. Whether she can "put it over" is another question. After all, when the mark fell to 2 cents, many people outside Germany bought the currency in the belief that Germany would play the game and seek

a recovery of her credit. On their part, it was doubtless a speculation, but it will be a long time before German marks are again trusted abroad. Also, inflation is like running a bicycle down hill. What exactly will happen when the brake is applied? May it not then be up-hill work, as in the United States during deflation?

What Dr. Hermes, the German Finance Minister, says is that reparations are "the cause of the entire financial distress of the Empire." He is right. Whether the reparations be reasonable or excessive, Germany does not want to pay one gold mark more than she has to or before she is made to pay. Inflation is her weapon not only for promoting commerce but for postponing installments when they fall due. As long as the amount of reparations continues indeterminate, for so long will Germany drive down her apparent credit at home, building up by a feverish trade new credits abroad, which the Allies cannot touch.

In saying that the Germans are not philanthropists, but are thinking mainly of their own interests, the French also

are right. The Germans are in that respect like every other nation that walks this earth. Whether the inflation is an honest device, one may argue one way and the other way. The Germans consider that it is their economic defense against claims for reparations of an impossible amount. The practical question, however, is not one of ethics. It is plain that Germany will pay nothing except as she is compelled, and what we have to decide is how far she can be compelled. The profits on her state mines and forests, when reduced to gold, are negligible—perhaps intentionally negligible—and there is little hope that those profits would increase if German workers were to be placed under the alien control of French officers. Military measures against Germany, in which France would have to act alone, whether justified by the facts or not, would fail to raise money. Interrupt German industry, and the last hope of reparations seems likely to vanish.

Germany is to-day recovering. By her treaty with the Soviets she has obtained access to the vast resources of Russia which she is now organizing. In one

year her population rose by 750,000, while the population of France fell by 200,000. The balance of population was changed to the disadvantage of France by one million in twelve months—this without any annexation of Austria or other extension of German territory. The very measures which disarm Germany on the military side strengthen her armament as a commercial Power. One billion dollars' worth of gun plant has been scrapped at Krupps under General Bingham, of the British army. And Krupps is making locomotives with other steel products, which are seized by customers before they are sold. The German budget shows an item of 3,600,000,000 marks for defense and 8,100,000,000 marks for pensions, or 11,700,000,000 marks in all for the army and navy. In gold this works out at less than \$8,000,000! The naval and military budget of France is 5,000,000,000 francs. In gold that works out at \$400,000,000. Germany is thus spending in gold one-fiftieth of the sums spent by France upon armaments, pensions included. That, in plain terms, is the situation that we are up against.

THE CRIME WAVE AND THE JURY

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

THE report of the Cleveland Crime Survey has been published, various Bar Associations have spoken, and the consensus of opinion appears to be that the courts are congested, that legal procedure in many cases is antiquated, and that the law's delay which is the consequence of the congestion and the antiquated methods is a direct encouragement to the criminal and an incentive to crime.

The jury seems to have escaped criticism, yet my experience as a juror in the criminal court compels the verdict that the jury, as it is selected to-day, must bear a large share of the responsibility for the contempt of law which is the primary cause of the crime wave. Nominally, every citizen on the assessors' lists is liable to jury service; actually, nearly half of those called find some way of escape. Precedent and political influence are invoked to exempt those best fitted to pass upon the guilt or innocence of their fellow-citizens at the bar, and that solemn responsibility is left to the ignorant and inexperienced. The "twelve men tried and true" have ceased to be tried, and though they may be true according to their lights, those lights are often but a feeble glimmer.

In my own State the written law exempts from jury service any man who has been a member of the National Guard for nine years or who after nine months in the United States Army has been honorably discharged. Precedent rules that physicians and nurses shall automatically excused. Lawyers are ad officers of the court and are ex-

cused. The judge may at his discretion excuse any one who claims that his business will suffer without his actual presence, and teachers and clergymen appeal successfully, as a rule, to that discretion. Those who cater to the necessary needs of the community—the butcher, the baker, the electric-light maker—find small difficulty in persuading the court that they are of more value as public providers than as jurors. A watchmaker summoned to my jury was permitted to return to his work because he said he was the only expert workman in his shop. Political influence can be trusted to relieve from service all those with a pull, and foresighted citizens who contribute handsomely to the expenses of the party in power need not fear the tedium of the court-room.

By these various processes of elimination, the eighty talesmen assigned to my court were reduced to forty-two before the court opened. Only four of the forty-two gave evidence of anything more than a primary education. Chauffeurs, waiters, plumbers' assistants, clerks from small shops, men "temporarily out of a job" predominated. The women did not raise the level of intelligence. In addition to my wholly inexperienced self, my sex was represented by a colored woman, elderly and somnolent, and two flappers whom their masculine fellow-jurors openly admired, and with whom the younger of them openly flirted. We were an ignorant and inefficient group. Several of us had never before been in a court-room. More than one could have sympathized with the

juror who, after the trial was over and the judge had made his charge, was asked whether he would vote for the plaintiff or the defendant, and replied helplessly, "But which is the plaintiff and which the defendant?" We did not know how to weigh evidence nor sift the conflicting and contradictory testimony of the witnesses. Our "native common sense" did not save us from unjust verdicts. We punished the innocent and bade the guilty go free.

Happily, though it was the criminal court, the cases were for the most part trivial. In the first one submitted to us, a colored truck-driver was accused of selling a barrel of apples from the truck and putting the money into his own pocket. The witnesses were his fellow-employees, ignorant colored men like himself, and under the heckling of the lawyers they grew more and more confused in their testimony. They contradicted themselves and one another and left us in a maze of doubt and bewilderment. The judge's charge failed to extricate us. We could not agree and were sent to the jury room for consultation.

The jury room was small, dark, and badly ventilated. It contained a table, twelve chairs, and an enormous spittoon around which we gathered. The men eagerly lighted their pipes, and it at once occurred to me that ignorant jurors, only half-conscious of their responsibilities, might easily agree to disagree in order to escape for a while from the severe decorum of the court and lounge and smoke in the jury room. I

have since been assured that evidence is not lacking to confirm my suspicion.

The jury room, as I have said, was stuffy and the pipes were rank. My soul revolted at the thought of seeing that huge spittoon put into active use, so I said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but smoking is forbidden in court."

"This is not the court," said a juror, puffing clouds of bad tobacco smoke into the already foul air.

"Let us leave it to the judge," I replied. "I will call the guard and tell him to ask the judge whether this room is or is not the court."

Every pipe was instantly put out—a bit of circumstantial evidence in favor of my suspicion—and we quickly decided that, while the testimony was contradictory and bewildering, it did seem, on the whole, to lean toward the prisoner and we would give him the benefit of the doubt. Our foreman reported a verdict of acquittal, and the old experienced crier, with whom I had established friendly relations, found opportunity to whisper to me, "Well, that *was* a bum verdict." I appealed to the prosecuting attorney, who was my kindly guide through the mazes of legal procedure, to know why it was "bum," and he said, "You went straight against the evidence. We know the man is guilty. He has confessed. And you paid no attention to the judge's charge."

"What else can you expect from such an ignorant and inexperienced lot as we are?" I replied. "We thought we were following the evidence. We thought we were heeding the judge's charge. We did the best we could."

In another typical case we were asked to decide which of two toughs had hit the other first in a street fight. Four of us, the four oldest and most experienced in the ways of the world, believed the testimony pointed to the guilt of the defendant; eight, including the flappers and their admirers, insisted upon his innocence. Again we were sent to the jury room for consultation. It had happened that a witness had referred to a previous fight between the plaintiff and the defendant, and the judge had warned us that that bit of testimony had no connection with the case and must not be considered. One of the flappers quoted it, and, when reminded that the judge had charged us to forget it, she said, "Well, I guess we must go by what the witnesses say. I guess we heard what that witness said. I guess we know as much as the judge does about that."

Her admirers supported her and it looked as if we must remain four to eight, but one of the four whispered to me, "These young people are so young that they know it all. No argument will change them. If we do not agree, the case will have to be retried. Is it worth a retrial? Does it really matter which of these two toughs hit the other first?"

I agreed that it did not, we went over to the majority, and the foreman reported a verdict for the defendant.

When I asked the prosecuting attorney what he thought of the verdict, he said: "All the evidence is against the defendant. Why did you not listen to the judge?"

"This time I know we ignored the judge's charge," I answered, "but the flappers and their young men would have it so." And he sighed, "You never can tell what a jury will do."

One reason why you never can tell is that the jury, being ignorant and inexperienced, falls easily under the spell of emotional oratory. It has become the custom of the lawyers for the defense to say little about the evidence against their clients, but much of their sufferings under the accusations of the prosecution. The stronger the evidence against them, the more vividly the sufferings are portrayed. The jury is implored to think of the ignominy that will attach to the devoted wife of the defendant if the verdict be against him, of the disgrace that will pursue his innocent children. The gray hairs of an aged mother become a criminal's best defense, "sob-stuff" takes the place of argument, and if a lawyer can make the jury weep he need not fear its verdict.

Not long ago a bootlegger was brought to trial before the Federal court in my own city. It happened to be Easter week, and the bootlegger's lawyer, profiting by the memories evoked by the sacred season, compared the sufferings of his client under the charges of the prosecution to the sufferings of Christ on his way to Calvary! Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of the men jurors, the one protesting woman felt herself obliged to yield to the tearful majority, and the bootlegger left the court a vindicated man.

It is worth while to note that it is the women jurors who are objecting to the substitution of emotion for evidence and "sob-stuff" for argument. The men, even the most intelligent, have failed to register a protest.

Another reason why you never can tell what a jury will do is that, being ignorant and inexperienced, it is easily prejudiced against the testimony of the police. In the majority of the cases submitted to my court police officers testified either for the defense or the prosecution, and the opposing lawyer always urged us to pay no attention to anything they might say.

"All policemen are liars," said one attorney in asking a verdict for his client. "It is their business to build up a case, and they build it up, evidence or no evidence."

I asked that lawyer later if he thought it conducive to law and order to condemn the police in open court. "Look at the people in this court-room," I said. "They are all ignorant. Many of them are aliens. All of them are criminals or the friends of criminals. Tell them that the police are corrupt and are building cases against them, and what becomes of their respect for the law?"

He merely shrugged his shoulders.

His one aim was to influence the jury, and he had the support of precedent. A lieutenant of police has lately lamented to me the effect of this discrediting of police testimony in open court upon the morale of the force. "If we are always spoken of as knaves," he said, "where is the incentive to be honest? If the force is as corrupt as the lawyers would have the jury believe, why not devote to its improvement the energy spent in denouncing it?"

Given the jury as I found it, it is evident that upon it must rest a due proportion of the responsibility for the miscarriages of justice which disgrace our courts and give immunity to the criminal. It is not the severity of the sentence that the lawbreaker fears; it is the certainty of the sentence. The jury stands for uncertainty. The criminal knows that if he can secure a lawyer who is expert in heckling witnesses until they become bewildered and uncertain, the jury will become bewildered and uncertain. He knows that if his lawyer is able to play upon the emotion of the jurors and move them to tears he can await their verdict without trembling. The native common sense of the ignorant juror is supposed to guide him through the mazes of conflicting evidence and the pitfalls spread by emotional oratory, but common sense is not an invariable attribute of the ignorant and inexperienced, nor has it been proved that native common sense is eradicated by education. To be a good juror does not imply a college degree. The expert watchmaker who was excused from my jury was evidently not a college graduate, but his skilled trade had made him observant and taught him concentration, yet those very qualities which made him invaluable as a juror served to relieve him from jury duty.

I asked a lawyer, upon whose client we sat in judgment, if he would tell me why he had challenged so many jurors. "Because they were just plain stupid," he said. "They could not have understood the evidence."

Intelligence tests are superseding examinations and references for entrance into college and the business world; perhaps in time they will be used to eliminate the "plain stupid" from the jury box. Perhaps, too, the tests which are weeding morons out of the United States Army may eventually weed the illiterate and feeble-minded from that vastly more important army whose weapons are votes and whose battleground is the ballot-box.

I may add that I submitted my verdict on the jury to my judge and he agreed it is just. He agreed that the jury, as at present selected, is unrepresentative and therefore too often inexperienced and incompetent.

He agreed that if mixed juries are to continue the age limit must be raised. Twenty-one years may insure enough wisdom to vote but not enough to enable young men and young women to sit side by side in the jury box and hear

and discuss the unsavory testimony of the criminal court.

He agreed that lawyers who "work the soft racket" should be checked, but when I ventured to ask him why he had not checked them in his own court he replied that he had not the authority. It would take the united action of many judges to overturn a precedent so long established.

He agreed that the discrediting of police testimony in open court tends to demoralize the criminal class, the jury, and the force itself, but he felt again that only by united action can the custom be abolished.

He agreed that I had common sense on my side when I suggested that the chief reason why cleanly and intelligent citizens evade jury duty in the criminal court is that a murder trial will consign them to the jury dormitory and compel them to bunk next to men of doubtful cleanliness and of any "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The jury dormitory might have meant democracy in the time of Alfred, but in the twentieth century it is merely defiance of the elementary laws of health and hygiene. Modern sanitary science demands separate cubicles, and until they

are provided women jurors will be justified in refusing to go into a dormitory and preferring a jail sentence for contempt of court, for in a jail one may at least have a cell to herself.

I left the court-room on my last day profoundly depressed by the jury system as I had seen it in operation, and by my own share in so many unjust verdicts. I was the more pleased when the crier, who had been the severest critic of our verdicts, followed me with outstretched hand. "Good-by," he said, "good-by, and I hope they'll send you back to us soon. You've got the makin's of a good juror."

GIFFORD PINCHOT

BY EDWARD J. HUNTER

THE Bull Moose has fought a decisive battle with the Elephant in the Pennsylvania political arena, and has subdued him. Now the pachyderm plods docilely in the wake of his antlered conqueror, and together they are going to administer the usual drubbing to the Democratic Donkey on election day in November.

In other words, Gifford Pinchot, disciple of Roosevelt and the foremost of the Bull Moose in the Keystone State, who stands for everything the Republican organization leaders have scoffed at since T. R.'s memorable campaign in 1912, is to be the next Governor of Pennsylvania, and he is to be elected as the regular Republican candidate. And, furthermore, the one-time followers of Boise Penrose, men who fought Pinchot bitterly in the primary election, will accept the inevitable and help the Progressive host, which brought about his nomination, in rolling up the customary Republican majority.

So in January next the chief executive's mansion, occupied for so many generations by men subservient to the dictates of the Republican machine, will be occupied by Roosevelt's Chief Forester, one of his most trusted lieutenants, who sums up his pledges to the people by announcing that he will give them "a Roosevelt square deal."

That Pinchot will be elected there is not the slightest doubt. Of course the "unterrified" of the Democracy, who have a morose habit of prolonging their own agony, may insist that their candidate, John A. McSparran, who is also the Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, has a chance to win. But in their innermost consciousness they know he hasn't the remotest chance.

Pitted against any other candidate than Pinchot, McSparran would poll a vote much larger than has ever been given to any Democratic candidate in Pennsylvania since Robert E. Pattison was chosen Governor. He represents the best his party has to offer, having been selected in opposition to the desires of the machine leaders. But, this year,

against Pinchot, he hasn't any chance whatever.

Pinchot not only represents a programme of good government, which the people know he is honest and vigorous enough to put into effect, but, more than that, he represents a movement which the people of Pennsylvania, in a more or less confused way, have been trying to bring to a successful point in the commonwealth's political life for many years.

Pinchot typifies to the people the destroyer of the boss system. There always has been an undercurrent of sentiment against bossism in the State, even though observers may have believed that it was "corrupt and contented." In 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt came into Pennsylvania and declared war on Boies Penrose, in the contest for delegates to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, the people answered his call because they saw an attack on the bosses. When the Progressive party was formed, and Roosevelt, continuing his fight, called for the State's electoral vote, he got it. The people wanted to end the boss system, and they felt that T. R.'s return to Presidential power meant the downfall of Penrose and his associates.

Subsequently, with the magnetic personality of the Colonel removed, the ardor of the people cooled, and the Progressive force was disorganized. But it came back strongly in the recent primary election, and the selection of Gifford Pinchot as the Republican gubernatorial candidate was the result.

Unquestionably the political blunders of the Republican machine leaders contributed to the success of Pinchot—that and the fact that there was a disaffection in their ranks which precipitated certain disclosures concerning mismanagement of the Pennsylvania State Treasury. But these were merely contributing causes—the main elements that produced victory lay in the realization that Pinchot stood for Rooseveltism, and that his Rooseveltism was not a modified or diluted article, but such as might be expected from a man who had

lived and worked with and shared the confidence of the man whom Pennsylvania reverences as it does only Lincoln and Washington.

As to the blunders of the organization leaders, these consisted of certain acts which helped to emphasize the declarations of Pinchot that a little group of men was nullifying the Uniform Primaries Act and taking out of the hands of the people their right to select the party candidates.

When the time arrived for the selection of a machine man for the gubernatorial nomination, Penrose had died. A group of county leaders, together with Governor William C. Sproul, essayed to take the power of Penrose into their hands. Another group, sympathetic with Joseph R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, declined to work with them.

Consequently it was difficult for the Sproul group of leaders to concentrate on one man. Several men upon whom they looked with favor had thrown themselves into the race, and, in addition, the Grundy faction had entered John S. Fisher, former Banking Commissioner of the State.

Finally the Sproul leaders managed to eliminate all but Fisher and Pinchot, although they never had hoped to drive the Forester out of the race. Then they entered an entirely new candidate, George E. Alter, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania.

This process of elimination not only required considerable time, but it involved endless secret conferences, and with Pinchot pointing his finger continually to the efforts of the bosses to defeat the purposes of the primary election, the people were deeply impressed by the spectacle.

And to more thoroughly stamp the iniquity upon the popular mind, John S. Fisher, who had previously refused to get out of the field at the behest of the Sproul leaders, withdrew with a call to the people to name Pinchot and defeat the attempt to nullify the primary.

The battle in the primary election was

a definite fight upon the issue as to whether a set of bosses or the Republican voters themselves should name the gubernatorial candidate. Exposure of the mismanagement of the State's funds came shortly before the primary election, through the Auditor-General, Samuel E. Lewis, one of those opposing the Sproul coalition. It influenced thousands of votes, no doubt, but the major issue was that of bossism.

The election of Pinchot, therefore, will result, the people firmly believe, in the ending of the system which has not only saddled bad government on their State for generations, but has gained their commonwealth an evil reputation throughout the Union. The election of McSparran, were that possible in a State so strongly Republican as Pennsylvania, would simply destroy the work which has already been accomplished in returning the government of Pennsylvania once more into the hands of its people.

This is generally recognized by the voters throughout the State, and the election of Pinchot therefore is beyond question. The only thing the balloting in November can settle more definitely is the size of his vote. And the indications are that his victory will far surpass that of any previous Republican candidate for the place of chief executive.

Under favorable conditions there might have been a rebellion of the Republican machine leaders; but with George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, and Major David A. Reed, of Pittsburgh, sharing the Senatorial patronage at Washington—both men who are as deeply opposed to the boss type of politician as is Gifford Pinchot himself—the practical political leaders are not in a position to attempt such a defection.

The commonwealth has settled down, therefore, in the comfortable belief that the era of the Camerons, the Quays, and the Penroses has passed forever, and that when in January next Gifford Pinchot moves into the executive mansion at Harrisburg he will, to use his own phrase, "turn on the light and clean up the mess."

Pinchot himself, however, is carrying on a campaign which is every whit as extensive and as vigorous as though he had only a shred of a chance to win. He doesn't question the certainty of his victory. In fact, he already has appointed a committee of leading citizens to examine the State's obsolete financial system so that he may, immediately upon taking office, recommend reforms to the Legislature.

But he is resolved that his triumph shall be so decisive that it will rob the bosses of the power effectively to oppose his reform measures in the General Assembly.

Almost any other political aspirant, facing such a roseate prospect as does Pinchot, would seat himself on his front porch and loll away the hours until election in pleasant meditation. Espe-



MR. AND MRS. PINCHOT IN CONFERENCE CONCERNING THE DETAILS OF THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

cially would he do so did he enjoy such a pleasing view as is obtainable as one looks down the valley from the altitudinous terraces of the Pinchot mansion, Grey Towers, just outside Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania.

But Pinchot insists that he must get out among the people and tell them of the programme for Pennsylvania's uplift that he has in mind. Before election day he is going to go into every county in the State, and there are sixty-seven of them. And in each county he is going to visit as many communities as can be crowded into the itinerary.

To make it easier to jump from place to place, without long layovers, he is making his tour in an automobile. The Republican State Committee could well afford to pay train expenses, which would make the trip much easier for the gubernatorial candidate, but he has declined to consider the question of fatigue. The auto, he feels, is more adaptable to his needs—he can visit more places in one day—and that is the only phase of the matter which strikes him as important. However, auto-campaigning is not new to him. When he ran against Boies Penrose, in a forlorn contest for the United States Senatorship, he rode all over the State in a Ford. This time, however, he will travel in a six-cylinder car, because it gives him more chance to stretch his legs.

As a campaigner, Mr. Pinchot is quite as dynamic as Colonel Roosevelt. The Colonel put more gestures into his speeches—fairly exhausted himself sometimes in driving home his oratorical points. But T. R. would conserve his strength when he was not speaking. Pinchot, however, keeps moving almost incessantly from the moment he opens his tour.

During his primary election campaign he almost exhausted the newspaper correspondents who were with him. He was up and out of his hotel—when he stopped overnight in a hotel—before daybreak. And if he touched bed again before midnight it was because he was to continue his journey in a sleeper—as was usually the case—and the railway schedule compelled him to get aboard before the mystic hour of twelve. And in his waking hours it was a constant whirl from town to town, with barely enough time to bolt a meal now and then.

But with all the hardships of campaigning with Pinchot, there wasn't a man among them who wasn't ready to go out again with him when the time for his fall trip arrived, despite the fact that itinerary and the mode of travel promised even more grueling adventures.

And it was simply because Gifford Pinchot is the sort of man who inspires others. To begin with, he has a fine personality, one that wins and holds friendships. And, more than that, his honesty and sincerity impress themselves on one at the first meeting.

To correspondents, who had campaigned with practical politicians, who were mere mouthpieces for a political machine, it was a real joy to write about a man who was the personification of integrity, and who sought nothing in politics except the honorable opportunity to reshape the political destinies of his native State for the good of its people.

Yet, with all his sincerity of purpose, all of his intense desire for real public service, Pinchot is by no means a self-centered zealot, a bore who is always ready to inflict his views upon those around him. He is a man of charming manners, has an exquisite sense of



GIFFORD PINCHOT INSTRUCTING HIS SON, GIFFORD, JR., IN MARKSMANSHIP AT GREY TOWERS

humor, and under the most trying circumstances is a pleasant companion.

During his primary campaign he lost his voice, and for days his throat was so greatly inflamed that it gave him intense pain. On top of this, his right hand became very sore, through shaking hands with thousands of persons each day. Either one of these afflictions would have developed at least grumpiness on the part of an average person forced to carry on a political campaign. But Pinchot not only concealed all manifestations of pain, but during long train or automobile rides laughed incessantly at the pleasantries of the newspaper men. And it is doubtful whether any one among those he met during those days knew just how badly he felt.

When Pinchot addresses an audience, he wins it almost immediately. Before he opens his mouth, the audience is convinced—if it is convinceable—that he is an honest man, that what he is about to say will be the truth, and what he promises to do will be done if it is possible for a man to do it, and if it isn't done it will not be because he has failed to make the attempt.

It was the discovery of this reaction on the part of his audiences by the newspaper men accompanying him that made it possible for them, after a certain stage in his primary campaign, to predict his nomination, in face of the fact that he was opposing the machine, whose "slated candidates" for State offices had never gone down to defeat.

The comments of the men and women who turned out to hear him showed that he won their confidence the minute they took a look at him, and that when they had heard him speak they were committed to his cause. Of course this is true of any candidate where the audience is picked by well-known political methods, but in Pinchot's case the as-

semblages were almost wholly impromptu gatherings.

Pinchot is not a great orator. He lacks both the word power and the gesticulations of Roosevelt. But he has the intense earnestness which marked T. R.'s utterances, and it means more than all the polished periods and brilliant epigrams that the most eloquent speaker might roll out. Wherever he has gone in his primary election campaign—and in his general election tour up to date—it is apparent that the people stamp their approval upon him because he is the embodiment of honesty, and his words—uttered in a plain, heart-to-heart manner—ring true.

Probably nowhere does one obtain a more comprehensive insight into the many-sidedness of Pinchot than at his home at Milford. His den and office, which is on the first floor of one of the towers from which the house takes its name, has objects in it which run the gamut of human activities—guns, books on forestry, fishing tackle, statistics on conservation of natural resources, quaint bits of art, outlines for reforms in various departments of State government—a perfect conglomeration of objects which play some part in the varied interests of his busy life.

There is hardly a subject which the ordinary human being may wish to discuss, whether it be fishing, hunting, aviation, good government, taxation, the drama, or literature, which he cannot take up authoritatively, and like as not illustrate with something either on his desk, the walls, or in the book-cases.

While a great lover of life in the open, he is also a student and a tremendously hard worker. Even when at home at Grey Towers, he is continuously on the go, except when he has to play the host. One minute he is to be seen poring over a book, reading a report, or dictating a letter, and soon after he appears costumed for a try at the trout in the creek which runs through his estate. And, next to wading the stream after the trout, the greatest pleasure he can derive is in togging out his seven-year-old son, Gifford, Jr., popularly known as "Mr. Fish," and taking him along to try his hand with the fishing-rod.

Mr. Pinchot likes to be home at Grey

Towers, for there, he says, he can work around in old clothes and wear soft shoes and an old hat and enjoy himself.

One of the pleasant features of life at the Pinchot home is the partnership, in every respect, which exists between husband and wife. Mrs. Pinchot is not only interested in the pleasures that are her husband's, but she is equally as well versed in politics and knows the State, its people, and its problems of a governmental character as thoroughly as does Mr. Pinchot.

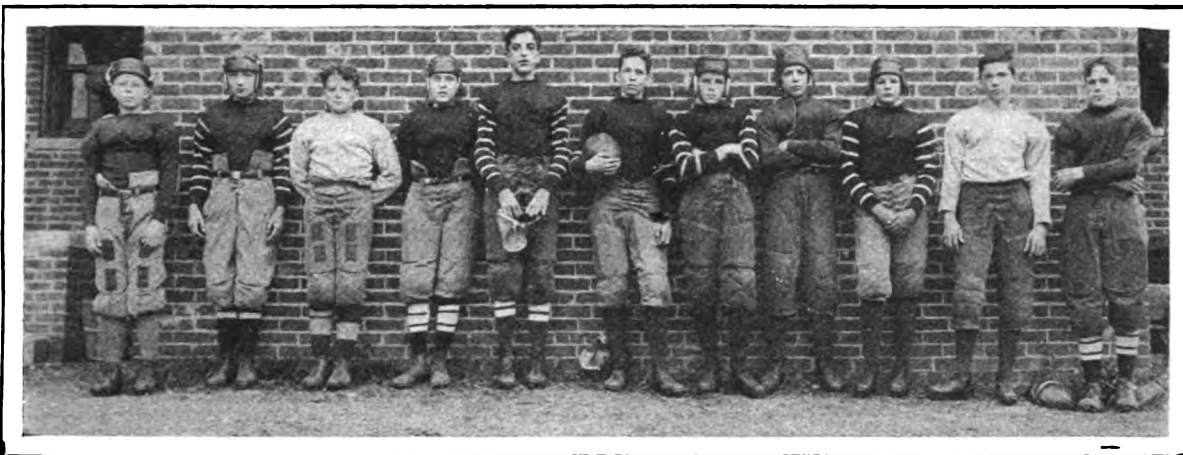
In fact, the practical politicians profess to fear her more than they do her husband, for they say she wields tremendous influence among the women of the State, which is unquestionably true. She is a member of the Republican State Committee from Pike County, the county's only member, in fact. She makes a speech which puts many a male orator in the shade, and she has an exceedingly comprehensive knowledge of the political cross-currents of the State.

Always before adopting any course of political action Mr. Pinchot consults with the "State committeeman from Pike County," and there is no evidence that he has made any mistakes so far.

If he were to do nothing more for the sake of the State politically, Mr. Pinchot has accomplished one thing which will indelibly stamp his name upon its history. As far back as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been the custom of the State's dominant political party to assess the employees of the State and the various local governments to help defray the costs of the State-wide campaigns. Each follower of the party holding a job, no matter how humble the place or meager the salary, has been forced to pay a certain percentage of his yearly wage. This system has been a subject of protest for years, but no candidate, no matter what his pretensions to honesty might be, ever attempted to end this practice until Mr. Pinchot found that he had been nominated.

Then he notified the Republican State Committee that if this system of extorting assessments was to prevail, he would sever his campaign from its control and conduct it himself. The State committee argued that it was impossible to conduct a campaign without gouging the State and city employees, but finally, when it was found that Mr. Pinchot meant what he said, the Committee decided that, after all was said and done, it would be better to raise the necessary money from private sources.

That was triumph No. 1 for the Bull Moose, as the machine politicians call Mr. Pinchot. Since then the Committee has accepted his counsel and direction without debate, all of which augurs well for the future. It means that Pinchot will not only be elected, but he will find the Legislature amenable to his advice, and it will be possible to carry out the "Roosevelt square deal" programme which he promised the people.



AN ALMOST IDEAL JUNIOR FOOTBALL ELEVEN, WITH REASONABLY SMALL VARIATIONS IN WEIGHT AND AGE. SECOND TEAM, CARTERET ACADEMY, ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

The second and third teams, kept rigidly to boys of nearly the same size and age, were thus capable of superior team-work, and lost altogether but three games in thirty in two years

WHEN YOUR BOY PLAYS FOOTBALL

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

AS one of our great National sports reaches its usual spectacular wind-up in New York, the second one gets into its fall stride. These two games, baseball and football, are assets of no mean value—not when played by professionals for the excitement of some thousands of bench athletes, but when played by schoolboys for their own mental, moral, and physical benefit.

Each game brings its own peculiar benefits. With baseball, for instance, comes the most rapid kind of co-ordination between mind and body. There must be instantaneous judgment and individual alertness of very high order. There must be a stern self-control, for all ball players know the fatal rout that comes when a team "goes up in the air." So much for baseball. The season's knell is sounding for the professionals and that for the schools sounded months ago.

Enters football. And here we have another fine game that can be of enormous aid, not only in physical development, but in developing physical courage, the ability to take a rough-and-tumble in good humor and a bump or two without self-pity. It develops the ability to work as a member of a team. And team-play is a mark of civilization. A football eleven made up of eleven individuals is no team at all, and deserves the certain defeat that comes to it. This is something that boys learn, and those who are worth anything become able to sink their individualities in the team, and out of this arises fine and rapid team-play, rapid and effective interference, the resolute fighting of a good team of sportsmen going down to defeat, but going down gallantly, with flags flying to the last bitter moment. Here's a game that requires real manhood, and often develops manhood where it was

seemingly lacking before. Here's a game that bumps a self-centered youth out of himself, and, by virtue of much rolling in the mud and sundry hard knockings against a tough old earth and sundry hard elbows, feet, and leather armor, makes him into a genial, co-operating fellow-citizen.

And all this is rather hard to say when one reads every fall of the number of fatal accidents and quantities of painful injuries gained by the more youthful players of this noble game. We do have the deaths, and we do have the broken legs, arms, collar bones, and so on. And it is because of this well-advertised annual list of unfortunate happenings that many parents, perhaps wisely, keep their young sons out of the game and many schools try to discourage it.

And yet, after all, if one or two reasonable regulations are strictly and fairly enforced, the chance of accident is reduced to such a minimum that football may well become much safer than many other sports—basket-ball, for instance, which has such an unpleasant record with its younger enthusiasts, who too often gain heart enlargement through its too long continued violence.

But football, even for the small boy, and I am talking now particularly concerning the playing of this game on the part of lads under college age—for the boy and youth, then, football becomes quite safe and of immense physical and character benefit if but one or two rules are understood and rigidly enforced. And this is something that the parents themselves often have to enforce. Too many coaches seem unable to avoid "taking a chance" for the sake of making a winning team a possibility.

Here is the first and most vitally important rule. When schoolboys play football, they should play in teams of

boys of approximately the same weight, and should never play against other teams that weigh more than a very few pounds over their own average weight, nor should the opposing team have any one individual player weighing over two or three pounds more than the heaviest player on the first team.

The writer has seen many of the schoolboy accidents that get into print, and has looked up numbers of others, and in a great majority of cases these have come to small or young boys who have been playing with much heavier or older boys. Now it may well be that the light-weight boy in question is a very superior player, and too many coaches do not resist the temptation to put this boy with the heavier and older players. True enough, an exceedingly skillful lad of fourteen or fifteen by real dexterity may avoid serious accident when playing with a team of much heavier fellows. But in such cases you no longer have a real sport. You have only the younger and lighter boy's dexterity between him and a possible serious if not fatal injury. No boy should play under such a handicap. He should be able to give and take with the rest of his team and not need to use most of his capacities in avoiding getting badly hurt, instead of using them totally for the advancement of the game, which he could do if placed with boys of his own size.

This is certainly true when much lighter boys are sent into teams with heavier ones, and it is even true when a young but heavy and stocky boy is sent in with boys who may be no heavier, but who are considerably older. For the young boy's joints are not tightly knit. A blow that the older boy will hardly notice may injure the younger boy for life. So that there should be, in an ideal team, not only a

homogeneity in size but also in age, when schoolboy playing is concerned.

It is true that some schools rigidly maintain such regulations, and when this is done chance of accident is reduced to a very small minimum, the boys gain much benefit and pleasure, and, which is quite important, they are very likely to win their games, for a homogeneous team is a much better machine for a fighting game like football than any team can ever be that mixes wide variations of sizes and ages. And yet the writer has seen experienced coaches do this very thing, knowing all the time that there is a real risk (to the boys, of course, and not to the coach), but willing to "take a chance" that the youngster will manage to keep out of ugly tackles and manage not to get beneath some big burly fellow who will be likely to break some of his bones. For a good example of a risky combination, the writer has seen a schoolboy team, produced by a large school, that contained players ranging from 110 to 180 pounds, and from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Such a team would average about 135, and would have to play teams of the same or even more weight, which teams could of course have play-

ers as heavy as the heaviest of the home team. One does not have to imagine the result if one opposing player of 180 pounds should happen to fall full weight on the slight 110-pound youngster. It is in the taking of such chances that our worst schoolboy accidents arise and that give this wonderfully fine game so undeserved a bad reputation.

Let us consider again another eleven years the writer has followed for two or three years. Last season this younger boys' team averaged fifteen years, and ran from fourteen to sixteen, with one or two able thirteen-year athletes as substitutes. The total range in weight was about twenty pounds, though the great majority were close around the average—110 pounds. This team in its two years of play was not permitted to play antagonists whose team average was over two pounds more than its own average, nor could any one opposing player weigh over two pounds more than the home team's heaviest player. These conditions were agreed upon and approved by all the opposing teams, and in the twenty games played there were no accidents to either team or bruises worth mentioning, and the boys had no end of a good time. Not only so, but their very

homogeneous made a caliber of team-work possible that one attributes usually to older teams, so that this particular team lost but two of its twenty games in the two years of its organization. This is but one example out of many similar ones.

In any sport, and particularly a schoolboy sport, there should be one adamant rule enforced rigidly by the school authorities, and this is, "Avoid risks," and its adjunct might well be, "Do not take a chance of sacrificing a young though able player merely for the sake of adding chances to winning." The winning isn't nearly so important as is the playing of the game in a rational fashion, with the maximum of safety—which means the maximum of fun and benefit for all.

To conclude, then, you parents who really concern yourselves with matters affecting your sons, see to it that your sons do play football, if they are physically fit, but see to it that they play with boys of their own size and against boys of their own size, if you would avoid getting your boy into splints or having him come home with some life-lasting injury, such as you read about in the papers every fall.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER IX—IN THE CABINET

AFTER a White House luncheon early in January, 1906, President Roosevelt asked me to wait for him in the Red Room. When the other guests had departed, he came back to me and, with his face beaming with geniality, he said:

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but I want you to become a member of my Cabinet. I have a very high estimate of your character, your judgment, and your ability, and I want you for personal reasons. There is still a further reason: I want to show Russia and some other countries what we think of the Jews in this country."

Of course I was very much gratified. I told him I had heard from several persons that he had spoken of this intention, but that I had meant to take no notice of it until he should speak to me about it; that I should certainly esteem it the very highest honor to become a member of the Cabinet, and especially to have the privilege of working alongside of him.

"I knew you would feel just that way; therefore I was anxious to let you know of my intention as long in advance as possible," replied the President. He said all this in such a cordial and affectionate manner that I was profoundly touched with this manifestation of close friendship for me.

Roosevelt added that he could not see at it would do any good, and might do

harm, to make further protests regarding massacres in Russia; and he did not want to do anything that might sound well here and have just the opposite effect there. He thought it would be much more pointed evidence of our Government's interest if he put a man like me into his Cabinet, and that such a course would doubtless have a greater influence than any words with the countries in which unreasonable discrimination and prejudice prevailed.

He told me that it might be July, or even later, before he could carry out his purpose. But I was to regard my appointment to one of the Cabinet positions as certain.

My wife and the rest of my family were of course elated at hearing the news, particularly my brother Isidor, whose attitude toward me, his youngest brother, was always more like that of an affectionate father than a brother. I felt no trepidation, especially should I be selected for the Department of Commerce and Labor. My past training and interest in many of the subjects that came up under that Department made me conversant with the main questions it had to administer.

PERMANENT RETIREMENT FROM PRIVATE BUSINESS

Upon my return to New York I began to make arrangements for severing all business connections. This I thought

wise, particularly if I became head of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was not a necessary step, but I wanted it never to be said that I advocated any measure or made any decision that might in the remotest way be of advantage to my private interests. I spoke to Roosevelt about my intention, and he said that, while it was not essential, if I could do so it would on the whole be advisable; that situated similarly he would do the same thing himself. Before assuming office, therefore, I had retired from business for good, and I have not since that time been connected with any business for personal profit.

My nomination was officially made in September, but it was not until early December, 1906, that I received a letter from William Loeb, Jr., the President's secretary, notifying me that the President desired me to assume office on December 17.

The scope of the Department as constituted then was probably the largest of the nine branches of the Government. It was charged with the work of promoting the commerce, mining, manufacturing, shipping, and fishery industries of the country, as well as its transportation facilities and its labor interests; in addition it had jurisdiction over the entire subject of immigration. It had twelve bureaus: Corporations; manufactures; labor; lighthouses; Census; Coast

and Geodetic Survey; statistics, including foreign commerce; steamboat inspection; immigration and naturalization; and standards.

In order to co-ordinate the work of these various bureaus I instituted the simple method employed by large business administrators of having the several bureau chiefs come together with me twice a month to discuss and confer regarding the most important administrative subjects. This enabled me to keep better informed and served to make the various heads of bureaus conversant with the whole scope of the Department, preventing overlapping and duplication of functions. I learned that this simple administrative method had never been made use of before in Federal departments, but thereafter it was adopted by several of the other department heads.

Thanks to Mr. Cortelyou's admirable organization of the Department, I found, almost without exception, a fine and competent set of men in charge of its several branches. Some of them were friends of Roosevelt, members of his "tennis cabinet," and were thoroughly imbued with his spirit and ideals. The Assistant Secretary was Lawrence O. Murray, a capable and conscientious official. James R. Garfield, chief of the Bureau of Corporations, devoted himself to the difficult task of exposing the abuses and legal infractions of some of the great corporations, and did it with judgment and ability, and with conspicuous courage. Charles P. Neill, chief of the Bureau of Labor, a laboring man in his early days, and afterwards an instructor at Notre Dame, and Professor of Economics at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., was eminently qualified for his duties and had the confidence alike of the labor leaders and employers. Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, a scientist of distinction and a fine administrator, was then and still is chief of the Bureau of Standards, a veritable institution of science.

AT HOME IN THE "VENETIAN PALACE"

My wife had so promptly put our household in order that in a week after our arrival we were comfortably installed in our Washington home, No. 2600 Sixteenth Street, a house known as the "Venetian Palace." It was a new house, built by Mrs. John B. Henderson, and well suited to our needs and for entertaining. The social functions in Washington I found most agreeable. During the season we either gave a dinner or attended a dinner on an average of five evenings a week, but these occasions were not burdensome because they usually ended by ten-thirty o'clock.

According to custom, President Roosevelt at the beginning of the season designated the date on which each Cabinet member was to give a dinner to the President, and the date assigned to me was February 19. It had been usual for each host to invite to this dinner all the other Cabinet members and their wives, which left little opportunity to invite



(C) Underwood

"On Christmas Day, Mrs. Strauss and I received an invitation to come to the White House to see the Christmas tree"

others. Roosevelt changed this custom, so that other friends of the host were invited rather than one's fellow-members in the Cabinet. Foreign diplomats also were not invited, the entire purpose being to give these occasions the character of intimate gatherings, not large, usually from eighteen to twenty-five guests.

Our dinner went pleasantly. The President was in his usual good humor. Wines were served liberally, but it was Roosevelt's habit to drink very little. This I had observed on several previous occasions, both at the White House and elsewhere. Roosevelt usually took some white wine with *apollinaris*, and perhaps a glass of champagne. For this dinner my wife had secured the additional services of a certain colored cook in Washington, a woman famous for preparing terrapin, which was one of Roosevelt's favorite dishes.

The day after taking office I attended my first meeting. The Cabinet table is oblong, the President seated at the head, and to his right and his left the secretaries in the order in which their departments were created.

The meetings were informal and no minutes were taken or other record made. After some brief preliminary talk, in which the President often had some incident to relate or some amusing caricature or savage attack upon himself to exhibit, the business of the day began. The President called on every secretary, but in no fixed order. He presented such matters as he might deem important, or for information, or upon which he might want discussion and advice.

JAPANESE QUESTION SMOLDERS

Important among the immigration subjects were those which presented phases of the Japanese question, the immigration *en masse* of Japanese to the Pacific Coast States, California in particular. The matter was brought up by Secretary Root at one of the Cabinet

meetings. The city of San Francisco had taken action excluding Japanese from the public schools. It was deemed detrimental for the white children of tender ages to be in the same classes with older and even adult Japanese who came to these schools to learn English.

The President insisted that, as it directly affected the relations between the two nations, it was a National concern. Secretary Root asked me whether I could furnish some data as to the use made of Hawaii by Japanese immigrants for circumventing our Contract Labor Law, as many of the Japanese immigrants were coming to the mainland via Hawaii. Upon looking into this matter, I found during the year previous fully two-thirds of the Japanese came via Hawaii. The President took the situation in hand and had the Mayor of San Francisco and other leaders of the Japanese agitation come to Washington.

The obnoxious matter was finally adjusted with Japan in a manner to allay irritation by a "gentlemen's agreement," by which that country itself was to prevent the emigration of its laboring classes. It was of course much better that the Japanese interdict emigration of their own people than that we offend that nation's pride by preventing their entrance, although it was made clear that we should pass an exclusion law if they did not take prompt and effective action. With some exceptions, this plan worked well. The whole Japanese question, however, was still smoldering.

Happily, our relations with Japan are now more peaceful than they have been for some time, and to a large degree this has been accomplished by the Four-Power Treaty negotiated at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in December, 1921. The various vexatious instances that had from time to time occurred in our relations with Japan were stimulated by German officers stationed in the Far East and fostered by the sensational



The "Venetian Palace," the Washington residence of Mr. and Mrs. Straus during Mr. Straus's membership in the Roosevelt Cabinet

press in both Japan and our own country. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1911 came into being because of the aggression of Germany and Russia in the Far East. After the World War of course this condition no longer obtained, and as the *raison d'être* of the alliance had therefore vanished, there was a justified feeling in America that the continuance of the treaty was a menace to our country. This fact was not unrecognized in Great Britain itself. As Mr. Balfour stated at the Washington Conference, it was necessary to "annul, merge, destroy, as it were, this ancient and outward and unnecessary agreement, and replace it by something new, something effective, which should embrace all the Powers concerned in the vast area of the Pacific." By the Four-Power Treaty the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was automatically discontinued and Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan became associated in friendly partnership as guardians of the peace in the Far East.

A TRIP TO HAWAII

That summer I decided to combine business with pleasure by taking a vacation trip along the Canadian border from Montreal to Vancouver to inspect the lighthouse and immigration services, then down the Pacific coast and to Hawaii, where I might acquaint myself with regard to immigration as it affected the Japanese question. The President thought this would be a useful trip and urged me to take it.

In the administration of a department such as that of Commerce and Labor it was important to familiarize one's self as much as possible with its outlying branches, to become personally ac-

quainted with the various officers and the details of their work and surroundings, thereby to enable one better to do the administrative work than by remaining at one's desk.

After leaving Vancouver, we stopped a few days each at Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco, where I conferred with the officials of the Department. From San Francisco we took a steamer to Hawaii, on board which we met George R. Carter, Governor of Hawaii, returning from a vacation in the United States, and Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. It made a very pleasant party.

The authorities and the population gave us a rousing welcome, cannons saluted, and the militia was out to escort us. Only once before since the island became United States territory had a Cabinet official paid a visit, and that was two years before when Secretary of War Taft stopped there for a few days *en route* to Japan. We were comfortably installed in the Hotel Moana, in the suburb of Waikiki.

The islanders showered upon us bounteous hospitality in every conceivable form. Governor and Mrs. Carter entertained the Longworths and us in the official residence, the former palace of the Hawaiian rulers, in the throne room of which hung the portraits of those rulers from earliest times to the deposed Queen Liliuokalani. The reception was a brilliant occasion. The leading officials and the *élite* of the population were there; the grounds were beautifully illuminated; and the Royal Hawaiian Band played the soft, plaintive music so typical of the mild temperament of the people and the luxuriant foliage of the island.

The island residents impressed me

with the great need for better shipping facilities between the mainland and the islands. The coastwise shipping laws applying to them since annexation penalized the carrying of passengers or freight in other than American bottoms. Foreign ships accepting either passengers or freight to American ports on the coast were heavily fined. The result was, not only inconvenience to residents who for one reason or another needed to leave the islands, but the loss of much perishable freight, principally fruit, which rotted on the wharves waiting for American ships. I promised them that I would do everything in my power to help them get the shipping facilities they needed.

As we sailed out of the harbor on the Asia, bedecked with Hawaiian flowers, the Royal Hawaiian Band played its farewell music. The last words we heard from the Hawaiian shore were "Aloha Nui," the Hawaiian farewell.

HARMONIZING HUMAN AND BUSINESS INTERESTS

In a Department like mine, which covered so many and such varied subjects, the conflict between human and property interests was often apparent. Roosevelt had told me that whenever within my jurisdiction there occurred this conflict, he was sure I would lean to the human side, and I could always count on his support.

A striking example of this conflict grew out of an order I issued for the inspection of excursion and ferry boats at least three times a year instead of once. The summer before I took office the boiler of the General Slocum, a large excursion boat on the Long Island Sound, blew up and caused the death of nearly a thousand women and children. As spring approached and the excursion season drew near, I made up my mind to make all possible provision to prevent the recurrence of any such disaster.

I accompanied the supervising inspector-general, George Uhler, to witness the inspection of some passenger boats plying between Washington and Norfolk to get personal knowledge of the details of inspection. I carefully studied a report made to me by Mr. Murray, the Assistant Secretary of my Department, who had been a member of the board of inquiry into the Slocum disaster and later the Valencia wreck. I called a meeting of the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steamboats and impressed upon them the importance of great care in inspection. I urged that no man be retained in the inspection service who was not thoroughly competent and efficient, since they had to deal with the protection of human life.

My order for more frequent inspection brought forth many objections from the steamboat owners, and a committee came to Washington and presented their grievances and objections direct to the President, in the hope of inducing him to overrule my instructions. They were patiently heard, but their main objection

was that it would cost a little more and be a little more inconvenient to have three inspections instead of one, and the President gave them little more comfort than to make it quite clear that he was thoroughly in accord with my action for the provision of greater safety to human life. He told them he felt he was fortunate in having at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor a man who was a humanitarian besides having large business experience, for, while it was his purpose to harmonize human and business interests, always when they conflicted he would lean toward the human side, as I had done in issuing that order.

SAVING THE SALMON

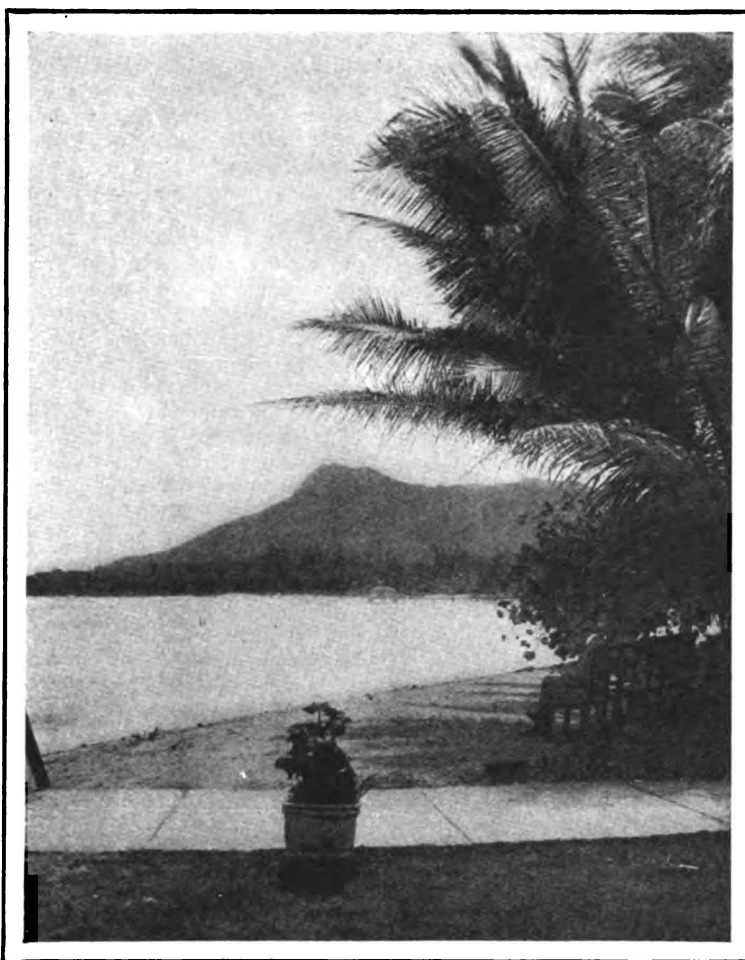
The President was deeply interested always in the natural resources of the country and their preservation, and asked me to take up the question of the Alaska salmon fisheries. It was certain that unless some drastic action was taken the salmon would be destroyed in the Alaskan waters just as they had been in the Columbia River. Roosevelt felt that Wood River ought to be closed. I devoted parts of two days to a hearing on the subject. The cannery interests were represented by their counsel and the Fishermen's Union by several of its officers. Senator Fulton, of Oregon, as well as the two Alaskan Delegates in Congress, pleaded for the closing of the rivers.

After hearing all sides and studying the question I signed an order directing the closing of both the Wood and Nushagak Rivers to trap and net fishing, and if the law had not applied only to rivers at a distance of five hundred feet from the mouth, I should have directed the closing also of Nushagak Bay, where extensive trap fishing was carried on.

HOW THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES ORIGINATED

When I was President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, I was impressed with the importance of establishing a closer relationship between the commercial bodies of the country and the Government. Shortly after I became Secretary of Commerce and Labor, therefore, I sought to accomplish that end. I had a study made by Nahum I. Stone, tariff expert of the Bureau of Manufactures, of the relations between the European governments and their commercial bodies, especially in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium. I sent invitations to about forty of the leading chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other commercial organizations throughout the country to send delegates to Washington for a two days' conference, with a view to bringing about an organization of these bodies for the purpose of co-operation between them and the departments of the Government having to do with commerce and manufactures.

Accordingly, on December 5 a representative gathering of over one hundred



(C) Underwood

Diamond Head, from the Waikiki Beach, Hawaiian Islands. As Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Straus visited Hawaii, where he and his party received a rousing welcome

delegates met in my Department, and I put before them a plan for organization. I invited Secretary Root, who took a deep interest in the scheme, and he made a thoughtful address, in which he impressed upon the gathering the things that ought to be done, and could be done only through organization and the power of concerted effort. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador at Berlin, had sent to the President a letter containing the proposal that a method of instruction in commerce be applied at the instance of our Government, as had been done in agriculture; this interesting proposal I read to the meeting.

I then went with the delegates to the White House, where the President addressed them. In the afternoon Gustav H. Schwab, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, was elected temporary chairman and the organization of the Council proceeded. A committee on organization and one on rules were appointed, and it was decided that an advisory committee of fifteen members was to have headquarters in Washington. On December 5, 1907, therefore, the National Council of Commerce came into being.

Later the Council was reorganized and called the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which to-day is an impor-

tant institution in the commercial life of our country.

SESSIONS WITH LABOR CHIEFS

To bring about a similar relationship between the Department and the labor bodies, I called another conference in February, 1909, to which I invited the leading labor representatives throughout the country, and about fifty attended. Unfortunately, my term of office was drawing to an end and there was not time to organize this wing, but I urged the men to insist upon the continuance of the conferences and the co-operation with the Department thus established.

The matters discussed at this meeting were mainly how best to lessen unemployment, how the Division of Information under the Bureau of Immigration might be administered for the greater benefit of labor in general, and how the Nobel Peace Prize, which President Roosevelt had set aside for a foundation for the promotion of industrial peace, could be made most effective. There were addresses by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor; Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; William F. Yates, President of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association; and Terence V. Powderly, Chief

of the Division of Information in the Bureau of Immigration. The presiding officer was Daniel J. Keefe, Commissioner-General of Immigration and Naturalization.

During my term of office repeated efforts were made in Congress, backed by organized labor, to divide my Department and make two of it—the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor. I successfully opposed this plan, my idea being that labor and capital were the two arms of industry, the proper functioning of which could best be secured by co-operation, which in turn could best be promoted by administering their interests together. In this I had the support of Roosevelt. During the Taft Administration, however, the bill was passed creating the Department of Labor.

CONCERNING POLITICAL FENCES

On April 3, 1908, the Savannah Board of Trade celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and I was asked to be one of the speakers. On this trip my wife and younger daughter accompanied me. The Mayor and prominent citizens of my former home, Columbus, upon learning of our presence in the South, sent us a pressing invitation to visit that city, where a dinner was presently given at the Opera House. The dinner was served on the stage, and while the toasts were being responded to the curtain was raised, disclosing an auditorium crowded with people. I was touched by this fine attention by the citizens of my former home, who took great pride in the fact that one of their former townsmen was a member of the Cabinet. In the audience were several of my schoolboy friends and those of my brothers, and I found several friends and companions of my parents still among the living.

In the South at that time it was still rare for a person to change his politics, and one of the questions that was put to me was why had I, a member of a Democratic family, once a Democrat myself, and even having held office under a Democratic President, changed over to the Republican side. In other words, why had I been on both sides of the political fence?—though they were too polite to ask the question in that direct form. I told them that perhaps no one had a better right than they to ask. It was true, I said, that I had been, as it were, on both sides of the fence, but that was not my fault; the fence had been moved. This produced great merriment.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

On Christmas Day Mrs. Straus and I received an invitation by telephone to come to the White House between three and four o'clock to see the Christmas tree. Some thirty or forty guests were there. In one of the side rooms in the basement of the house was assembled a large company of children. The room as darkened, that the lighted tree might stand out. There were presents

for all the children, and Mrs. Roosevelt played Lady Bountiful to see that each child got its gift. Upstairs in the Red Room the gentlemen sat smoking. It was a genuinely joyful and happy day.

The social season in Washington is usually begun with the President's New Year's reception, which lasts from eleven o'clock until half-past two on New Year's Day. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock the officials and their wives assembled upstairs, and promptly at eleven the President and Mrs. Roosevelt led the march to the Blue Room. The procession marched toward the main stairway, where the line divided, the ladies going to the left and the gentlemen to the right, reuniting at the first landing; then through the main hall, where the passageway was roped off through a crowd of specially invited guests.

The order following the President was: the Cabinet officers; the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, the Italian Ambassador and his staff; the Ambassadors and Ministers of the other nations, according to rank. After them, grouped in more or less regular order, the Justices of the Supreme Court, headed by the Chief Justice; Senators; Representatives; Army and Navy officials; the officers of the Government.

On New Year's Day every one is accorded the right to pay his or her respects to the President. The officials come straight to the White House and the uninvited guests form a line on the grounds. On the particular day of which I speak the line stretched through

the grounds, along Pennsylvania Avenue and down by the State Department Building, probably more than half a mile long, and the President received about sixty-five hundred people in all. At two o'clock the iron gates of the White House grounds are closed, and those who had not reached that point by that time were barred out. The reception had to end promptly, as the Cabinet ladies who assist have to be present at the receptions at their own homes from half-past two until six, in accordance with a custom that has been in vogue probably since the days of Washington. Our buffet in the dining-room was kept well replenished, and there were champagne and punch served. We had in all about four hundred guests.

SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON

The official functions at the White House during the Roosevelt Administration were agreeable and in stately form. They were usually followed by an informal supper to which were invited personal friends and visitors.

Our series of official dinners began with the one to the Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks and ended with the dinner to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. In addition we followed the pleasant custom of the President and had guests to informal luncheons three or four times a week. These luncheons we gave in the sun-parlor back of our dining-room, which was one of the attractive features of our Venetian Palace.

It was my privilege to give the last Cabinet dinner to the President, on March 2, two days before the close of the Administration. The event had been postponed for a week on account of the death of the President's nephew, Stewart Robinson, whose mother was the President's sister. Governor and Mrs. Hughes, who were among our invited guests, stayed over when it was found that the dinner had to be postponed. Mrs. Roosevelt later informed me that she planned that our dinner should be the last, knowing that I had some sentiment about it which she and the President shared.

I have made several references to the wonderfully human touch characteristic of Roosevelt. On February 5, the day beginning the last month of his Administration, a messenger from the White House brought me a package containing a large folio, a handsomely illustrated memorial volume describing the Castle of Wartburg in Saxony, in which Luther was confined and where he worked on his translation of the Bible. The book had been prepared by official direction, and Roosevelt had received two copies of the royal edition, one from the Kaiser personally and one from the Chancellor, which latter he sent to me with this inscription:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, in memory of our days together in the Administration; days which I have so much enjoyed and appreciated. Theodore Roosevelt. February 5, 1909."

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THE PROGRESSIVE CAUSE

The birth of the Progressive party and Roosevelt's campaign for the Presidency in 1912 are tersely described in next week's chapter of the Autobiography. Roosevelt's defeat is explained. The attempted assassination of him by a lunatic in Milwaukee is described. His dramatic appearance at the final mass-meetings at Madison Square Garden, contrary to the advice of his physicians, is brilliantly pictured. This chapter contains some of the finest and most memorable excerpts from Roosevelt's speeches. The nomination of Mr. Straus himself as candidate for Governor of New York in the same year, the stampeding of the convention, and his participation in that tumultuous campaign are depicted with great vividness in this historic chapter.

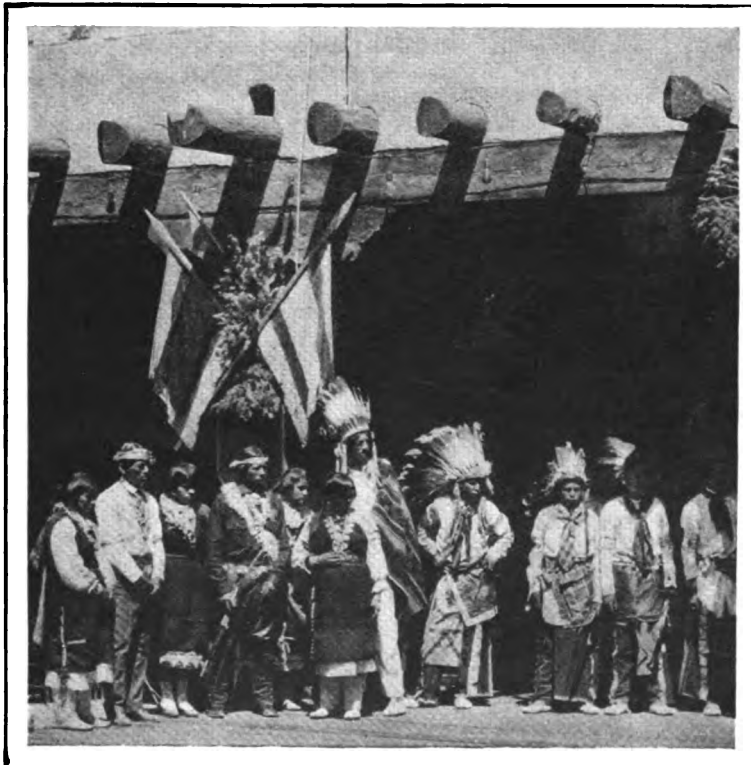
THE MAKING OF AMERICA

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From A. Fagerberg, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Santa Fe, New Mexico, the oldest capital in the United States, has an annual fiesta or celebration commemorating the reconquest from the Pueblo Indians by the Spanish in 1693. For 210 years this festival has been observed, and now it takes the form of a three-day pageant, unique in its historical setting, color, and significance. This picture shows a modern Santa Fean in the rôle of Don Diego de Vargas Zipata Lujan Ponce de Leon, who did the recapturing, accompanied by two of his chief captains. The de Vargas Day was September 5 this year



From the School of American Research, New Mexico

Spanish government was established in Santa Fe in 1606 and overthrown by the Pueblos in 1680, and when de Vargas recaptured the place in 1693 hundreds of submissive Indians witnessed the ceremony. The Indians here seen are the descendants of those red men of old and are impersonating them in the Santa Fe Fiesta, watching the approaching of de Vargas. They are standing before the old Palace of the Governors, exactly where the original ceremony took place. This old Palace has housed more than one hundred Governors of New Mexico — Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican, and American—beginning with Oñate in 1606. Among these was Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur"

THE BOOK TABLE

LITERARY NEUROSIS BY THOMAS L. MASSON

NO matter how fond we may be of reading and how we may look back with a sense of delight at some of the most delicious moments of our lives when we were absorbed in some entrancing tale, it still remains true that all of us experience restless periods, when nothing in the way of a book seems to satisfy us.

And the worst of it is, this feeling appears to grow; just the thought that it is growing, that it is little by little getting the best of us, makes us yet more restless. That is, it does if we have a conscience. Singular to state, a large proportion of us still have consciences lingering somewhere about in our systems, although we may not realize this. It is the restless wandering of this conscience as it travels up and down our spinal cord and flops about in our medulla oblongata, only to rise up and patter aimlessly through the bewildering maze of our gray matter—it is this that only aggravates our case of literary neurosis. There is undoubtedly, however, a proportion of people who either have no literary conscience at all or who by long practice have succeeded in utterly eliminating it. To contemplate these poor wretches may be of great benefit, because they serve as a warning—they reveal concretely what we ourselves may come to unless we take ourselves in hand. These are the people who go from mystery story to mystery story, who, like advanced opium-eaters, demand a thrill on every half-page, and who if you should as much as mention to them the novels of Jane Austen would fall into a coma.

But it doesn't matter whether this disease of literary neurosis has only just attacked us or whether we are in the last, say the Oppenheim, stage of it, the quality of the result is the same; only the degree and intensity differ. Let us face it bravely and discover if we can cure ourselves of it.

It is a universal malady. It afflicts the scholar alike with the dilettante. Rousseau writes somewhere of the delights of a vacation where one takes along all the books one has planned to read—and never reads them. There is undoubtedly the greatest benefit in that kind of evasion. Indeed, a most convincing argument could be built up which would show the superiority of the moral progress to be made from not doing all the things we have planned. There may be, indeed, a deliberate intention to evade the things we plan. Thus there is the old jest of the lady who always does shopping without ever buying anything; and most of us have had the experience of laying out a journey beforehand and by some slight accident of having our direction completely diverted to some other destination sud-

denly, and by this happy mischance opening up a whole unexplored world of hitherto unimagined delights.

But literary neurosis is quite another affair. It is a progressive ailment. It may begin with "Vanity Fair" and end with "The Sheik." For sufferers from

THE LOST ART OF TRUTH TELLING

The author of many volumes and a veteran reviewer comments on an Outlook book review in the following words:

I must say a word in praise of Willis Fletcher Johnson's review of Van Loon's "America for Little Historians." It is not only a great piece of work, but it shows the highest kind of editorial judgment to publish it. Our periodicals generally are governed by too much timidity. Telling the truth is almost a lost art. If you can keep on reviving it in The Outlook you will command a great audience. The American people are pathetic in their craving for the truth, and to place it before them requires not so much courage as fine intelligence.

Willis Fletcher Johnson is honorary professor of history of American foreign relations at New York University. His incisive exposure of the inaccuracies in Mr. Van Loon's work, which has been widely recommended by librarians and school-teachers, was almost the first authoritative comment which the volume received. It was a type of review which The Outlook is always eager to secure and ready to publish.

this ailment, Shakespeare did an unpardonable thing when he wrote: "No profit is where is no pleasure ta'en. In brief, sir, study what you most affect." Little by little, if we follow this rule, we fall, as fell the angels. I have seen spoiled young women, victims of this fell disease, wander all about a country house on a fine rainy day, from book-shelf to book-shelf where there were Dickens and Lamb and Conrad and Mark Twain and Stevenson, metaphorically wringing their hands, exclaiming: "Oh, there isn't a thing to read! There isn't a thing to read!"

Certain modern remedies at once suggest themselves. One of the most widely advertised is auto-suggestion. If we adopt this panacea of Professor Coué, we have only to say to ourselves every morning twenty times in a half-drowsy

state: "I love deep reading more and more. Every day in every way I am getting better and better about deep reading." Do not fail, in repeating this formula, to add the magic phrase "In every way," because then you can tackle everything. Works on psychology and theology will fill you with delight, and a bound copy of the "Congressional Record" will excite your passionate interest.

But suppose after a fair trial this remedy should fail, as I am told occasionally happens. What then?

I have discovered a method that, although not without its difficulties, is of great benefit. If we come to analyze our motives for doing anything at all, we shall be amazed to see how the incentive comes from outside stimuli. For example, if you have a note coming due at the bank, say, in three months, your attention is very apt to be riveted to that fact and you have not the slightest difficulty in working like mad to be able to pay it. An automobile accident liability policy is the dullest reading there is, but if your car runs into anybody you read every word of the policy with your eyes glued to it. In much milder cases than these the thing works with astonishing power. You are fond of golf, but business has kept you nailed to your desk. Suddenly an old golfing partner drops in and says, "Come on! There's just time to get to the links." You are up to your ears, but the call of the wild golf ball is too strong, and so you fall, like the angels. You are off!

To circumvent literary neurosis, therefore, it is only necessary to cultivate a few literary specialists—say a Walter Scott rooter, a Jane Austen enthusiast, a Conrad crank, or a Shakespeare trailer. At first it will seem as if nobody ever read anything; but little by little you will be able to scare up these literary fans; and to-day our means of communication are so ample that you can reach any one of these anywhere in a few moments.

I recall quite vividly my first contact with a Conrad crank. I had picked up one of Conrad's novels a few days before meeting him, and, being afflicted with an attack of literary neurosis, I had wandered over its first pages aimlessly hoping there would be a killing. I couldn't get on with it. I mentioned this to the Conrad crank. There was a lambent gleam in his off eye; he grew rosy under the gills; then he began on me. In thirty minutes he had me worked up to a Conrad frenzy. I took an early train home that afternoon and sat up half the night until I had finished "Victory."

If you are a victim of literary neurosis with time and a fit of it both on your hands, call up one of your availables. Bait him a little. Say to him:

"Old man, is there anything good in what's his name—Robert Louis Stevenson? What is the best thing he ever



In the same test-tubes that insure the Nation's safety, Peace finds myriad blessings!

IN 1802 Eleuthere Irénée du Pont de Nemours, at the invitation and with the assistance of Thomas Jefferson, built on the Brandywine River the first du Pont plant the first powder mill to be erected in America. Jefferson had seen the vital necessity to the country's safety of insuring its supply of explosives, and so du Pont became powder-maker to the United States Government.

For the 120 years following, from 1802 to 1922, the du Pont Company has been a manufacturer of explosives *today*, explosives are but *one* of the family of du Pont products.

And the reason is The Chemical Engineer!

* * *

THE Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities—a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the chemist's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that has revolutionized industry in the past generation.

The du Pont Company was one of the pioneers in developing the Chemical Engineer. Since its founding by E. I. du Pont de Nemours, who was himself a chemist, it has been building on the foundations of chemistry, for the manufacture of explosives called for increasingly higher forms of chemical knowledge. And in the early years of this century, the du Pont Company had come to have one of the finest research staffs in the country, and in addition a staff of *Chemical Engineers*, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry.

This staff was essential, for since 1802 the du Pont Company's larger service has been to be *ready* to supply the Government with whatever explosives it might need for the country's defense. And for the same reason, the company had acquired sources of supply for the large quantities of the raw materials that it might one day need—acids, nitrates, coal-tar products and other materials that were absolutely essential to the production of explosives.

In war, immense quantities of such materials are desperately needed—in peace, very little—yet the supply of materials has to be kept open, for who knows when they may be *instantly* needed?

But how? The Chemical Engineer found the answer. And in the answer lies the key to the du Pont Company's family of products. For the products that du Pont makes are *not* unrelated products. Each of them has its root in one or another of the materials used in making explosives.

It may be another use of the same materials as in the manufacture of dyes. It may be a variation in process, as in the case of Pyralin and Fabrikoid. It may be a product like paints, varnishes, enamels, etc., in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer is needed, and the colors produced in dyes, may be used. It may be a product like ether, or a long list of chemicals that other industries use, which the du Pont Company produces in manufacturing its other products.

* * *

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



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O-11-22

(THE BOOK TABLE—Continued)
wrote?" The Stevenson addict will do the rest.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
CALIFORNIA: THE AMERICAN PERIOD. By Robert G. Cleland, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.

California's history offers a fascinating field for study, and the author of this book has made excellent use of the abundant material at hand. His dignified and well-considered chapters are characterized not only by careful re-

search but by a fitting sense of proportion and by a spirited treatment of many of the romantic and stirring incidents that filled California's early annals.

WHEN KANSAS WAS YOUNG. By T. A. McNeal. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

These are not "short stories" in the accepted definition of that term as denoting a brief tale of fictional character; but many of the sketches have the vivid interest that a good short story awakens. They deal with the rough life of border times, and breathe the tense atmosphere of life on the frontier during the turbu-

lent period when desperadoes and gunmen made life difficult for the peaceful settlers of Kansas.

POETRY

HEROIC BALLADS OF RUSSIA (THE). By L. A. Magnus, LL.B. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

As Russia, in spite of its tremendous concentration in self-analysis and philosophical speculation, is the infant of civilized nations, so necessarily is it the last home of a living folk-lore. The great ballads of the Slav, perfected and crystallized through the fine sieve of an oral tradition, begin in the thirteenth century (a period which marks the full fruition and practical completion of the folk-lore of other countries) and come down to the Turco-Russian War. The literature, music, and art of modern Russia are in great measure based upon these ballad cycles. Mr. Magnus in his book has attempted a digest and narrative account of the earlier balladry of Russia. He, wisely enough, outlines no theories, but contents himself with setting forth the legends as they are. The result is a bulk of stirring and heroic tales, occasionally interspersed with passages in verse which illustrate the ballad meters and methods of composition of this root literature of Russia. His work is to be applauded, although so simple in imagery are the tales it is to be desired that the ballads themselves eventually receive by complete translations the recognition that is their due.

FICTION

TRAMPING ON LIFE. By Harry Kemp. Bont & Liveright, New York. \$3.

Has the author of this "autobiographical narrative" modeled his book on Rousseau's "Confessions"? Some of the revelations make one think he has; but, so far as we remember, Rousseau did not include profanity among his foibles. People who can stomach the profanity and the sex stuff of this book will find it decidedly interesting in its discursive and conversational revelations of an unconventional personality.

VAN ROON (THE). By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

There is a fascination about antique shops, and Mr. Snaith makes good use of that setting to interest his reader in the recovery and restoration of the marvelously beautiful Van Roon painting. Its adventures in the hands of Uncle Si, the miserly dealer, his assistant the super-simple William, and his niece the super-clever June are exciting and duly end in love and prosperity. Not exactly Mr. Snaith's strongest work.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Winifred Stephens. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

The women of the French Revolution have filled a large space in history and literature. Such names as Marie Antoinette, Mme. Roland, and Charlotte Corday rank with Louis XVI, Mirabeau, and Danton in the list of the great characters of that epoch. The author of this book tells in detail and with literary

skill the story of the lives of many of these women and reveals much that will be new to the average reader.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ATOLLS OF THE SUN. By Frederick O'Brien. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. \$5.

Experiences in visiting some of the less well known islands of the South Seas are here described by the author with characteristic vividness and charm of style. The story of the mutineers of the *Bounty* is retold and brought up to date, and will be read with avidity by all who are interested in that romantic idyll of the Pacific. Some of the natives who figured in Mr. O'Brien's previous books are again met with in these stirring chapters.

IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN. By Herbert G. Ponting. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.

Lovers of Japan will make no mistake in using this new edition of Mr. Ponting's "Lotus Land" as a gift book. The lure of the pictures and of the well-balanced text would win over even a Japanophobe to a liking for the wonderful islands and their remarkable people. The color plates are especially dainty.

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL. By Irving Brown. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.

George Borrow is indirectly responsible for this delightful book about the Gypsies. The author, as a college boy, one day picked up Borrow's "Gypsies of Spain" and became absorbed in it. He learned his Romany vocabulary, and later visited Spain and mingled with the Gypsies on terms of familiarity that Borrow himself might have envied. The pages are full of color, incident, and insight into the character and life of these strange people.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INITIATION, HUMAN AND SOLAR. By Alice A. Bailey. The Lucifer Publishing Company, New York. \$3.50.

This book is dedicated "with love and reverence to the Master K. H." The Master K. H., it seems, dwells at Shigatse in the Himalayas, where he has lived for many centuries and "is in line for the office of World Teacher when the present holder of that office vacates it for higher work and the sixth root race comes into being." The "initiated" may find something worth while in the farago of high-sounding words that fill these 200-odd pages, but to the average Anglo-Saxon the book will be useful only as offering a mild form of amusement.

LETTERS ON OCCULT MEDITATION. Received and Edited by Alice A. Bailey. The Lucifer Publishing Company, New York. \$4.

These letters purport to come from a "Tibetan teacher" who prefers to remain anonymous. People of a mystical temperament may perhaps find in them some adumbration of the supposed wisdom of the East. Others may be amused at the long-drawn-out metaphysical disquisitions, akin to the dissertations of the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages. But much of the so-called "philosophy" will remind the reader of the jargon of the Keely motor cult of a generation ago and

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- "Personal Religion and Public Morals"—
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Child
Love

(THE BOOK TABLE—Continued)

will be likely to prove of little greater practical value than that celebrated imposture.

EDUCATIONAL

MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS. By Cora Willson Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

The story of the attempt to teach adult illiterates how to read and write, beginning in Kentucky and spreading to other States, is told in this book simply but with an eloquence that stirs the emotions. The photographs and letters of the pupils, some of them old men and women, who attended the "moonlight schools" after their day's work was done and mastered the rudiments of their subject, are altogether unusual and make an American proud of his race.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ASCENT. By Frances Rumsey. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

AT SIGHT OF GOLD. By Cynthia Lombardi. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER. By Francis L. Cooper. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. \$1.75.

CORNER IN WILLIAM (A). By Fannie Kilbourne. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

DUST OF THE DESERT. By Robert Welles Ritchie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.

FORTUNE OF THE INDIES. By Edith Ballinger Rice. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. By Papini. The Crowell Publishing Company, New York. \$2.50.

KASTLE KRAGS. By Absalom Marten. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.75.

M'LOD OF THE WHITE ROAD. By Cedric Fraser. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

OLD HOUSE (THE). By Cecile Formay. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.

PHANTOM GOLD. By Kenneth Payson Kempton. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

SEA WRECK. By Vere Hutchinson. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

WEST! By Charles A. Seltzer. The Century Company, New York. \$1.90.

WHELPS OF THE WOLF (THE). By George Marsh. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$2.50.

WINTERGREEN. By Janet Laing. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

YEAR OF DELIGHT (THE). By Margaret Wildmer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COMING OF THE PEOPLES (THE). By Francis Holt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

HISTORY OF COMMERCE (A). By Clive Day. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

EDUCATIONAL

CRIME. By Clarence Darrow. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.50.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD. By Richardson & Owen, Boston. \$2.

MISCELLANEOUS

HEALTHY BREATHING. By Eustace Miles. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.50.

TATTLINGS. By Sydney Tremayne. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

VALIDITY OF AMERICAN IDEALS. By Shaller Mathews. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$1.25.



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FORWARD TO YESTERDAY

BY J. C. LONG

THOSE who have been longing for the good old days may find them in Chillicothe, Missouri.

The high-speed living of the past forty years—building up centers of population around railway terminals, making dollars grow in the deserts, changing our ideas of distance—has had its definite advantages. It has brought us better clothes, more material comforts, a wider sophistication; but until recently there has been felt the loss of neighborliness, good fellowship, and independence that obtained in the days when commerce was over the turnpike.

In the early development of this country cities prospered which were located at the head of navigation or were situated on main highways, such as the Boston Post Road; but when steel rails began to span the continent population had to follow them or be left out of the tide of events. The very life of a town depended on its ability to connect with some big railway system. Hundreds of communities were necessarily unable to accomplish this ambition and dwindled away. The turnpike lost its significance. The rattling buggy and creaking farm wagon were unable to keep up with the swift pace of progress set by the roaring locomotive.

Near the beginning of the twentieth century, however, there came a new instrument into human affairs whose effect on the lives and happiness of the average man is just beginning to be realized. This instrument was the motor vehicle. Twenty years ago there were less than thirty thousand of these contraptions snorting around the country, scaring horses and increasing the use of vivid vocabularies. To-day there are over ten million motor cars and trucks on the roads, or an average of one to every ten persons.

Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" and "Babbitt" has indicated how intensively the automobile has permeated the conversation and the living of the average American citizen. Babbitt finds in his car an outlet for creative desires, a sense of release, a matter of pride. Others have discussed what the car and truck have meant to the farm population, or again how it has developed suburban life, or yet again its effect on the recreation and business possibilities of the individual.

But Chillicothe, Missouri, exemplifies in a striking way the effect of motor transport upon the town.

Chillicothe calls itself the "Highway City." It has in a sense returned to the old-time characteristics of the turnpike town. There are railways there, but the outstanding feature of its life and growth is its location on twenty-eight highways, eleven of which are National thoroughfares.

The growth of Chillicothe in the past twenty years has been not so much in terms of population as in the well-being

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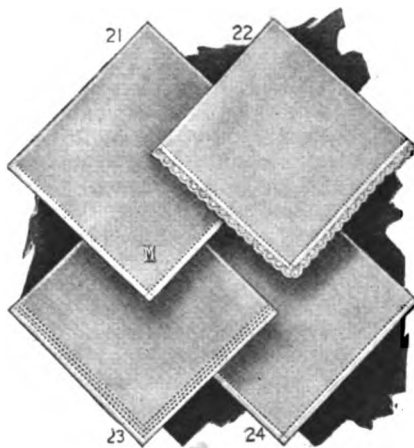
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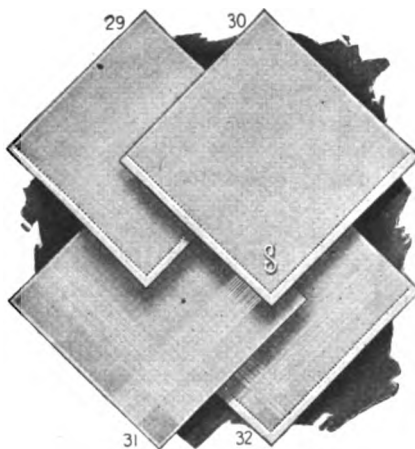
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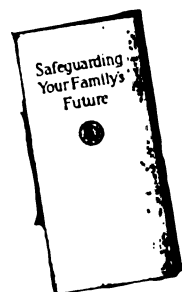
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FORWARD TO YESTERDAY (Continued)

of its individual citizens. Bank deposits in the city have increased from \$2,860,000 in 1917 to \$4,000,000 in 1921.

It is a city of complete material well-being, as with a population of 10,000 there are 2,000 homes owned by individual families. In the current year \$2,000,000 is being spent in private building and public works projects, the largest amount that has ever been spent in one year for the development of the city. The growth of motor transportation has demanded the building of a new hotel and has stimulated the remodeling and building up of the main business streets of the city.

Among the developments of the last decade are a new court-house erected in 1914, a Federal building completed in 1916, and a modern theater constructed in 1920.

The town has 14 churches, 2 daily papers, 15 school buildings, 2 modern hospitals, and a municipally owned water and light plant.

Chillicothe is the home of 300 traveling salesmen, who find it a convenient location, as the city is on the highway between Chicago and Kansas City, between Omaha and St. Louis, and between Minneapolis on the north and the highway to New Orleans on the south. Two through routes from coast to coast pass through the streets of Chillicothe which have twenty-five miles of paved surfaces.

Chillicothe, as an example of the small city of the new age, indicates how the advantages of urban life may be secured without its accompanying congestion and high rents. When the only means of swift modern transportation was the railway, it became necessary for the man who wanted city life to move into town and stay there, but to-day motor transport enables a man ten and twenty miles out of town to drive in for his shopping and entertainment without sacrificing the freedom and spaciousness of rural conditions.

We are, then, going forward into yesterday, a yesterday which saw a high degree of civilization in small groups of population, a yesterday of lower rents, with house and land for every family. Coupled with that yesterday are the advantages of to-day—the swifter means of locomotion, improved school buildings, all the comforts of modern life. We are achieving again the spirit of the old New England township, augmented, however, by the conveniences and satisfactions of the new age.

Chillicothe, indeed, is but one example of the effect of highways on the standard of living. Professor C. J. Galpin, now of the United States Department of Agriculture, when at the University of Wisconsin made some illuminating studies of rural life in relation to roads. His investigation showed that around an average trading center there is usually a country population as large as or larger than the number of persons living in the town itself. Where good roads exist, it becomes clear, then, that a city of 10,000 can offer the advantages of a center of



"Such a nice taste!"

BAKER'S COCOA

has a most delicious flavor and aroma, natural to high-grade cocoa beans. That is why children do not have to learn to like it,



why they never tire of it, and one reason among many why it is an ideal beverage for them as well as for older people.

"In beverages, as in food,
Flavor is the decisive factor."
—"Food and Flavor," by Henry T. Finck.

**WALTER BAKER
& CO. LIMITED**

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free on request

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Cough-Colds

IT IS not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.

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Est. 1871

"Used while you sleep"

Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh.

Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 31C.

Sold by Druggists

THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Mills Bldg., Montreal, Canada

FORWARD TO YESTERDAY (Continued)

20,000, as it can count on that many persons to patronize its schools, churches, Chautauquas, and theaters.

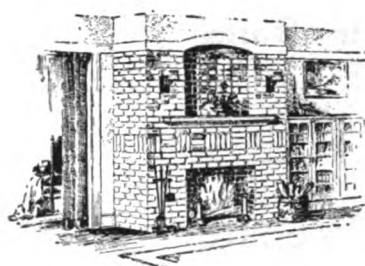
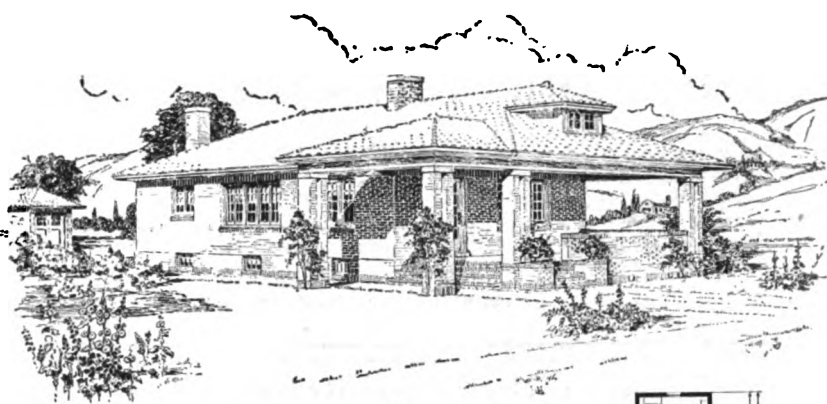
These Wisconsin studies, which were undertaken before the present development of motor transportation, showed that the number of children attending high school was closely related to road conditions in a given community. They indicated that these same conditions affected other contacts with the outside world. A list was made of twenty institutions, such as the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church, the Women's Club, the I. O. O. F., and the Grange. Each family in this county was queried as to whether it belonged to any, and how many, of the twenty institutions. It was found that the nearer one got to the town, the greater was the number of associations to which the average family belonged. Conversely, those living farther out had fewer contacts, and many families were found on the back roads who did not belong to one institution. This is the type of isolation which modern motor transportation is breaking down.

Perhaps the most valuable element in the life of yesterday was its independence. The community and the individual were relatively self-sufficient; both controlled their own transportation. We are coming to that state again today. The county may not be on the main highway, but it can readily build a road to connect with some main highway. Through this connection it is put in touch with the activity of the rest of the world. It has an outlet for its goods. It is assured of a tie-up with some main railway terminal. It has in effect created a spur-line route to its own front door.

So rapidly has the machine age developed that the question has often arisen whether man's own inventiveness might not be destroying him. Could he stand the pace of an industrial center? Would machinery result in the centralized control, stamping out the individual? There have been these dangerous tendencies, but there has also been an element of release from hard labor and saving of time in the progress of modern invention. Perhaps foremost on the social side has been the social influence of motor transportation eloquently attested by the two thousand individually owned homes of Chillicothe.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



SIX-ROOM BUNGALOW No. 625

Designed for the Service Dept., American Face Brick Assn.

This beautiful six-room bungalow is one of the ninety-six distinctive homes shown in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans." Note the splendid arrangement of windows, the inviting porch, the pleasing roof lines, and the compact, convenient interior arrangements.

Permanent Homes, Always Beautiful

THE beauty of your Face Brick home will be a source of never-ending satisfaction to you. And when your children pass it on to your grandchildren its original beauty will only have been mellowed with the richness of age. A Face Brick house is a family legacy, becoming richer in traditions in each succeeding generation.

Then, too, your Face Brick house is a sound investment. It depreciates almost imperceptibly, the walls require no repairs and are fire-safe, painting is required only around doors and windows, fuel costs and insurance rates are reduced to a minimum. From every point of view Face Brick gives you the greatest value for your building dollars.

These matters are fully discussed in "The Story of Brick," an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes and packed with information of value to every prospective home-builder. Sent free on request.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses and 7 to 8-room houses, in all ninety-six, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents, preferably in stamps.

We have the complete working drawings, specifications and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices. Select from the booklets the designs you like best and order the plans, even if you are not going to build now, for their study will be not only interesting and instructive, but helpful in formulating your future plans for a home.

You may want "The Home of Beauty," fifty designs, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and floor plans. Sent for 50 cents in stamps. We also distribute complete working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for these houses at nominal prices. Address, The American Face Brick Association, 1739 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

NOT HOW CHEAP—BUT HOW GOOD

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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and Mediterranean Lands

Nile Cruise to Second Cataract in private steamer. Long Tour sails January 6 by ADRIATIC.

Also

Later sailings and shorter tours.

Write for information to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1904. BANCROFT'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

AROUND THE WORLD

Leaving New York Jan. 6, 1923
Not a cruise but a real visit into the interior of the countries

A high-grade tour under efficient cultured leadership, limited to 12 guests. Arrangements made for any portion of the tour.

Miss KATHERINE A. PANTLIND
110 Horningside Drive New York City

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO

for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals. 35-6 in cities and popular resorts, 34-5 in the country

FOREIGN TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

January 17-June 29
Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London, Edinburgh. References required. Price includes travel, chaperone, instruction in language, literature, art, music and history. Write for prospectus to Miss Hazel Upton, Director, Park Avenue Hotel, cor. Park Ave. and 32d St., New York City, or to Mr. L. V. Arnold, Sec'y and Treas., 250 Madison Ave., Suite 1204, New York City.

Egypt, Palestine

Large steamers throughout. Small groups, personally conducted.
Sailings Jan. 17, \$1215-Feb. 10, \$1570-Feb. 24, \$1335.

EUROPE 1923

Limited parties enrolling now.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-A Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

Large Hall, Wellesley Hills, fine location. Running water in nearest forest walks and country like a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)

40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$1.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

Sunshine and the pines, good fellowship, true sport.

CAROLINA HOTEL

Now Open

Holly Inn and Berkshire

Open early in January

GOLF-SHOOTING-RACING-MOTORING-RIDING-DRIVING-TENNIS-AIRPLANING
Weather for November and December—like late Fall in New England

For Reservations or Information address:

General Office, PINEHURST, North Carolina

PENNSYLVANIA

Towanda, Pa., Woodleigh. Winter accommodations. Positively well heated. Steam, electricity, bathrooms, sun parlors, open wood fire, good cooking, abundance of cream, good milk, fresh eggs, vegetables, fruits. Booklet. Moderate terms. Address Miss ELIZABETH LANE.

Health Resorts

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.

Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Country Board

Morristown, N. J. Restful home life, attractive room, suitable for couple, in beautiful residential park, near station, easy commuting; excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 8,251, Outlook.

Real Estate

BERMUDA

BERMUDA-FOR RENT. Large furnished house, double verandas, modern improvements, stable, 12 acres, water front. Dr. A. H. FARR, Hamilton, Bermuda.

CONNECTICUT

All-Year-Round Home

For sale, in the foothills of the Berkshires, Washington, Conn.

A country place of about 3 acres, situated in the midst of charming scenery. Colonial house of 14 rooms, 6 open fireplaces, steam heat, 3 bathrooms; stable with living quarters, 2-car garage, chicken house and yards, ice house, flower and vegetable gardens; never-failing water supply from individual spring. Waring sewage disposal system. Admirable church and school advantages and golf. Fine town library. An all-year-round home of charm and comfort. On Litchfield branch of N. Y. & N. H. R. R., 28 miles from Danbury by motor, 40 miles from New Haven. For further information address 8,251, Outlook.

FLORIDA

For sale—winter home. Captiva Island on the Gulf of Mexico, facing Pine Island Sound. 8-room modern cottage, all conveniences, servant quarters, etc. Private dock. Fishing and bathing. 6-acre tract, including 6-acre grapefruit and orange grove. Bargain. Address J. RANCHES U., Captiva, Lee Co., Fla.

Rent, furnished near Palm Beach, bungalow camp on St. Lucie River. \$200 month, 2 months or more. 2 bedrooms, electric light, fruit; motor boat extra. Wm. A. Sealer, Jenkintown, Pa.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

NEW YORK

Attractive Residences TO RENT or FOR SALE MOUNT KISCO, N. Y. Westchester Hills, one hour from New York. Corner lot, best residential section. Near station. 11 rooms, 2 baths, all improvements. Garage. Rent furnished, \$200. Unfurnished for less. Short lease acceptable. Sale \$20,000. Address E. S. BUCHANAN, Mount Kisco, N. Y. Phone 662.

NORTH CAROLINA

For Rent at Pine Bluff, N. C. 6 miles Pinehurst, modern 6-room bungalow. Bath; furnace, electricity, detached servants' quarters. Address E. H. Roberts, Titusville, Fla.

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

Winter Homes

For Sale and for Rent

A. S. NEWCOMB & COMPANY

Real Estate

NORTH CAROLINA

For Rent, season of '22-'23, Furnished Cottage. 6 rooms, screened and open porches. Central in tourist town of the Carolina sandhills, 7 miles from Pinehurst. Terms attractive. 8,251, Outlook.

SOUTH CAROLINA

For Sale in Camden, S. C. Large mansion house with four acres of beautiful improved grounds, located in most desirable part of Camden, near golf links. Suitable for private home, school or hotel. Address Henry Savage, Camden, S. C.

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AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, garage-men, mechanics, send today for free copy of this month's issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 327 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

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BOARD and room. Lady, 72 years, active, alert, wants permanent location within 30 miles New York; not exceeding \$45 month. 2,518, Outlook.

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BIG MONEY IN WRITING photostories, stories, poems, songs. Send to-day for FREE copy WRITER'S BULLETIN, full of helpful advice how to write, where to sell. EDWARD'S PUBLISHER, 888 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared: lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 506 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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SAFE 5% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or convertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 3 East Side. Boston office, Trinity Court, Friday 11 to 1. Address Providence.

DIRECTORY for secretaries and social workers. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 3 East Side. Boston office, Trinity Court, Friday 11 to 1. Address Providence.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CHRISTMAS stocking boxes. Send \$1.00 for ten toys for your child's stocking. Santa Claus Wonder Balls of ten miniature toys \$1.25. Two styles—boys and girls. The Kindergarten, 1413 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

GREETING CARDS

COOPLY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The Line is best known for its distinctive designs. Joseph A. McNeil, 19 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

UNIQUE Christmas cards, ten and fifteen cents. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL

MUSIC TEACHER, SPECIALIST for CHILDREN, desires position in FLORIDA. 1,232, Outlook.

ROOMS TO RENT

I know two refined ladies having in the elevator apartment, convenient location, well furnished room, running water, bath adjoining, for rent, \$25 weekly, without board. Suitable for one or two men. Best references required. Rev. George E. Van De Water, 67 East 59th St., New York.

An Unusual Service for Outlook Readers

You are frequently in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant. Or perhaps you are in search of such a position yourself.

In either case, an Outlook "Want Ad" will undoubtedly solve the problem. Here is a typical extract from a letter just received—"I had not anticipated that my ad would prove so alluring. I received twenty-four replies and they came from thirteen different States. It has given me a great respect for the wide circulation of The Outlook."

Try a "Want Ad."

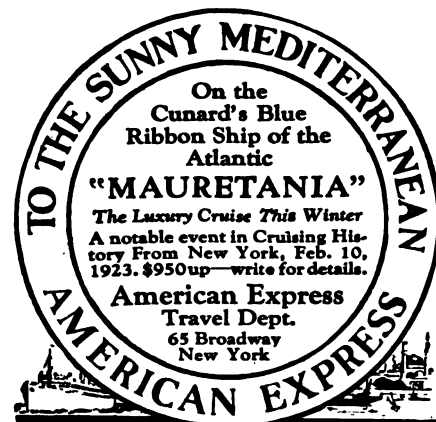
The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

New York City



BOYS and GIRLS all over the country are delivering The Outlook each week in their neighborhoods and earning cash profits. If there are ambitious boys or girls in your family, why not have them write us at once for full particulars?

CARRIER DEPARTMENT
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1. Postpaid. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashland, O.
OLD Hampshire bond: 100 sheets (64x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, \$2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Graduate nurse, executive and social service training. Salary \$1,800. Trade union industrial and preventive health work. Painters Health Department, 80 East 11th St., New York.

Business Situations

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, \$128 to \$192 monthly. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED: AGENTS—men or women; patented household articles of merit, unusual line. Exclusive territory. No competition. Profits 100%. Opportunity for sales crew managers, permanent connection. Long-established, reliable concern. Write Hampden Toy Co., Factory No. 15, Westfield, Mass.

WANTED—Resident office assistant, knowledge of stenography and typewriting. Well educated, conscientious, pleasing personality. State age, qualifications, references and salary expected. Location Hudson Valley, one hour from New York City. 2,941, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 233, or P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Young woman to act as mother's helper and assist in care and training of four small children. Ridgewood, N. J. 2,944, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper—Family of three. Small house. Cooking. Protestant. Box 314, Scarsdale, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WILL pay liberal wages to an experienced white couple, who appreciate a good home in the country and are agreeable and willing; wife to do the cooking and man to act as butler and have full charge of the first floor; family consists of two adults and three children. None but those who have had experience and can furnish references need apply. Answer, stating experience, references, and wages desired. Address "E. W.," P. O. Box 822, City Hall Station, New York.

ABOUT December 1, young woman 30 to 40 years as nurse-companion to semi-invalid. Must be able to read aloud. References and personal interview in New York necessary. Box 245, Morristown, N. J.

WANTED—Woman of refinement to take charge of six-room apartment for family of two, doing all work except laundry. All home privileges. Protestant desired. 2,934, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

MAN or woman to head department of education in Southern college for women, work beginning November 15. Woman to teach high school French. College graduates; fine salaries. The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Machecha Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Young nursery governess for little girl of four. New York in winter. 2,942, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse, R. N., widow, is at liberty to take resident or traveling position. References. Box 116, St. Davids, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL nurse, refined, capable, desires position with elderly person or invalid. Experienced traveler. Best credentials. 2,913, Outlook.

Business Situations

FARM SUPERINTENDENT—Woman with 15 years' experience in farm management and a student of horticulture in England and U. S. State agricultural colleges, wishes position to manage an estate with up-to-date dairy and poultry plant. 2,896, Outlook.

PRIVATE secretary, woman, desires position of trust and responsibility. 2,940, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE man, knowledge of forestry, desires semi-executive position on gentleman's estate. Surroundings more important than salary. 2,936, Outlook.

PART TIME work wanted. Columbia law student, 27, seeks occupation afternoons, evenings. Clerical, secretarial, teaching, companionship; any kind of intelligent service. 2,922, Outlook.

PRIVATE accounts kept, bills paid, etc. Full time one person, part two or more. For Detroit only. No typewriting, stenography, or telephoning. 2,938, Outlook.

YOUNG man, colored, intelligent, polite, pleasing address, desires position messenger or attendant, bank or business firm. Best reference. 2,931, Outlook.

SOCIAL or private secretary. Six years in same family. French and English. Highest business and social references. 2,932, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED cafeteria, tea-room manager desires position. 2,935, Outlook.

SECRETARY—stenographer. Trained expert. Cultured young woman. Ten years' experience, including editorial and positions of trust. Highest references. 2,940, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of situation at Christmas. Would travel or consider any position of trust. American and Canadian references. 2,945, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, Protestant, social and business experience America and Europe, speaking French, desires position as chaperon, courier, secretary. 2,876, Outlook.

INDUSTRIAL position desired by graduate, registered nurse of long experience. 2,887, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 2,892, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position—companion, social secretary, hostess. 2,938, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion-housekeeper with elderly lady or two or three business women. 2,937, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

SCHOOL. Gentleman and wife, both with long experience in school work, seek good position Christmas, or would start small school. 2,894, Outlook.

FRENCH governess, Protestant, excellent references, thoroughly experienced and reliable, wants post. Would travel. Mademoiselle Fouquet, 46 Myrtle St., Bloomfield, N. J.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher. English, history, domestic science. 2,934, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department. The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

RED GLASS—Collection of old Bohemian and old English red glass at private sale. A collector's collection covering years. 2,896, Outlook.

TYPING of manuscripts or other matter by well qualified woman. 2,911, Outlook.

SLEEP on a genuine Adirondack Mt. Balsam Pine Pillow. **SOOTHING! REFRESHING! INVIGORATING!** (Beautifying). Size 12" x 16". \$1.35 postpaid. Pine Pillow Co., Inwood Sta., N. Y., Box 14c.

LADY in suburbs would take one or two children to board. Protestant. 2,923, Outlook.

INDIVIDUAL care and instruction for exceptional children in beautiful country home. Ideal conditions for mental and physical development. Professional references. 2,917, Outlook.

SMALL family living in a very comfortable home, well situated, desires to communicate with one or two ladies as paying guests. Address E. D. L., Box 67, Lakewood, N. J.



WINTER VACATION VOYAGES

MEDITERRANEAN

ADRIATIC (24,541 tons)

Jan. 6, Feb. 24, 1923

LAPLAND (18,565 tons)

Jan. 18, Mar. 10, 1923

World-famous for steadiness, de luxe quarters, cuisine and service. For travellers of discrimination. Ample time for delightful visits ashore.

Round trip cruise bookings.
To Naples via Egypt and The Holy Land.

One way bookings to Egypt.

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (the Riviera), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa for Jerusalem, and Athens (Phaleron Bay).

World-famous White Star service provides for you a delightful and luxurious home on shipboard.

WEST INDIES

MEGANTIC (20,000 tons displacement)

Jan. 15, Feb. 17, Mar. 22, 1923

Magnificent cruising ship of admirable construction for tropic voyages. Premier steamer to the West Indies.

Rates \$250 Upwards

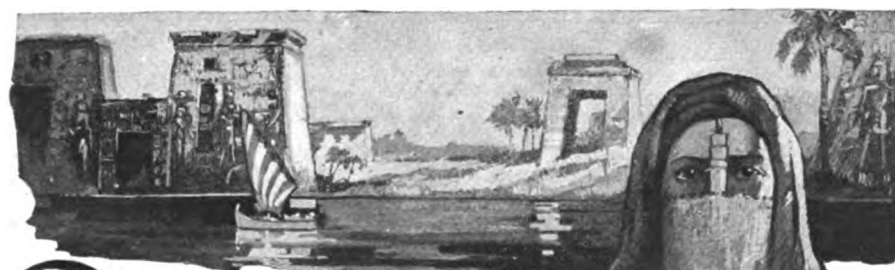
Itinerary arranged by Cruise Department of more than 25 years' experience in the West Indies. From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

A wonderful, health-giving holiday among the brilliant lands and sunshine seas beneath the Southern Cross.

Inquire for booklets and detailed information

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE  **RED STAR LINE**
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York City



Frank's CRUISE de LUXE TO THE Mediterranean

(Limited to 450 Guests—About Half Capacity)

By Magnificent New **Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA,"** Specially Chartered
Twin-Screw Turbine Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. Sailing Jan. 30, 1923, returning April 2, visiting

Egypt, Madeira, Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, etc.

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda, cafés, 2 elevators, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Free optional return passage at later date by any Cunard steamer from France or England.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.
Early reservations advisable.

Also De Luxe Tours to Europe, South America, Japan, China and California

FRANK TOURIST CO.

489 Fifth Ave., New York Established 1875 219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia

BY THE WAY

THE caption-writer of the London "Sphere" seems not to have been around the globe much, notwithstanding the title of his paper. In a recent issue he says that the Municipal Building of New York City is "situated on the 'Great White Way' of the American capital!"

The President of the Harvard Club of Singapore writes from that antipodean port to the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" that his club is small but flourishing, and is doing what it can to advance the interests of Harvard on that side of the world. To this end, he says, a small model of the John Harvard statue has been placed in the office of the Colonial Secretary for the Straits Settlement, "where it is doing a great deal to remove the impression generally current among official Britons that Harvard is merely the name of a beer." Furthermore, he announces, a large photograph of the last Harvard-Yale football game has been hung in the club-house of the Dyak Head Hunters Association of North Borneo, where it is arousing enthusiastic interest among the young and enterprising head hunters, who believe that they could pick up some valuable hints during a course at Harvard.

Athletes, owing perhaps to their severe training and strenuous exertions, are often short-lived. An exception to this rule, if it is a rule, is furnished by the career of Henry E. Buermyer, who recently died at the age of eighty-four. He was one of the founders of the New York Athletic Club and the first amateur champion heavyweight boxer of the United States. In his prime he could put up two ninety-eight pound dumbbells at the same time, could lift 1,250 pounds from the floor, and could run a hundred yards in 10¼ seconds. He held more than fifty medals which he had won in athletic events of various sorts.

In "Studies of the Chinese Drama," by Kate Buss, it is said that in Chinese theaters the pleasant custom obtains of collecting the admission fee during the evening after those persons who may not find themselves interested in the performance have had time to depart. In other cases money may be tossed upon the stage at the end of a performance. All Chinese theaters, it is remarked, have certain unhygienic customs such as a common use of wet towels, passed about to "refresh" the audience; the omnipotent teacup; and the unfreshened air. Stands for teapots and cups are within reach of everybody, and tea is served continuously; even an actor may be offered a cup of tea while playing, if his part is difficult or prolonged.

The so-called evil smells of China, the author of the above-quoted book observes, are traditional, and give pleasure to the Chinaman, whose idea of sweet and foul differs from our own. The

Chinaman's scent perception is more highly developed than the Westerner's, it seems; we cultivate mainly sight and hearing, while the Chinese revel in "sweet" odors that to us are objectionable.

"On two successive pages of your issue of October 4," a subscriber writes, "an incorrect quotation occurs—'He who runs may read.' The passage from which this is taken is in the Bible, Habakkuk ii. 2, 'And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.' As annotated in the Scofield Reference Bible, 'that he may run that readeth—i. e., as a messenger of the vision.'"

This is doubtless a correct interpretation of the Scripture; but our quotations have the sanction of usage as crystallized by the poets. Cowper, for instance:

But truths on which depends our
main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not
to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we
tread
With such a luster he that runs may
read.

And Tennyson:

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

An "anti-feminist reaction" is noted in the "Woman Citizen" as gaining force in several countries, among them Great Britain. As illustrating the point, it is said that a woman physician, who until recently held a position as adviser at a maternity clinic in England, was dismissed when she married!

America does not share in the reaction above noted by the "Woman Citizen," for it continues to give women greater advantages. The latest privilege conferred by a new Federal law, according to the "Citizen," gives the alien-born woman the opportunity of becoming an American citizen after only one year's residence. It takes away from her, however, the easy method of becoming a citizen by annexing a native husband. The law, fortunately, is not retroactive, and foreign-born women who have been forehanded in acquiring citizenship through the marital method will not lose their standing as citizens.

San Francisco has more hotels than any other city in the United States except New York, according to a recent report of the Hotel Association. It has only four houses, however, of the "first capacity"—hotels having more than 450 rooms. Of these New York has 18, Chicago 11, Los Angeles 5; Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and Pittsburgh each have three; Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Washington have two; Philadelphia has one. Atlantic City and Saratoga, strangely enough, are not included in this list.

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Dr. John Dewey's

criticism of China's Missionary Schools appeared in the New Republic some months ago.

"American missionary education [in China] has failed," thus Dr. Dewey quotes a Chinese student, "to develop independent energetic thought and character among even its most distinguished graduates. It has produced rather a subservient intellectual type, one which is characterized as slavish."

Dr. Guy W. Sarvis,

Professor of Economics and Sociology in the University of Nanking, replies to Dr. Dewey's criticism in one of the most trenchant and informing articles on Christian educational ideals in China that has yet appeared.

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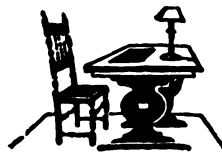
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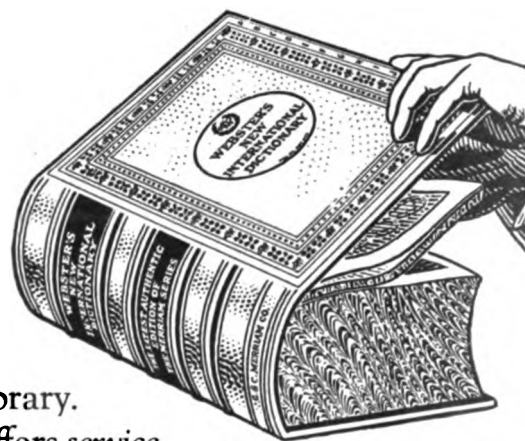


Service

*"I had six honest, serving men;
(They taught me all I knew):
Their names are WHAT and WHY and WHEN,
and HOW and WHERE and WHO."
(KIPLING)*

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WHEN and by whom was the great pyramid of Cheops built?
HOW can you distinguish a malarial mosquito?
WHERE is Canberra? Zeebrugge? Delhi?
WHO was Mother Bunch? Millboy of the Slashes?
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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 8, 1922

THIS WAS THE LAST EDITORIAL THAT CAME FROM LYMAN ABBOTT'S PEN—IT WAS WRITTEN ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH

HEGEL, the philosopher, in his "Philosophy of History" says: "God governs the world; the actual working of his government and the carrying out of his plan is the history of the world."

This is my profound religious faith, and I hold that all good men and true should make it their life-work to contribute what they can to carrying out that plan; to making the community in which they dwell more governed by the principle of justice, more pervaded by the spirit of mercy, generosity, and good will, and more guided by reverence and humility. When I became Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, more than forty years ago, I determined to introduce into it a history of current questions; to make it contain an interpretative history week by week of the world's life. In this history I intended to interpret every question by its effect on the betterment of the community—by its contribution to justice, mercy, and loyalty. The effect of any proposed policy on any party (Democratic, Republican, Progressive, or Prohibition) or on any church (Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, or agnostic) I proposed to ignore. Conventional standards were dropped

out of sight. The only standards I proposed to pay any attention to were the eternal standards of Micah's definition of religion: "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Governed in all our editorial policy by this basic purpose—the endeavor to state impartially and interpret truthfully the fundamental principles necessary for the welfare of the community—we have also been governed by some other principles which I might call constitutional, though never formulated or written.

We have tried not to judge the motives of public men, but only their actions.

We have aimed always to be impartial, but never neutral.

When convinced that we have unintentionally done injustice to any man by a misrepresentation, we make the correction as prominent as the mistake.

We have always made our utmost endeavor with the resources at our command to give our readers an accurate account of the tangled controversies which we have frequently had to report, including the strongest statements we could obtain of the policies opposed to our views.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

TRIBUTES TO LYMAN ABBOTT FROM HIS EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES

MY FATHER

S EVEN years ago, when he was eighty years old, my father wrote his autobiography, most of which appeared at the time in *The Outlook* and will be found in a volume entitled "Reminiscences," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston. It contains the main facts of his life.

He was born on the 18th of December, 1835, in Roxbury, Massachusetts. His father was Jacob Abbott, a teacher, preacher, and author, who was best known in his time as the author of the "Rollo Books." His mother died when he was eight years old. For that reason, perhaps, he was thrown upon his own resources—at least his own intellectual resources—when he was still a boy, although he says in his autobiography that, "while motherless, he was not homeless." He entered New York University as a freshman when he was not quite fourteen, and was graduated with the degree of B.A. in the class of 1853, when he was not quite eighteen. This was not because he was especially precocious, but probably because seventy years ago the intellectual demands of the colleges were not what they are to-day. He studied law; was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one; joined his two older brothers in the practice of law; and in his reminiscences relates two rather interesting cases which the firm conducted in behalf of the New York "Times," cases in which he had a not unimportant part.

An irresistible impulse, or a sense of duty to his fellow-men, or a longing to help them, or a call of the spirit—he never defined the moving cause himself—led him to give up the law and go into the ministry. He was ordained a Congregational minister at twenty-five, and his first pastorate was in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he lived and preached during the Civil War. Returning to New York in 1865, he became a minister of a modest little church in this city. After four years in this pastorate, he moved to Cornwall-on-Hudson in 1869 and established there what has been the family homestead ever since. His vocation then became that of a writer and editor, although his avocation was preaching every Sunday in a Presbyterian church of his community.

In 1888 he was called to succeed Henry Ward Beecher as minister of Plymouth Church, and filled that position for eleven years. At the same time

he was Editor-in-Chief of the "Christian Union," the name of which was later changed to *The Outlook*. He assumed this editorial position in 1876, and has therefore been the guiding spirit and Editor-in-Chief of this journal for forty-six years. He surrounded himself with editorial associates who were always glad to relieve him of the details of administration, so that he was free to preach or to speak in public. In this, what may, perhaps, be called the oratorical side of his work, I think his greatest satisfaction was in preaching and talking to young men and young women in American schools and colleges. One of these college parishioners of his, who is now a distinguished clergyman in this city, told me recently that he roughly estimated that in this school and college preaching my father must have talked to two or three hundred thousand different individual students.

His "Reminiscences" not only fill in the foregoing outline of his activities, but the volume contains a kind of valedictory; I shall quote it:

In one respect my life has succeeded beyond the dreams of my youth. I have never cared for money; perhaps if I had cared more my wife would have had an easier time, but I doubt whether we should have been happier. Nor for reputation; therefore the attacks made upon me and the misreports and misrepresentations to which I have been subjected have never much troubled me. They have had a value. One can learn his faults better from his critics than from his friends, because his critics are more frank. Nor for power; I like to influence, but not to command. But I have desired friends; and it sometimes seems to me that no man ever had more friends than I have. I am often stopped on the street by a stranger who thanks me for some word of counsel or inspiration received; and scarcely a week goes by that I do not receive a letter of grateful appreciation from some unknown friend whom I never shall see, and who, perhaps, has never seen me.

I have other invisible friends who people my quiet home with their companionship. I believe that death and resurrection are synonymous, that death is the dropping of the body from the spirit, that resurrection is the upspringing of the spirit from the body; and I think of my friends and companions, not as lying in the grave waiting for a future resurrection, nor as living in some distant land singing hymns in loveless forgetfulness of those they loved on earth. I think of them as a great cloud of witnesses

looking on to see how we run the race that is set before us, grieved in our failures, glad in our triumphs. I think of my mother rejoicing in the joys of the boy whom she was not permitted to care for on earth; of my father still counseling me by his unspoken wisdom in my times of perplexity; of my wife giving me rest and reinvigoration by her love. So I am never lonely when I am alone; rarely restless when I am sleepless.

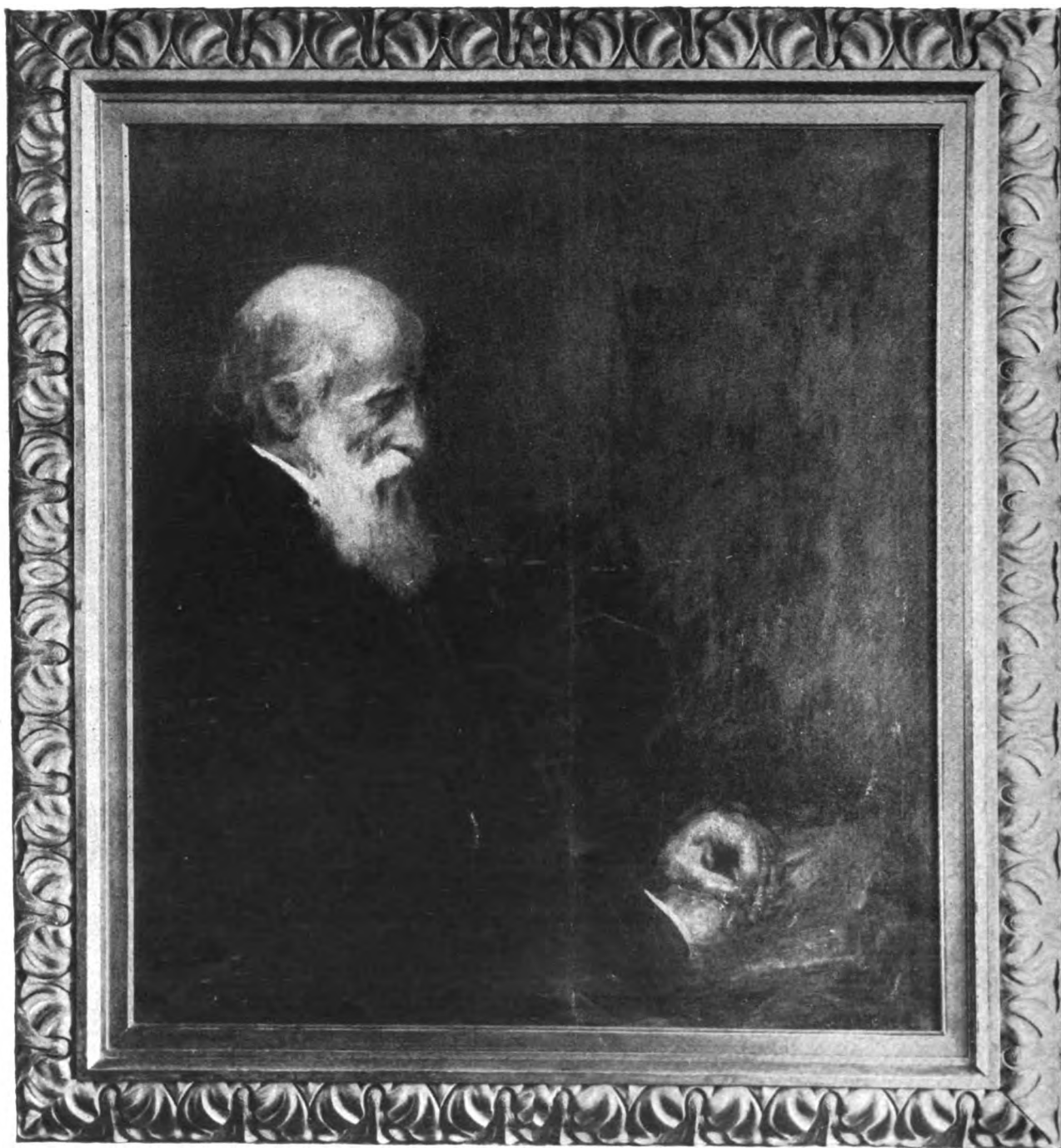
I believe that I have learned one secret of happiness; it is a habit easier to describe than to adopt.

We live in the past and in the future. The present is only a threshold over which we cross in going from the past into the future. We live, therefore, in our memory and in our anticipation. He who forms the habit of forgetting the unpleasant and remembering the pleasant lives in a happy past; he who forms the habit of anticipating the pleasant and striking out from his anticipation the unpleasant lives in a happy future. I have no wish to live in a fool's paradise; but it is no better to live in a fool's purgatory. I therefore allow myself to anticipate evil only that I may avoid it if it is avoidable or, if it is unavoidable, may meet it with wisdom and courage. I recall past errors, follies, and faults in order that I may learn their lesson and avoid their repetition. Then I forget them. The prophet tells me that my Father buries my sins in the depths of the sea. I have no inclination to fish them up again and take an inventory. I gladly dismiss from my memory what he no more remembers against me forever. Thus my religion is to me, not a servitude, but an emancipation; not a self-torment because of past sins, but a divinely given joy because of present forgiveness.

It is almost impossible to write freely of the experiences of one's heart to a throng of unknown readers. It is easier to portray them to an intimate friend. For this reason I transfer to these pages a few sentences which I wrote to my wife from Terre Haute during her absence in the East in the summer of 1863:

"Ought we to go always through life condemned of ourselves and thinking and feeling that God must condemn us? Is this a necessity? Is it not possible so to live that our own conscience approves us, and we have the happiness of feeling that we have the approval of God and of our own hearts? It is possible. Is it not practicable? Was it not Paul's experience? . . . It is true that we ought never to be satisfied with ourselves—that our ideal of holiness ought always to outrun our attainments; that we ought always to desire something more and better. But we may be self-approved and not self-satisfied. We may be dissatisfied and yet not self-condemned."

It is thus at eighty years of age that I look back upon the years that have passed since I imbibed some-



A PORTRAIT OF DR. ABBOTT IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR, PAINTED BY
CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

thing of the spirit of faith and hope and love in my grandfather's home at Farmington. I am far from satisfied with this review; but I am not self-condemned. I say to my Father, as I say to myself, I have often been defeated, but I have fought a good fight; I have often faltered and fallen, but I have kept up the race; I have been besieged all my life with doubts, and they still sometimes hammer at the gates, but I have kept my faith.

And I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I have stood in the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, and the ropes are cast off and I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and still looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.

No man, I suppose, can know another man so intimately, so through and through, so undraped and uncurtained, as a son knows his father—especially when the relationship has been not only filial, but that of partnership. Thirty-one years ago last April I became President of the Outlook Company, and during those thirty-one years my father always treated me as his superior in business affairs, and as his equal editorially—never as an inferior or a subordinate. I don't mean that he consciously treated me so; I think it was just a perfectly simple and natural attitude of which he never more consciously thought than he would have thought when he came downstairs in the morning, "Now I must say 'Good-morning' to my children cheerfully." Of course I was not his superior in business, for he was a very wise man, of sound judgment, grasping and acting upon the essential principles of economic human relationship. (As one of my cousins has said to me since his death, "His goodness subtracted nothing from his wisdom; neither did his wisdom subtract anything from his goodness.") And I was his inferior editorially. But as I look back I am not conscious that I ever felt that I was not his equal; in fact, I never thought anything about it, and he never thought anything about it.

He wanted to be, and he really and essentially was, a preacher of the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, but he was this without ecclesiasticism, or ministerialism, or professionalism, or even emotionalism. He loved deeply, and he was deeply loved; but he was as free from sentimentality or gushes of feeling as anybody I have ever known. In our family circle, and in the circle of intimate friends and connections that surrounded the family, I have

seen him over and over again during a period of fifty years conduct the celebrations of marriage and of christening and administer the last rites of death, but I don't recall that I ever heard his voice falter or ever saw a tear glisten in his eye. I think this was because his feelings were so deep and so established on a rock, and therefore so serene and unshaken, that they did not affect his body.

He was a delightful companion—in the earlier years in the pastimes and excursions, and even some of the sports of outdoor life. For example, he taught his four boys how to swim and was a good swimmer himself. In his later life, up to the very last, I would rather sit *vis-à-vis* with him at the luncheon table than with any man I know—not as son lurching with a father, but as a club companion lurching with a chosen club companion. He was interested in the whole of life, and in every wholesome expression of life, from the "Three Musketeers" of Dumas to William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." He says somewhere that as a boy and a young man he had an ungovernable temper. Perhaps he had—no, I won't say "perhaps," because I think he never made a statement of fact of which he was not sure. But in fifty years I never saw any display of temper, and I never knew him to say a mean or rankling or biting thing in controversy about anybody. He had vigor and decision and could denounce, but he never indulged in pin-pricks or in sarcasm for the sake of provoking an opponent in a contest. This used to seem to me remarkable, because I think the temptation of most men in controversy—it is mine, I know—is to say something that will get "under the skin" of their antagonists, much as a toreador in a bull-fight throws the barbed darts or *banderillas* into the skin of the bull in order to provoke him to rush upon his own destruction.

Even those who, like my father, believe that death is only an incident of a much greater, more glorious, and more permanent or immortal experience, which we call life, cannot with all their philosophy and all their faith escape the wrench of personal parting. Nevertheless as I write these lines I find that my own feelings are expressed better than I could have expressed them myself in a note which I have just received from a friend, a man who has led an active life in the great world of industry and affairs: "I have just read the announcement of your father's passing, and my impulse is to send you a note of congratulation on your heritage, rather than sympathy for your loss. I cannot feel that what we miscall the ending of such a life should be the subject of mourning." LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

MY FATHER'S PURPOSE

IN a letter, now yellow with age, there can still be read in the faded ink the expression of some doubt whether a certain motherless little boy could ever be raised to manhood. His body was frail; but something in his mind and soul made it serve him for nearly eighty-seven years. It was only when he found that body failing at the end that, turning to one of his children and quoting Holmes, he confessed, "The old coat is worn out."

When I was still a small boy, he was a grown man approaching middle age. Even then he seemed frail to my boyish eyes. He not only was not athletic; he seemed to me physically weak. And yet, as I look back upon those days, I see that he was doing an extraordinary amount of work requiring frequent draughts upon his reservoirs of nervous and muscular vitality. By his habit of saving his time, by making sure of sufficient sleep—he had trained himself to be able to drop into a nap at any time and under any circumstances—by carefulness in selecting his physicians and following their directions, and by regular recreation in preparation for work, he kept those reservoirs replenished.

This care of his unathletic body was essentially that of a good athlete. It was not for his body's sake; it was for a purpose which he was determined his body should serve. He was in this respect a man's man. As a youth he envied in Beecher the abounding physique that was the opposite of his own; and as an old man he admired in Roosevelt the robustness which he himself lacked. He had, however, in common with each this athletic and masculine point of view that regards the body as a means to the attainment of an end through struggle.

To that end he directed not only his body but his mind, and not only his mind but his spirit. He has been called a scholar and a mystic. He had in his brain the scholar's equipment and in his faith the mystic's inner light; but I do not think he had either the scholar's or the mystic's purpose. In knowledge, which the scholar seeks for its own sake, and in faith, which the mystic desires as a source of the highest enjoyment, my father found not ends in themselves but means to the attainment of his object.

The adoption of this purpose in life was, I think, a matter of growth. At first it was a vague desire to be like the people he most admired. Then he found that these people all had the same ideal, and he adopted that ideal as his. As pictured to his mind it was the ideal of "a Man who had courage and yet forbearance, authority and yet infinite

meekness, a Man who never flinched when courage was required and never asserted himself simply to defend himself, who gave himself to a life of service and sacrifice and died not for the sake of those who loved him, but for those who hated him." As yet, however, his purpose in life was not formed. That was to come, not as a vague desire, not as a high emotional impulse, but as the result of study and thought. He was not content with his general and apparently unattainable ideal as an object. He sought something concrete, definite, practical; and by the time he was twenty-five he found it. From that time on he made it his single aim. He had discovered for himself that in the sayings, the deeds, and the character of the Man whom he had set before himself as his ideal there were embodied certain principles or laws of life. He believed that the observance of these principles, that action in accordance with these laws, would solve every moral problem. So he set himself to study to know those principles or laws, and then in them for every question of conduct, whether individual or social, to find an answer.

In this way he made for himself an object of life that was practically attainable. The ideal which he still held to for himself and for the world might be far off; but the process of molding his life and helping to mold the life of the world about him in accord with the principles embodied in that ideal was something that he could engage in day by day, week by week, year by year. If success consists in the accomplishment of one's aim, my father's life was successful; for he had chosen an aim that could be reached and yet remain as an object of new endeavor. In substance, it was the same when he was eighty-six years old as when he was twenty-five; but in form it was as varied as the world in which he lived and as changing as history; and, being new with every new problem, it filled his life with interest and kept him youthful.

The world which he saw during his lifetime was indeed a changing world. It began for him as a world in which railways were still new and stage-coaches not yet unknown; it ended for him as a world of the airplane and the radio. In no other epoch of the world's history has any one man's lifetime encompassed such changes in the outward aspects of life. Much that was familiar to him in his age would have seemed to him as a child incredible magic; yet I never heard him talk very much about this wonderful transformation. What impressed him was the change, far more wonderful and interesting to him, in the moral and social experience and ideas of men. He was born into a country which

accepted and maintained slavery; he saw the slaves set free. He was born into a country still divided against itself; he lived to see the Nation made one and indivisible. He saw the rise of industrialism and the formation of powerful corporations and powerful labor unions involving new problems of industrial justice hardly less serious than slavery itself. He saw great changes in education and in religious thinking. He saw new movements for international amity progressing until overturned by the most destructive of wars. After victory he saw new problems emerging. These and the like, rather than the necromancies of science and invention, were the changes in the world which impressed him, because they concerned those principles of life which it was his single object to study and apply. It was these principles that made him an advocate of liberty and union during the period of the Civil War and after. It was these principles that led him to urge for the ills of industrialism what he was the first to call Industrial Democracy. It was these principles that drew him to the schools and colleges of the land as a guide and counselor to students in the midst of a revolution in scientific and religious thought. It was these principles that gave him leadership in the cause of international justice alike in time of peace and time of war. It was these principles which in his latter days, when men have talked of a dissolving civilization, kept his mind clear and his spirit serene.

How he endeavored to apply the principles he found in the teachings, life, and character of Jesus to these social problems he recorded in his writing; but he did more than write about those principles. He had made them so much a part of himself that they governed him in all that he did.

I cannot remember his ever exhorting me or any of my brothers or sisters. It was enough for him to live with his children. Just before I was born he had moved to Cornwall-on-Hudson, where his home was to remain for the rest of his life, and where three of his children and five of his grandchildren were to be born. Here under the shadow of Storm King, on the edge of the Highlands of the Hudson, his children—in particular, the younger children—came to know him as I think few children know their father. Scarcely a week in the summer went by when my younger brother and I did not go two or three times with him for a swim in the river. Unathletic as he was, he taught us to be at home on or in the water. He took us camping with him on the borders of a lake in the near-by mountains. He went horse-back riding with us over the roads of

Orange County. He was as companionable to us as any boy of our own age could be; he was as companionable to us as to men of his own age. One of his books which describes the way he thinks of God he entitled "The Great Companion;" but long before he put that book into words he had written it in characters of life in his children's experiences. There was a sort of equality in his companionship which was never lacking whomever he was with. Of course it could not be equality of age or experience or ability or authority. It was the sense of the recognition on his part that each of us had the right to his own individuality, to the expression of his own will, to the development of his own power. This feeling of equality which, I think, all his children had in his company did not interfere with their implicit recognition of his authority. Neither the brother who was my special comrade nor I can remember ever deliberately disobeying him, and when recently I asked my brother why we never disobeyed, he gave the only answer that I could give, "We never thought of it." Perhaps it was because we could not imagine him violating authority himself. In later life, when that same brother became a physician, my father not only accepted his medical advice implicitly, but, as few fathers could do, regarded his youngest son's instructions as commands to be obeyed.

I have deliberately disobeyed other authority, but not my father. I dare say I disobeyed him often thoughtlessly, but never with the intent of violating his will. I think that is due to the fact that his authority was never a form of self-will. He never insisted on our obeying a command merely because the command was his. It never seemed to be a command to go and do, but always a command to come and follow. This made the exercise of his authority perfectly compatible with my father's habit of reasoning with his children, his encouragement of co-operation, his readiness to trust his children with responsibility, his spirit of liberty. This adjustment between authority and liberty became habitual in all his relations. The sharpest debates in which I have ever engaged have been those about the dinner table in my father's house or those in which I have engaged with my father when he and I were together alone. In 1893, upon my graduation from college, he took me on a trip to England and Scotland. That was the time of the controversy over Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and no discussion in Parliament was more acute, though on certainly one occasion I think it was less parliamentary, than the arguments we had with each other on that sub-



(C)

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF DR. ABBOTT, MAY 17, 1922, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONFERRING ON HIM OF THE DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, AT THE HANDS OF M. GASTON LIÉBERT, THE FRENCH CONSUL-GENERAL, IN THE OUTLOOK EDITORIAL ROOMS

The photograph was taken with a pocket camera by a member of The Outlook's staff—H. H. Moore—who had served on the paper continuously with Dr. Abbott from the time when he became Editor-in-Chief

ject as we traveled. He was always ready, in fact, eager, to get my point of view; if he failed to get it, I felt that I was not clear about it in my own mind or that I was awkward in trying to express it. He enjoyed setting his mind to wrestle with another's; but I am not sure that he enjoyed the debate itself so much as the experience of finding it a means of reaching new aspects of the truth. It was with this consciousness of equality that I think he invariably faced an audience, and he invariably welcomed the proper opportunity to hear from his audience as well as to speak to them. To stand before hundreds of people, receive the fire of their questions, and to throw back his answers was to make companions of his hearers. He always preferred the method of co-operation over the method of authority whenever there was any fair choice between the two. Naturally, this spirit of exercising authority by means of co-operation, this habit of the practice of liberty and reason, which he believed in as a principle to be applied to all social questions and which he observed with relation to his children, marked his conduct of The Outlook. At the regular weekly edi-

torial conference he used to preside, but not direct. What he called sometimes brotherhood, sometimes democracy, sometimes co-operation, was the governing spirit whenever he occupied the chair at the head of the table. On every important question before the conference he desired and usually asked specifically for the opinion of each editor in attendance; and the resulting editorial, even when he wrote it himself, was, so far as he could make it, the considered judgment of the whole staff. He was wont to say that democracy was no more the control of the minority by the majority than it was the control of the majority by the minority, but was rather the composite judgment of many minds, which was different from the judgment of any one or any group of the many. He never shunned the responsibility which his office as Editor-in-Chief placed upon him, but he conceived it chiefly as the responsibility for the choice of his associates. Having chosen to serve with them and over them, he trusted them with his reputation and, what was even more precious to him, The Outlook's influence. No exercise of authority in particular instances could begin to have the sober-

ing effect of such a course. It was characteristic of this attitude of his that at the time when the country was on the verge of war with Germany he should write to me a letter which concluded with this sentence:

It is a great relief to me to feel no responsibility for the editorial utterance at such a time and throw it all off on my sons.

Having this respect for others, he made it his rule, which he invariably observed, never to judge their motives. He judged their deeds. When those deeds showed lack of consideration for those he loved or injustice to the defenseless, his anger could flame. He never was angry with his children for anything they did to him, but I have seen his anger at heedlessness of mine which brought new burdens to my mother. And his anger was always the anger of good will, never ill will. His mercy was but another aspect of his sense of justice, as his justice was but an aspect of his mercy. When he himself was abused or misrepresented, he never replied. If reply was needed, he depended on others to make the correction, but he never undertook to defend

and preserve his own reputation. I have in my possession a letter which he wrote to me concerning an attack that a reader of *The Outlook* had made upon me for an opinion I had expressed. It was written in March of this year. My father wrote:

All my life I have made my enemies serve me. For I have assumed that prejudice is often more keen than friendship, and that a hostile critic will often discover a fault which a friend or even a judicially-minded reader will fail to observe.

The natural product of such a life was poise, freedom from harassing worry, a peaceful mind. Anxiety not infrequently troubled him; but he never was anxious about the things which he could not help, and about the things that he could help he was anxious only concerning the rightness of his own judgment. And not even his anxiety was disturbing enough to shatter his sense of humor. He was more anxious, for instance, about the health of others than he was about his own. In the fall of 1919 he was anxious about me, as I can now see by re-reading his letters at the time, but he made his humor serve his concern, and he wrote to me the following letter:

Thanksgiving Day
1920

My dear Ernest:

Can't you get from the office away
For a day,
Or more
Say four:
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Then you'd be good for something
Monday.

I've been told
And learned of old
That for a cold
The best
Cure is rest
Stay in bed
When your head
Feels like lead
And you cough
Fit to joggle it off.
Drop your work
Learn how to shirk
'Twill be no loss.
Your boss.

Is it any wonder that a man who can write of his anxiety for others in this way looked forward to his own departure from this world with placidity? All that he dreaded as old age advanced was the pain that might accompany the losing of his physical vitality. Among the papers that he left after his death is the following memorandum, which came into the possession of one of my sisters shortly after my father's eighty-fifth birthday:

Old Age. Some Reflections—Frag-
mentary.

As I grow older current themes interest me less, and I feel less capable of dealing with them. Partly because I cannot complete them; partly be-

cause the younger generation are more competent to *understand* them and to act concerning them.

My eighty years of experience shows me that we are progressing. If, for example, we could solve the slavery problem in 1860, we shall be able to solve the labor problem in 1920.

My greatest difficulty is to leave the current problems in the hands of the rising generation and have faith in them.

I study less, reflect more; retire more within myself. Gradually my hold on this life lessens, my anticipation of the future life grows more vital. Can I not say that my delights are fewer, my contentment greater; my pleasures fewer, my happiness, if not greater, at least more uniform? I used to take care of others; I am gradually learning to let others take care of me.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Even in his last few hours his fragmentary and sometimes scarcely audible conversations with his children were turned with pleasantries. He was thoughtful for those whom he was about to leave, but he was not looking back. As he had been throughout his life, he was still standing in the bow of the boat.

As I stood beside his bed and told him how much he had meant to his children and grandchildren, he smiled and said, in a voice that hesitated for weakness but not for any search for words:

"I want for them the object and purpose in life that I have had. 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' I have fought a good fight—though I have had defeats. I have finished my course—finished my course—though I have sometimes faltered and turned aside. And I have kept the faith—in spite of doubts and perplexities—such doubts and perplexities as every one must have who rests his faith on things that are invisible."

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

DR. ABBOTT AT WORK

PROBABLY the first time the name of Lyman Abbott became known to me was over forty years ago. I had read something about the synoptic Gospels, was ingenuously surprised to learn that there was such a discussion, and sent some question to the query column of the *"Illustrated Christian Weekly."* I was soon again surprised to find my inquiry honored by being taken as a text for a long editorial signed Lyman Abbott. What impressed me then was what later, when I came to work with and under Dr. Abbott, impressed me in all Dr. Abbott's writing, the clarity and simplicity of style and the fairness to those with whose views he did not agree. This was admirably

expressed in an article about Dr. Abbott written many years ago for the *"World's Work"* by his associate Hamilton Mabie, when he said: "He is a born truth-lover and truth-seeker, with remarkable working power, remarkable faculty of assimilation, and a natural gift of clear, persuasive statement." And I particularly like a phrase used in this same article, "So engrossed is he in what lies before him that he carries no luggage of self-consciousness or self-satisfaction."

Few literary workers can accomplish more in a given time and make less fuss about it than could Dr. Abbott. When he was at his desk, he worked smoothly, steadily, and rapidly, without the slightest nervousness or sign of excitement. I have heard many stenographers say that he was the best possible giver of dictation because he did not hurry nor hesitate. When one looks at the long list of books he wrote and recalls the vast number of editorials, reviews, addresses, and sermons he prepared, one might suppose him a slave of work. Not a bit of it; he was a slave to nothing. He was an incomparable manager of his time and effort. He once said that in his work he had two governing principles: "First, not to do anything himself which he could get any one else to do; second, to take his rest as a preparation to his work, and not as a restorative after it." The first clause must be taken semi-playfully, though he certainly did know how to utilize assistance; the second is eminently characteristic.

Serenity, tranquility, courtesy, fair-mindedness—those were the qualities that have impressed me during the thirty-five years and more I have watched Dr. Abbott at work and heard him discussing public questions and policies in editorial conferences. I never—never once—knew him to lose his temper, and I doubt very much whether any one else did. Indignation at things that were wrong, disapproval of measures injurious to the country, he had, but personal antagonism or hatred of individuals was not in his nature. Twice I have heard him say, in effect, "Do not let that man's name ever appear in the paper," but in both cases the man was guilty of personal moral delinquency against home and family, and was at the same time posing as a leader or teacher.

Many people have called Lyman Abbott a prophet. It would be an interesting study to compare his early utterances with the actual advance of the world toward liberalism in religion, industrial relations, and political progressiveness, and to see how closely his quiet, intellectual exposition of truth and justice long ago hit marks since reached and passed. Thus he was one of the first to use the phrase "industrial democ-

racy," the growth of religious tolerance was more than foreshadowed in his editorials fifty years ago, and he recognized the broad import of evolution in all branches of life and human endeavor, when the word was almost "taboo" among the conservatives.

In speech and in writing Dr. Abbott was the more convincing because he never "showed off," as the boys say. It has always been most refreshing in editorial conferences when a subject has aroused proponents and anti-ponents, to hear from Dr. Abbott a clear-voiced summing up of both sides, untouched by partisan feeling, with a final opinion perhaps beginning, "Now, as I see it, the real *principle* involved is," thus and so. That was why an observant Canadian writer in the "Welland Tribune and Telegraph" in an editorial about Dr. Abbott pays The Outlook the very great compliment of saying: "As a fighter it has been brave and fearless, but in its pages we have never seen a line that was harsh or bitter." That assuredly describes Dr. Abbott's spirit, and the writer truly adds: "As a preacher Dr. Abbott dwelt so much on love that he had no room for hell-fire, and his editorial policy was fashioned after his theology." Moreover, his hopefulness was always based on reason. A writer in the Portland "Oregonian" says: "Dr. Abbott was not only always an optimist, but he was convincing and not fatuous in his optimism because he was able to put his finger on the reason for his faith in the capacity of his fellow men to solve their own problems."

No one knew Dr. Abbott, whether at work or at play—and he loved both—without finding out sooner or later how much of himself he gave to others in kindness, helpfulness, and friendly remembrance. While he ordered his time and did not allow bores and faddists to impose indefinitely upon him, he never fobbed off coldly those who really wanted advice and sympathy. If the members of the several staffs of Outlook workers should compare notes, I know that there would be an astonishing number of cases where men and women have received spontaneous and voluntary letters of recognition of service or of sympathy in personal trouble, carefully handwritten in Dr. Abbott's best chirography—he used to say that he had three handwritings—one that everybody could read, one that the printers could read, and one that no one could read but himself.

Among ourselves here at the office, we often speak of The Outlook family—sometimes meaning the large body of readers who sympathize with the paper's ideas and have a home-feeling for it, sometimes meaning the group of work-

ers who help carry on its journalistic life. In either sense the "family" has looked to Lyman Abbott as its father, guide, and teacher. I believe that his influence is an abiding one.

ROBERT D. TOWNSEND.

AS A BOY KNEW HIM

LYMAN ABBOTT was almost as much a part of the world of my childhood as my own father and mother. The devoted friend and loyal associate of my grandfather, Lawson Valentine, he belonged as unquestionably in our family circle as those who owed place there to birth. He was an accepted fact, like the coming of morning and the warmth of the sun.

My memory of Lyman Abbott covers the last thirty years of his life. As I look back, it is not a memory of particular events, but rather a gradually growing comprehension of his towering spirit. I do not mean that I understand or can define that spirit. Even the astronomer who talks of light years cannot reach out and grasp the distant stars.

In that memory there are some things, however, which I should like to share with Lyman Abbott's friends. Placed before those who have listened to his voice for many years, perhaps they will not seem too intimate and personal for the printed page.

A child's life is like a spring welling up in a rolling plain. No power on heaven or earth can make the water of that spring flow otherwise than in accord with its inherent nature. In its course it must follow the laws of its being, but that course may be changed and deflected by the guidance of those who know the ways of wandering streams.

Thirty years ago I went with my father and mother to Lyman Abbott's Brooklyn home. There was, if I remember correctly, a service at Plymouth Church, a family dinner, and then an afternoon of friendly talk. Perhaps there was not much for a child to do; perhaps I manifested that restlessness not unknown to children of half a dozen years. I do not know. I only remember that Lyman Abbott left the circle of grown-ups, reached down to me, and said: "I am going for a walk. Would you like to go with me?" He took my hand in his and we went out on the street together. Down from Brooklyn Heights we walked and across to Brooklyn Bridge, spanning the East River with its tendrils of steel. I remember that when we came to a certain place on the Bridge he took a pin from his coat, stooped over, and thrust it into the roadway. When we returned to the

spot, perhaps half an hour later, the change in temperature had so worked upon the steel structure that the expansion plates had pushed the tiny pin aside. It was a direct demonstration of natural forces—a demonstration which Lyman Abbott explained to me in words which even my child's brain could understand. He did not talk down to me, he merely employed the method of explanation which he used all his life to give to others the fruit of his reason.

Out of the thousand things that must have touched me that year this only remains in my memory. It remains perhaps because it marked a turning-point in the development of my mind, the awakening of a new and eager curiosity concerning the world of which I was a part. It was a simple thing for Lyman Abbott to do, simple and natural. Probably he never thought of it again or dreamed for a minute that it might have any more significance than any momentary kindness.

Eight years later I found myself at boarding-school. I was beginning to discover for myself something of the world of letters and to grope rather blindly, as children do, for a way to express the dreams whirling through my mind. Sketches and poems for the school paper appealed to me as eminently more worth while than books which were not of my choosing. I fed myself unbalanced rations of Fiske and Carlyle, reading "Sartor Resartus," I remember distinctly, under a canopy of bed-clothes by the aid of a prohibited electric light. Books and the inevitable melancholy of extreme youth were my closest companions.

One day I found an envelope in my mail. It contained a five-page handwritten letter from Lyman Abbott. That letter is still in my possession, and I quote from it here:

I have just returned from a week's visit at Houghton Farm, where Mrs. Abbott and I had a capital time. I found in the Lodge some numbers of the Echo and having leisure read some of your contributions to it. . . . It seems to me that your writing gives promise of successful work in some form of literary career, and if you care for it, I would be glad to put the results of my experience at your disposal. I always hesitate to offer unasked advice, but perhaps if you felt inclined for it, an hour's talk with a friend might clarify your own ideas a little and that is the main thing. And I owe so much to your Grandfather that I should be very glad to feel that I had expressed my obligation by even a slight service to his grandson. All this is a long preliminary to asking you if you feel inclined to lunch with me at the Union League Club, at 39th Street and Fifth Avenue, on next Thursday, August

25th. I will be there from 12:30 to 1:30. If you are not there by the latter hour I will conclude that you have too much on hand on your arrival after so long an absence and are not coming. You need not feel yourself called on to answer this. If you are at the club before 1:30 I will know you have accepted; if you are not there I will know you have declined.

Reading it now, I am moved to wonder how many men in Lyman Abbott's position would or could have written so sympathetically to a boy of fourteen. I can think of but one other—Theodore Roosevelt. I understood the kindness of the letter when it came and rushed to take advantage of its invitation. But the letter itself means more things to me to-day than it meant in the year when it was written.

I kept my appointment, and we sat together for an hour or more in the dining-room of the Union League Club. I think some of the passers-by must have wondered at the length of that talk between a schoolboy and Lyman Abbott.

He said little of the sketches which had called forth his letter. He said much of the work which remained then and still remains for me to do. He talked of the various fields of literature and journalism; of those who had succeeded therein, and of the education which I must secure before I could even hope to make a beginning. The harder the task which he pictured, the greater was the incentive which he gave. I have fulfilled few of the plans which he laid before me, but the memory of that

hour of his companionship I shall never forget.

There have been times when it has been hard for me to accept all the implications and corollaries of the faith which moved his being, for no philosopher or leader has been able to explain to me the reason for some of the suffering and grief to which the human race is heir. If there remain to me certain doubts which were not doubts to Lyman Abbott, of one thing I know I am sure. The faith that was his flowered into a life which was the highest spiritual manifestation of our time. That is why those of us who knew him, labored with him, and loved him find that our sorrow at his passing is strangely akin to exaltation. HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

TRIBUTES FROM PAST ASSOCIATES

THE TORCH-BEARER

IN celebration of his seventieth birthday, Dr. Lyman Abbott's colleagues prepared for private circulation a miniature edition of *The Outlook* bearing the date of December 18, 1905. As editor-in-chief *pro tempore*, the Associate Editor, the late Hamilton W. Mable, wrote as the leading editorial the following allegory based on an ancient Greek ceremonial. Though Dr. Abbott's name is not mentioned, it is he whom Mr. Mable saw as the bearer of light. Now for the first time is published this affectionate tribute from an associate who, though younger, was the first to finish the race.—THE EDITORS.

SLENDER in figure, quick in action, swift in motion, they who saw him draw apart from the throng knew that he was one of those whom the gods send to bear the torch in the race, and to pass on the sacred fire. There was about him the air of one who already understood and accepted his destiny, and whose training had been accomplished before he entered the lists. Predestined by the fear and love of the gods which his fathers had felt and cherished for many generations, he bore the stamp of that ancestral piety which, reverently guarding the fire on many altars for generations, passes into the spirit of those who come after a certain clearness of vision, and into their blood a certain lustral cleanness. Upon such there lingers the purity of temples and mysterious impressions of meetings with the gods face to face in solitary places. He who comes to the race thus predestined comes with the sure vision, the buoyant energy, the swift feet, of those who are already trained and shaped for their part.

When such a runner appears in the

line, there is always a torch ready to his hand, and the goal which another has reached becomes his starting-point. He takes his place so quietly among the runners that few are aware that another has entered the lists, and that the light, which has shone about the feet of men in the long dark years when the fathers were groping for the way, has been seized by one who will carry it swift and far into the surrounding darkness.

He cared little for possessions and less for praise; for there was but one thought in his mind and one passion in his heart—to run without ceasing, not only with the light but toward it; for the race is for the night only, and the torch-bearers know that they face the morning and are its forerunners. He gave up what other men prize that he might help them see where lie the real prizes and lead the way to them. There was no burst of applause, no casting of flowers in the way, no procession from the temple, when he took the light in his hand; the consecration was in his spirit, not in any form of ceremony. He was thinking neither of those who cheer nor of those who deride, but of the goal where faces now hidden by darkness gather in the light, and voices now silent welcome, not with shouts for the victor, but with joy in his running and the passing of the fire into the shadows that cover the years that are to come. So they crown not the runner but the race, and honor not the bearer but the torch; and they who have run well and faithfully are glad, for they too have found that the joy lies not in any greeting from another, but in driving back the night.

What doubts were his in the blackness of the valleys, what delight when the

way ran along the edges of the hills and far off there was a faint prophecy of the dawn; what weariness was his when the road was strewn with stones that cut the feet and the air lay murky and oppressive about it, what sudden delight when it climbed the hill and the pressure of every step made him aware that he was ascending to the heights where the stars shine in unclouded splendor; what loneliness was his in places where no light glimmered through the gloom, what warmth of spirit when points of fire here and there brought the companionship of other runners—who shall know these things until the gods make all hidden things plain? And in that day when the light lies on the face of all things, who will remember the perils and hardships of the way by which he came to peace? The road is but a path to the temple, and when the smell of the garlands is in the air, and the song of praise floats above the worshipers, and the gods are no longer hidden afar, who will think how he came in the joy of the race run, and the light passed on, and the vision of the gods making the place radiant, not with hope, but with peace and rest?

LYMAN ABBOTT

A TRIBUTE BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN the same birthday issue of *The Outlook* in which Mr. Mable's editorial, "The Torch-Bearer," first appeared, there was also printed the following letter from the President of the United States, who was to become, about two years later, Dr. Abbott's associate as Contributing Editor of *The*

Outlook. We think it perhaps not inappropriate to print it here as though it came from one who at the time of writing was a member of The Outlook staff.
—THE EDITORS.

The White House, Washington,
December 6, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Mabie:

Through you may I present the assurance of my profound regard to Dr. Abbott, and the heartiest congratulations to him on his seventieth birthday? Dr. Abbott is one of those men whose work and life give strength to all who believe in this country, and hearten them in the effort to strive after better things. He has known how to combine to a very unusual degree a series of qualities, all of them necessary but by no means all often developed in the same individual. Exactly as in his writings he stands fearlessly for the rights of the laboring man and yet is equally fearless in his denunciation of any kind of mob violence or of attack on property; exactly as he unsparingly assails every corrupt politician and yet avoids the pit of mere slanderous accusation against all men in public life; so in his private character he combines a good-natured evenness of temper with the power of flaming wrath against unrighteousness, insistence upon adherence to a high ideal with ready recognition of the need of practical methods in the achievement of that ideal, and a serene and lofty hopefulness and belief in the future with a keen appreciation of all that is low, base, cruel, evil, and therefore mercilessly to be warred against in the present. That he may live many years to guide and inspire us is the hope of his friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



DR. ABBOTT AT THE GRAVE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD

IN the passing of Lyman Abbott this city and this country lose one of their great forces for light and truth. He was one of those rare men to whom a whole people turn for advice and example, and when Americans turned to Lyman Abbott he never failed to help.

New England has been generous in giving to the world men and women, sometimes whole families, whose leadership, spirituality and scholarship have been of tremendous benefit to their fellows. Lyman Abbott came of one of those families, each generation of which sought to outdo its predecessor in good works. He had the New England energy, the New England heritage of justice.

Lyman Abbott might have made a great name for himself at the bar, as

two of his brothers did, if he had not chosen to turn to the pulpit. It was as a preacher that he first attracted the attention of the country to his intellectual powers and the breadth of his great mind. It was no easy task to attempt to take the place of Henry Ward Beecher as the pastor of Plymouth Church, but Dr. Abbott took it and kept it. If he lacked Beecher's magnetism and fire he made up for them in his sermons with the clearness of his logic and the genuine warmth of his friendship for humanity.

It was in literature rather than in the pulpit, however, that Dr. Abbott reached his greatest audiences. As the editor of The Outlook he was able to convey his valuable opinions to the entire intellectual public. Nor were these opinions limited to the field of religion. Lyman

Abbott lived in times of strife. He was no mere scholar, apart from the struggle of his fellows. He knew that it was impossible to separate religion and human events; social and spiritual things were too closely intertwined for that. He knew how weak and how strong humanity could be, and tried to turn its strength into the right channels.

Christianity was ever uppermost in Lyman Abbott's soul. He saw that the largest need of his day was to make that Christianity applicable to the day's problems, political or otherwise. He was sincere, and he tried to make his world sincere. He was sane and he preached sanity. He was moderate, relying upon the clarity of his fine argumentative powers to convince.

There was no necessary reform that could not rely upon Dr. Abbott for ad-

vice and aid. He was willing always to give his pen or his voice to a worthy cause. He worked for his city, his State, his country, and indeed for the well being of the whole world. And his ability, his personality, his remarkable quality of seeing the right way to do the right thing attracted to him many other men of vision who worked with him in his chosen vineyards. One of these was Theodore Roosevelt, who served on The Outlook with Dr. Abbott and with whose name Lyman Abbott's will always be linked.

The story of Dr. Abbott is one of the finest pages in the history of unselfish endeavor. He worked unceasingly all the life that has just ended in its eighty-seventh year. So long as there was some new spiritual problem, some social question at which to direct the clear light of his mind, Lyman Abbott would not rest. But at last the strong hands are folded in sleep and the compelling voice is still. He was like a patriarch who had lingered because the people needed him.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA

To fully depict the manifold activities and interests of his long life would take us into almost every field of social progress, and into politics and economics as well as religion.

His ardor for spiritual attainment was matched by his enthusiasm for every cause that aimed at human betterment; at the emancipation of the mind from shackles of ignorance and superstition, and the practical application of the principles and spirit of Christianity to the solution of social problems. These prompting motives could not be better expressed than in the most quoted of his sayings: "He who denies the brotherhood of man is as much an infidel as he who denies the fatherhood of God."

Such a life is an achievement of high and lasting meaning to humanity; an example which glows with hopeful promise through clouds of doubtful portent.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

The death of Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of The Outlook, will bring a sense of personal loss to a multitude of people. Over a long period of years his life was a wholesome influence that was widely felt through his writings in his books and in The Outlook. It fell to him in marked degree to fulfill the ambition so finely expressed by Andrew D. White, founder of Cornell University, to direct young people into fields of fruitful thought and to guide older people along lines of right reason.

It is first of all as a teacher of practical religion that Dr. Abbott himself might like to be judged. He came at a time of transition in religious views and he became one of the best-known interpreters of the new theology.

Broadly tolerant and deeply spiritual,

he had that sense of direct communion with God which he expressed in the title of one of his books, "The Great Companion." He needed no argument for the existence of God. He felt he had the testimony of his own experience.

With this confidence he had no shadow of fear as to the teachings of modern science. His "Theology of an Evolutionist" shows how he found in scientific inquiry suggestions toward an understanding of the most profound questions of life and destiny. "By their fruits ye shall know them," was his test. He stressed life rather than formal creed. Underlying his work was the text from Micah that so fully expressed the belief of his close friend, Theodore Roosevelt:

O man, what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?

But there was another side to Lyman Abbott. He changed the name of the publication he edited from the "Christian Union" to The Outlook, because he desired to emphasize its interest in the whole field of human endeavor. Under his editorship The Outlook has been always progressive, but never visionary. It has stood for a sane Americanism.

When the war came, The Outlook did not permit its neutrality to prevent it from speaking out on the ruthlessness of Germany. Dr. Abbott was for peace, but only for the peace of righteousness. He felt there were evils worse than war. Pacifism was not in his creed.

In considering industrial or political problems he was always vigorously for justice. No one could meet him or attend one of the luncheons that The Outlook staff often gave to men who might have information of interest without understanding that this slight, gray-bearded man was essentially honest, fair, keen, ready to hear all sides while sincerely seeking the truth.

Such leadership as that of Lyman Abbott's is of immense importance in a democracy. It embraces both the vision and the effectiveness without which the people perish.

FROM THE DAILY JOURNAL, TELLURIDE, COLORADO

It is refreshing to pause for just a moment or two in the midst of the present political campaign and pay an honest tribute to Dr. Lyman Abbott, noted editor and churchman, whose death occurred on Sunday.

Dr. Abbott carved a niche in American history. A student of public problems, he was competent to purvey to the world through The Outlook his impressions of contemporaneous life. Dr. Abbott was Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook since 1893.

Dr. Abbott will also be remembered as a friend of that unique figure in American history, Theodore Roosevelt. Like Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Abbott will be missed. But his kingly presence and endearing personality will remain perma-

nently engraved in American life through his magazine, and through his contributions to the religious life of the country. The Outlook will be carried on under the competent leadership of Dr. Abbott's two sons, Lawrence F. and Ernest H., a continual memorial to the real heart and greatness of Lyman Abbott.

FROM THE MACON DAILY TELEGRAPH, MACON, GEORGIA

Few men of the last half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth have contributed so much to the sanity and moral and social health of the time as has the venerable and lovable Lyman Abbott, who laid down his earth's labors Sunday and entered upon the great venture and quest.

As an editor, author, social leader, theologian, and liberal preacher he has had few equals. He commenced writing very early in life, and in connection with his brother wrote two novels when he was not much more than a boy. He prepared himself for the practice of law, but his interest in things religious was so profound that he decided to become a minister. His first pastorate was in the West, where he early gave evidence of clear-cut and inspirational religious thought of a very high order. Speaking of this early pastorate, he says that he resolved to give his people the enlightenment of Jesus upon the problems of practical life in weekly discourses, and the people heard him gladly. . . . He was not so brilliant and picturesque and oratorical as Mr. Beecher, but was clearer, more pungent, and more informing.

In connection with his work as a pastor and author and social welfare worker, he took the old "Christian Union," and made of it, under the new name "The Outlook," one of the ablest and most popular journals of enlightened opinion not only in America but in the world. . . .

On public issues The Outlook has been conservative, fearless, intelligent, and conspicuously fair. While Mr. Abbott was a Republican in leaning, he appeared to be just as ready to praise a Democrat when he saw good in him as if he were a Republican, and just as ready to criticize Republicans for failure to measure to the highest standards. He was Republican in the same independent and constructive way that the "Telegraph" aspires to be Democratic.

Mr. Abbott was among the first popular ministers of America to take the position that the life and teachings and mission of Jesus were just as efficacious under one scientific hypothesis as another. He believed that the evolutionary point of view, if spiritually interpreted and applied, gave new meaning and worth and dignity and hope to human life and added glory to God. In notable addresses before college audiences he argued that God is in his world and in all the fine forces of life,

and that he is still making the world a progressively better home of man. . . .

His general view of history and politics was very similar to that of President Roosevelt, and after Mr. Roosevelt's retirement to private life Mr. Abbott induced him to become associate editor of *The Outlook*. These two great men worked together with remarkable harmony and with highest mutual regard.

Mr. Abbott was among the first leaders of America who insisted that America should vigorously protest against the German march and the German methods of warfare. . . . He favored large and generous co-operation of America with the rest of mankind, and was finely sympathetic and co-operative with all efforts to feed the hunger, heal the wounds and repair the breaches made by the World War. He also favored generous co-operation of the nations to prevent future wars and to promote common world good. He contended that the World War, as much as it cost to win it by the Allies and America, was worth and would be worth to the human race even more than it cost. His high courage, intelligence, and purpose, as well as ability to work, increased rather than diminished with age. Though very frail of body, he was one of the busiest workers of the time. In some of his writings he tells the interesting story of how he learned to turn insomnia into a blessing. He says he remembered the beautiful verse in the Psalms to the effect that the meditations of the Lord during the night-watches are sweet, and from that hour on he got more rest and refreshing from these sweet meditations than he did from sleep. It is not surprising that one who turned insomnia into a blessing succeeded in making his own life an unusual benediction to his generation.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

One of the gentlest and most widely beloved of Americans, Dr. Lyman Abbott had the fire, fearlessness and vision of a prophet. He did not put much emphasis upon creeds, but his preaching and writing dwelt on the essentials of a Christian life. Though blown upon by every wind of doctrine, he was not blown about by it. He maintained a serenity which had a physical illustration in the mountain at whose foot he lived for many months at a time during his later years—Storm King, on the Hudson. He sought and accepted the last word of science. He even wrote a book on the theology of evolution, but what science had to bring to him only assisted in the evolution of his Christianity, which was a way of life rather than a philosophical or theological opinion.

His great ardor was for spiritual achievement, but he was prominent in every good work for the bettering of the physical life of those about him. As an editor he had not only a gift for clear, persuasive statement, but a reasonable optimism that refused to be dis-

couraged or defeated. As a preacher he had to meet the severe test of succeeding Henry Ward Beecher. The voice of the orator is hushed, but the influence of this prophet of man's brotherhood will be felt long beyond the years of his long life.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, DENVER, COLORADO

Dr. Abbott took interest in all that pertained to the betterment of the human race. He was always found on the side of the oppressed. He was an Internationalist before the word was much in use and before the doctrine received anything but ridicule from the bulk of the people who associated it with the Red Flag of Marxism. His biographer calls Dr. Abbott a "rational optimist." The phrase fits him.

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN

The full and useful life of Lyman Abbott, who has just died, constitutes a wonderful record of intellectual, political and spiritual service to the American people. He belonged to a race eminent alike for its energy in action, its brilliancy in intellect and its high principle; the race that produced the old New England ministers. In him joined the best of their qualities, for he had not only the strength of understanding and the firmness of principle that were theirs, but the tireless, enterprising energy that kept him active all his life in the advancement of America.

To Dr. Abbott the country's advancement was a matter above all of the spirit. While other men of his day worked manfully to make the country more prosperous, to settle its waiting Western fields, he served especially the ideal of uprightness and high thinking. He lived in a time when his spiritual elevation was needed to right the balance in a nation necessarily absorbed in its material affairs. That America today thinks not simply of the dollar, but past the dollar to great fundamental things without which prosperity would lose its value, we owe to Dr. Abbott and to men like him; but in remarkably large part to Dr. Abbott himself.

America has produced other men who combined spiritual and mental pre-eminence—a long line of them, from Jonathan Edwards to Emerson; but its scholars have few of them possessed Dr. Abbott's gift of applying the high forces in them with full effect to practical matters of the moment. For him principle was no abstract thing, religion was not a matter to lock up in the meeting house with the hymn books, between Sundays. He believed in applied religion; as indeed others did. But he possessed the rare talent actually to apply it.

Fortune added to his gifts that of literary and speaking ability. His power of expression enabled him to reach the American world through the pulpit, by his numerous books and articles, and

perhaps most potently of all, as an editor, shaping and inspiring the utterances of publications which went through all the country. By all these means he preached the application of conscience to the public problems of the day. It was characteristic of him and perhaps the most outstanding of his applications of principle, as well as of his keen and sound instinct for the best, that he pinned his faith and friendship in Colonel Roosevelt. He saw early what not all could see—that this man was destined to play the great part at Washington in a critical phase of American progress.

Few men have influenced more people in this country than Dr. Abbott did. None perhaps have influenced so many for so long a term of years. Sanity went hand in hand with earnestness in him. He remained to the end what he had been throughout, the clear, brave and convincing spokesman of what was best in the American spirit.

FROM THE EVENING NEWS, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

With all his long study and erudition, Dr. Lyman Abbott is best remembered as a man who found God in the street and the market-place. He was not of the race of great theological controversialists, but a preacher of the Christian life. From the very beginning of his professional career he viewed religion in relation to social and civil problems. It was for him a way of life, and he devoted all his energies, in the pulpit, as editor and as a citizen, to a Christian solution of the practical problems of living.

FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

If any man ever deserved the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant," it was Lyman Abbott, who has entered into rest after more than eighty years of fruitful living. Nowhere will he be mourned so widely or more deeply than in Brooklyn. His eleven years' pastorate of Plymouth Church, where he succeeded Mr. Beecher, was a period of religious illumination and growth for the whole world, and more especially for Brooklyn, where his lucid, frank and honest preaching was reinforced by his personality, which inspired a warm affection among all who knew him.

Dr. Abbott was a beacon light of honest and frank thinking among the orthodox churches at a time when they were profoundly stirred by the higher criticism. Dr. Abbott said at his eightieth anniversary here that he learned to accept the truth of evolution from Mr. Beecher, but the consequence of that acceptance was far wider than either man could have dreamed. Dr. Abbott became pastor of Plymouth in the very year that Mrs. Humphry Ward published "Robert Elsmere," and a few years later

he preached a series of sermons on evolution from that pulpit which stirred opposition among the more narrowly orthodox, but was a powerful factor in leading the churches to a faith which learned to worship God as revealed through natural law as well as through revelation.

Dr. Abbott did a great service through teaching men to see science as the servant of religion rather than its enemy, at a time when the "higher criticism" had made impossible for intelligent and honest minds the earlier belief in the literal or verbal inspiration of the Bible, and was weakening the faith of many brought up in that simpler faith. But he was much more than a great leader of religious thought. He was an editor as well as a preacher, a work which came to its full fruition as editor of *The Outlook*. There he was a friend and supporter of progress in all good causes except only woman suffrage, which he always regarded as a danger to the home. He was a national figure as an advocate of higher political and finer social living and of better education. An incident which illustrated the sanity of Dr. Abbott's thinking was that he was dropped from the American Peace Society in 1913 because he also belonged to the Army and Navy League and because he supported preparedness in *The Outlook*. When the atrocities in Belgium came he insisted that Christianity justified the strong in protecting the weak, and he strongly supported the war, although he had done much to promote the ideal of world peace.

At the time of the Plymouth celebration of Dr. Abbott's eightieth birthday *The Eagle* urged that it be followed by a national assemblage to pay tribute while he still lived to the exalted character of the man and to the great influence he had exerted in the growth of honest thinking and a higher plane of conduct in both public affairs and private living. Such a memorial tribute was not made, however. Now that the tireless worker has gone to his reward, such tributes will no doubt come from many parts of the country. If they serve to emphasize and continue the influence of this great and good man, they will do something to continue the fine work to which he gave his long life freely and without stint.

FROM THE SMITH COLLEGE WEEKLY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

In the shifting succession of vesper speakers who appear out of space on the platform of John M. Greene Hall, leave their message, and vanish into space again, we had grown to look forward each year to our visit in the fall from Dr. Abbott as a sort of "St. Martin's summer."

Besides the many endowments which had given him fame, he brought us two especially dear to a college audience and age. We are not so

irreverent as we seem—if we really have something worthy of reverence. The spare, ascetic figure, the white patriarchal beard, made a setting from which the counsels of ripe experience came worthily and were welcome. But the spirit of youth in him was indomitable—and as cheerful as indomitable. Perhaps the greatest gift he gave us was a fresh sense of the normal relation of religion to life. He had a natural gift for spiritual things. He could perhaps have been a mystic. His manhood was spent in the midst of the keenest intellectual ferment the religious world has ever seen. In that intellectual arena he had been a champion. But religion in him was neither intellect nor emotion. It was the strong, fresh breath of his life. It made him at home in any assemblage of men—they were all the children of God. It will make him just as simply and naturally at home with "the spirits of just men made perfect." But we shall miss his message.

FROM THE EVENING MAIL, NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Abbott worked in no narrow groove. He knew the world. He strove always to make it a better world for all to live in. He realized that it could not be made better by the power of prejudice, mutual antagonisms, or inflexible dogmatism. In all that he said and did the spirit of a wise charity was uppermost. He broadened the minds that came in contact with his, and grew broader and deeper himself through his desire to give a fair hearing to all.

FROM THE BUFFALO EXPRESS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

With the broadest knowledge of men and affairs, both of the past and present, he combined a deep interest in humanity and an instinct for news, which was perhaps the most important factor in his mental equipment. He knew how to select for discussion subjects in which people were interested and thereby he won readers and influenced thought where a more monastic type of man would have failed.

FROM THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Dr. Abbott was an optimist, but he saw clearly the difficulties and obstacles in the way to success. He was a man of faith and of vision. Strong men, like Theodore Roosevelt, were attracted to him. Because of his great length of life, his vigor to the end, and his deep interest in every important movement for the betterment of men, he became one of the best-known characters to the general public.

FROM THE EDMONTON (CANADA) JOURNAL

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who died in New York on Sunday, was a wonderful old man who over a long period of years

had exerted strong influence on American life. The last issue of *The Outlook*, of which he has been editor-in-chief since 1893, contained an article over his signature in which there was no sign of any abating of his old-time vigor. It is only an occasional man who, on approaching his eighty-seventh birthday, is so much alive as he has shown himself to be in all that he has said and written in recent weeks.

FROM THE DALLAS, TEXAS, MORNING NEWS

As an editor he made of *The Outlook* a distinctive publication. As a preacher he followed his profession for the good that he hoped to do to others and not for the furthering of his own reputation. As a writer on religious subjects he showed both learning and moderation. In all things he displayed prodigious industry, and everywhere he was accorded the respect which sincerity inspires.

FROM THE LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN, TRIBUNE AND LEADER-PRESS

Many men were attracted to Mr. Abbott's leadership by some of the numerous other qualities with which he was endowed besides his active and militant Christianity. But his was none the less an ennobling influence because it was often his personality rather than his principles that first drew men to him. From him must have been reflected and radiated upon those about him something of his own clear and serene faith. So Lyman Abbott leavened the lump of more or less ignoble and thoughtless men and manners of his times.

FROM THE JEWISH TRIBUNE, PORTLAND, OREGON

Dr. Abbott was fearless, and because of the breadth and depth of his learning he did not hesitate to speak the truth as he saw it and to preach the evolution of human thought as demonstrated in the progress of religion. Personally he was among the most lovable of men, with the great dignity which was the natural sequence of his power; a fine democracy that marked the recognition of human fellowship, and a broad humanity which found room for aiding every worthy endeavor for the uplift of the oppressed.

Is there a finer sentiment in all our literature than that sentence in one of his sermons: "He who denies the Brotherhood of Man is as much an infidel as he who denies the Fatherhood of God"? And he not only preached this doctrine—he practiced it.

FROM THE BROOKLYN TIMES, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Singular combination of prophet and preacher and scientist and sage, Lyman Abbott had a clear vision of the world around him, and a sublime vision of the world beyond, that made him eminent

in an age of great American churchmen and publicists. He was as clear an analyst of the material progress of his time as any thinker, but science did not shake his faith. Instead, all that he learned of the material world and its contacts strengthened in him the belief in a hereafter cleansed of the dross and wrong of the universe that is apparent to the mind in the flesh. . . .

Brooklyn remembers the great clergyman and scholar as the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. . . .

There are many who recall Dr. Abbott as he stood on the plain and severe platform of the historic church, preaching his great sermons on the higher criticism and his Pauline sermons. Spare in body but with a towering forehead and a flowing beard, he looked the prophet. His lectures attracted the attention of scholars and churchmen, because of their keen intellectual quality, their

convincing power, and the clarity and strength of the mind that formed them.

FROM THE CORNWALL PRESS, CORNWALL, NEW YORK

This week newspapers and periodicals all over the United States will commemorate the passing of Dr. Lyman Abbott, but here in Cornwall it is our sad privilege to commemorate the passing of a neighbor.

Dr. Abbott came to Cornwall as a young minister and became pastor of the Canterbury Presbyterian Church. He became very fond of the town and of the surrounding country; and after he had left the pulpit to devote his time to editorial work and authorship, he made Cornwall his home, building the hospitable white house which has long been a landmark in the lower village. . . .

Every one who knew Dr. Abbott will remember his interest in young peo-

ple. This was because he himself had kept a youthful spirit. . . .

For a great number of years past, practically all boys in Cornwall-on-Hudson have come to know Dr. Abbott intimately through the Garden Club, which had access to his home with the same freedom that his family enjoyed. They learned what his great library was like; they enjoyed the friendship of his kindly voice as he read to them grouped about the open fireplaces; they partook of every form of true hospitality; they learned to love good books, and they have gone out, many of them into trades, through college, into the larger business world—some lawyers, U. S. officers, doctors, and every one indelibly stamped by close contact with an indefinable something, which was the soul of Dr. Abbott.

. . . There is an overworked phrase, "Christian first, denominationalist second." Dr. Abbott was the living embodiment of all that is good in the idea.

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS

THE letters and telegrams which have come to his associates and to members of his family, and are still coming, express a personal feeling which would, we think, have surprised Dr. Abbott, but which he would have accepted simply and gratefully. We print

some of these personal tributes here because they are triumphant confirmation of Dr. Abbott's faith and conviction that the spiritual relationships of mankind transcend all the temporal divisions of creed, politics, and social circumstance.

From the Rector of All Angels' Church, New York

I can recall among his contemporaries no life richer or happier than his own. He has gone to his rest and reward with the reverence and the love of all those who are seeking the truth in all sincerity. To me he seemed to be the pre-eminent expositor of the simplicity of religion. When others became confused and lost the path or were perplexed by the multiplicity of paths, he shed the radiance of the simplicity of that truth which was always so clear to him, and the perplexity was dissolved. Never in all his ministry did he seem more needed than in these days—and yet one is thrilled by the thought of what joy is his, and how peculiarly prepared for it he is!

S. DELANCEY TOWNSEND.

From Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

In behalf of the officers and members of Plymouth Church, I am sending you this message of deepest sympathy and affection in the hour of your great loss that has touched Plymouth Church and our entire city. We shall all be glad to have you make any use of Plymouth Church you desire. The official Board wished me to say that each individual member joins in this message of deepest sympathy.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

From the Executive Secretary of the Roosevelt National Memorial Association

To have Dr. Abbott go is like having a mountain removed at whose base you

have lived all your life. It isn't only that you miss the mountain, but that the whole landscape is changed. The American people will sorely feel your father's going. He was in the truest and highest sense a guide, philosopher, and friend to thousands who never saw him, and the mourning that is in thousands of American homes to-day will not be the usual passing emotion which we feel when a great man takes his place among "those who bear the stars," as Barrett Wendell called them.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

From a Jewish philanthropist

In the passing of your illustrious father this Nation has lost one of her very great men; one of her dependable assets; one of her most resourceful minds; and it therefore shares your loss.

JULIUS ROSENWALD.

From the Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, New York

Over thirty years ago I saw the funeral of the good Earl Shaftesbury in London, the principal feature of which was that it was as largely attended by the very poor as it was by the nobility and gentry of the land. I am in a position to assure you of a similar attitude with regard to your father. Whilst those in other circles will pay glad tribute to his superb intellectual gifts, and to his extraordinary value as an educator, patriot, and philosopher, thousands of men down here will just as en-

thusiastically bear witness to his beautiful, helpful, Christlike spirit in ministering to them in their dire need. We all feel we have lost a great and true friend.

JOHN G. HALLIMOND.

From Senator Glass

Please accept a very earnest expression of sympathy on the death of your venerable and distinguished father. His objectives in life revealed the nature of the man—his objectives and courageous strivings. These things counted for large value while he wrought—and will be remembered to his high distinction now that he is dead.

CARTER GLASS.

From Senator McCormick

Deepest sympathy to you in the loss of a devoted father; to The Outlook in the loss of a courageous and far-sighted guide; and to his fellow-citizens in the loss of a great American.

MEDILL MCCORMICK.

From Colonel House

A great loss has come to our country in the death of your distinguished father, and there will be widespread sympathy for you and yours throughout America.

EDWARD HOUSE.

From General Booth, of London, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army

I am mourning with you in the loss of one of the world's greatest citizens.

who was also a leader among the sons of God.
BRAMWELL BOOTH.

From Father Curran, of Wilkes-Barre, who was an intimate associate of Theodore Roosevelt in settling the coal strike of 1902

Sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy on the death of your venerable and beloved father, Dr. Lyman Abbott. His name will go down in American history as one of the foremost literary personages of his native land. May his soul rest with the angels and saints of God unto all eternity.
J. J. CURRAN.

From a former Governor of the State of New York

Accept my sincere sympathy at the loss of your distinguished father.

ALFRED E. SMITH.

From the President of a National Labor Union

Through press despatch I have just learned of the death of your beloved father, brother Lyman Abbott, and in behalf of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants Union of North America I hasten to transmit our sympathy and condolence.

GEORGE L. BERRY.

From the President of the New York Life Insurance Company

Lyman Abbott had to me so long been a great figure—he had indeed so clearly become a tradition in our National life—that it is not easy to think of him as a father whose death brings deep sorrow to his children. The high pride you feel in him as a great leader and teacher does not make your sorrow as a son any less acute. May I as a citizen and a friend join in the universal tribute of respect and affection which the world is now offering.
DARWIN P. KINGSLEY.

From Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

Deep sympathy. We all needed him.
EDITH ROOSEVELT.

From the President of New York University

I am deeply distressed to hear of the death of your honored father. He was one of the most distinguished and most revered of the graduates of New York University in the whole course of its history. His outlook on the passing show of this world was that of a man who was at once a lawyer, a journalist, a bookman, a religious leader, a man of affairs, and a genial humorist and fellow-man in the ordinary relations of life. Even at his advanced age, he was so wholesome that we thought him destined for many years of ripening leadership.
ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

From Vassar College

I should like to express on behalf of Vassar College, of which for a time be-

ing I am acting President in the absence of President MacCracken abroad, our general sense of the deep loss shared throughout the country in the death of your father. For years Dr. Abbott was a welcome and beloved visitor to the pulpit of the College, and the memory of his helpful service and profound human interest is still so strong that even I, a newcomer to Vassar, have been made aware of it.
GEORGE H. NETTLETON.

From Princeton University

I am distressed to hear of your father's death. Please accept my sincere regret and sympathy. We remember always with gratitude his services at Princeton.
JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

From General Pershing

Deeply grieved to learn of your father's death, and extend to you my sincerest sympathy. The country has lost a great outstanding figure whose influence has always been for the best and wholesome things in life. He will be revered by his countrymen as a model Christian.
PERSHING.

From the President of Union Theological Seminary

The great and splendid work your father did for the promotion of the kingdom of God, a work that he was permitted to carry on almost to the close of his long life, makes the Church and the country at large permanently his debtors. His name will not be forgotten.
ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT.

From the students of the Union Theological Seminary

In behalf of the students of Union Theological Seminary I wish to express our profound sorrow at the loss of one who was our beloved friend and counselor. Those of us who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Abbott personally will cherish the remembrance of those rare opportunities as long as we live; and no student can fail to acknowledge the benign influence on his life of him who was so universally loved and respected.
W. M. AIDERTON,

For the students of
Union Theological Seminary.

From the Principal of Hampton Institute

Hampton Institute will feel that it has lost one of its truest and most discerning friends; and every other good cause will miss him deeply. I shall always remember gratefully his message which I found on my arrival at the Institute to begin my work there in April, 1918.

JAMES E. GREGG.

From Mount Holyoke College

For the Class of '93, Mount Holyoke College, of which Dr. Abbott was an honorary and honored member, may I express our appreciation of the high

nobility of his character. We recall with gratitude his gracious acceptance of our invitation to preach our Baccalaureate sermon, and his sympathetic understanding of the many problems that were then perplexing us. From that time to this he has held a peculiarly tender place in our affections.

OLIVE SPRAGUE COOPER,
Secretary of the Class.

From the Consul-General of Japan

It is with deep grief that I learn in this morning's paper of the death of your distinguished father, Reverend Dr. Lyman Abbott. His passing is an irretrievable loss not only to your country, but also to the rest of the world.

K. KUMASAKI, Consul-General.

From the Federal Council of Churches

May I share with you and yours the loss of your honored father, and the gratitude we all feel for his long service to the Church and to the world. From my Theological Seminary days until his death he has been a guide and counselor to me.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,
General Secretary.

From the Massachusetts Agricultural College

I should like to express to you a word of tribute to your father. I began taking the "Christian Union" immediately after my college days, and then The Outlook, and for many years I think I got a more complete appreciation of public questions, viewed from the ethical and religious standpoint, as well as perhaps more inspiration with respect to a sane attitude on questions theological, than from any other one source. Dr. Abbott was a great personality and a great influence.

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD, President.

From Tuskegee Institute

The teachers and students of Tuskegee Institute sorrow with you and your family. Dr. Abbott gave freely of his time and great wisdom to the betterment of humanity, and his passing is a great loss.

WARREN LOGAN, Acting Principal.

From the Minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York

Your father has been one of the notable witnesses in our day for a whole and strong Christianity. No one can estimate his influence. . . . I think this morning with gladness of the hours I had with him at Silver Bay two years ago. He was so generous in his appreciation of what I said, and so helpful in talking it over with the college girls. They questioned me one morning about immortality, and it was a relief and a joy to turn it over to him. He answered in a way that I know will make a difference forever in their thoughts and

feelings. Perhaps the best thing one can say is that it is actually easier to think of him as still alive, than as dead. So he goes on proving that eternal life to which he was so consistent and joyous a witness.

WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

From one of the founders of the Boy Scout Movement

It is with a keen sense of sorrow that I read in this morning's paper the death of my old friend, your distinguished father. It was your father who always had a cordial greeting for me, and a sympathetic ear for all my whims and fancies. Won't you give to your brothers my sincerest sympathy and affectionate regard, and say to them that the privilege of having such a splendid father must, in a measure, comfort them now that he has crossed the Great Divide to join his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, where I doubt not they both await the coming of the rest of us.

DANIEL C. BEARD.

From the President of the University of Virginia

I am saddened by the thought that your father's great life is ended; I am proud that he was my friend.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

From the Consul-General of France

I myself am not only losing a very sincere friend, but France as well will deeply regret the loss of one of her most faithful and ardent followers, who never failed to lend her a helping hand in her hours of need. When I decorated Dr. Lyman Abbott not long ago with the Legion of Honor, I little thought that he would have such a short time in which to enjoy this mark of recognition from France for the many services which he rendered her.

GASTON LIÉBERT.

From the Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa

When I went to Yale, after I had been there just long enough to see some of the demoralizing surface of student life, and not long enough to have penetrated to the real inner spirit of things, your father delivered an address which promptly brought me to my senses again, and set me on my feet intellectually and morally. After that for ten or fifteen years I suppose I read practically everything he wrote. In recent years I have been helped and exalted by the unfaltering vitality of his intellect and spirit with advancing years.

WALLACE M. SHORT.

From the President of Western Reserve University

Your father united at least three elements which, each great in itself, resulted in a still greater character. He had the gift of interpretation. No man of our time could, in so few sentences, more adequately outline the essence of

a movement or of a social or theological or educational condition. In this power of expression was found an equally great power of analysis. He made the complex simple, the obscure clear, the vague definite and exact. But with these intellectual qualities was closely joined a great-heartedness. He loved people, and consequently people loved him. From it all came a great humanity. Or rather this trinity of qualities came forth into a great humanity. In him was incarnated the best.

CHARLES F. THWING.

From Dr. van Dyke

It is glorious to die thus amid the murmur of many voices saying, "God bless you for the good you did me." He was like an old prophet, your father, no, like a new prophet, for youth was always in his heart while his beard grew longer and whiter, and authority clothed the hopefulness of his message. Yet you are grieved that he is gone; I grieve with you, for he always brought me a blessing.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From a Roosevelt associate

I cannot express my sense of personal loss in the death of your father. He stood to me both for all that was finest and for all that was most effective in American public life. I think of him always as a man who not only wanted the best thing, but knew how to achieve it. Our country is the richer for his life, and the poorer for his departure. My deepest sympathy.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

From the President of Columbia University

To have fallen asleep at his great age, full not only of years but of distinguished honors, and to carry with him so heavy a freight of affection and good deeds well done, is surely a cause for rejoicing. His is now the everlasting reward of the conflict o'er and of victory won.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

From ex-Secretary Garfield

You have enjoyed a wonderful companionship with your father, such as few men are privileged to enjoy. The memory of it will grow brighter and more helpful as the years pass. His life is an example of highest effort and attainment. I shall always count my association with him among the bright spots in my life.

JAMES R. GARFIELD.

From the President of the General Education Board

Your father was one of the first citizens of our Republic. A man of great learning, of profound public spirit, who served his day and generation in ways most useful, . . . I first heard your father in 1883, when he made an address of

great interest and inspiration at Waterbury, Connecticut. It came to me at a time when I needed just such a forward-looking message as he gave. I have heard him repeatedly since and entertained for him a respect which amounted to reverence.

WALLACE BUTTRICK.

From the former President of Yale University

Your father had reached the fullness of years in such a glorious fashion and was doing such work till near the very end that the public will not feel the sadness of his going; but for those like Mrs. Hadley and me who knew him, and knew how much greater he was than the things which he did could ever show, cannot help trying to tell you how much we cared for him, and how much better his presence made our world to live in.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

From the President of Hobart College

I wish to acknowledge the great debt I owe as a man and as an educator to your father as one of the greatest teachers of the greatest things I have ever known.

MURRAY BARTLETT.

From Professor Edward C. Moore, of Harvard University

No one ever rendered a greater service to the University as a member of the Board of Preachers through a long period, eighteen years, if I remember rightly, and no one ever rendered greater service to me personally. My acquaintance with your father dates from 1881, when I first went to New York as a student, and there has been no time in these forty years when I have not reckoned him among my wisest and most faithful counselors.

EDWARD C. MOORE.

From ex-Secretary Redfield

A fine and finished life was his—a record of many-sided service. I prefer to think of him as a spiritual force, an illuminating thinker, a refining and inspiring power. For him "the fever of life is over" and his work is done. Done, I mean, in the sense of accomplishment, but not in the sense of having ended, for it goes on fruitful to-day and to bear fruit in coming days.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

From the Secretary of State

Permit me to express my deepest sympathy in the loss of your father. There is no one with whom I have been brought in contact who has more completely realized to me the ideal of the Christian sage, and there is no one I have known who has had a more beneficent influence. His life has been one of rare beauty and distinction, and his death is an irreparable loss to the Nation.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

THE WEEK

THE IRISH SITUATION

ANOTHER advance has been made in molding into existence the Irish Free State. The Dail Eireann, which is now sitting as a Constituent Assembly in a Provisional Parliament, has passed a bill ratifying the Constitution of the Free State as placed before the Assembly. This Constitution puts into binding form the agreement between the Lloyd George Government and the representatives of Southern Ireland in what is now known as the London Treaty. Only slight and few amendments were urged by the Dail Eireann. The emphasis still remains on political and religious freedom in Ireland and in the Irish Free State as a "coequal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

There is no doubt whatever that the British Parliament will give its assent and ratification to the action of the Dail Eireann, and that issue is not likely to be changed at all by any result in the general election now about to take place in Great Britain. Finally, as we understand it, this fundamental law for the Free State will be submitted to a referendum of all legal voters in Southern Ireland, and there is hardly a shadow of a doubt that it will be accepted and put into effect.

Southern Ireland at least will thus gain autonomy and self-government, although not absolute independence. The feeling is growing among Irishmen that such freedom of action and opinion as has long been granted to the people of Canada is and ought to be all that the Irish people should require.

A JUNIOR REPUBLIC FOUNDED IN FRANCE

AN English boy, with the suggestive name of Dash, has just been elected president of the first Junior Republic in France. In that Republic there are not only French and English boys and girls, but also those of some other nationalities.

They are thirty-two to forty in number, and they are now engaged in drawing up a constitution for their Republic (based on the French Constitution) and in other details of their new government.

The Republic has been founded at Chavagnac, in the department of the Haute-Loire. Chavagnac was Lafayette's birthplace, and hence is a peculiarly appropriate region in which to start the American endeavor. More perhaps than any one of his day Lafayette would have sympathized with the

ideal of a Junior Republic—to place the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of citizenship on boys and girls for a period of, say, five years before they grow into manhood and womanhood.

It will be interesting to see how the junior city of Chavagnac will be governed by its embryo citizens.

KANSAS AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

ACCORDING to newspaper despatches from Topeka, Governor Allen, of Kansas, takes the Ku Klux Klan seriously. There is a natural disposition to laugh at the Klan and to deride its pretense of being a high moral censor while at the same time it encourages every kind of racial enmity. Thus it cleverly holds out a lure to the Jew hater, to the Negro hater, and the Catholic hater. Its ultimate absurdity is in utilizing the attractiveness of a secret society by its weird customs, its mummeries, and its midnight rides, while at the same time it neglects no avenue of publicity and its secret negotiations have a background of photographers, searchlights, and automobile curiosity-seekers.

The Klan has played some part in politics lately, but it has not seemed to be a great or serious menace. But Governor Allen finds in this revival a great deal that is serious and a great deal that is dangerous. He declares that it has brought into Kansas "the greatest curse that can come to any civilized people—the curse that arises out of the unrestrained passions of men governed by religious intolerance and racial hatred." Specifically, he charges that the Klan has disobeyed the State law by not taking out a charter, as is required of all fraternal and social organizations; and that it has committed the shocking offense of seizing the Mayor of the town of Liberal in Kansas, of carrying him by force to a secluded place, and there whipping him because he had refused to allow the Klan to hold a meeting in a hall he owned.

Governor Allen denounced the un-American idea "that we can improve the conditions in the State by turning the rights of government to a masked organization which arrogates to itself the right to regulate the individual."

Finally, the Governor summed up his case by denying that the people of Kansas desired religious instruction from masked men whose characters and capacities are concealed by disguise.

It is the custom of the present Governor of the State of Kansas to follow up conviction by action. He concluded

the address he was making by announcing that he had directed the Attorney-General of the State to take action against officials of the Ku Klux Klan with a view to expelling them from the State. This sounds arbitrary, but it is to be supposed that whatever may be done in the matter will be done through the courts and under the law, for certainly neither Governor Allen nor the State of Kansas would wish to fight the Klan by its own methods.

SIXTY YEARS OF SURGERY

THE advances of the last sixty years in medicine and surgery in this country were vividly set forth recently by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, in an address before one of the meetings of the Convention at Boston of the American College of Surgeons. Dr. Keen is eighty-five years old, has been practicing medicine and surgery for sixty years, and is now Professor Emeritus in Surgery at the Jefferson Medical College. The occasion of his address was the presentation to him by the Boston Surgical Society of its Bigelow Medal.

Dr. Keen went a little back of his own experience to describe what he was told by his elders was the state of things before 1846, when anæsthesia was discovered; then an operation was "a horrible ordeal for patients, surgeons, and witnesses." It is no wonder that during the five years just preceding the introduction of anæsthesia there were only an average of thirty-seven operations a year in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Astonishing as it may seem, "in the 80's and even into the 90's there were in most hospitals no trained nurses." The use of the medical thermometer was practically unknown until well into the 60's. Dr. Keen doubts if there were half a dozen thermometers in the Army of the Potomac, and the medical custom of judging a fever then was by placing the hand on the arm or neck and estimating the temperature, not in degrees, but as "slight," "considerable," "high," etc. Vaccination, anæsthesia, and antiseptics have been, Dr. Keen believes, the three greatest blessings in the realm of medicine since the Christian era began. In the treatment of diphtheria it was not till 1895 that the "blessed antitoxin" was discovered and, presto! as if by magic, tracheotomy for diphtheria became infrequent, and for years past, one may say, has been unknown."

We must quote one more instance which illustrates, as it seems to us, in an exceedingly practical way the igno-

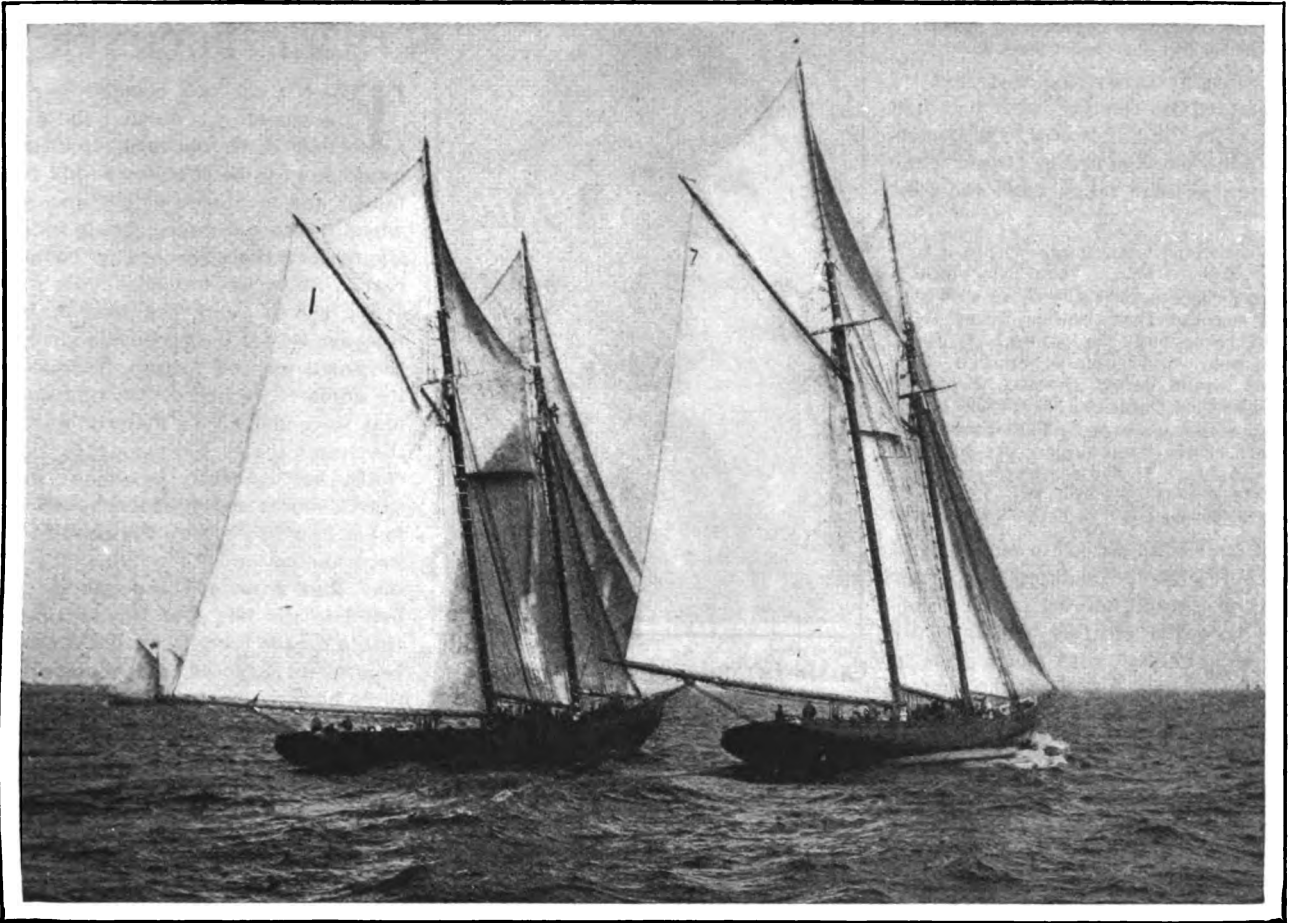


Photo by Edwin Levick, New York

THE CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL FISHING SCHOONER MATCH—NO. 1, BLUENOSE (CANADIAN); NO. 7, HENRY FORD, GOING OVER THE STARTING LINE

rance and lack of reasoning in the adverse comment upon surgical and medical progress—the kind of comment that is made by perfectionists who assert that if a medical treatment does not save every case it is a failure. Dr. Keen says:

Surgeons who removed ovarian tumors were persecuted. As a student, I even heard them called murderers in the Jefferson clinic because "two out of three of the patients died." It ought to have been worded, "one out of every three recovered," for every recovery was a rescued life. Now, thanks to McDowell, the Atlees, Pasteur, and Lister, and many others, the mortality is less than one in a hundred.

The entire address, as we find it in the Boston "Transcript" for October 26, is illuminating and intensely human. No one can read it without joining heartily in the speaker's general conclusion as to the advance of the profession: "We are gradually throttling disease at its birth and preventing its onslaught upon the health of the world."

CONTROLLABLE SQUALLS

THE international fishermen's race, which showed promise of becoming one of the great sporting events of each

year, has lost, temporarily we hope, some of its appeal.

This race between Canadian and American fishing schooners was initiated three years ago. The victory in the first race went to America. The second year the question of eligibility poked itself up over the horizon. The race went to the Canadians. The third year the question of eligibility produced an even greater stir. Added to this controversy was the question of racing rules and the apparent muddling of the contest by the committee in charge. A jumble of signals in the first race of the series resulted in Bluenose, the Canadian defender, and Henry Ford, the American challenger, sailing over the line only to find that the victory of the Ford was declared null and void. The second race of the series again found the Ford the first across the finish line. Her captain insisted that the cup was his and only consented to race again after prolonged argument. The next two races were won by Bluenose. Her last victory has been protested by the captain of the Ford on the ground that Bluenose carried no official observer and used a staysail which was not part of her regular equipment. The whole affair bore

more resemblance to those unhappy controversies with Lord Dunraven than to the whole-hearted sportsmanship which one would like to find among skippers whose vessels are made to keep the sea in all weathers.

Let us hope that another year may find the contest re-established on a basis of mutual confidence and good spirit. Possibly one cause of friction could be eliminated by limiting the contest to fishing vessels which had been operated commercially for a period of five years. It seemed to us when the race was first initiated that the requirement that all entrants should have at least one season on the banks was not strict enough.

THE DANGER OF BEING SARCASTIC

THERE are some things which it is difficult to satirize. One can only produce a feeble imitation. Two weeks ago we ventured a supposedly sarcastic reference to the literary manners of sporting writers by offering the following imaginary utterance as typical of their style:

Undoubtedly the Hoozis Wildcats will be weaker than the Whatsat

Bohemoths if the Whatsat Bohemoths are not stronger than the Hoozls Wildcats, but on the other hand . . .

We thought in writing this that we had painted the picture with too high colors. We find, however, that sometimes truth outruns fiction. Observe the following passage taken from the New York "Sun:"

West Point has enough within it to play Yale to a tie. The Elis might get together against the Army and at last become that unified team for which everybody is looking. If the Yale men would blunder enough the Army would defeat them. . . . Some things West Point can do better than Yale; some not so well. The outcome favors either team under certain developments. If both play approximately a perfect game Yale has the fringe on the rug the better of it.

The game in question turned out with a tie score of 7-7. Doubtless the writer of this paragraph pointed to his prophecy with pride on this account. He could have pointed with equal pride to the same Delphic utterance no matter whether the Army or Yale had won. We can see no excuse for such writing except that of filling space. There are sport writers who do succeed in making the game of football intelligible and enjoyable for the lay observer, but they are few and far between.

Perhaps the recent developments in radio telephony will do something to make such space-filling prophecies as we have quoted unpublishable. We hope so, but we doubt it. The developments to which we refer are the broadcasting of the progress of football games directly from the field. In New York City, on Saturday, October 28, for instance, crowds listened to the cheering of the great throngs that witnessed the game between the University of Chicago and Princeton University. Play by play, they were able to follow the gallant fight which ended in a typical Princeton finish—a victory snatched from what seemed like almost certain defeat.

THE LEGION AND ITS NEW COMMANDER

THE American Legion has again met in annual session. This year the National Convention was held at New Orleans. For its Commander it chose Mr. Alvin M. Owsley, of Texas, who served during the war as a major and later as lieutenant-colonel. He took part in two offensives with the Thirty-sixth Division. He is a former Assistant Attorney-General of Texas, which office he resigned to become assistant director of the Legion's Americanization Commission. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and of the Law School of the University of Texas.

Apparently Commander Owsley's pro-



Underwood
ALVIN MANSFIELD OWSLEY, THE NEW
HEAD OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

gramme for the Legion can be summed up under four heads. We find him quoted in the New York "Tribune" as follows:

There are just four things that the Legion means to push, just four things that are on our standard. They are rehabilitation, hospitalization, adjusted compensation, and Americanization. We're going to fight to a finish for adjusted compensation, and we'll win it, too. I will give everything I have to this service.

The Legion has also placed itself on record as opposing the recognition of Soviet Russia, urging preparedness against future wars, fighting the proposals to give amnesty to war-time offenders, standing for the prosecution of war profiteers, and demanding the removal of Brigadier-General Sawyer from any connection with the care of disabled veterans.

There is a very real lack of appreciation of what the Legion has done in improving the condition of the disabled and incapacitated veteran. The Legion has been a powerful force for the elimination of red tape and official sloth. Part of this lack of appreciation is due to the fact that the public has heard little from the Legion leaders except the demand for the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Act.

It might be a good plan if the minutes of the first National Convention of the Legion could be made part of the regular order of the meeting at every subsequent Convention. There were speeches and resolutions at that first Convention which are deserving of remembrance by those who now have the guidance of the Legion in their hands.

THE CASE OF MR. BUCKNER

THERE has just come to our desk a pamphlet¹ which tells a story that in its outward circumstance would seem to be of concern only to the family and neighbors of the man about whom the story centers; but in its inner significance the story has no bounds of parish, State, or Nation.

For eleven years the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner served the Methodist church in the small town of Aurora, Nebraska, as its minister. During that time he not only so conducted the material affairs of the church that it became stronger financially, but evidently developed in the church moral and spiritual vitality. It is not easy to measure the invisible, but some indication of the kind of service that this minister rendered is to be found in the fact that in a little more than a decade the gifts of the church for benevolent purposes had increased from three hundred to three thousand dollars and that he drew to the church men who by their works proved their loyalty to the church's cause. He was not a young man when he came to Aurora. He had been a preacher for over thirty years, and had served the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly all that time. He is now a man sixty-seven years of age, mature in thought, experienced, with much of the spirit of youth, but without its recklessness. What he believes and what he teaches is the result, not of sudden impulses, but of long consideration. During all the time when he was at Aurora, and for ten years at least preceding that, he openly taught the views, amounting with him to conviction, which may be summed up in this expression of his: "I believe that the hope of the Methodist Church and of all churches lies in the triumph of the new and modern conception of the Bible and of the function of Christianity as applied to the modern problems of a torn and disordered world."

In May of this year he sent to certain newspapers of the State an article in the form of a letter to the several editors. A substantially correct idea of the nature of this article can be obtained from the following quotations:

A good many years ago I decided God was good. This conclusion was reached from two sources: The teachings of Christ and my own personal experience. As I studied the teachings of Christ and my own personal fellowship with God I decided my God is good. That faith has grown with years and I believe it more strongly to-day than ever in my life.

When I read in the Bible anything

¹How I Lost My Job as a Preacher. By J. D. M. Buckner. Obtainable from C. V. Howard, New York City, or J. D. M. Buckner, Aurora, Nebraska. 50 cents.

which reflects on the goodness of God, I do not believe it. All Scripture must be measured by the life and teachings of Christ. . . .

When I was pastor at David City and we were studying the conquest of Canaan, a girl asked me if it were right for the Hebrew soldiers to kill the women and children. I said, "No." Then another girl said, "Why did God tell them to do it, then?" I said, "God never told them to do it. The writer was mistaken." I have been asked many, many times why God hardened Pharaoh's heart ten times and then brought ten plagues upon innocent people which caused untold suffering. For twenty-five years I tried to fix it up, but always failed to satisfy the people or myself, until finally I had the courage to say, "God never did it. My God is good." . . .

I cannot believe that God killed 185,000 of the Assyrian army one night, that he told Joshua to hock the horses, that he told the Jews they could sell spoiled meat to the Gentiles but not to the Jews, that he commanded that if a boy did not obey his parents he was to be killed, that if a man gathered sticks on the Sabbath to make a fire he was to be stoned to death, and that if any one worshiped any other God he was to be killed. None of these things is like my Heavenly Father. . . .

How did we get our Bible? First a religious folk produced a religious literature; second a religious folk selected the Bible from that literature. Now we have a religious folk that interprets the Bible. I must stand with Christ and his teachings and with my own personal experiences with God, and all Scripture must be measured by this standard. All the problems and questions in life which are constantly meeting us must be settled on the basis that God is good, and all other questions adjusted to that standard. I can only believe in a good God. I can love, admire, devote myself, worship, follow, obey only a good God. . . .

J. D. M. BUCKNER,

Pastor M. E. Church, Aurora, Neb.

As a consequence of this article or letter he was called to account in a personal communication by the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, his ecclesiastical superior as Resident Bishop in the Omaha Area. This communication also warned Mr. Buckner that his published letter was certain to increase the difficulty of his appointment to a parish in the coming Methodist Conference. Just before the Conference met Mr. Buckner reiterated his views in a farewell sermon to his church. At the conclusion of that sermon he spoke as follows:

Forty-two years ago when I stood face to face with God in settling the question of preaching, I promised God if he would let in the light I would walk in it; if he would reveal the truth, I would obey it. The thing I have always wanted to know was the will of God and I have been ready to do it at any cost. I have lived up to that pledge to this day. None of you

has ever asked me a question about my faith that I did not answer.

In an informal meeting with the Bishop and his cabinet Mr. Buckner was told that if his letter and sermon had not been published, it would have been possible for him to receive an appointment, and that it would be easy for Mr. Buckner simply to retire voluntarily, as he could at his age. In reply Mr. Buckner made it clear that he believed the proper way was to permit the old school men and the new school men alike to have their say; and that he had no thought of withdrawing. Nevertheless, without a trial, and in spite of the protests of his own church, with no reason given, upon the recommendation of the Bishop and his cabinet the Conference voted to retire Mr. Buckner from the ministry.

In spite of the humiliation of experiencing removal from the active ministry, in spite of the greater burden of the hardship which the action of the conference had brought to his wife, Mr. Buckner expresses no personal resentment. In his pamphlet he sets the issue forth, not as a personal one, but as a question concerning the future not only of the Methodist Church but of the Church in all denominations. He presents his pamphlet as a defense of younger ministers against the intimidation of the action of the Bishop and the Conference, and defends the Methodist Church at large "against unwarranted assumptions from this particular incident."

In some cases in the past this issue between arbitrary authority and liberty in the Church has been characterized by the pugnacious and controversial spirit of the advocates of liberty; in this case the advocate of liberty has shown a spirit of charity and good will and an understanding of the point of view of his opponents which we hope all those who believe in the cause for which he has been sacrificed will imitate.

The issue which has been raised in Mr. Buckner's case is threefold.

It is an issue of justice.

Even a criminal is allowed his day in court; Mr. Buckner was not allowed any public hearing, any chance to plead his case openly before the body that was to judge him.

It is an issue of liberty.

When a man enters such an order as that of the Jesuits, he surrenders his liberty of thought because the organization is avowedly autocratic. When, therefore, any church takes such action as that taken in Mr. Buckner's case the old issue is again raised as between those who conceive of the Church as a body ruled by divine right of the ecclesiastical authorities and those who con-

ceive of the Church as a body composed of the free sons of God.

It is an issue of the spirit of religion.

And of all the phases of this issue this is the most fundamental. On the one hand stand those who conceive of religion as an arbitrary system devised by the Almighty, imposed upon men for their observance at the peril of their eternal welfare. On the other side are the men who conceive of religion as the response of men to the approach of God to them and their growth in the understanding of him and his dealings with them.

This threefold issue is one that has arisen again and again in the Church. It is the issue between those in all ages and in all churches who fear freedom and those who welcome it, between those who believe that faith needs some protective covering, and those who believe that faith, if it is really living, grows stronger by being left open to the nourishment of truth.

MUDDLING THROUGH

THE British have a habit, in which they take a kind of unconfessed pride, of somehow muddling through. Certainly the change of Government which has just taken place in Great Britain, and which is likely to be a historical event of the first importance, was and still is more or less muddling.

On another page a correspondent in London gives a vivid and entertaining picture of the somewhat haphazard way in which the thing was done—haphazard of course only in externals. The regular technique of change of government was followed. The Prime Minister, Lloyd George, resigned; and the new Prime Minister, Andrew Bonar Law, was formally invited by the King to organize a Ministerial Cabinet. As we said in last week's Outlook, the new Cabinet distinctly represents the old-fashioned ruling class of Great Britain. As one runs down the list, the titles of marquis, viscount, duke, earl, knight, strike the attention. There is no avowed representative of labor in the Cabinet, and few commoners, although the Prime Minister himself is a commoner and is one of four of the thirty-seven Prime Ministers who have governed England for two hundred years to rise to his commanding position without the background of a college or university education. Seventeen of the thirty-seven were graduates of Oxford, thirteen of Cambridge, one of the University of Edinburgh, and two completed their education at Eton College, while Disraeli and Lloyd George had sufficient training in the classics and in French to pass their bar exami-

nation. In a striking sense, modern England has turned to men of letters to guide her destinies. She is now going to try the practical man of business. The change is worth watching.

In a great speech at Glasgow, Lloyd George in his happiest vein, while professing a personal friendship for Bonar Law, poked more or less fun at the list of the new Ministers. "Look at them!" he said; "there is not one of them in achievement, in experience, in talent, that their best friends would compare with those whom they have supplanted. Why was it done?"

Of course such a Cabinet, although dignified and highly respectable, is only a makeshift. After the general election, which takes place in November, and through which both Lloyd George and Bonar Law will appeal to the country, there will be a new realignment.

It is interesting to observe that the ranking member of the new Cabinet next to the Prime Minister, although holding by no means the most important office in the Ministry, is the Marquis of Salisbury, the eldest son of Lord Salisbury, the great Conservative Victorian Prime Minister. His title is an ancient one, and his seat is that famous Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, which was the scene of so many dinners and conferences when his distinguished father was Prime Minister, who represented in his person and policies the highest type of Government by the peerage in Great Britain—a type which has probably passed away forever. This passing is a gain, perhaps, for the plain people, but a decided loss to the literature of political anecdote and reminiscence.

Of Lord Salisbury, the father, a delightful story is told in the recollections of one of his private secretaries. A dinner was being given by Lord Salisbury at Hatfield House, one of the great establishments of England, and one of the guests was a neighbor of Lord Salisbury's, a country squire whose pedigree was more impeccable than his education in the fine points of literary allusion. Next to this ruddy-faced squire sat a young whippersnapper of a diplomatic secretary, who in an argument in which he had teased and irritated the squire, finally called the old gentleman a "Philistine." "A Philistine!" exclaimed the old squire somewhat heatedly, "what's that?" Lord Salisbury, who had overheard the discussion with some concern, and felt that his old friend was being impolitely chaffed, and yet could not quite bring himself, as host, to rebuke the young secretary openly, saw his chance. He leaned forward and quietly remarked: "Don't you know what a Philistine is? A Philistine is a gentleman who is annoyed by the

jaw-bone of an ass." The young secretary naturally subsided. We hope that the new Lord President of the Council, the present Lord Salisbury, possesses his father's sense of humor. He may need it before he gets through with the complications of his new office.

The name of the Marquis of Salisbury's younger brother, Lord Robert Cecil, is familiar to Americans as the leading English advocate of the League of Nations. Lord Robert was in Lloyd George's Cabinet, but is not in the Bonar Law Ministry. The Marquis is the bearer of a title three hundred years old and is the owner of an estate of twenty thousand acres.

In his Glasgow speech Lloyd George referred to the resentment of British labor against a Government of Conservative peers as a possible "hurricane." This phraseology is perhaps an exaggeration due to the stress of a popular campaign, for Lloyd George is a past-master in appealing to the emotions of a popular audience. Nevertheless we think it somewhat surprising that so astute a politician as Bonar Law should have formed such a Cabinet with any idea that it could be permanent.

IN WETTEST NEW YORK

WETTEST of all wet towns is New York City, the wet press tells us—wetter by far than in pre-Volstead days—and its wet, wet drink is whisky. The whisky trade, a mere infant industry before the Amendment, has attained colossal proportions, we learn, and it behooves the American business man to look into this, as it furnishes many a helpful suggestion. He will discover—

1. The folly of advertising. Until prohibition came, not only the newspapers, magazines, and billboards of America, but its night-time sky, loudly advertised strong drink; yet how little was sold! Now that the advertising has ceased, do we not wade in strong drink—even swim?

2. The folly of window-dressing. Those pyramids of innumerable well-filled bottles were supposed to attract purchasers. To-day our dealers in strong drink provide the true enticement: Out of sight, out of mind.

3. The folly of indiscriminate sales. When any one could buy, trade languished, quite naturally. Now that only a chosen few can buy, trade thrives.

4. The folly of price-cutting. How difficult it was in those dull pre-Volstead days to dispose of two cocktails for a quarter! Charge a dollar and a half

each, and behold! the problem is solved.

5. The folly of pampering one's customers. By making their places of business conveniently accessible (a hundred to the mile), and embellishing them with works of art, and providing extravagant free lunches, the purveyors of strong drink drove customers away. Under the present system, which makes the tippler travel long distances and furnishes disgusting places of business, as a rule, with melancholy and dire loneliness giving them an air of depression thrice depressed, it is a struggle to serve drinks fast enough.

Albeit slowly, the American business man will doubtless come to recognize that the trick of building up trade is in reality very simple—i.e., kill it! Just now, however, we hear him echo that cry of the wet, wet press: "Oh, save us from this awful whisky! On high moral grounds we demand beer and light wines, as of old, for in them lies our only hope of sobriety."

But reflect. To-day, when beer and light wines have vanished, and when every one is forced to consume unlimited quantities of whisky, there are fewer evidences of intoxication than formerly. That familiar sight of a poor wretch staggering along the street, or babbling on a doorstep, or being "pulled in;" that familiar sound of raucous singing in the small hours; that familiar odor of alcohol on the breath—where are they? With rare exceptions, gone forever—abolished by the universal and benign consumption of unlimited whisky!

Were it not for our devout confidence in the asseverations of the wet, wet press, we might almost mistake this whisky-ridden metropolis for the astonishingly dry town it actually is. Inasmuch as polls are at present so popular, we visited a neighboring establishment the other day and polled the representative New Yorkers who make up its staff. Of each representative New Yorker we inquired, "At how many places can you—you yourself, not you generically—obtain drinks?" The answers ranged from "None" to "Eight"—a single "Eight." "Eight" at most in the wettest of wet towns, where until the Amendment any representative New Yorker had his choice of thousands!

But let us not allow mere figures to deceive us or trust too blindly the testimony of our own senses, when a press guided by the well-known journalistic passion for truth declares: "Day by day, in every way, we are getting wetter and wetter." By accepting this assertion at face value we prepare ourselves for a task that awaits us all—the task, namely, of perusing in the right spirit Sir Conan Doyle's new volume, "The Coming of the Fairies."

"GENTLEMEN, THE PREMIER HAS RESIGNED!"

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONDON BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

AT two o'clock this afternoon, October 19, the news ticker in my office broke off in the middle of a sober stock market report and began printing pure gibberish. Now, our well-known old friend, the Perversity of Inanimate Things, usually leads tickers astray when there is something of more than especial importance to be communicated.

The London Bureau of the New York "Tribune" does not pride itself on its mechanical skill, but it does know that by poking various levers and twiddling thumbscrews recalcitrant tickers can sometimes be brought to reason. In this case the operation was completed just in time for the following fragment to appear:

"... said that whether by his own fault or by the force of circumstances Mr. Lloyd George had lost the confidence of the country."

That, following a previous announcement that Mr. Bonar Law was speaking before the hurriedly summoned Conservative meeting at the Carlton Club, could mean only one thing: Lloyd George would have to go. He may come back again; at this moment of writing the British political situation is in a worse muddle than it has been for years.

I am concerned now more with the method of his passing from the Premiership than with his political future.

First of all, let me say that the political developments of to-day, the most important date in English history since the armistice, have passed virtually unnoticed by the public at large. The newspapers to-night are jammed with the happenings of a brief six hours, but there are not two hundred people in London who have witnessed any appreciable part of these events. A strange and analysis-defying race, this, which will turn out ten thousand people to watch its Prime Minister entering an international conference, and not a handful to witness his downfall!

Perhaps it is because crisis has succeeded crisis in such kaleidoscopic succession this afternoon and evening that the street crowds have not been able to keep up. However that may be, attention to the drama would have well repaid them, for drama there was in plenty, both on the stage and off.

The action started this morning at the Carlton Club, a grimy granite structure in Pall Mall. Shortly after ten o'clock motor cars began to roll up with Conservatives to attend the meeting called by Mr. Austen Chamberlain to decide the future of the party. There were such well-known figures as Chamberlain, Birkenhead, and Balfour (the latter arriving on foot, and displaying delighted

surprise when the small crowd recognized and cheered him); and then came what seemed an infinity of old gentlemen in silk hats and morning coats; ancients with venerable beards and halting steps; semi-invalids who had virtually to be carried up the steps of the club. One had hardly imagined that there were so many survivors of the traditional Tory type; one wished that the late Henry Adams might have been there to see and to comment.

A violently agitated man hurried down the club steps. He was J. M. Erskine, a "Diehard" or extreme Conservative, who had not been invited to the meeting because he did not support the Coalition, who had announced his intention of attending notwithstanding, and who had been ejected. Rather white of face, he proceeded to give free expression of his feelings to the newspaper men who hurried forward. Finally he disappeared.

Two hours passed, and most of the waiting crowd melted away. Another hour, and all but a few conscientious journalists had gone to lunch. Then suddenly the glass doors of the club opened and Sir Philip Sassoon dashed out and into his car. The others who had attended the meeting followed. To newspaper agency reporters who entered the aristocratic precincts of the club an under-official who still seemed surprised announced that the meeting had voted 186 to 87 that the Conservative Party should go to the coming election as a unit. In other words, the Coalition was dead.

The scene shifted to Downing Street, cheerless under the lash of a wind that betokened March rather than October, and under a sodden gray sky. Rolls-Royce and Daimler limousines were parked at the cul-de-sac at the end of the short street; one knew that behind the drab walls of No. 10 Downing Street Cabinet Ministers must be resigning and history being made; yet the only spectators were the inevitable knot of journalists.

By four o'clock perhaps fifty curious sightseers had gathered near the Whitehall end of the street. I have seen Downing Street packed from curb to curb when some minor foreign notable has chanced to be visiting the Prime Minister.

At 4:10 a gleaming limousine detached itself from the knot of parked motor cars and drew up in front of No. 10. Into it from the house there stepped Sir Edward Grigg, one of the Premier's secretaries. He was followed by Mr. Lloyd George himself, who stopped halfway across the narrow pavement to pose for photographers. He was smiling pleasantly, and it was not at all a forced

expression, if one's eyes can be trusted at ten feet.

The car swung into Whitehall to the accompaniment of a faint cheer from the faithful fifty. Obviously, he was going to Buckingham Palace to resign.

A swiftly commandeered taxi bore one through the Mall in time to see the Prime Minister's car pass through the palace gates without even a salute from the sentries on guard. It entered the courtyard, was lost to sight, and shortly reappeared, to be parked in an inconspicuous corner. So far as could be seen, there was not a single person near the Palace who would not have been there in the ordinary course of his travelling.

Long before the Rolls-Royce returned to Downing Street, the afternoon papers were announcing that the visit to the King must mean a resignation. Still no crowds, no cheering.

Darkness came to Downing Street, and journalists from half a world hung about the portals of the Premier's house. We shivered in the keen wind and wished, in the words of one impatient chap, that they would hurry their blinking funeral and get it over.

And then one passed with the crowd into the reception hall, adorned with its mounted heads of deer and antelope, and with a couple of golf bags carelessly propped in a corner. The bald-headed doorkeeper, who has never in living memory been cheerful, seemed more morose than ever.

A head, surmounted by a thatch of red hair, popped through the swinging doors leading to the interior of the building. It belonged to Mr. G. H. Shakespeare, another of the Premier's secretaries. "If you enter all the way in, I'll be with you in a minute," he announced cheerily, and withdrew.

The room was some twenty feet square, and there were at least fifty men in it. The atmosphere became stifling as the telephone rang incessantly, making every one nervous because there was no one to answer it, and still nothing happened.

At length there was a stir among those journalists nearest the door. Mr. Shakespeare entered, calmly puffing a long brier pipe, and smiling. He carefully balanced himself on his heels on the ledge surmounting the hearth of an open fireplace.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, easily, "the Prime Minister has resigned, and has advised the King to send for Mr. Bonar Law."

Nobody spoke. Nobody moved. Nobody said a word. The Premier's resignation was a fact, and it was not at all a forced expression, if one's eyes can be trusted at ten feet.

ily, after two thoughtful puffs at his pipe, "am out of a job."

Then every one laughed, and the hail of questions began. Every few moments some one, satisfied for the time being, would hurry out to telephone to his office. Then the farewells, and a scurry down the short length of Downing

Street for taxis from the rank in Whitehall. (Incidentally, there were none.)

One who lingered stopped behind the wooden barricades at the end of the street (erected when Sinn Fein outrages were feared) to charge and light his pipe. The single policeman on duty there strolled over.

"Is it true he's resigned, sir?" he asked, recognizing the journalist.

"Yes; that's right."

"So the P. M.'s gone," he observed, meditatively. "Well, he did 'is bit. Rather blustery to-night, sir."

When the journalist looked back, Downing Street was deserted.

THE FASCISTI

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM BRUNO ROSELLI

I WAS having lunch at Valiani's—that Roman institution which proves the superiority of the Eternal City over every other metropolis by being the only station restaurant in the world where food does not taste like station restaurant food—when I saw a Fascista who was standing by the door make a sign to another Fascista on the other side of the avenue. I lifted my head from a dish of *carciofini*, or young artichokes (the most dastardly and delectable vegetable infanticide in history) to watch the powwow which ensued. It was excited but short. Then the first Fascista extracted a whistle from his capacious belt, put it to his lips, and blew.

Here a young man who was sipping a glass of lemonade at an itinerant fountain gulped down what there was left and came running; there a lower middle-class family which was tugging its baggage toward the station hurriedly concentrated all the parcels into the hands of the women and children while the two men hastened to the call; farther back another black-shirted devil kissed his girl good-by and darted toward us. Another Fascista (I know not to this day whether waiter, cook, or customer) brushed past my table, ran out of the door, and was soon lost in the scuffling group of fifteen or twenty who ran yelling toward two young Romans with red neckties and carnations who had been ostentatiously displaying the "Avanti!"—the Socialist paper against which the Fascismo has declared war to the finish. With one wild dash, shouting "A noi!" the Fascisti made for them; ten, fifteen canes landed on the Socialists' heads, their clothes were torn, their noses badly smashed, the copies of the "Avanti!" burned like torches by waving hands; one minute later the victors were ready to sing the first stanza of their superb hymn, "Oh, youth, oh, youth, springtime of beauty," and then disbanded. It was time for the police and the ambulance to arrive.

"Giovinezza, giovinezza—Primavera di bellezza. . . ." When had the world last witnessed such scenes in which cruelty and romance were so closely entwined? When, in other words, had Italy been so young? Those lines had a familiar flavor. Oh, yes! "Quant' è bella giovinezza—Che si fugge tuttavia!" (How

beautiful is youth which is forever in flight!) sang Lorenzo de' Medici in an age which certainly lacked neither romance nor cruelty. And just as the world, this practical and "law-abiding" world, casts longing eyes toward the Florence of the Medici, so it cannot help being thrilled by the daring and lenient toward the crimes of this organization of young or youthful men who are rejuvenating Italy by all methods, including the drawing of blood.

A black shirt of a negligée type, wide open at the neck, adorned with all the war decorations, embroidered with defiant mottoes and, often, skull and crossbones; a broad belt, so capacious as to hold and conceal any such objects, harmless or otherwise, as are carried in the vest or coat pockets of the ordinary man; knee trousers, military in style, in fact, usually left over from army days, as were the gray-green puttees below them; no headgear, even in the hottest sun or the stormiest night (the head being protected only by a wild mass of hair eight or ten inches long, thrown back occasionally by comb and brush, and incessantly by the hand and a defiant shaking of the head); a heavy stick, his principal and often his only weapon—a stick which two years ago was straight and carried by a cord hanging from the man's wrist, and is to-day curved at the top, knotty, club-like, and decidedly businesslike. Such is the Fascista whom one meets to-day everywhere in Italy. Strange to say, the least conspicuous of the many symbols worn by him are the victors' fasces with the ax, the earliest and basic insignia from which he took his name, and on which he relied for the prestige that Italians are ever ready to associate with hallowed memories.

Started as an organization of World War veterans, the swift course of events in Italy and the restlessness of the country itself, where political changes are notoriously chameleon-like, has transformed it into the chief mold of Italy's destinies, a whip for ultra-conservative and ultra-liberal alike, an organization for the defense of legality which uses illegal methods and prevents the law from applying to itself. Turning their eyes away from the primeval administration of Fascisti justice, yet hailing

its effects in their country's return to normalcy, the Italians are pursuing a course apparently incongruous, but in reality clear to observers of conditions in that mystifying and often chaotic country. "I had always believed that there are no necessary evils," said one such person to me, "but as an Italian I must now admit that the Fascismo is one."

The Fascisti have come to stay. Many people, and among them a quantity of well-informed Italians, had at first considered the movement a freak, or a passing political fad, arising from a sense of rebellion against the "Reds" who had been given a chance to run the country a couple of years ago, and who, while plainly showing that they could not do it, seemed bent on letting no one else do it. But at the end of two troubled years we see their leader, Benito Mussolini, at the head of an organization numbering not less than half a million volunteers, "minute men" all of them, spreading like wildfire from the northern cities away into the southern countryside, hitherto inaccessible to outside influences; making and unmaking Cabinets, forcing this and that international policy, righting wrongs by Robin Hood methods, dictating conditions of their co-operation with the King, and quietly discussing the most feasible way of marching upon Rome in case they are disturbed in their process of "supplying Italy with a Government."

For that is exactly what they are doing. Professor Reinach, the famous art critic, in discussing the form of the Gothic church, says that it needs the flying buttress because its main body is so weak owing to great height and numerous windows, that "it is like an animal, part of whose skeleton should be outside his body." So in the weird and much-hated animal called the Italian Government the *teeth* were missing; the Fascisti provided them—and neatly do they bite.

I discussed at the time, here and elsewhere, the reasons which made the Italian "proletariat" so active and bitter a couple of years ago; and everybody remembers how the Italian Government, still sore from the blows received in

¹ See "The Italian 'Lock-In,'" in the issue of November 10, 1920.

Paris by war-time partners, had to turn around and deal with one of the most delicate politico-economic problems, workmen's *controllo* and Socialistic occupation of the factories. The ultimate victory of what we shall call, for the sake of brevity, the "element of order" (the stereotyped phrase is "law and order," but the law had to be sacrificed to bring about order) was only achieved by the most amazing avoidance of force, the most portentous ignoring of facts and waiving of provocations known in the history of modern government. Contrary to the view of alarmists, the house of Savoy remained in the saddle; but it seemed sometimes as if the real power of King Victor Emmanuel III over Italy were to be as important as his power over Jerusalem, of which city he is also nominally the King. Had the "Reds" ruled in his stead, with a hand as wise and more firm, people differing in political views, but equally concerned with the good of the Italian nation, would have been willing to see them hold the reins of government. I think I would, for instance; and I know that that very democratic soldier Victor Emmanuel of Savoy certainly would. But they achieved nothing: partly because of the lack of governing experience in the masses, which makes yelling demagogues of most would-be reformers; partly because Italy is not so situated, geographically and industrially, that she can try economic revolutions all alone. The truth is that Italy remained without a *de facto* government from the end of 1920 to the end of 1921.

Then Benito Mussolini, the type of a politician so seldom found in America, a quiet, scholarly man transformed by circumstances into an organizer and a dauntless fighter, appeared on the scene. Was Italy tired of people who talked and did not act? He would act—and lose precious little time in explaining to people just how or why. Had the "Reds" lost themselves in lengthy arguments as to how and how much to organize? He would merely have one organization—the military organization of the army in war time. Had the Italy of 1920 fought over the question of how much each man should be rewarded for working as little as possible or loafing on the job? Mussolini borrowed from Garibaldi the famous sentence, "I promise you hunger, struggles, and death," and assured his followers that they must go to meet the greatest dangers without any hope of pecuniary reward—in fact, leaving their jobs for a raid on a moment's notice as often as necessary, and having only the moral support of the Fascismo to persuade their employers of the inadvisability of discharging them for obeying Mussolini rather than themselves.

How many are the Fascisti? A conservative estimate places them at 500,000; but they are increasing all the time, having lately obtained a large contingent of recruits from Naples and its hinterland, a fact which makes the

Fascismo, born and developed in the north, a more nation-wide organization. Indeed, one of the problems of the Fascisti nowadays has become that of purging their ranks of undesirable elements of two kinds: the riffraff which wished to cover its longing for crime and blood with a political veil, and the members of formerly "Red" labor organizations which, having been converted overnight from their Socialistic creed, would like to be accepted *in toto* by Fascismo, while that youthful and impetuous *partito di avanguardia* can only use the pick of such ranks: the young, healthy, high-minded, resolute leaders. The Fascista must be a spiritual aristocrat.

Such are the people who paralyzed in a few hours the Italian general strike of last August—a strike which was intended to prevent 20,000,000 workers from keeping Italy going, and was to have affected stores, trains, factories, mails, telegraphs, hotels, street cars, telephones, schools, banks, newspapers, steamers, light and water supply, restaurants, street cleaning, electricity, abattoirs, lunatic asylums, carriages, milk deliveries, cemeteries, ambulances, hospitals; the most appalling cessation of civilized life.

I was at Gardone, on Lake Garda, ready for an interview with Gabriele d'Annunzio, when the strike was declared; declared, incidentally, in a way unworthy of real men—by having the General Federation of Labor appoint a secret Strike Committee, which gave the *anonymous* order to strike! I rushed toward Florence by the few means still available to be near my old parents when all services would stop and helpless people would be dependent on their healthy relatives. But a few hours later the Fascisti were in control. Black shirts were either running trains or riding by twos with every engineer to "protect him from being intimidated." They ran the trolleys; in short, they took complete charge of every public service. Stores would be forced open; either the owner wanted to be there to do business, or the store would stay open, anyway! At the Bologna station I saw little signs with these words: "Strikers! The Government forgives; *we don't*. Within a week not one of you will be left in Bologna. We mean it, and you know it." Of course this is arrogance of the purest type; and yet the people who have been chafing for years and years under an incompetent, smooth, bureaucratic, soulless legality made up of revenue stamps and lawyers' cavils, feel that these youths who challenge the universe are playing the rôle of Prometheus unbound; and they are as carried away as the audience at a melodrama when the young hero murders the technically guiltless villain. "They take human lives," I can hear you say. Well, yes. The great Italia has now forty million of these human lives, and through poverty of soil, inane of statesmen, late

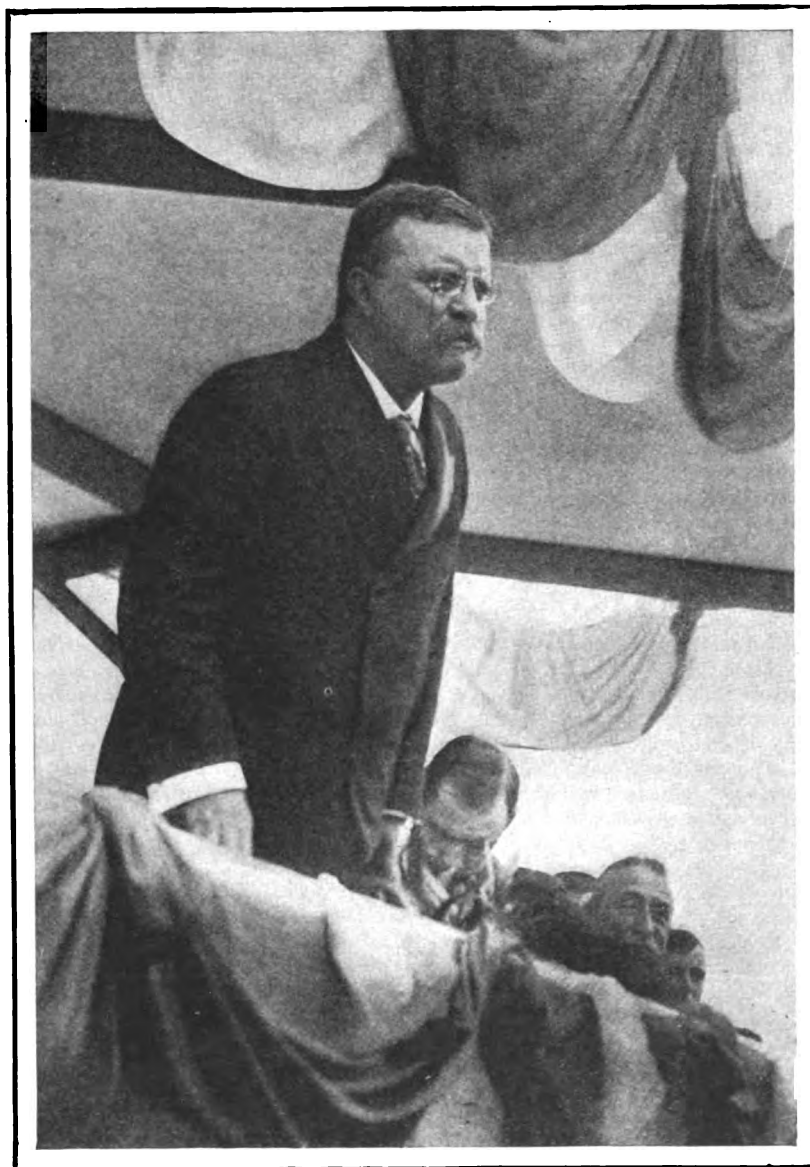
start in the race for colonization, and greed of neighbors she was dangerously near losing her own life when the Fascisti came. They do take the lives of a few Italians (mostly renegade) in order to give real life to Italy herself. Perhaps this sounds shocking to Anglo-Saxons; but it is funny how more leniently you look at things ultimately right, yet themselves cruel, when you were born and brought up on the Continent of Europe. One has only to look at Americans traveling through Italy to notice the difference; they are invariably scared by the savage appearance of Fascisti; and, although rather vague concerning the aims of the movement, they seem to agree that it must be Socialistic or Anarchistic. One hates to draw the conclusion that Americans are so incorrigibly conservative that anything unconventional appears "Red." And so little has been known even in "best-informed" circles about the movement that a leading New York daily wrote some time ago that one of the constantly recurring Trieste riots had been led by "a young Italian nationalist, Mr. Fascisti." Even to this day, after Fascismo has loomed large in two out of three news items from Italy, it is not infrequent to have people remark on the similarity of it with the Ku Klux Klan, from which it differs in every particular, especially in its attitude toward publicity, the Fascismo being an incorrigible advertiser of its members and its doings, while the wily Klan covers its traces in true cisatlantic style.

As I finish writing this article, I am told that the Facta Ministry (long on the fence, but planning to become anti-Fascista) has finally been brought down, and that Mussolini is to go to Rome to form a Ministry. Mussolini ought to avoid being lured into forming one, or at least into staying in one long after he has formed it. If that leading figure of modern Italian politics is wise, he ought to put a pro-Fascista politician in the saddle and watch him closely, but do nothing more. Fascismo would then go down into history as the only whip which has made the Italian maverick behave. It must avoid becoming a mere political party, no matter how strong, no matter how well represented in Parliament. Its enemies are drawing it nearer and nearer Montecitorio, knowing full well that, while it could easily achieve a triumph at first by becoming the leading political party, it would be its swan song—for the simple reason that its strength lies in its anti-demagogic methods and frankly undemocratic, unrepresentative organization. An army does not profit by having soldiers' councils and officers elected from their ranks! Italy (and is Italy alone in this?) has been fed for one hundred and fifty years on beautiful words; and it is my humble opinion that she is increasingly willing to exchange all of her empty victories for a handful of real leaders.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER X—THE PROGRESSIVES



Photograph by Schervée Studios, Worcester, Mass.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Roosevelt had flung himself into the campaign with all the force of his tremendous vigor and energy, and gave to it a dynamic impulse that grew in intensity as he progressed through the country"

IN the torrential flood of American politics two main currents are continuously perceptible. One may be generally described as professional, mechanical, and ruled by the accomplished and consummate selfishness of invisible forces. The other, while more genuine in spirit, is often amateurish in effort; it is more spontaneous; it is kindled by emotions of revolt; it sees mankind, not as masses to be exploited and profited by, but as individuals to be set freer to express themselves socially and economically. It strives to restate the better aspirations of men generally,

and to mitigate some of the pressure that civilization imposes upon them.

It is not the province of the historian to moralize. It is his business to trace the changing currents of human thought and to produce accurate pictures of men in action. And so, in touching on the Progressives, I shall endeavor to give some indication of the mental processes that shaped their cause and to depict some of the dramatic scenes that carried their cause into action. Many of these scenes I was able to observe closely. In a sense, I may have figured more definitely than I realized at the time in

kindling their cause into smoke and flame.

On November 17, 1910, the New York Chamber of Commerce held its 142d annual banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. The speakers were Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts; Governor Horace White, of New York; Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York City; and myself. The president of the Chamber, the late A. Barton Hepburn, presided. My subject was "American Prestige," and I could not refrain from referring to the great extent to which American influence and prestige had been advanced by Roosevelt. There was instant and prolonged applause at the mention of Roosevelt's name, clearly showing that his political influence was not dead, contrary to the ideas of many who thought so because the election of a few days before had shown sweeping Democratic gains and the defeat of Roosevelt's candidate for Governor, Henry L. Stimson. When the banquet was over, Senator Lodge said to me that if the political opponents of Roosevelt could have seen the enthusiasm with which his name was applauded they would realize that even in New York he was as much alive as ever.

AT WAR AGAINST "INVISIBLE POWERS"

When I met Roosevelt in Cairo on his way back from Africa it was clear to me from his conversation that he did not propose accepting any nomination, although there was a demand that he re-enter public life as either Governor of New York or United States Senator.

Roosevelt was so loyal a Republican that his opponents constantly chided him for going along with the bosses and at the same time advocating reforms. He used to reply that he did and would continue to co-operate with the bosses so long as they went his way. His aim from the time he entered public life was to make the party always more responsive to its highest ideals; and from the beginning he worked against the "invisible powers" or boss rule. By word and deed all through his life he showed an independence and moral courage that careless observers might often have mistaken for headlong impetuosity. No one could know him without recognizing that he was broad-minded, liberal, and inherently progressive.

When he arrived home from abroad in June, 1910, he found the Republican party disrupted. The dissatisfaction and impatience of the liberals was distinctly evident. By 1912 Taft had allowed himself to become so thoroughly identified with the reactionaries that the large independent element had not only become unenthusiastic, but decidedly



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The famous picture of the Roosevelt Cabinet, in which Mr. Straus was Secretary of Commerce and Labor, prior to the events recorded in this chapter. Left to right, the men in the picture are: President Roosevelt, and Messrs. Root, Straus, Garfield, Metcalf, Cortelyou, Taft, Meyer, Wilson, and Bonaparte

hostile to the Administration. In his Winona speech President Taft had ranked himself on the side of those leaders in the party who opposed real tariff reform. In his famous Norton letter he had even gone so far as to imply, if not expressly to admit, that Federal patronage had been used against the progressives in Congress.

The progressive element was therefore casting about for a candidate who represented the liberal wing of the party for nomination at the National Republican Convention at Chicago in June. Roosevelt's office at *The Outlook* was daily crowded with liberal leaders who had come to urge him to "throw his hat in the ring," to use one of his own picturesque expressions. This demand grew and spread until finally came an appeal from the Governors of Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

WHY ROOSEVELT WAS DEFEATED IN 1912

Roosevelt one day at the offices of *The Outlook* handed me the galley proof of a speech he was to make before the Constitutional Convention at Columbus, Ohio. He called it "The Charter of Democracy." I went into Dr. Abbott's office and carefully read the speech. In it Roosevelt advocated, among other reforms such as the short ballot and the initiative and referendum, the recall of judicial decisions. When I came to that subject, I confess I was shocked, and so expressed myself to one of the editors of *The Outlook*; as I remember it, it was Dr. Abbott himself. Compelled to keep another appointment, I left the office, saying that I should return later.

Upon my return I met Roosevelt just as he was going out.

"I hear you don't like my speech," he said to me.

"I like your speech; I think it is fine; all but that portion of it which refers to the recall of judicial decisions," I answered. I started to give my reasons, but, seeing that he was pressed for time, I said: "I should like to discuss that

matter with you, provided your mind is open on the subject." To my great surprise, he said that he had thought the subject over very carefully, and frankly told me that he had come to a definite decision on it.

That was so unlike the Roosevelt I knew in the many discussions I had had with him, when invariably I found his mind responsive, that I was quite disappointed and somewhat taken aback. But I did not want him to feel that I had joined the ranks of the many who had parted political company with him because he had made it known that he would accept another nomination for President, and so, on reaching my office, I wrote him a letter, briefly explaining why I objected to his statements regarding the recall of judicial decisions. I assured him that on that account I did not part from him politically, for, after all, I agreed with him more than with any other candidate who might possibly be named.

The birth and development of the Progressive party is of course an element of National history that has often been detailed. Roosevelt's candidacy and defeat have been variously analyzed, but I believe now, as I believed in 1912, that but for this unfortunate statement regarding judicial decisions Roosevelt would have been re-elected President in 1912.

"UNTIL BROKEN AND CAST ASIDE"

Shortly after the Columbus speech Roosevelt delivered, on March 20, 1912, at Carnegie Hall, New York, what was in many respects the most forceful and eloquent address I ever heard him make. He graphically described his dedication to his ideals of democracy:

Our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and

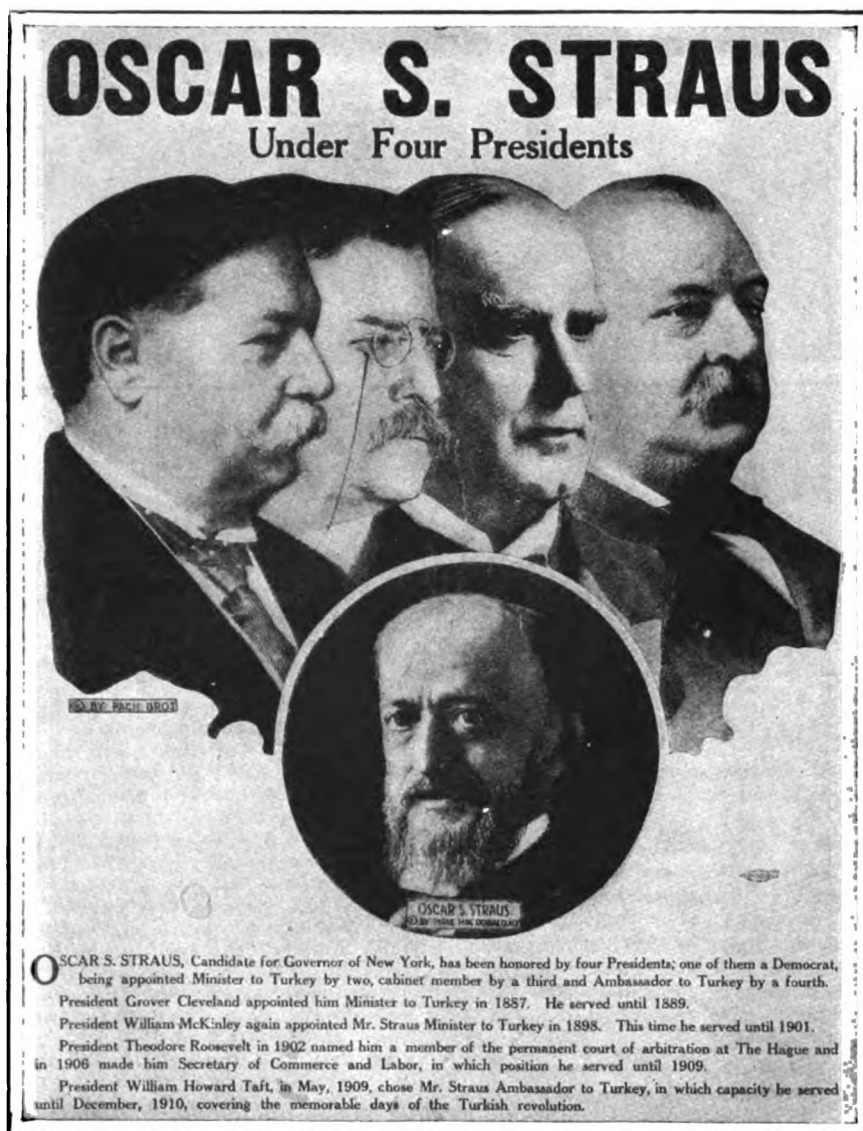
we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing. In order to succeed, we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls.

The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won.

If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government into government by plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead. We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in the spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose, above all, in a spirit of kindly justice towards every man and every woman.

A month after the meeting of the National Convention of the Progressive party, popularly called the "Bull Moose Convention," which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President and Hiram W. Johnson for Vice-President, the New York State Convention of the Progressive party met at Syracuse, in the Arena.

All during the first day and night, amid lively discussion as to the selection of candidates for Governor, committees urged me for permission to present my name as a candidate; but I steadfastly declined, since the Governorship, being so largely a political office, did not appeal to me. I was neither by training nor by temperament a politician, although I had taken active part in campaigns for many years, both local and



One of the campaign posters used during Mr. Straus's candidacy for the Governorship of New York in 1912. The present serial takes its title from a phrase coined during that campaign

National. The next day I was asked to take the permanent chairmanship of the Convention. This I was willing and glad to do; also it was a foregone conclusion that acceptance of the chairmanship excluded me as a candidate for the nomination for Governor.

LIKE AN ENORMOUS TOWN MEETING

The Arena was filled with about seven thousand delegates and members of the new Progressive party. The air was surcharged with the spirit of the new movement—the genuine enthusiasm of men and women of character and standing from every county in the State, and among them a great many ministers, professors, reformers, and leaders of benevolent and charitable movements. There was a conspicuous absence of the professional politician. Indeed, that Convention had more the character of a town meeting than of a cut-and-dried political convention.

September 6 I took my gavel in

hand and called the meeting to order. The first business before the Convention was the nomination of a candidate for Governor. The outstanding candidates for nomination were William H. Hotchkiss, one of the organizers of the Progressive party and chairman of the National Committee, and William A. Prendergast, Comptroller of the City of New York, who had made the speech nominating Roosevelt for President at the Chicago Convention. A deadlock between these two candidates ensued.

After Yates County had been heard from, a tall, gaunt young man towered to his feet and asked to be heard; he was from the Fifteenth Manhattan District, and he had a nomination to make. It was not quite in order, though the spirit of the Convention was to give each man a chance. While I was hesitating about recognizing him, there seemed to be a general desire that he be given an opportunity to speak, so I gave him five minutes.

He looked fantastic as he strode to the platform and faced the audience. His manner was somewhat bizarre. He burst forth in dramatic fashion as follows:

Fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen: I have just come down from Vermont. I ask you people at this Convention to make no mistake. We want to put a man up for Governor that no man will be afraid to cast his vote for, against whom there can be no charge leveled of misconduct of any kind, one who can sweep the State from Montauk Point to Lake Erie, and carry every man of every race, religion, and creed; a man whose name is known throughout the civilized world; a man the mention of whose name brings a tear of sympathy to the eye of almost every man and woman in the civilized land; a man whose name, wherever men are found with red blood in their veins, irrespective of race, religion, and creed, will be carried thundering throughout the State to victory.

There is no chance for defeat with this man at the head of the ticket—

"Who is your candidate?" cried impatient listeners.

"What's his name?"

"Name your candidate!"

In sudden answer to these cries from the Convention, the speaker exclaimed:

I nominate the illustrious and honorable Oscar S. Straus.

During the long, terrific applause that followed, the delegate stood awkwardly waiting for a chance to finish. Finally he went on:

We should take no chances in this fight. I could not say one undeserved word if I used the entire dictionary in praise of the other nominees, Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Prendergast; but, gentlemen, Mr. Prendergast or Mr. Hotchkiss would cause friction in the State. We want no friction in this election. We want success and victory.

There is not a newspaper editor in the State of New York that would any more assassinate the character of Oscar S. Straus than he would assassinate the character of his own mother.

Gentlemen, remember! Remember that Rome was saved by the cackle of geese. I have no political prestige, but I warn and charge you, put up a man for candidate for Governor who cannot and will not be defeated. Make no mistake about Oscar S. Straus. You will make no mistake in putting him up as your candidate, and you will capture victory and success. No man has had better distinction at home and abroad than Mr. Straus. I ask you to vote for him.

The moment he finished, a stampede started. The entire hall assumed the aspect of a good-natured bedlam. There was cheering and applause, and many of the delegates began marching round that big auditorium, brandishing the banners of their counties, singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and breaking

out in the end with "Straus! Straus! We want Straus!"

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

I pounded the desk with the gavel, I shook my head in the negative, but to no avail. The noise lasted fully twenty minutes.

The picturesque young man who had precipitated this scene was John G. McGee, known among his colleagues as "Suspender Jack." He had been a member of the mounted police of New York City.

Meanwhile Mr. Hotchkiss and several other leaders came to the platform and insisted upon my accepting. They even brought Mrs. Straus up, with the hope of getting her to exert her persuasive powers. There was no alternative; I had to accept.

Mr. Hotchkiss announced my acceptance, and immediately former Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff announced the withdrawal of Mr. Prendergast and moved to make the nomination unanimous by acclamation. That produced more shouting, cheering, and waving of banners. It was a touching manifestation and an unexpected honor. I made a brief speech of acceptance, during which I found it difficult to hide the effect of all this demonstration.

The next morning the Convention named for Lieutenant-Governor Frederick M. Davenport, who was Professor of Law and Politics at Hamilton College and had made an admirable record in the State Legislature. The ticket was then quickly completed and the Convention closed.

Roosevelt was in the Far West conducting his own campaign, and wrote me from Spokane:

September 8, 1912.

Dear Straus:

When I left New York I had expected Prendergast to be nominated and there were certain reasons, which I think you know, why I felt that, as a matter of principle, his nomination should be made.

But there was a still further principle involved, and that was that in this Convention the people should have their own way; and, upon my word, I am inclined to think that it was a new illustration of the fact that the wisdom of *all* of us is better than the wisdom of any of us. Having in view the effect, not only in New York but the country at large, I think that your nomination stands second only to that of Hiram Johnson as Vice-President, from the standpoint of strengthening the ticket. If the only result of the next election were to place you in as Governor of New York, I should be inclined to think that the Progressive party had justified itself.

My dear fellow, I am overjoyed; I congratulate you with all my heart. Give my love to dear Mrs. Straus and to Roger and your two daughters and all the grandchildren.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



(C) Underwood

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus at their summer home at Tarrytown, New York, during Mr. Straus's campaign for Governor

A few days thereafter he gave out the following interview:

Next in importance to the nomination of the Vice-President is the nomination for Governor of New York. And it seems to me that Hiram Johnson and Oscar Straus symbolize what this movement stands for. One is an ex-Republican, the other an ex-Democrat; they both stand for what is highest in American citizenship.

Mr. Straus is not merely a high-minded and able man, a man of incorruptible integrity and great ability, but also a man who has kept abreast of the great movement from which sprang the Progressive party. He is eminently fitted to be one of the leaders in this movement. On every point of our platform he represents an intense earnestness of conviction for all the things for which we stand. His attitude toward business, his attitude toward the complicated and the vitally important social and economic problems which are dealt with in our plank concerning social and industrial justice; in short, his whole position on governmental matters has been such as to warrant our saying that he is already in practice applying the very principles which we preach.

New York State has a right to be proud of the fact that in this first State Convention of the people themselves Mr. Straus's nomination was, in the most emphatic sense, a nomination by the people themselves, a nomination representing the desire of the people to have the very best man take the office, although that man was himself sincerely desirous to escape having to take it.

I have known Mr. Straus intimately ever since I was Governor of New York. When he was in my Cabinet, I leaned much upon him, and a more loyal and disinterested friend no man could have, and, what is more important, no man could have a more loyal,

disinterested, and sanely zealous supporter. As head of the Department of Commerce and Labor Mr. Straus himself, by study and administration of the law, was one of those who reached conclusions as to the needs of our handling of the Anti-Trust and Inter-State Commerce and similar laws, which I set forth in Message after Message to Congress, and which were substantially embodied in the Progressive platform; and in his attitude toward labor, toward immigration, toward the duty both of public and private employees, he foreshadowed that part of the Progressive platform which has dealt with these same matters.

Moreover, by his disinterestedness, his unselfish devotion to the cause of good government and of sound progressive doctrine for economic and social reform, and by his willingness personally to sacrifice his own interests to those of the cause he espouses, he is, I am happy to say, typical of all men who are in the new movement.

The Republicans telegraphed me to inquire whether I would accept the Republican nomination. They feared that with three candidates in the field the State would go Democratic. One of my managers favored my acceptance, which would without doubt have meant election. But my chief adviser, Chairman Hotchkiss, agreed with me that my accepting the Republican nomination, without the indorsement by the Republicans of the Progressive platform, would destroy the Progressive party in the State, if not throughout the country. I therefore replied that I could not accept a nomination that did not mean an indorsement and acceptance of the platform on which I stood.

On hearing of this, Roosevelt telegraphed me from Memphis: "Three

cheers for you. You are a perfect trump and you always do the right thing."

STUMPING THE STATE

The Republican candidate was Job E. Hedges, a brilliant member of the New York bar. The Democrats nominated William Sulzer, and Tammany Hall sanctioned the selection because he was considered a good opponent who would attract the Jewish vote. But our politicians make no greater mistake than to believe that there is such a thing as a Jewish group vote. However, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, Sulzer had taken a prominent part in the abrogation of our treaty with Russia, and during the campaign the slogan, "Non-Jewish but pro-Jewish," was designed to bring him the support of the mass of Jewish voters in addition to the regular Democratic vote.

On the whole, the campaign was conducted with dignity on all sides. There was a noticeable absence of vilification of candidates and general mud-slinging between the camps, as is too often the case in keenly contested elections. My managers arranged for me to make addresses in every county and almost every city throughout the State. I had a special car in which traveled, besides myself and wife, Mr. Davenport, and several other speakers, a dozen or more reporters from the leading papers.

I traveled for seven weeks, making ten to fifteen speeches every day except Sundays, including short talks at stations and from the rear platform of my car. So many clergymen took part in the campaign that frequently the meetings were opened with a prayer. Many of the meetings were spontaneous, emphasizing the crusading spirit so characteristic of the campaign.

One of my slogans was that I was the "unbossed candidate of the unbossed people." One day up in the northern part of the State I was speaking on a raised platform in the open, and, as usual, my time was limited by the train schedule. A member of the Committee told my wife, who was sitting behind me, that the train would leave in a few minutes, and that it was time for me to stop, and just as I got to the middle of the phrase, "unbossed candidate—" she pulled my coat tail as a signal for me to stop. At that moment I was quite evidently not the "unbossed candidate" that I professed to be, and the audience laughed and cheered with amusement. I think that bit of bossing, however, did not cost me any votes.

Mr. Davenport proved himself a most effective campaign speaker. Another effective orator in our party for a short time was Bainbridge Colby, who discharged with great distinction the important duties of Secretary of State during the last year of the Wilson Administration. At Oneonta and at one or other places while I was taking a well-needed rest, the crowds had gathered and were calling for me. Mr.

Colby, without being introduced, responded for me, and the audiences were left with the impression that they had listened to me. My cause certainly did not suffer by my being so admirably represented, or perhaps I should say advantageously misrepresented.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF ROOSEVELT

Roosevelt in the meantime had flung himself into the campaign with all the force of his tremendous vigor and energy, and gave to it a dynamic impulse that grew in intensity as he progressed through the country. In October he started on his final tour through the Middle West, and it was while on this trip that he was shot by a lunatic just as he was leaving his hotel to make a speech in the Auditorium in Milwaukee. The incident, tragic in itself, was made dramatic by his heroism. With the bullet in his breast and his clothes soaked with blood, disregarding the entreaties of his companions, he went on to the Auditorium and spoke for more than an hour. To him nothing counted except the triumph of the principles for which he was fighting.

In consequence of this accident the National managers had me leave the State of New York and take up the National campaign. No one, of course, could fill Roosevelt's engagements, but the plan was to rescue the cause so far as possible, and I spoke in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland. My intense anxiety regarding the condition of my chief during this time was greatly relieved by assuring telegrams from both Mrs. Roosevelt and his nephew, George

Emlen Roosevelt, who were both at his side.

Two final rallies were arranged in Madison Square Garden, New York—one on Wednesday, October 30, for the National ticket, and the second on Friday, November 1, for the State ticket. Roosevelt, though not well, considered himself sufficiently recovered to appear. His physicians, Drs. Lambert and Brewer, had prescribed no more campaign speeches—in fact, did not want him to go to these meetings; but he brushed aside their injunctions and left Oyster Bay for Madison Square.

His presence at the National rally was his first public appearance since the shooting, and keyed up the meeting to a high dramatic pitch. Fully eighteen thousand persons were in the auditorium and a few thousand more were outside clamoring for admission. When Roosevelt appeared on the platform, a roar of applause broke loose and continued for forty-five minutes.

Roosevelt's speech, characteristically, was confined to a plea for the Progressive cause and for the State ticket; no word for himself. He appeared in good form and to possess his usual vigor, although it was observed that he did not use his right arm. His speech was earnest, calm, and exalted, closing with what he called his political creed:

I am glad beyond measure that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight while life lasts the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind.

At the rally for the State ticket two nights later the crowd inside the Garden was as large as at the National rally. The enthusiasm was at the same high pitch. When I arose to speak, the cheering began and lasted twenty-seven minutes before it could be checked. Roosevelt was expected during the evening. His physicians had reminded him when he started from home that he had promised not to speak any more in the campaign, to which he replied that he had promised not to speak for himself, but that this time he would talk for Oscar Straus and Fred Davenport and the candidates on the judiciary ticket!

At the close of my thirty-minute address, Roosevelt appeared. The crowd went wild, and stopped cheering only when Mr. Hotchkiss, who was presiding, besought them to stop out of consideration for the Colonel. Roosevelt spoke for an hour and held that vast audience in rapt attention. He devoted the first half of his speech to outlining the Progressive cause, its meaning and purpose, and the second half to advocating the State ticket. He referred to my public career in terms of unmeasured praise, beginning with my first mission to Turkey. He told the crowd that everywhere he spoke, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he had "found that the name of Oscar Straus was a name with which to

FAMOUS EUROPEANS AT CLOSE RANGE

Lloyd George, Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Earl Grey, Georg Brandes, Henri Bergson, Rodin, the Kings of Italy and of Spain, and other celebrated personages move rapidly through the next chapter of Mr. Straus's Autobiography, entitled "Personal Vignettes," which appears next week in *The Outlook*. A memorable visit to Skibo Castle, as the guest of Andrew Carnegie, is described. The reader is taken to the Peace Palace at The Hague. Recollections of Disraeli, from the lips of intimate friends, are carefully reported. This fascinating chapter of personalities concludes with some amazing evidences of a Spanish and Jewish origin of Christopher Columbus.

conjure," and that it "helped the Progressive cause in California and in New Mexico, in Illinois and in Kansas, that we here in New York had named such a man as our candidate for Governor." He then gave accounts of the personal services and qualifications of the other members of the ticket, and with this meeting the Progressive campaign of 1912 closed with a blaze of unforgettable enthusiasm.

PROGRESSIVE CAUSE A CRUSADE

On election day I received the following letter from Roosevelt:

Oyster Bay,
November 5, 1912.

Dear Oscar:

I count myself fortunate in having run upon the same ticket with you and in having had the privilege of supporting you. You are the kind of American who makes one proud of being an American; and I wish also to say that I feel just the same way about all your family, your dear wife, your two daughters and son. It is

just such a family, and just such a family life, as I like to think of as typical of our citizenship at its best.

With affectionate regard and esteem

Faithfully yours

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Progressives, as might have been expected, had been poorly organized. The time had been too short for intensive development of our forces. We had no machine, and in a number of the counties there was scarcely a skeleton of an organization. It was, in fact, not a party in the ordinary sense of the word at all, but rather a crusade, and what we lacked in organization we made up by an abundance of spontaneous ardor. We did not really expect victory, although Roosevelt several times said that while he knew he would be defeated, he thought I would be elected. As a matter of fact, I believe I was the only candidate of the Progressive cause for Governor in any State who ran ahead of Roosevelt. In New York State he got 389,000 votes, in round numbers, while I had 393,000.

I knew from observations during my campaign from one end of the State to the other, how poorly, from a political standpoint, the Progressives were organized, and I confess I did not see the slightest chance of being elected. I was not disappointed, and I think that the men generally who ran for offices on the Progressive ticket were not disappointed. They realized that their contest was waged for a cause and not for office, and from an educational point of view the campaign was eminently successful.

Considering the vastness of the undertaking and the shortness of the time, we did as well as any of us could have anticipated, if not better. We were confident that the cause would triumph, in a degree at least, no matter what party was in power, and I think the facts amply justify our belief that the Progressive ideals made a definite impression upon the country, and have given strength, if not dominant influence, to Progressive principles in both of the old parties.

HOW CAN BRITAIN PAY AMERICA?

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IN the old pre-war days it was my business to lecture at the British Army Staff College at Camberley upon great wars in which the British Empire might be involved (not only as to how to move armies and fleets about and how to win battles, but also about what went on behind armies and fleets, about finance and economics, and their influence upon the issue of wars). It was a big subject, about which, in common with my audience of staff officers in embryo of the British army, I knew next to nothing. We searched the city of London for an expert to come to Camberley and tell us about the effect of finance upon war under present-day conditions of international credit. After searching for three years, we came sadly to the conclusion that no such expert existed. There were some who claimed to have studied the effect of war upon finance, a very different affair. Even they had but little knowledge of their subject. The most reliable of them told us that if Britain intervened in a great European war it would cost us about four million dollars per day. It cost us nearer forty million dollars per day before we were through with it, and it left us heavily in debt to the United States.

International finance is a matter for experts. European nations are now tottering into chaos, famine, and civil tumult on account of recent developments in this international finance, and, as usual, experts disagree about the best remedy. Who shall decide? Great Britain used to be a creditor country; now she is a debtor country to the United States, and certainly not in a po-

sition to help other people until she has paid her own debts. She cannot pay them at present out of what the bankrupt states owe her, but she obviously has to pay them. Her credit depends upon it, and credit is everything in international finance, as it is in all finance on a large scale. At least that is the view of the inexpert man in the street, whatever the experts or the men in public life who are guiding our destinies may say. In these circumstances, after all the learned disquisitions by the experts and the Balfour note which gives actual figures (with far too many ciphers for them to be grasped by the ordinary mind), the time seems to have come for the ordinary man to have a say in the matter. Disagreement between experts has an unfortunate tendency to spread to the nations which they represent, or to which they belong. I quote from memory, but the outstanding point is that Great Britain owes the United States nearly four billion dollars. What Great Britain did with the money is beside the point. As a matter of fact, it was spent in America upon munitions of war, but its equivalent was lent to Allies who, without it, would have been unable to carry on the war; the point is that the sum was borrowed and the man in the street means to see that it is paid back somehow; but how?

We used to be told at Camberley that business transactions between nations are very different from transactions between individuals, and that is now a commonplace remark. Individual men pay their debts in "money"—in gold, or in paper with gold or something else of

the nature of a token with a standard value behind it. There is no use in talking about paying a debt of four billion dollars in gold. The first reason (out of thirty-two) given by the commander of Tilbury fort to Queen Elizabeth for not firing a salute in her honor was that he had no powder. She was graciously pleased to dispense with the other reasons. The first reason why such a debt as I have mentioned cannot be paid in gold is similar to the Tilbury commander's reason for not saluting. There is no gold, when sums like that are involved. How, then, can the debt be paid? We are told by the experts that it could be paid by goods, by sending a lot of manufactured or partly manufactured articles over to America for nothing. We were taught at Camberley not to bother about statistics of imports and exports as indications of prosperity, but to remember that the best prosperity barometer to consult was employment. If a nation had few unemployed, that nation was prosperous, and *vice versa*. That means that sending manufactured or partly manufactured British goods to America in payment of the debt would be very bad for America, because unemployment would increase there. It would be very good for Britain, because employment would go up. It is true that the British workers would have to be paid by the British taxpayer, but that would not matter. At present he is paying millions of them a dole for doing nothing, and anything is better than that.

How, then, can Britain pay her huge debt to America, when (the gold does not

exist, and payment in goods would only do harm to Americans? If my late friend Sir Robert Giffen, the economist, were alive, he would say, by "invisible exports"—in other words, by services rendered. For instance, the British Government (in other words, the British taxpayer) could subsidize the British merchant service to carry goods about the world for nothing for American shippers. How would that work? The latest shipping returns show that the actual amount of British steam tonnage stands now at about the same figure that it did before the war, in spite of war losses, but the total world tonnage has gone up, so that the British percentage of the total is now only about 33½ per cent,

compared with 44½ per cent before the war. The principal reason for this is that American steam tonnage has increased enormously, by nearly 11,000,000, since 1914. Presumably it is desired to keep these vessels running. The question of doing so by subsidies is a controversial matter of great domestic concern to Americans, and one about which discussion emanating from elsewhere would very naturally be resented, but it is fairly obvious that "services rendered," in the way of cheap freights offered by British shipping, is not likely to be an acceptable method for Great Britain to discharge her debt to America.

We seem to be drifting into an eco-

nomie morass. For the experts there may be some solution in view of the difficulty. Let us hope that they will find one. The man in the street cannot grasp the complications of international economics; he finds it easier to argue from the individual to the mass. If he wants to draw his money from a bank where it is lodged, he is accustomed to being asked, "How will you have it?" John Bull is at present in the position of a banker, with a debt to Jonathan, and it seems to the ordinary man in Great Britain to be high time to ask a similar question of his creditor, whom he has every intention of paying, if only he could be informed of any acceptable method of payment.

GOING WALKING

BY ELON JESSUP

IN this progressive day and age, when we seldom have to walk unless we wish to, we are beginning to realize what a splendid recreation walking is. A care-free rhythmic saunter along pleasant highways and byways brings health, cheer, and vision.

Now comes autumn, the golden time of the year for walking. It is the serene, soft-smelling season when sweltering days and annoying insects are of the past, the season of marvelous color torrents of russet browns, golden yellows, bronze reds, and flaming scarlets. The time of all times to go the foot-path way to the painted woods.

The pleasure of any walk is largely dependent upon the elimination of all sense of pain and discomfort. In fact, when you are getting the best out of walking you are unconscious of the presence of legs and feet. This condition is impossible unless the feet are wholly devoid of pain or blemish. A blister on the hand may be of slight consequence, but a blister on the foot is likely to mean distressing agony.

It is with various practical details of walking that the present article is concerned: feet, footgear, and the actual physical motion of walking. Most foot misery which interrupts the pleasure of a long hike is wholly preventable, and even when trouble does start it can oftentimes be stopped before well under way. An ounce of prevention is of course worth more than a pound of cure, but I will try to indicate both of these.

A fairly rough-and-ready piece of footgear having broad toe-caps and wide, low heels is quite the most suitable shoe for hiking—provided it fits. But if it doesn't fit, it is almost as hard on the feet as pointed toes and French heels. The term "fit" as applied to hiking shoes is commonly misunderstood. When the average person buys a pair of shoes for city use, he or she is fitted in somewhat the same manner that a man is for a hat; that is, comfortably snug.

And one can walk ten blocks in such shoes without any great discomfort, but if one were to go ten miles there would be a different story. Some people buy hiking shoes in this same manner. Which is a tragic beginning for any long walk.

A hiking shoe "fit" means a shoe which is at least a half size, and possibly a full size, larger than footgear which is ordinarily worn in average city use. Only around the heel and over the instep should there be permitted any suggestion of snugness. Blisters sometimes develop as a result of too much lateral play of the heel because of roominess of the shoe at this point, but, even so, these can oftentimes be prevented by lacing the shoe more tightly.

Of prime importance in a shoe are length, width, and height of toe-cap. During the course of a long, hard walk your feet change size, blood-vessels become distended, and the feet grow noticeably larger. Tight-fitting shoes under such conditions are a forerunner of sore feet. Your feet must always have

free play; not enough to invite chafing, but a sufficient amount to allow them to function without constriction. In using the term "fit" I do not mean a shoe which is far too large for one.

We hear a great deal, and rightly so, concerning the evils of shoes which are too narrow, but not so much about shoes which are too short. Yet in some respects the short shoe is the worse offender of the two. During walking the toes have a way of working forward, and if with each step they meet a firm leather wall there is bound to be trouble in the form of toe blisters or similar abrasions. If the shoes are of sufficient length and still toe blisters threaten, these can usually be prevented by lacing the shoe more tightly. There is no cure, however, for a shoe which is too short. And the same may be said of the low stiff toe-cap. When blisters form on top of the toes, you may hold the toe-cap accountable for the damage.

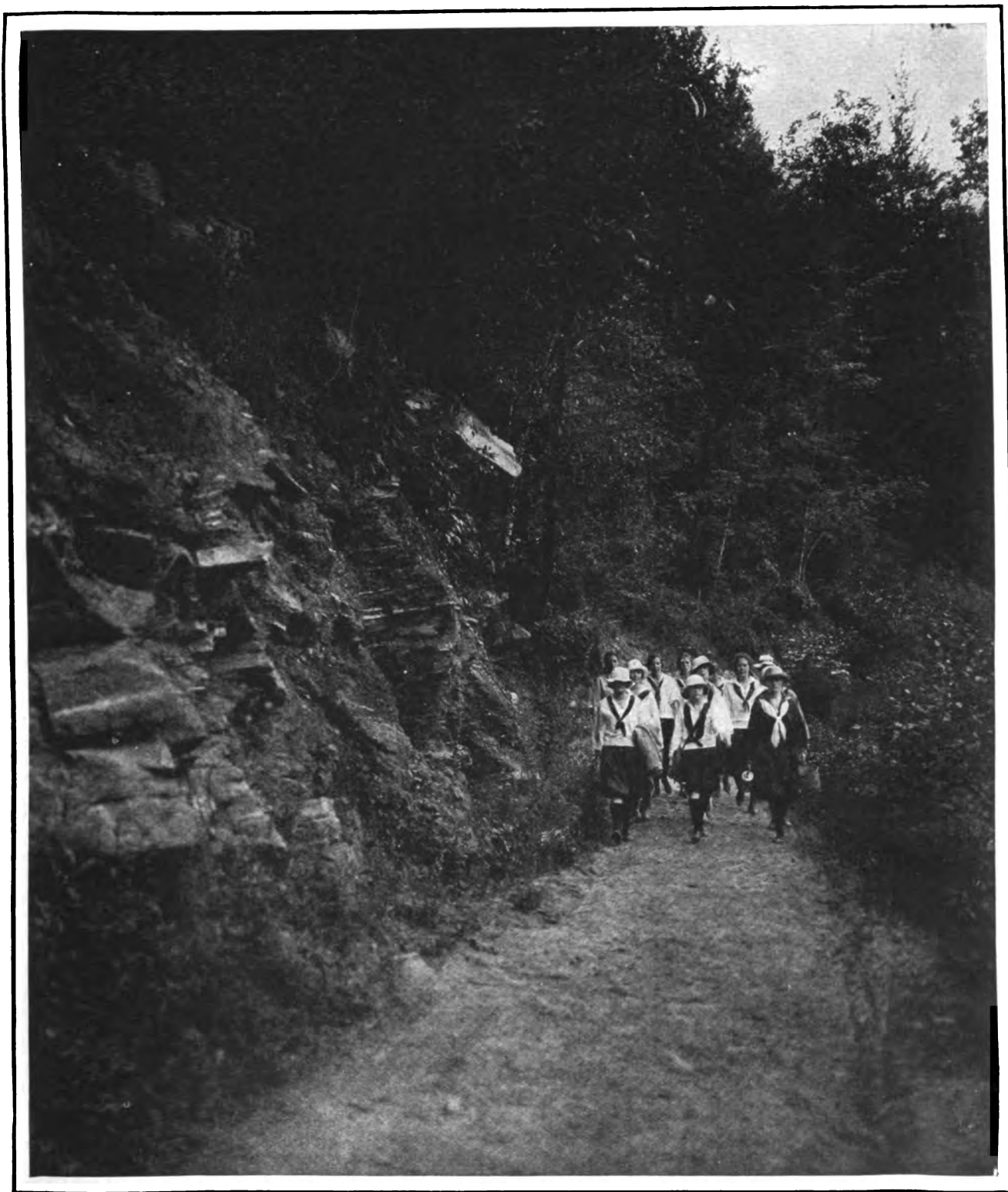
In addition to the natural distention of the feet while walking there is the question of bulkiness of stockings to be considered. The wool-stocking habit so far as hiking is concerned is an excellent habit to acquire. To most hiking feet wool is far more satisfactory than cotton. Wet feet which are incased in wool are no special disadvantage, whereas with cotton the result may be a bad cold. Furthermore, the comfortable elasticity of wool on the feet serves a valuable purpose.

What has been said in regard to roominess of shoes applies to some extent to wool stockings. There is of course much greater elasticity to wool than leather, but the fact remains that stockings which have shrunk badly may play havoc with pedal comfort. Stockings should be neither so large that they wrinkle nor so small that they squeeze the feet. A tight, pinching stocking will start an ingrowing toe-nail about as quickly as will a tight shoe. Stockings which are badly shrunk

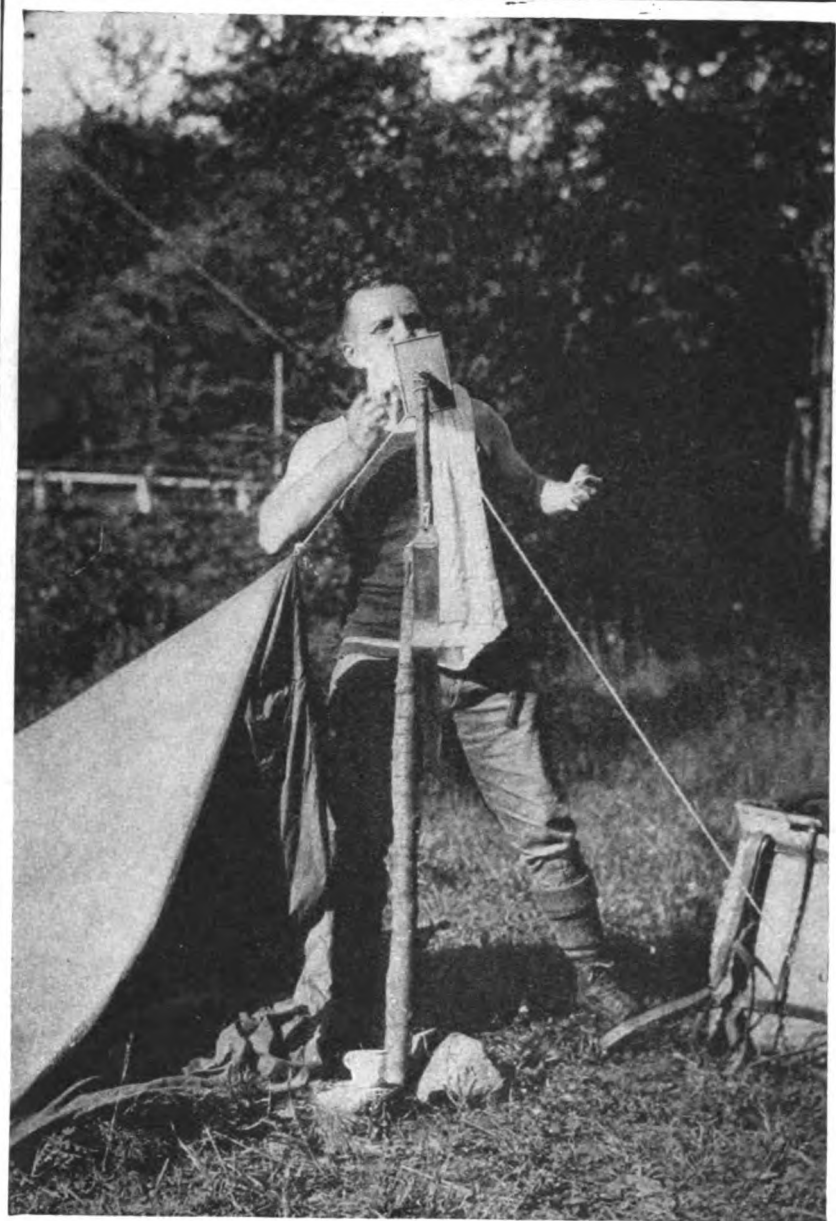
NATALIE DE BOGORY

is a name which we always like to see at the head of an article in our morning mail. We think that our readers share with us our enthusiasm for her interesting interpretations of the foreigners within our gates. A forthcoming Outlook article by Miss De Bogory is called "The Turning of the Tide."

It tells the story of sojourners in our country who are returning to their native lands. Some of their reasons for going back to Europe ought to make Americans do a little hard thinking.



CAMP GIRLS HIKING ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL NEAR ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—"THE LAND OF THE SKY"



▲ HIKER MAKING CAMP BY THE WAYSIDE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

should be thrown away. Remember also that there are few surer means of starting blisters than wearing stockings which either have holes or which have been darned.

Sensible shoes, fortunately enough, are much more common to-day than they were. Even in the city streets French heels and pointed toes are being supplemented by normal heels and broad toes. It is now possible for any woman to buy a pair of shoes which will not squeeze her feet beyond recognition. The Young Women's Christian Association is performing a valuable service in recommending certain shoes which pass the common-sense test.

So far as men's shoes are concerned, there is none more satisfactory than the army shoe. The so-called "sporting" shoe, which some people consider a necessary adjunct to a trip to the woods, answers very well provided that it fits,

but one must remember that fit rather than appearance and a lot of waterproofing is of first importance. Furthermore, leather which has been thoroughly waterproofed does not permit much ventilation. And the feet need ventilation. In any case, let me urge that you never make the mistake of starting out on a long hike with a brand-new pair of shoes. Break them in first.

A pair of feet which are tender through disuse can develop painful ailments during a long walk even though the footgear be above reproach. Feet become hardened with walking, but if one has not done any walking to speak of for months on end it is folly suddenly to attempt a fifteen or twenty mile jaunt without preliminary conditioning of some sort. A rather effective artificial method of hardening the feet is that of taking a series of foot-baths for several days. Either cold salt water or a mix-

ture of alum and salt in water is likely to toughen the feet appreciably. A solution of alcohol and salt is also effective. A strongly alkaline soap is bad for the feet, in that it has a tendency to crack the skin. The most effective foot-toughening process is the wholly natural method of getting out and using one's feet.

Any hiker, however seasoned or unseasoned he may be, can with profit soak his feet in salt water before going to bed if he plans to take a long walk next day. And before starting out in the morning let him rub talcum powder on his feet and sprinkle some in his shoes. The time-honored custom of rubbing soap on the feet or on the inner sides of the stockings cannot always be recommended, for reasons which I have just mentioned.

During the noon-time rest of a long jaunt you will find it advisable to take off shoes and stockings, wipe out the insides of the shoes, bathe the feet, dry these thoroughly, add more talcum powder, shake and rub the stockings in order to eliminate as much dirt as possible, and then put these on either inside out or each upon the foot other than it has been worn on during the morning. If at any time during the day's hike one senses foot trouble coming on, an immediate halt should be called and investigation started before the trouble gets well under way.

If a blister has appeared and there seems likelihood of its breaking with further walking, it should be immediately opened and then covered with adhesive tape, so that the skin will not be rubbed off. Great care should be taken to prevent infection, for a much-worn sock is by no means devoid of germs. To open a blister, sterilize the end of a needle or your knife in the flame of a match, prick the skin through the *side* of the blister, and gently squeeze out the water. Never prick the blister on top. If a cramp develops in the leg muscles, sit down and knead these. A cramp in the side can be relieved by drawing a deep breath and bending over.

At the end of a day's tramp the shoes should be cleaned (especially so the insides) with a damp cloth. When wet, they should be dried in a gentle heat. A great amount of heat shrinks the leather and starts foot trouble the next time you wear them. They should be oiled sufficiently to keep them pliable, but no more; too much oil clogs the ventilation pores. When feet do not receive their required amount of ventilation, they are likely to become tender.

The right footgear and proper care of the feet are, as I have indicated, of vital importance to the pleasure of a hike. The choice of route which one follows also has a direct bearing upon this subject, sometimes to a greater extent than one thinks. Avoid all macadam roads. Macadam is jarring to the feet and passing automobiles are jarring to a hiker's nerves. Stick to back roads and pleasant winding trails. A Government topo-

graphical map of any given locality will point out a network of these.

Suppose that it pleases your fancy to make an extended walking tour covering several days of lugging your bed and home in a pack on your back. This is a thoroughly practicable undertaking, but here again due consideration must be given to comfort. To carry a pack which does not presently become a weighty burden is an art which requires a considerable amount of studious attention before starting. If you do not wish to become a pack-horse, you must cut down the weight to the last possible ounce. And you must come to realize before the start of the trip that you can get along comfortably with about half as many articles of equipment as you would like to take.

We now come to the actual physical motion of walking. There is more to be said upon this subject than most people suppose. Strange as it may seem, the average city-bred person doesn't know how to walk. The average country person does. City folk have been called "leg-walkers" and country people "body-walkers." Which sums up the matter in a nutshell.

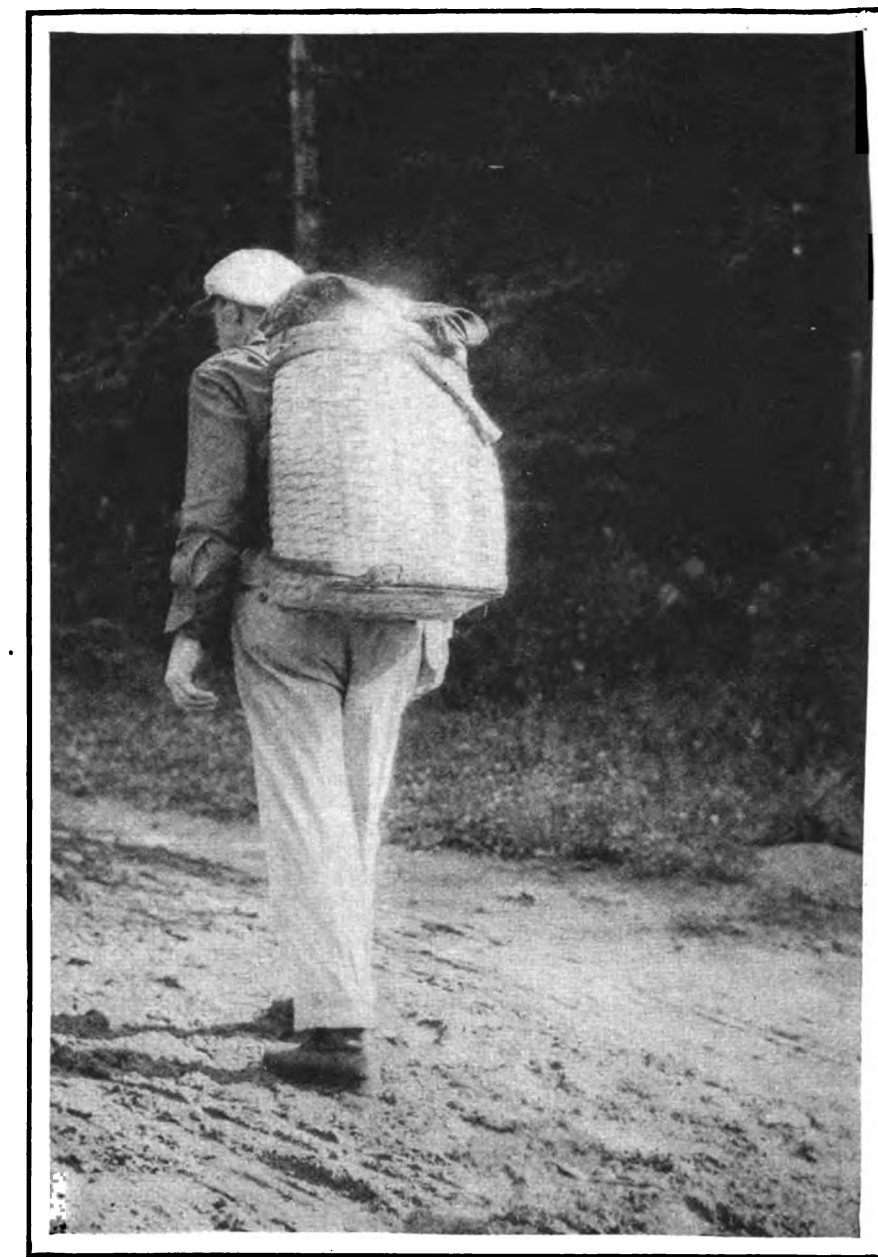
These two respective gaits are largely the result of environment. The city person has grown careless of energy and balance. The energy in his legs is sufficient to carry him the requisite few blocks to which he is accustomed, and the sidewalks are so neatly level that he doesn't have to pay much attention to balance.

So far as exercise is concerned, that of the city gait is confined almost entirely to the legs. The average city stride is short and choppy, the toes are pointed outward, the heels strike the pavement with a dull, sickening thud, the hips remain fairly rigid—in fact, the whole body above the legs is close to rigid. Such a gait is comparable to the actions of an automatic toy. It is ill-balanced and exhausting.

In contrast to this leg-walking of the city we have in the body-walking of the country a gait which is rolling, easy, rhythmic, and because of the fact that the whole body comes into play is a fine all-around exercise and good for long distances. The stride in level places is as long as it can comfortably be made, while on hills it is both short and leisurely. The toes, instead of pointing outward, as in the city gait, are pointing straight ahead in the line of march (toeing-out causes no small amount of foot trouble).

An English physician some time ago made a collection of well-worn city and country shoes for the purpose of investigating the bottoms of these. He found it almost universally true that the shoes of the city people were worn out at the heel, while those of the country people showed the greatest amount of wear on the soles.

This investigation is fairly significant of the two methods of planting the foot on the ground. It means that the city



HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACKS, WITH PACK

person walks on his heels, that his foot functions somewhat after the order of the end of a "peg leg." As against this, the countryman's step is far more elastic; it is nearly flat-footed at the moment when the foot is planted on the ground, so that all muscles and arches come into play. These parts happily combine and work in harmony for the forward plunge. With heel walking there can be no such manner of elasticity and team-work.

While climbing a slope a city-bred person is likely to go to the opposite extreme from heel walking, plant the front part of the foot firmly in the ground and leave the heel suspended in the air. This is a muscle-tiring proceeding. In any sort of walking the heel has a distinct service to perform. The point which I wish to bring out is that the heel should not be shouldered with more than its allotted amount of work.

Body-walking has the twofold advantage of being fine exercise and a means of conserving one's energy, while leg-walking at the best is merely a means of locomotion. A method which has been suggested for testing one's self in this respect is to take a leather strap and adjust it around the chest. The strap should be just tight enough to prevent much expansion of the chest. If the wearer walks about fifty yards and finds that the strap gives him no discomfort, he may conclude that he is a leg-walker; but if it gives him considerable inconvenience this means that he is accustomed to opening his lungs when walking, and hence is a body-walker.

Body-walking, the rhythmic combined movement of legs, hips, chest, arms, your whole body, is the only natural way of walking, the only method that will make you forget that you have legs and allow you thoroughly to enjoy the countryside.

"TURKISH DELIGHT"¹

AS IT APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, December 12, 1921.

DEAR SAM: It must have been the day of the Standard Oil dinner when I wrote you last. That evening left me with a bad taste in my mouth. It was a jolly dinner—in the apartment of Jack Byrne, a young Standard Oil man. Eight of us, all Americans. Afterward we went on to Maxim's, to dance. There was a special celebration of something or other (nearly every night is). The White Lyres (an American orchestra that used to be in Paris) were at their best, and the Cossack dancers shouted and stamped and did particularly wonderful things with their swords. Then there was a silly sort of beauty contest, and the winner of the prize was asked to step forward. I felt shocked and sick when I saw who it was. Little ——. Did I tell you about this 'girl'? I had heard things, but only seeing is believing. — is young, not over twenty, I should think. When I first saw her, two or three months ago, she was a pretty, soft-eyed little Turkish doll, modest in her black dress and *charchaf*, laughing at herself as she said her few stumbling words of English and French to me. Now she looked years older, in a low-cut European evening dress, with paradise plumes drooping over her shoulder, half silly with champagne. She is the first Turkish woman ever to act in the movies, and that alone will cost her her life if ever the Turks come back into power in Constantinople.

Turkish women *may* be treated as dolls, and of course that is wrong. They don't know how to use freedom yet. But they are kept in better order by their men than any of the other nationalities here. — is the only Turkish woman I have ever heard of who has taken advantage of her husband's absence with Mustapha Kemal to tread primrose paths. Poor little thing! She is a bad advertisement for Western chivalry. Turks—neither men nor women—go to the restaurants at night. And no good Turkish woman is seen on the street, even in the daytime, with any other man than her husband. Even the husband could not walk with her until recently.

But can you imagine a Turkish princess with blond bobbed hair and a permanent wave? I know one, Princess Sabaheddin. Her father was a political exile under Abdul Hamid, and she was brought up in Paris. Sometimes she leaves off the *charchaf*—but she looks much prettier in it. She often comes to tea-dances at our Embassy. By the way, the United States Embassy is the first place where Turkish women have ever danced with men. It has only happened since Admiral Bristol has been there.

They love it, are as eager as children, and a little shy. The husbands and brothers stand around and glare, mostly. Fearfully jealous. Mustapha Kemal said in a despatch from Angora: "Constantinople is becoming degenerate under the Christians. Our women are dancing in public places." But the younger ones realize that the old order must go—that iron lattices are no longer strong enough to shut women away from the world.

The Sultan is a weak-looking old man. I have been to the palace at Yildiz, on Friday at noon, to watch him go to prayer, escorted by horsemen in gorgeous uniforms, with pennants flying. While he is in the mosque no Christian may enter; so we were taken into the palace and served with Turkish coffee in gold cups and long gold-tipped cigarettes, while he prayed.

The Crown Prince is a quiet, middle-aged man. His aide, Ekrim Bey, never misses one of our dances. He is absurdly German looking—cropped head, round face—is always making polite, stiff speeches and clicking his heels together in stiff bows.

There is a Turk of English descent who, they say, expects to be Turkey's next Ambassador to America. You see him everywhere. Black Bey is his name. He has an American wife. He looks like the villain in a melodrama—a great tall man, very dark, heavy-browed, wears a monocle as if born with it; always stands in the doorways at a ball, just glowering at the dancers.

The only Turkish parties that I have been at are teas. Women, I think, never appear at evening parties. But men are asked to the teas. Clee often goes with me. Those at Madame Hassib Bey's are the most interesting. She is a very brilliant and modern woman of fifty or so, and has several talented daughters and friends of every nationality. She wishes that the daughters might go back to America with me. I do, too—what fun it would be to show them Fifth Avenue and Broadway! They ask all sorts of questions. Most of the Turkish women whom I have met speak better English—book English—than I do, and of course perfect French. They are musicians, artistic, read a great deal; but of real life are as ignorant as babies.

Well—so am I! "Defo' de wah," back in New York, I used to think myself rather sophisticated. Clee would come home from school for holidays and he would be *feebly* impressed because certain headwaiters, a playwright and an artist or two, and leading lights of Greenwich Village bowed to me. "Why, sis, you're a regular 'girl about town,'" he would say, and I'd try to look *blasé*. But heavens! I'm a mere babe, and always will be, in comparison with the European women out here. And the men! They just can't believe that my

American simplicity is real. That I actually mean what I say! Isn't it funny? They think I'm deep! Well, you know better, don't you?

Until I have another free day,

Your FRANCES.

Constantinople, December 20, 1921.

My dear:

Yesterday I disobeyed orders, and went to Stamboul—to the Grand Bazaar—alone. (Of course you understand that we live in Pera, the European part of the city? All of the Embassies are here, except the Persian. Many Turks also live in Pera, but the most in Stamboul, across the Golden Horn.) Clee said that I was *never* to go out alone after dark; and never alone in Stamboul at any time. But I love prowling around among the little dark booths of the Bazaar, and other people are always in a hurry. The Grand Bazaar is very old; covers acres of ground. It is honey-combed with tiny shops, along dark little alleys, where you can buy anything, from priceless Oriental rugs and jewels to the commonest Manchester cloth. I love the "Bezesten" best. That is the oldest part, in the very center, where old bearded Turks sit crosslegged and don't care whether you buy or not. Here lovely old carved ivories, strings of amber, beautifully wrought brasses, are heaped up with useless junk. And in the "Bit Bazaar" (translated, Louse Market)—an open road back of the Grand Bazaar—I picked up some of the quaintest old Venetian china for almost nothing. In the main part some of the shopkeepers (mostly Armenian or Jewish) fairly drag you into their places, shouting the merits of their wares. The Turks would not be so undignified. But one never pays the price asked, even in the great rug houses. It is part of the game to *bazelik* (bargain). First, coffee is brought you on a little tray. You have a chat; then, very delicately, the subject is led up to. A price mentioned. It is too much. "Alas! I shall be ruined—my children starve—but I love the Americans!" and a reduction is made. No—you are firm. Leave the shop. A few steps down the street—"Ah, mademoiselle!" and he plucks at your sleeve. You go back, and get your rug for two-thirds of his first price. He is delighted, and blesses you. The favorite felicitation is, "May you live a thousand years, and have only male children!"

I have done all the usual sightseeing. St. Sophia and the other mosques; the howling and whirling dervishes (I felt sick and had to leave when the howlers stuck stilettoes through their cheeks and tongues); the beautiful carved sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, in the Seraglio Museum. Seraglio Point, at the entrance of the Golden Horn, is where,

¹ A letter from this American girl, the sister of a naval officer, appeared in *The Outlook* for October 25.

they say, old or troublesome royal wives used to be tied in a bag with a cat and a snake and dropped in.

By day Stamboul streets are full of a howling mob, but at night as still as the grave.

Pera's streets are never still. Some of the poor Russians have no other place to go. When I first came, their faces haunted me. I could not bear to be so comfortable in the midst of such suffering. Just then (the first of October) the American Red Cross had stopped helping them. But Major Davis, head of the Red Cross here, is keeping on just the same, backed by all the Americans in Constantinople. Major Davis is a wonder; a big, stout man from Boston, with a gay taste in socks, a sleepy smile, a heart as big as he is, and the keenest sort of a mind. He has taken me to see the refugee camps. In one—a dark old palace barn—some twelve thousand sleep on the ground. They are just building little raised platforms for beds, so it will not be so bad now. There aren't many children. They must have died. The lucky ones have work, but so many were just sitting around, looking dully into space. Do you know, the first thing they did in that place was to make one corner of it into a church. They hung up cheap little pictures, and their icons, that they never part with; and decorated it all with pitiful paper flowers.

The Muscovite is the famous Russian restaurant where a general checks your coat and helps you on with your rubbers; and a princess, very likely, brings your soup—wonderful *bortsch*, with sour cream floating on bits of sausage and cabbage, and little hot biscuits with meat stuffing served with it. I dined there my very first night in Constantinople. I was delighted to see a haughty beauty, dressed in black, with a tiny white apron, draw a jeweled lorgnette out of her dress and coolly eye a singer up and down. Imagine how you would feel if your waitress lorgnetted you! And when they are not too busy they will sit down and dine or talk with the patrons who are their friends.

The captain of one of our destroyers is engaged to the prettiest and sweetest girl at the Muscovite. He gave a tea on his ship one Sunday afternoon. There were eight Russian girls and I; the captains of several other destroyers; a much-traveled Englishman; Mr. Thomas, of the Standard Oil, then staying with Admiral and Mrs. Bristol; and my brother. It was a birthday party, and great fun. After the birthday cake and tea we danced. You would never guess, from their manner, that these girls had ever known any more trouble than I. They are *really* well bred, "gentle, brave, and gay."

I can't say so much for the men. They don't stand up so well. They only know how to wear uniforms. There was one who fired my imagination at first. An ex-colonel in Wrangel's army. Big, handsome, shabby, but very neat in his

old uniform. He kissed one's hand so reverently, and told of his life in Petrograd and his despair here in a way to stir a stone. Well, Cleo brought him home to dinner, to tea. He was charming, and so grateful. Cleo gave him a job. He worked like a fiend for a few days. We wished that he might go to America, where he would have a chance; and I told Cleveland that if it could be arranged I would gladly give up the trip to Egypt that I'm longing for to pay this man's passage. But we found that he had been given money and passports for America some time before. He had given a farewell party to all his friends at the Muscovite the night before the sailing date and paid for the very good champagne with the passage money. Cleo gave him money for passage on a freighter, and it went the same way. But, knowing all this, he was a lovable rascal. They are great impulsive children—all emotion and no sense. The Relief workers never give them money; just work, food, or clothes.

No, not all are children! General Wrangel is a real, grown man! He has been one of my heroes for ever so long—and imagine how thrilled I was to meet him! The first time I saw him was at an Embassy dance in October. It was soon after the sinking of his yacht by Bolsheviks. The American women had sent clothes to Baroness Wrangel; and he—at a ball—was dressed in an ordinary Red Cross khaki shirt, worn outside as a tunic! It might have been the most gorgeous uniform in the world, the way he carried it. He looks more royal than almost any pictures of royalty that I've ever seen. And worn, spiritual with suffering for his people. The Baroness is a bright, cheerful soul, awfully sweet and friendly. Of course they do not dance—in Russia's trouble—but they are nearly always at our balls. I did not want to meet General Wrangel until my French had improved; he does not speak English. So I asked my French teacher (a Russian widow) what to say to him when I met him. We used to laugh over it, and I had quite a beautiful conversation all learned. Then when the actual moment came, in the middle of a crowded ballroom floor, I forgot it all, and only shook his hand, stammered, "H-how do you do?" and gazed at him!

He is going soon to Serbia, with several thousand of his troops, who are being taken into the Serbian army.

Some one downstairs is playing the Volga song. That thing will haunt me to the end of my days. There are half a dozen Russian folk-songs that you hear every night, somewhere. We do get wonderful music here. So much fire—oh, other music will seem pale and tame, after these Russians! There is Vertinsky, the singer at the Ermitage, who used to appear before the Czar. He sang at a dinner at our Embassy the other night, and I could see the Cossacks marching—going away—away—faint in the distance, never, never to march again. Everybody cried. Vertinsky is a

drug fiend, and will die soon; but *how* he can sing!

Last night we had dinner with a family of rich Armenians. Heavens, the food they expected us to eat! I don't wonder these people look oily. Perfectly wonderful dishes, beginning with a creamed shrimp soup, and winding up with real Oriental sweet dates stuffed with *kaimak* (clotted buffalo cream) with syrup over them. Afterward the men played bridge, while the three other women and I lounged on a great low divan. With the men's whisky-sodas the maid brought *tea* for us!

Oh, it's a good thing I'm not here for always. Awfully demoralizing. Everybody is either starving or gorging. Everything is extreme. How anybody ever works in such a place is beyond me!

But the return to sanity is going to be hard. Your FRANCES.

Constantinople,
January 4, 1922.

Sam, dear:

You have heard me speak of Elizabeth Baker? The pretty Navy wife who is so very popular with the British? She gave such a jolly dinner last night, a farewell for our naval attaché, who is leaving for Japan. Sir Horace Rumbold, British High Commissioner, was there; Lady Rumbold; Baron Uchida, the jolly little Japanese High Commissioner; General Marden; and some other British army and navy people. Elizabeth put me beside Sir Horace. I was petrified at first. He is the typical book-Englishman, to look at. Absolutely impassive, bored face, monocle and all. But after five minutes we were talking away as if he were a sophomore. He is as simple and easily amused as any boy of twenty, and says that he finds Americans refreshing. Lady Rumbold is a trifle more formal at first, but I thought her very sweet.

Lady Harington (wife of Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in Turkey) is such a different type from Lady Rumbold. She is Irish, I believe; is big, bobbed-haired, carelessly dressed, unconventional. She is always dancing at Tokatlian's at tea time with a crowd of young officers.

The British large parties are too formal to be much fun. Even the great fancy-dress ball at Harbié, on New Year's Eve, hadn't the right go to it.

On Armistice Day I went to a British tea-dance. It was a "shriek," as one of my little friends here would say. Old English dowagers with hats of the Spanish War period resting on two hairs, younger women with all sorts of beads and lace and what-not hung on them, and carrying off these atrocities with such an air that you almost think maybe that is the way to dress, after all! They wear just what suits their fancy. Straw hats in winter, and a girl at the dancing club last night had a little gold-lace nightcap affair on her head (weren't there such things back in

1914?). After all, why be slaves to fashion?

Ah, but their dinners are delightful! And the British officers' red mess-jackets are beautiful! And their wearers appear to find American women amusing. It is mutual. When I first came, I *could* not get the British army accent. One young subaltern had been telling me the greatest lot at a dance—I couldn't understand a word. Finally I stopped him, and said he'd have to excuse me, but I had only been over a little while, and couldn't understand English yet!

There is an old dear of a British major who is forever giving Anglo-American parties at the Muscovite.

Our dinners are not so good, but our big parties are perfect. We are better at romping than at conversation.

One of the aides at our Embassy advised a pretty Georgian princess: "If you want a good time, go with the American Navy; but if you want to get married, cultivate the British." Our Navy isn't marrying out here to any extent. They are just having a glorious time—in between hard, cold trips into Russia or down to forsaken holes like Mersina or Samsoun.

There was a great deal of entertaining done for the Utah. She was here for three weeks in November, with Admiral Niblack, Commander of our European Squadron, on board. The town was turned upside down to entertain them. Our Embassy gave dinners, dances, and teas. The Italians gave them a ball at their beautiful place that was once the Austrian Embassy. The Utah reciprocated with two big tea-dances on board and any number of luncheons and dinners. Admiral Niblack was greatly intrigued by the spectacle of Turkish ladies dancing at our Embassy. He wired to Mrs. Niblack: "Turkish women very beautiful. Come at once!" And she *did* come, on the next train from the Riviera. Then the Embassy gave another set of parties for her.

Coming home from these parties late at night, I have seen and heard dreadful things on the street. I just get as far back in the *avaba* as I can and shut my eyes sometimes. Of course the Allied police keep some sort of order in the main streets, but Colonel Ballard, their chief, says, "If you want to be murdered, you can be murdered—just wander around in dark alleys!" The Turkish night watchman is a joke. He carries a big stick and goes "tap, tap, tap," on the pavement, so that thieves will hear him coming and run away. It is creepy to hear him calling out where there is a fire in the middle of the night. And every night there are fires.

I wanted to visit one of the Turkish public schools, but it seems that the present Minister of Education is very much afraid of Christian interference, and nobody dared take me. But I did spend a morning in the best private school in Stamboul. It is kept by Nakya Hanum, a quite emancipated woman. She takes children from five to seven-

teen years old; boys and girls together, which is very unusual. It was a pleasant place, shut away from the world in the midst of a rather untidy garden. But the teaching methods were antiquated and the lack of equipment pathetic. In the kindergarten half a dozen of the cleverest children were shown off—they did complicated dances for half an hour—while the rest stood against the wall, looking wistful. One little boy was dressed as a girl; he had long curly hair tied with a red ribbon. His mother had many sons and wanted a daughter, so she just plays he is one. They say it is quite common.

Every mosque has classes of white-turbaned boys studying the Koran. The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. conduct classes of all kinds. Although the Turks are afraid of American education, for fear that religion will be thrown in with the rest, an American professional man is looked up to as an oracle. Dr. Hoover, of the American hospital, and Dr. Barton, the American dentist, are just kings out in this part of the world.

Last Sunday I dragged Clee to church by the ear. The first time in two years. The foreign population here has rather free and easy notions of religion. The Turks pray five times a day; they fall on their knees and turn their faces toward Mecca, wherever they happen to be, at the muezzin's cry. But there is no American minister outside of the colleges. We went to the Dutch chapel, and heard a British army chaplain.

And this morning we went again—this time to the chapel in what used to be the Russian Embassy. There are no seats in the Russian church, you know; we stood, for two hours, while more and more crowded in. They were all washed and dressed with extra care. The music was glorious; just singing, so sad and deep. Every one put something into a collection basket, and I saw a woman with tragic eyes drop in an unset diamond among the dirty five-plaster pieces.

It made me ache—I'm going for a walk out toward the "Sweet Waters," in the sunshine.

Later.

We've had a glorious walk, and came back in a caique, down the Sweet Waters into the Golden Horn, past Eyoub. That is the Turkish cemetery where Pierre Loti's sweetheart is said to be buried—the one in "Les Desenchantées." Here and there on the hills there were Turks blissfully enjoying *keyeff*. That's their favorite sport; it means less than doing nothing—just *being* nothing. And we passed Baron Uchida, fishing peacefully from the bank. There are some happy people here, after all; I feel better. Good-night.

FRANCES.

Constantinople, April 1, 1922.

Good morning, Sam:

Since my last letter I've traveled fast and far. First there was Christmas, six weeks of it—ours, after that the Greek and Armenian, then the Russian. There were three different sets of holidays.

The restaurants kept open all night. Little boys went from door to door with colored paper lanterns and drums, singing queer Eastern Christmas chants. We were living in rooms just off the Rue du Petit Poisson Mort that week. That's a very queer street. I didn't like the look of it, but it was an experience, too. The walls of my room could have told strange stories, I'm sure. It had a latticed bay-window and smelled musty and old. When we came in late at night, Frau Fiedler, the funny old German woman who tended my fire and so on, had to let us in. We knocked on the iron outer door, and after a while it would open mysteriously. Inside, we looked up and saw her leaning out of a little window, holding the string that pulled the latch, looking like a funny old fairy in her ruffled nightcap and wishing us a "*gute nacht*"!

On Christmas Eve we had dinner at the Muscovite. It was very gay, but not a bit like Christmas. Then one of our men went to the piano and played "Holy Night, Silent Night." I found myself crying into the champagne. It was my first Christmas away from home. We went on to such a nice dance at the Embassy—a family party, nearly all Americans. At twelve o'clock the music stopped suddenly; the Admiral kissed Mrs. Bristol and wished her a Merry Christmas. Then he turned to me and said, "Come and kiss the old man!" And I had to weep again, and laugh; he sounded just like father, and I wasn't homesick any more. After the dance I stayed up till daylight, trimming a little tree to surprise Clee in the morning. He was so pleased with the little foolish things on it.

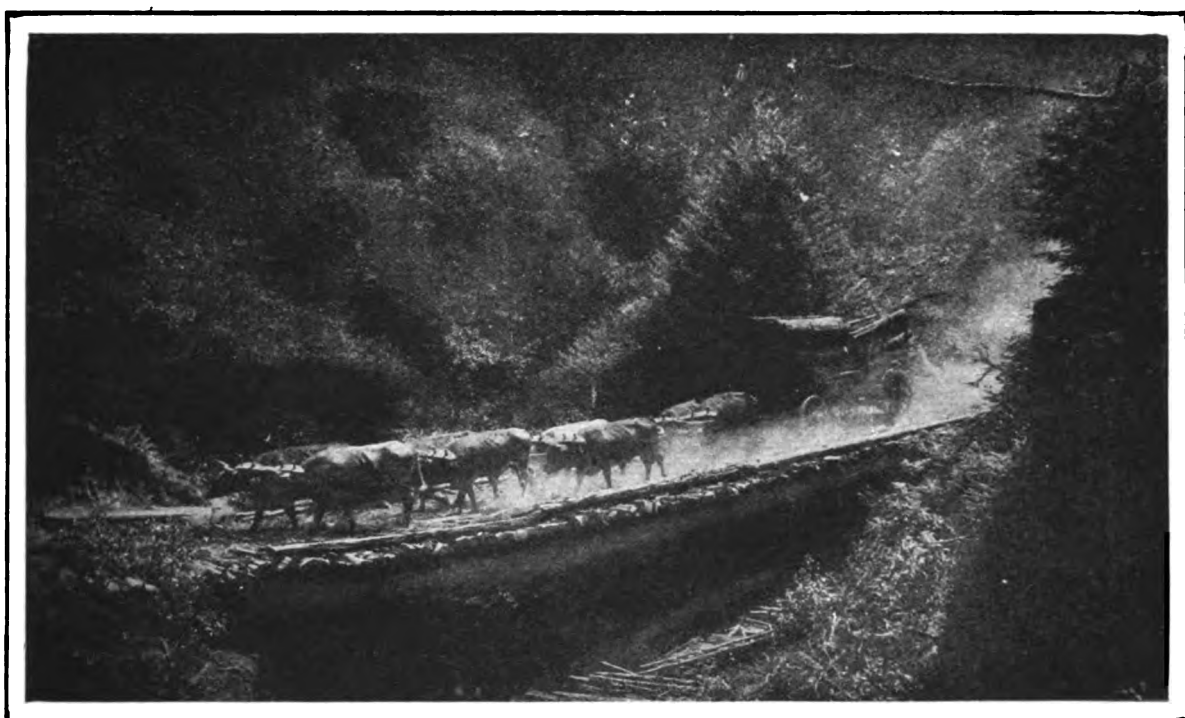
Toward the last of January it began to get rainy and horrid. Everybody looked fagged out with the prolonged celebration. So a party of us went to Egypt and the Holy Land for six weeks. We came back in March, to find the sky all blue for the summer (the sun shines here for six months of the year), the street flower markets gay with sweet violets, yellow mimosa, scarlet anemones, almond blossom—oh, so lovely! Every Sunday there's a picnic somewhere. We go to Prinkipo or Halki, in the sea of Marmora; or up the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea. One evening we had supper in a ruined palace garden, over on the Asiatic side. A harem, it used to be—one of Abdul Hamid's. All open now to the four winds; gilt chairs with brocade hanging in tatters, great mirror-lined halls. All along the shore are places falling in ruins like that—Turkey is so poor. Have you read "Stamboul Nights," by a man named Dwight, who lived out here for years? He will make you feel what I feel in these places but can't express.

Soon the gay summer season will begin. The Embassies will move to Therapia, and there will be more picnics, more moonlight on the Golden Horn. Pray for me, or I may never come home!

FRANCES.

HIGHWAYS THROUGH THE WOODS

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Albert B. Herrman, Santa Cruz, California

HAULING TIMBER FROM THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

Ox-teams are less common in the Central West now than in pioneer days; Chicago recently had difficulty in procuring such a team for the transportation parade, it is said. But in the region near Santa Cruz, California, our correspondent says, oxen are in constant use for bringing timber and firewood out of the canyons and gulches where horses or mules would be useless



From Dr. R. M. Lewis, Baltimore, Md.

CANOEING DURING A VACATION IN THE ONTARIO WOODS

"The picture preserves for me," our contributor writes, "one of the most thrilling moments of a memorable vacation. The canoeists are shown running a rapid well named 'The Needle's Eye,' on the Maguetauan River. The entire river here narrows from a stream a hundred yards wide to twenty or thirty feet, plunging through a miniature gorge. The innocent-looking wave on the side of the birch canoe almost stopped her voyage by dropping a couple of barrels of water aboard"

THE BOOK TABLE

A GREAT AMBASSADOR¹

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

THE Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" is a book of great distinction. As a document of democracy, as the unfolding of a career constituting a complete and inspiring definition of Americanism, this book must appeal to thoughtful people all over the world, and as a colorful, graphic picture of men, atmosphere, events, and social conditions in the two great English-speaking democracies under the strain of war it is an invaluable contribution to history. Mr. Hendrick has wisely let Walter Page tell the story in his glowing, pungent letters and memoranda; but he has done the work of compilation and comment with skill and restraint, combined with a certain ardor in the portrayal of his subject that stirs the sympathy and interest of the reader. This is not a book that one skips about in or dips into here and there. If you begin it, you finish it with a rush of pride in the story, with the sensation of having met an unforgettable man, with a gasp of sympathy for the sheer courage and tragedy of his career.

My qualifications for reviewing this notable work rest upon an acquaintance and an association with Walter Page of forty-three years. We were born in the same old Southern State of North Carolina and in essentially the same era, though he was my senior by six years. Our section was struggling on under the paralysis of war and seeking grimly and bravely to find its place in modern industrial democracy. There was everywhere then in the homes of good people in the South an atmosphere of seriousness and unselfishness. Most of us felt, even in the full tide of buoyant youth, that we must make ourselves fit to be helpful in the rebuilding so plainly before us and that we must stay where we were and use our fitness in bettering conditions right at our doors. This feeling was an obsession with Page, and, though he actually spent only a few years in his home State, and those turbulent and unsatisfactory, his heart and his dreams were always there. He became a cosmopolitan in the highest sense—a true citizen of the world; but his day dreams forever played about the sand-hills of North Carolina and the prosperity of the South. Indeed, perhaps the most poignant scene set forth in these volumes is the scene of the wasted, broken man on the Scottish moors planning to return "home," fancying that health would come back to him

in that old air, smiling wistfully at his son a few days before his death as he was lifted from the train at Pinehurst, and exclaiming: "Well, Frank, I did get here after all, didn't I?"

I saw Walter Page for the first time forty-two years ago. He was then a young man twenty-four years of age, and I a lad at college. He was standing on a platform at the summer session of the University of North Carolina, talking to a group of teachers with fierce eagerness and a kind of defiant intellectual confidence about the value to them to be got out of studying the Greek language and literature. It did not strike me as a very live thesis at the time, but he was putting life into it, and to spare. I recall that I rejoiced in the fact that he seemed to be flouting the oratorical pomposities current at the time in all American, and especially Southern, speaking. He wore no black frock coat, and did not even thrust his right hand into the lapels of the coat which he did wear, which was of rough tweed. His hands were in his pockets, in fact, and, though he "bawled out" his company every now and then, his gestures were few and his manner conversational. I saw him for the last time in October, 1914, standing in the doorway of the old American Embassy, on Victoria Street in London, bidding me good-by on my homeward voyage. He was then preparing to move the Embassy to worthier quarters in Grosvenor Place, but the staff was still there. In many ways he was the same man who was urging Greek discipline upon the Carolina teachers a generation before, with the same unconventionality (he was shouting gentle insults at me for remaining in London so long after the beginning of the war instead of going "on home"), the same vigor and charm. Marks of care and toil were plainly upon him, but also evidences of high pride and purpose, as he undertook the duties of a mission destined to mark a new era in the story of Anglo-American understanding.

The record of Walter Page's life and achievements during the thirty-five years between these two memories is fully and faithfully set forth in Mr. Hendrick's book, and constitutes a splendid proof of what talents and purposes and labor can bring forth in American life, even if the Ambassadorship to Great Britain during a World War had not fallen to his lot.

Walter Hines Page was born in the little village of Cary, near Raleigh, North Carolina, August 15, 1855. His racial stock was pure English, with a

Huguenot strain. His parents were vigorous, forceful people of pioneer breed. He was well educated in the best schools of his region, and came to manhood just in time to be captivated by the fame of the great scholars Daniel C. Gilman had called around him at Johns Hopkins University. I have never understood why he fell upon Greek as his mistress there unless it was the dominating personality and style of Gildersleeve that caught his fancy. He was happy enough in the task of interpreting Æschylus and the comedies of Aristophanes, but he balked at philological grinding in the deep marshes of Greek syntax and Byzantine writers, "fulminated against the grammarians" and fought toward his life's job of studying social conditions, describing the scene of life as he saw it, discovering excellence, shouting at shams, and fighting like a trooper for the things that seemed to him good and durable. The cloister tugged hard at Page. He even considered the ministry as a calling in his youth, his mind doubtless dwelling upon its obvious opportunities for expression, but the world rather than the cloister, won for the world's good. "I am sure that I have mistaken my life-work, if I consider Greek my life-work. In truth, at times I am tempted to throw the whole thing away. . . . But without a home feeling in Greek literature no man can lay claim to high culture." So he would keep at it for three or four years and "then leave it as a man's work." Despite these despairing words, Page acquired a living knowledge of Greek that was one of his choicest possessions through life. That he made a greater success than his self-depreciation would imply is evident from the fact that his fellowship was renewed for the next year.

At the age of twenty-three Page grappled with life in earnest, and for the next twenty years he may be seen roving from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Boston, Massachusetts, in ever-increasing posts of difficulty, but with perfect unity of purpose, striving to comprehend the currents of American life, to interpret them to various sections, and to express them vividly and fairly. He was in turn teacher, lecturer, reporter, editor, student of sociological problems, from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Utah, and finally found himself in the managership of the "Forum," a moribund magazine which he quickly restored to vigor and prosperity. At forty Page achieved the top of his profession by becoming editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." His final progress to the partnership of Doubleday, Page & Co. and the founding of the "World's Work," with which his name will always be associated, followed naturally out of the talents displayed in this field and out of his desire for independence economically and spiritually.

I first came into intimate contact with

¹The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. Edited by Burton Hendrick. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$10.

him in 1897, when I sat on the platform of the State Normal College at Greensboro and heard his famous address "The Forgotten Man," wherein he formulated a great programme of educational development for the Southern States. Five years before Charles D. McIver and I, with the daring of youth and the enthusiasm of ignorance, had set ourselves the task of proving to the people of North Carolina that it was the privilege and duty of a democratic State, through the instrument of taxation, to educate all of its children, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, from the primary school to the university. This was then a new doctrine in the South, and those who fought for it had need of faith and will. It is an old and accepted doctrine now, and nowhere more completely than in North Carolina, but then its friends were not in authority. It was, however, one of those things that just had to be done. Page, ever on the alert for a stiff fight in a good cause, smelled the battle from afar and came into it with a bound. That speech, with its appealing title, was a piece of heavy artillery in the contest, and its reverberations are still to be heard. I do not think that anything held Page's interest more closely until the outbreak of the World War than the educational struggle in the South and in the Nation to put the life of the common man and his child upon a sound, hopeful educational and economic basis. This programme meant to him, not only more schools, but sensible schools, farming as an intelligent business, care of the public health, and the promotion of all agencies looking to the elevation of standards of living. He found—all of us in this battle found—in the Southern Education Board, and later in the General Education Board, great, far-seeing, wisely controlled agencies for advancing those ends. His magazine and his business delighted him and gave him pleasure in these fruitful days of his life, but his chiefest satisfaction lay in co-operation with the men at work in these constructive fields. He somehow envisaged it all as a great victorious battle. There lies before me as I write an old copy of his book "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," sent to me at New Orleans, where I then lived and directed the work of promoting public education in that region. It is inscribed in his script-like hand-writing—

To
Brigadier-General Alderman
Commanding the Division
of the Southwest,

W. H. P.

April, 1902.

Page thoroughly believed that the only true measure of any civilization was the extent to which it improved the condition of the common citizen and offered him "equality of opportunity." To this end his hearty co-operation with these Boards was directed and his maga-

zine was made to play its part in the interpretation of American life and to set forth in a vital, picturesque, but accurate way the progress the country was making in democracy, education, agriculture, industry, social life, and politics. For nearly a decade a group of men associated with educational activities were accustomed to assemble at the home of Mr. George Foster Peabody on Lake George each summer to discuss



WALTER H. PAGE

and plan for the promotion of such interests. Page was always there, vital, soaring, argumentative, optimistic, ready to discuss anything—especially the futility and emptiness of most of the writing that came to his desk—abounding in humor, bluff heartiness, and generally happy over the discovery of some new man somewhere who was doing some concrete thing better than anybody else. I recall his delight in Seaman Knapp and Wyckliffe Rose. I remember his greeting me at Nashville with the remark, "Come on, I want to show you a man who has more sense than you and I put together," and he carried me off to meet David Lubin, the founder of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. There also stands out in my memory the passion that rang in his voice in a speech at Montgomery, when he recited his creed of democracy to the great throng assembled to discuss the educational needs of the South:

I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born of woman.

I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. All wealth is the creation of man, and he creates it only in proportion to the trained uses of the community; and the more men we train, the more wealth every one may create.

I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, and in the immortality of democracy and in growth everlasting.

Woodrow Wilson, therefore, when he selected Page for the English post was not choosing, as many people imagined, a brilliant literary man with a genius for editorship alone. He was naming for a task of unimagined complexity a sincere philosophical democrat who had thought out and talked out that high hope until the conception thrilled and exalted and stimulated him as religion used to guide its devotees in the age of faith. He was setting apart for enduring international service a man of courage with a talent for co-operation but little stomach for compromise. He was sending to England a man of imagination, of intellectual resource, and an artist in the use of language. Page was not a politician, but forever, as I have said, on the lookout for excellence. He beheld in Woodrow Wilson a man of strong intellect, dignity of character and purpose, and he quickly rallied to his leadership. I have always believed that in his secret heart he would have preferred the Secretaryship of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet to any other office, though he would have scorned to seek it or to obtrude himself into any problem. He was not a "dirt farmer" in any just sense, but I believe he would have rendered notable service in that office, for no man in America had at heart more genuinely the welfare of the farmer or believed more intensely that agriculture must be made a business and given every opportunity to apply science to the production and distribution of the products of the soil. He worked loyally for the election of Mr. Wilson, and immediately upon his election was at him with carefully prepared briefs suggesting lines of policy in the interests of agriculture and education and urging that he gather around him strong, capable men. His letters to me during the interval between the election and inauguration show an interest almost amounting to excitement in the character and purposes of the unusual, lonely man upon whom had fallen this "monstrous job." The two had known each other since their student days at Johns Hopkins. They were intellectually and morally akin, because of their common possession of style in writing, taste in literature, hatred of the second-rate thing or man, and faith in democracy.

Page's place in American history, in the minds of most of his countrymen, will rest upon his services in England during the World War. He sailed for England on the Baltic in May, 1913. He was not a rich man, and had debated the wisdom of undertaking the Ambassadorship from many angles, but he loved adventure of the mind and the great task called to him. He departed absorbed wholly, as was his chief, in domestic affairs, but with his eyes open and his brain racing like a trip-hammer. His plastic, inquisitive mind got to work at once upon his new and strange existence. He began a study of England and the English that soon expressed itself



It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You know it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle. — Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
USE
LISTERINE



(THE BOOK TABLE—Continued)

in the form of letters, hitting off English life, its strength and weakness, in a fashion marked by humor and truth. He was attracted by the English, but he saw their weaknesses and frailties, and pictured them frankly and so naturally that the record constitutes a sympathetic portrayal of British society before and during the war and, in addition, furnishes a comparison of high value between the ways of an aristocratic society addicted to democracy in government and the ways of this Republic. Nothing escaped him and every impression found utterance in quaint, humorous, discerning phrase.

Page wrote many articles and made many speeches, and they were all good, but his claim to distinction in the field of literature rests upon his letters. These letters reveal him as a master of that most human form of literary expression. At the memorial exercises held in his honor in New York in April, 1919, I ventured to make this prophecy: "If he shall not be adjudged the best letter writer of his generation, I shall be much mistaken." These volumes sustain my prophecy. I dare to claim, and Walter Page has found, without conscious seeking, a permanent place in American literature.

Page spent five continuous years in England, save for a short furlough in America in 1917. The Mexican crisis and the Panama tolls tested his power of statesmanship immediately, and it quickly became clear that this American gentleman, untrained in diplomacy, had a statesman's mind and a breadth of view that placed him securely among the unusual men whom America has sent to Great Britain. And then the Great Smash came. It was my fortune to be his guest in London and at his quiet little home in Surrey during the days which saw the first battle of the Marne. I was a witness of the first flood of work that came rushing upon him and of the unhurrying confidence with which he accepted the burden and grappled with his labors. I shall not here undertake to recite these labors. The reader of these volumes will see the man at work and catch glimpses of his mind and soul that will not fade from the memory. He saw from the start the real issues at stake. His beloved democracy was menaced by a mighty foe. That was the main thing. Driving in from his country place one morning in early September, 1914, as we reached London, we saw the young recruits in golf caps and tweeds who were forming Kitchener's army marching about the streets. Pointing at them in his eager way, he said: "Those men must cross the Rhine, or democracy as we understand it will cease to exist." He believed that America must share in this battle for the doctrine which had made her great and unique among nations. He believed that the leadership of the world must presently fall into American hands and be applied to the highest uses of democracy. He had the courage to like the English, to discern the essential kinship



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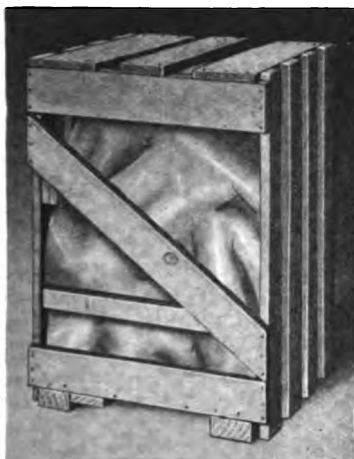
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Select the pen suited to your handwriting from 10 samples different patterns and finish in silver, gilt and bronze, sent on receipt of 10 cents, including 32-page booklet on handwriting.

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349 Broadway, New York

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The 3-way corner, efficient bracing, and improved skids make this crate a better protector of contents than the one opposite. The new crate saves material and labor. It requires 18% less lumber. It is made with only 26 pieces of material; the old crate required the cutting and fitting of 37 pieces.

This crate was formerly used by an American manufacturer for packing a piece of heavy machinery. This shipper, alert to the possibilities of reducing damage to goods in transit and of rendering better service to his customers, sought the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer. The better crate opposite was evolved.



Do Claims Compensate for Damaged Freight?

A DEALER has waited several weeks for a shipment ordered by wire. His customer is patient but insists that the delay is proving costly.

The goods finally arrive—in badly damaged condition. More delays and disappointments.

A claim can be filed against the railroad, but arguments and damage claims are poor substitutes for goods sorely needed.

THE mere monetary loss involved in a freight claim is but one chapter in the story of damaged freight. That priceless adjunct of a growing business, the good will of the dealer and his customer, is impaired.

That is why broad-visioned executives in all lines of business are investigating the subject of better packing. They are looking to their shipping departments as one means of reducing the percentage of customer turnover. Using safe packing as a new selling tool, as another aid in outstripping competition, and as a creator of good will.

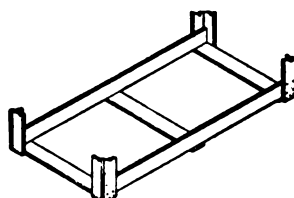
THROUGH the redesigning of crates and changes in packing methods, damage to goods in transit can be materially reduced. At the same time substantial savings can often be effected through reduction in packing costs and transportation charges.

One shipper, who uses 300

cars of crating lumber annually, reports that, through the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer, he is now saving 25% of the lumber formerly required for one of his crates, and 18% on another; another shipper states that, through the

use of a lighter species of lumber and a new design, he has reduced the shipping weight of one item sufficiently to effect an annual saving of \$10,000 in freight charges alone.

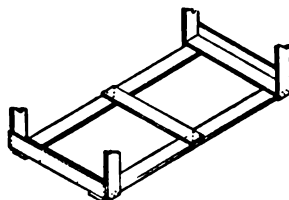
Every day Weyerhaeuser crating engineers are on the job showing shippers how to prevent shipping losses, and in many cases pointing out large savings that can be made in their packing practices.



Frequently, crates that appear sound to the casual observer, fail in action because certain hazards of transportation have been overlooked or disregarded in the crate design.

The drawing above shows the bottom of a standard crate used by a manufacturer in shipping an article weighing several hundred pounds. Heavy packages of this character are seldom lifted. They are usually dragged or skidded in the direction of the long dimension. The bottom of this crate is such that the crate cannot be dragged across the floor without danger of tearing loose some of the frame members with possible consequent damage to the contents.

Chance for damage from this particular hazard has been eliminated in the redesigned crate shown below. Note that two bottom members extend the full length of the crate and provide a surface on which the crate may be skidded without danger of loosened nails or frame members.



WITHOUT obligation or cost to you, a Weyerhaeuser practical crating engineer will come to your plant, and with the co-operation of your shipping department, redesign your shipping containers to fit the product to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of the Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



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SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and slash lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.



Who Will "Stand By, Consenting"?

"Stand by consenting" like Saul at Stephen's stoning; consenting to the dishonor of the name of Uncle Sam; consenting to the wrong and hurt of millions of the most industrious and thrifty of their fellows—even to their own personal hurt and wrong? Some do even more than "hold the clothes of them that stoned"—hold the *contents* of the clothes of *them that are stoned*! The mass of the readers of this are undoubtedly on the side of right and justice, when they understand, as they will understand when they read this page—far better when they read the book it advertises (no profit to advertiser, author or publisher; every dollar—and more—goes to publicity for the good cause advocated.

THE GIST OF IT ALL

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least a pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the market price for money on the solidest security been less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent, and today is $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per cent, gradually diminishing to 5 or less as world prosperity returns.

Third—Four per cent semi-annual compound interest will go directly to depositors.

To Men of Business

To men of business, "big" and "little." To all who toil.
To stimulate "thrift and saving" among the millions who labor—such as the world has never before seen.

To stabilize business, build confidence, pour the oil of peace and prosperity in the troubled waters of unrest.

To get for YOU who are now "thrift" 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually, on your "daily balance" of every surplus dollar you possess—even the dollars in your pocket, cash drawer and safe.

To get for YOU whenever you want to "borrow" money, all you want and an adequately secure, for "long time" or "short time," at the "market price for money."

Without an iota of "fiat" fallacy, without an atom of "inflation."

Without a shadow of "injustice" or of "favoritism" to any "class" or "interest." To do all this:

Unfetter the existing Postal Savings Bank, now "shackled"—hamstrung—by cunning, short-sighted, selfish greed.

Three Billion Dollars

"REAL MONEY"—INTEREST FREE. No "bluff" about it, no "magic," no "fiat" fallacy, no "inflation."

One hundred and twenty million dollars or more in taxes, yearly, saved right in your pocket and mine!

All available by a little "practical sense" and JUSTICE—see the book for details.

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswered—unanswerable—see the book "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John B. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, ex-editor and book publisher, \$1.00—see below.

PUBLIC OPINION is irresistible. YOU help make it. READ the book for facts, simple, overwhelming logic. WRITE to Congressmen, Senators, Editors, Public Men: ask them "Why not?" Tell your thought. Discuss with neighbors.

Honesty is the best POLICY. Godliness is PROFITABLE—economic truth, not buncombe, not cant. Pleased customers more PROFITABLE than "skinned" customers. Dropping water wears stone—Keep at it. Ink beats dynamite. Pen mightier than sword.

Fourth—The balance of the profits shall be paid twice a year into the United States Treasury, thus making possible the reduction of taxes and thereby benefiting the whole citizenship, including, of course, the depositors. This, it is estimated, should bring into the U. S. Treasury, without taxing anybody one cent, an annual income of at least \$120,000,000, to possibly \$300,000,000 or more.

Fifth—Every banking institution in the United States in good standing may become an agent for the Postal Savings Bank, both to receive deposits and to make loans, receiving a small commission on both deposits and loans.

The Postal Savings Bank will thus become the greatest and strongest bank in the world, one vast national reservoir of the people's savings, available for loans to all who furnish proper security. There will be no favoritism to any class or interests—practically no limitation to loans except the limitation of good security and use in harmony with public good.

Sixth—The present gold standard is not affected and will be permanently maintained, yet gold is made no longer either a fetish or a scarecrow.

Seventh—The Postal Savings Bank will be placed beyond the power of domination by any interest or class. It will have no power of either inflation or contraction, these powers being left in the exclusive possession of the existing Federal Reserve Banks.

Eighth—It will quickly mobilize and put into ordinary bank channels over three billion dollars (\$3,000,000,000) of money not now in any bank—the identical kind of money that is now the foundation resource of all banks.

Ninth—With this bill in operation there will be scores of millions of depositors, instead of half a million as at present, with deposits exceeding thirty billions, possibly soon nearer one hundred billions, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million deposits as when this is written.

Bankers with Brains, Vision,

Conscience and Patriotism (plenty of all four cordially recognized) will see, not antagonism, but co-operation in an unshackled Postal Savings Bank.

Bank prosperity goes naturally with industrial prosperity which the freed Postal Bank will enormously stimulate.

PATRIOTISM—the freed Postal will absorb the entire National debt and provide resource practically unlimited for National emergencies, at low interest, without perceptibly trenching on commercial funds.

CONSCIENCE—it is not believable that honorable bankers approve of the way Uncle Sam has been "used" to get the money of Postal Bank depositors at one-third to one-fifth of the "market price for money"—95 per cent of it going to bankers' use.

PROFIT—legitimate, honorable, in return for economic service, will go to bankers in commissions on both deposits and loans of the Postal Bank—profits 100 times greater than had in the past from "skinned" depositors in Postal.

Balking Bandits and Burglars

No more U. S. mail robberies; no more pay-roll "hold-ups;" INCIDENTAL results of an unfettered Postal Savings Bank.

Every certificate of deposit, whether \$1 or \$1,000, is "to order," or "to bearer," at the option of its owner; if "to order" bandit or burglar can't "cash" or "pass" without identification and consequent arrest—no inducement to steal or rob.

Another INCIDENTAL result is, certificates of deposit are good anywhere in the United States—or world—the same as "gold certificates," thus doing away with present enormous cost of "bank exchange," and risk of money transportation.

An unfettered Postal Savings Bank would bring billions of dollars to bankers—bring tens of billions to men who toil—justly, expeditiously, bring prosperity and "peace"—in exchange for the "economic war" of the past—and of the present.

THE BOOK TABLE *Continued*

between his country and England in their common ideals of law and justice and their similar codes of manners and morals. And, finally, he came to believe that the greatest of all political tasks was to effect an understanding between these two great self-governing peoples, constituting, in his thought, the backbone of modern civilization. In a letter to me, written June, 1916, he said: "The thing, the *only* thing is—a perfect understanding between the English-speaking peoples. That's necessary and that's all that's necessary. We must boldly take the lead in that. I frankly tell my friends here that the English have got to throw away their damned arrogance and their insularity and that we Americans have got to throw away our provincial ignorance ('What is abroad to us?'), hang our Irish agitators and shoot our hyphenates, and bring up our children with reverence for English history and in the awe of English literature. This is the only job now in the world worth the whole zeal and energy of all first-class, thoroughbred English-speaking men. We must lead. We are natural leaders. The English must be driven to lead."

Under the impulsion of these great convictions and carrying them forward fearlessly, it came about that he and the President did not see eye to eye as to policies and procedures. Page did not falter, but pounded away at the President himself and at his wise, unselfish old friend, Colonel House. It is a strange, frank correspondence. These volumes relate in a moving way how, after we finally entered the war in April, 1917, the pent-up conclusions of Page's fiery spirit poured forth to the Government in suggestions of genuine foresight and good sense. The plain American journalist became an international statesman who not only had held together the two countries for their mighty association, but by discernment and intuition indicated the lines of common endeavor most suitable for winning the war.

I did not see my old friend after he came home to die. The victory had been won and he heard from his bed the ringing of the bells and the shouting. I know that he faced death like a proud man, knowing that he had fought stoutly for the great faith and had found a place in the hearts of his countrymen and perhaps of all English-speaking peoples.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



Preventing Lost Motion Saves Money

The Mail-bag on the Building denotes Despatch of Business. The Postal Life Insurance Company lives up to the meaning of its Trade-mark without impairing

Safety Saving Service

or any other essential of sound life insurance.

"SLOW" and particularly "Slow Pay" are not good qualities of a reputation. Nothing is appreciated in these modern days like SPEEDING UP the conduct of business. Applicants receiving their policies promptly, beneficiaries the payment of their claims without delay, and correspondents prompt replies, say good things of a company that so deals with the public.

Such an institution is the Company reaching the public *direct*, without the employment of agents, but officially and personally at the Home Office or by correspondence:

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Resources \$10,000,000

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The Postal exemplifies *Safety* because of its ample funds and securities—more than sufficient to meet every obligation now and in the future. Its well-known non-agency *Saving* (9½% guaranteed dividends) wins and holds policyholders. Its POLICYHOLDERS' HEALTH BUREAU, with its periodical HEALTH BULLETINS, renders a distinctive *Service* in the prolonging of policyholders' lives and lowering the cost of their insurance to the Company.

The facility, indeed the *Speed*, with which its business is transacted through the mails is winning it golden opinions.

Not using the cumbersome and expensive agency system eliminates many misunderstandings, uncertainties and delays, while reducing the insurance-seeker's net outlay for his protection.

See How Quickly the Mails Do It

Here's a recent example: Letter of inquiry from applicant received April 24. Specimen policy with official information and Application blank sent April 24. Application with check for premium received April 29. Letter recommending physician and conveying Medical blank sent April 29. Report of physical examination received May 3. Policy issued May 3.

May we not do for you what we are so speedily doing for others?

Send in the Coupon 

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WILLIAM R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 43d Street, New York

N.B.—Referring to announcement of awards to essayists on "LIFE INSURANCE BENEFITS TRACED" which appeared in The Outlook, issue of October 25th, in which only policyholders were to participate, it has been decided to open the contest to the general public as well as to all policyholders.



Outlook 11, '22

Postal Life Insurance Company

511 Fifth Ave., New York

Without obligating me, please mail full insurance particulars for my age.

Name

Address

Occupation

Exact date of birth

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

INTEREST RATES ON MORTGAGE BONDS

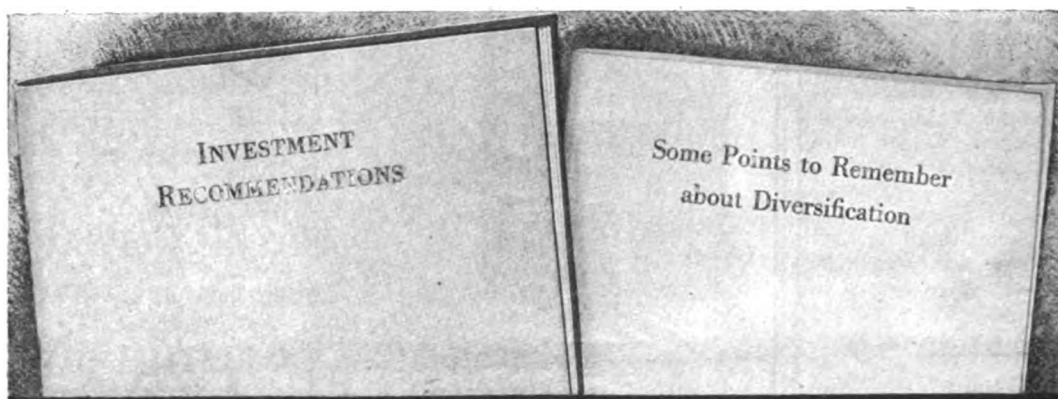
THERE is a growing interest on the part of investors in first-mortgage real estate bonds. This class of securities is becoming increasingly popular. Investors, however, frequently are puzzled over the fact that the prevailing interest rates on these bonds show a considerable variance in different parts of the country, and during the past year we have received numerous requests for an article explaining how this comes about. It seemed to us that the best explanation would be afforded by the people who deal in this class of bonds, and we therefore wrote to leading concerns in the different sections,

asking them to give us the prevailing rates of interest in their section, and to explain just how these rates are fixed.

The letters we received in reply, we believe, will afford the best answer to these questions, and we take the liberty of quoting from them. From the Middle West comes this interesting information:

"On straight mortgages the rates vary from $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent at the present time, with 6 per cent generally the prevailing rate on the average mortgage.

"It is our observation that the rates on mortgages are deter-



Do you invest? Let this service assist you

OUR monthly booklet of Investment Recommendations aids many bond buyers in shaping their investment policies.

The booklet contains a carefully selected list and descriptions of bonds, so diversified as to afford the investor a range of choice among various types, maturities, and yields. Accompanying the booklet is a leaflet

on some phase of investments of interest and value to bond buyers.

At any of our offices you can obtain this booklet and the personal assistance of our representatives in selecting bonds best suited to your needs. In addition, if you will furnish us a list of your holdings, we are prepared to review them and to suggest suitable exchanges.

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Guaranty Company of New York

mined largely by the prevailing rate of interest on other securities, although the rate does not change as quickly as it does on listed securities. When the money market tightened and rates on other classes of securities went up, it was quite some little time before the interest rate on mortgages followed the same course, and likewise they have been slower in coming down.

"We feel that the influence of the interest rate on other securities is largely reflected on the interest rate of first mortgages through the medium of the insurance companies.

"The life insurance companies are among the largest investors in first mortgages on city properties and a large percentage of their investments is comprised of first mortgages. As the interest rates on listed securities began to rise higher than on first mortgages, the insurance companies began to divert their funds from first-mortgage investments to investments in listed securities. This of course reduced the supply of money available for first mortgages very considerably, and in order to make them attractive and bring the insurance companies back into the market it was necessary for the interest rate on first mortgages to be increased, so that they could compete with listed securities.

"Similarly, when the interest rate on listed securities began to go down the life insurance companies began to divert a large portion of their funds to first-mortgage investments, with the result that the demand for first mortgages was greater than the supply and a lower interest rate is resulting.

"On the smaller mortgages the interest rate to-day is about the same as it was before the war. On the larger mortgages I would say that the interest rate is probably one-half of one per cent higher than it was before the war.

"The interest rate on first-mortgage bond issues in this section is now from $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to seven per cent, which is about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 1 per cent higher than before the war.

"In this field the influence of the insurance companies is not felt, which accounts for the fact that the interest rate is about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 1 per cent higher than on the straight first mortgages.

"In general, however, the same conditions of supply and demand of funds available for investment in this field determine the interest rate the same as in any other line. When interest rates are higher in other classes of securities, funds are steadily withdrawn from first-mortgage bond investments for investment in other fields, with the result that it is necessary to increase the interest rate in order to attract the investor, and during the stringency of the money market rates went as high as 8 per cent last year at this time. As rates on other securities have dropped, the funds have returned to the first-mortgage bond field, with the result that they have driven down rates to their present point.

"In a great many cities we find the financial interests are not organized to



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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

handle first mortgages and first-mortgage bonds and have not made the effort to educate the people to investment in this class of security.

"We feel that this condition largely accounts for the fact that interest rates in such towns are considerably higher than in cities like Chicago and New York, even though the security may be just as good."

From the Northwest we received this:

"The present prevailing rate on small loans in the Pacific Northwest at this time is 7 per cent. While it is true that some agencies are advertising 6 per cent money for choice home loans, close examination reveals the fact that there are always conditions attached to them, such as life insurance requirements and other conditions that really equalize the rate to about 7 per cent. This rate is subject to an increase up to 8 per cent, according to location.

"That is to say, the better neighborhood and surroundings in close proximity to the best section of the city command lower rates than property otherwise as desirable but in the outlying sections of the city or its environs. The maximum is 8 per cent, the scale running from 7 per cent to 8 per cent, depending upon location, etc.

"Your question as to how these rates are fixed is probably answered in the above, with the exception that your question may go to the reason for the base rate, which is as above stated, 7 per cent. The foregoing gives you my reason for the sliding scale from that up. I do not know that I can successfully answer the question as to what fixes the base rate of 7 per cent. It has been recognized as the normal base rate for loans in this class for a good many years, and rates here have always been normally higher than Eastern mortgage rates.

"The fact that the base rate is higher than Eastern rates is, I think, very easily explained by the well-recognized fact that it is a newer country, far removed from the large financial centers, and naturally and normally requires a higher rate to attract money. This is becoming more equalized, however, as the old rates for safe loans in years gone by were as high as 12 per cent. I have not attempted to discuss rates during the war and for the last two years up until about six months ago, as they were abnormally high and fluctuating."

A New York City concern wrote us as follows:

"At the present time we are loaning money at 6 and 6½ per cent. In New York it is increasingly difficult and almost impossible, in fact, to get really good loans at 6½ per cent. We closed one loan on an apartment-house last week at 6 per cent, and I am inclosing a circular.

"Outside of New York we still negotiate on a 6½ per cent basis. It is probable, however, that before long we will be back to 6 per cent everywhere, as

there is steadily increasing difficulty in getting 6½ per cent for our customers on really sound and meritorious building projects.

"You ask how these rates are fixed. They are fixed simply by the law of supply and demand. When we could get 7 per cent for our customers with safety we got it. As more money became available interest rates naturally declined and we had to lower our rate to 6½ per cent, because it was only for a comparatively short time when rates in general were high that borrowers having really good loans were willing to pay the 7 per cent rate. Now, as I have stated above, we are contemplating a further reduction of the rate in order to be able to continue to supply our customers with good loans."

The following statement came from our correspondent in the South:

"The question is sometimes asked by persons living in other sections than the South, 'Why do Southern investments offer a higher rate of interest than do exactly similar investments in other parts of the country?' The reason is simple, and so obvious to those who live and do business in the South that they never question it. Briefly stated it is as follows:

"First, the South is in the midst of a period of great industrial and commercial expansion, which makes necessary an extensive programme of building.

"Second, the liquid capital of the South is not sufficient to finance these improvements; outside money must be brought in.

"Third, the resultant demand for funds to carry on legitimate development is so great as to swamp most of the ordinary agencies for supplying this money.

"Fourth, the great investing public has not yet had time to become thoroughly awakened to the situation in the South and the splendid opportunity it offers them.

"Actual construction contracts awarded in the sixteen Southern States in 1921 amounted to \$400,000,000. Preliminary announcements of building projects during the year involved nearly \$1,000,000,000. In many of the cities half of the total valuation of permits issued was for dwellings, apartment structures, and hotels. In the last quarter of 1921 construction contracts amounted to \$110,171,489, and projects initially announced to \$241,773,777. This indicates that 1922 will witness more building activity even than 1921, which surpassed all previous records in volume.

"Authorities agree that the period of

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The man, who as trustee or executor of an estate, or as investment official for a corporation, or who is seeking sound investments for his own funds, desires a non-fluctuating, non-speculative investment with as high an interest rate as absolute safety will permit. If you are in this group let us tell you about an investment field in which your funds will yield a steady and attractive income, ranging as high as 7%.



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greater expansion thus begun will continue for many years—probably for the next half-century. This means that money in large sums must be brought into the South from all sections of the United States for a long time to come.

"From this condition results the attractive legal rate of interest paid in the South—a rate which is on the average 1 per cent more than is paid in fully developed sections."

These letters give the prevailing rates. Boiled down, the answer to the question

as to how the rates are fixed would seem to be contained in three words—supply and demand. The rate depends upon the supply of money and the demand for it. The general rule that the higher the yield, the lower the degree of safety, apparently does not apply as forcibly to this class of investments as to bonds and stocks generally. But there is one extremely important rule to be observed in buying real estate mortgage bonds, and that is, be sure about the standing and reliability of the house with which you deal.

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BY THE WAY

"We all have our little tricks in speech or in writing," says Philip Hale in the Boston "Herald." "Jones will never forsake 'however;' Brown has sworn fidelity to 'nevertheless;' Robinson begins every other sentence in a speech, stump or after-dinner, with 'Now.' The word 'angle' is often overworked. 'From this angle it seems.' There was a time when 'it bulked' was used *ad nauseam*. 'It is a far cry' is another overworked phrase." "What's the big idea?" "The right slant," "Good eats," "intrigued," "You said it," are other bromidian expressions that are likely soon to go to the melting pot.

"Tom Sawyer" was not completed all at once. Mark Twain had to stop when he was half through and wait two years before he knew how to finish the story. "At page 400 of my manuscript," he says in a chapter of his hitherto unpublished "Autobiography" in "Harper's Magazine," "the story made a sudden and determined halt and refused to proceed another step. . . . The reason was very simple—my tank had run dry." After a couple of years he took it up again. "It was then that I made the great discovery that when the tank runs dry you've only to leave it alone and it will fill up again, in time, while you are asleep. . . . There was plenty of material now, and the book went on and finished itself without any trouble."

"During a recent visit to the Tower of London," a subscriber writes, "while in the armory, we saw a mace that bore the inscription, 'Borne before Charles II.' 'Born before Charles the Second!' another visitor said; 'how could that be?'"

"The story told by Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, and quoted lately in your column, was told to me in the summer of 1857 by the Rev. James R. Bourne." So begins a letter from a subscriber, and makes us feel blue at having inadvertently worked off another old chestnut on our much-enduring readers. But this reassuring sentence follows: "I have never heard it since except perhaps two or three times when I told it myself, nor have I ever seen it in print before." Apropos of another subject, our friendly critic continues: "Rather curiously, the next year at school I studied Gillespie's Surveying, and he describes a method of mapping which Mr. Kennan describes as being used by Alexander Graham Bell."

Only two men have succeeded in swimming across the English Channel—Captain Webb and William T. Burgess. An American recently tried and failed. Luck seems a factor that decides success or failure in this feat, for if the shifting winds and tides prove unfavorable the attempt is foredoomed to failure. Webb swam the Channel in 1875, in 21 hours 45 minutes. Burgess accomplished the feat thirty-six years later, in 22 hours 25 minutes.



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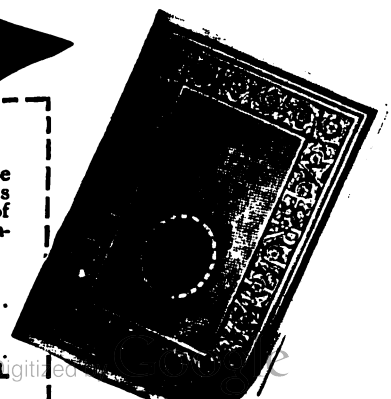
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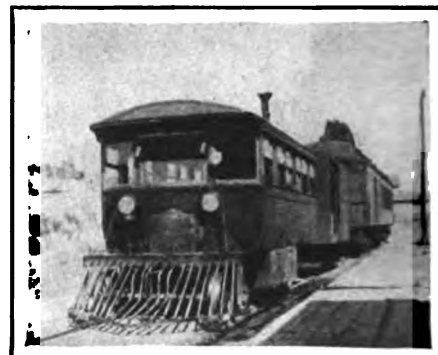
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A CITY THAT OWNS A RAILWAY

BY WILL BARNES

FIFTY or more years ago, when the early settlers ventured out into the inhospitable depths of the great desert that covers so much of southeastern



"THE CITY OF PRINEVILLE RAILWAY"

Oregon, they found a charming little valley at the junction of two rollicking mountain streams. These had cut their channel eight or nine hundred feet down through the hard lava flow that ages and ages ago spread itself in a sheet of molten rock over this region. One stream was called the Ochoco and the other, from its characteristic course, was unhesitatingly called Crooked River. These early pioneers may have wondered just where these clear, cold streams came from in the midst of such a desert. Enough for them, however, that their waters flowed so close on the surface as to make it a comparatively simple job to turn it out onto the level land of the valley for irrigating purposes.

Thus began the little settlement of Prineville. All about them, up on top of the lava plains, lay one of the finest live-stock ranges to be found in all the West, especially in winter. Naturally they became range live-stock men, and as such prospered. For forty or more years Prineville was the central point of southeastern Oregon. They had dreams of some day rivaling Portland, far to the northwest. But alas for their future! no railway came near them. To the west, along the coast, and again to the north, along the great Columbia River, men built railways, but none ventured into that desert of lava rock and pumice. Then came the well-remembered fight between two great railway builders, each eager to outstrip the other in being the first to open up the huge belt of timber that covered the eastern slopes of the Cascade Ranges along the head-waters of the Deschutes River. For some time it looked as if this line would touch Prineville on its way to the south from the Columbia, but fate decreed that the road could be most economically built by going considerably to the west of the town, so their one chance for a railway was everlastingly blasted.

For about ten years they hoped against hope that the builders of the road up the Deschutes River would take pity on them and at least build a branch line into their town. But their hopes



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A CITY THAT OWNS A RAILWAY (Continued)

ever came to pass. The freighters' outfit and the four-horse stage, and later the auto, were their only means of transportation. Then, with the grim determination of the Western people, the Prineville business men got together and said, "Let's build our own railway." "Can't be done," said some. "No town of three thousand people ever did such a thing," said others. "Railways cost money to build. Where will it come from?" asked many more. But the boosters of Prineville persevered. "Here's our new neighbor 'Bend,' over to the west," they exclaimed. "It's only three or four years old, and it has a railway all to itself. Why can't we have one? Let's show 'em what Prineville can do when she tries." That they had only about three thousand population back of them made no difference.

So they showed 'em all right. Five years ago the town issued \$300,000 worth of handsomely engraved bonds, pledging itself for their payment, and with the proceeds built a road that climbed up the side of the deep canyon onto the level desert above and connected with the other line about twenty miles to the west. Then Prineville celebrated in true Western style. At last they were joined with civilization by bands of steel. Instead of a steam locomotive they secured a gasoline motor that is somewhat like unto a modern motor bus. It is provided with a regulation cowcatcher and at times has been known to make the twenty miles to the junction in one hour flat. Also it carries about twenty passengers. Behind it lumbers the oddest little box car ever seen on wheels, which carries the trunks and express matter. Moreover, that little old gas buggy has been known to haul ten car-loads of cattle at one fell swoop—regular sure-enough cattle cars, be it understood, which they borrow from the railway. On these two vehicles the designation "City of Prineville Railroad" is painted in large letters, and every resident is proud of the distinction borne by his home town of being the only town or city in the United States that owns a regular, honest-to-goodness road-gauge railway.

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The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruit of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50

Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as Artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora," 16 inches high, shade 10 3/4 inches in diameter; base and cup cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass. Finished in rich statuary bronze; brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or finished in ivory white with shade of golden yellow. Inner reflecting surface is old rose. Shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of lamp cord; 2-piece attachment plug.

16 inches high; 10 3/4 inch shade; Brass and Medallium

Choice of two finishes, Bronze or Ivory



Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, by the three talented artists collaborating in designing this lamp—only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines.

Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft.

The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments. The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance.

Harmonizes Everywhere

Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home.

It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practicable and mellow light wherever required.

Seize this opportunity now. Do not expect to find it again. Do not trust that it will be extended. Mail the coupon today. No money need be sent with it.

COUPON DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

\$3.50

You may send me, at the members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50, the entire price, plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full. O.L.

Check finish desired:

Bronze ☐ Ivory ☐

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Our Offer

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We will also enter your name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost you nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers you as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.



The Outlook

NOVEMBER 15, 1922

THE ELECTION

IN general the voters throughout the country on election day recorded their dissatisfaction with some of the policies and administrative methods of the Republican party.

Two years ago the Republican party went into power with a great sweep; but it has failed to do all that was expected of it by numerous groups of people. The very excess of the vote in 1920 made a sweep in the other direction almost inevitable. Such a swing of the pendulum almost always happens in the middle of a National Administration's term of office. In this case it has not taken the control of Congress from the Republicans, but it has reduced their majority in the House of Representatives from 169 (over two to one) to about 20.

Among the factors in this election not the least was that of personality. This is something that ought never to be lost sight of in a democracy. Probably the most interesting episode in the elections was due in large measure to this factor. The victory of "Al" Smith in the contest for the Governorship of New York State was the victory of a winning personality. A good many people make the mistake of thinking that personality in politics means a hand-shake; as a matter of fact, the plain people in America quickly distinguish between the man who seeks their votes by kissing their babies and the man who has real human interest in them. Alfred E. Smith thinks of political issues in the terms of human beings. This was illustrated when he was in the Legislature, as Mr. Davenport pointed out in an article in *The Outlook* over four years ago. When he considered such a measure as the bill for widows' pensions, he pictured to himself and to others the effect of such a bill on the woman who faces the danger of having her children taken away from her. He is a man who values the affection of the common people, but equally values the respect and approval of uncommon people, just as he is willing to incur and even invite the disapproval of men whose designs are sinister or whose methods he believes bad. Not a few, we believe, voted for "Al" Smith

because they wanted to see overwhelming support given to the man who had routed Hearst and now has the opportunity of regenerating Tammany. Governor Miller's high-minded, efficient public service deserved approval. That it did not receive it in the form of the re-election of Governor Miller is mainly due to the personality of his opponent.

The factors in the general election cannot be analyzed fully at present, but some of them can be enumerated. Among them are discontent with the hodgepodge Fordney tariff; the grievances against the Government which many people, particularly farmers, have on account of their economic burden; the sense of injustice which was developed in many groups of people as a result of the Administration's handling of the coal and railway strikes; the sense of outrage on the part of veterans of the war because of the Administration's methods of dealing with the veterans' interests, and, in particular, their humiliation at the President's action in making his personal family physician a brigadier-general in virtual control of the veterans' interest without justification in Dr. Sawyer's record in the war or in public service or in his course since his appointment; and the fact that most of the dissatisfaction with prohibition worked against the Republicans.

So far as we can see, there is no evidence that views on the Administration's foreign policy—concerning, for example, the League of Nations, the Naval Treaty, the Near East, foreign debts, etc.—had any weight one way or the other. In Massachusetts Senator Lodge received a rebuke largely because of the feeling that he resorted to political prejudices in the electorate at the expense of loyalty to certain principles in which he was supposed to believe. In Indiana ex-Senator Beveridge received an adverse vote very largely because of the feeling on the part of many service men that Mr. Beveridge was lukewarm, if not actually pro-German, during all the early stages of the war.

In New Jersey the victory of Mr. Edwards for the Senatorship over Mr. Frelinghuysen is a definite victory for the anti-prohibitionists; but it is not

purely such, for New Jersey was affected by the general dissatisfaction of the country with the Republican party.

Where Republicanism stood for progressive policies, even though it involved some radicalism, the sweep against the Republicans was checked. In Iowa Mr. Brookhart won a victory over his Democratic opponent because he had already led a revolt in his own party against standpatism; and in Pennsylvania Mr. Pinchot was elected Governor, not only as a Republican, but as an exponent of Rooseveltian progressivism.

At the same time where the Republican nominations had been captured by those who stood openly for policies regarded as Bolshevik the Republicans were defeated as soundly as when they stood for standpatism. Senator France, of Maryland, an apologist for the Bolsheviks of Russia, and ex-Governor Frazier, the Non-Partisan League and Republican candidate for Senator in North Dakota, alike met defeat.

On the whole, the people of the country have said to the Republican party: We made you steward two years ago. You have, however, presumed too much upon the confidence we then reposed in you. Take warning.

SECRETARY HUGHES ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

IN an important political address at Boston shortly before the election campaign closed Secretary Hughes took occasion to tell clearly his conception of America's duty and limitation in foreign affairs. "Friendship for all nations, alliances with none" was the keynote. He strongly urged co-operation by America in the new International Court of Justice, in proper methods of furthering the public health of the world, and in the fight against commerce in narcotics and traffic in women and children. He would maintain American rights abroad, but by calm insistence rather than by threats.

But beyond such matters as these he deprecated interference in questions distinctively European, for, he declared, "the fundamental and pressing problems of Europe are political problems involv-

ing national hopes and fears; deep-seated convictions as to national safety and opportunity; national ambitions, in some cases long cherished, in others recently awakened; established policies which have become postulates in the thought of peoples. Each nation is its own judge in such matters of policy and, whether acting in or out of groups, will follow its own interests save as some special exigency may control."

As to the new situation in the Near East, Secretary Hughes had already expressed his view of American duty by making public a paragraph from a private letter written by him in which he said: "I conceive it to be the duty of the country to continue to safeguard American lives and interests, to give succor to the destitute and oppressed, and exert our influence in the interest of peace, against cruelty and brutality, and for the proper protection of minorities. We shall not withhold any practical measures of mercy or threaten where we do not intend to execute." In the Boston address he took pains to point out that the terrible incidents of the Greek retreat through Anatolia should be borne in mind, even though they did not palliate the barbaric cruelty of the Turks in Smyrna, and he referred with pride to the fine relief work by American officers and American philanthropy. He repeated his assurances that everything possible and proper should be done to safeguard American citizens in Turkey, our institutions and commercial interests there, the freedom of the Straits, and the rights of minorities. But, as we declined to go to war with Turkey when we entered the Great War, despite the Turkish massacres in 1915, it is futile for Americans to talk of war when other countries are arranging peace. "At no time," he added, "has the Executive had any authority to plunge this country into war, even a holy war. I know there are those who think we should have threatened, even if we did not intend to make war. 'The Administration does not make threats which it does not purpose to carry out. The American people cannot afford a policy where the words spoken on their behalf do not mean all that is said. When we threaten we shall execute.'"

The Secretary of State will find the positions thus taken sustained by the large majority of sensible citizens.

A MAKE-BELIEVE IMPERIAL WEDDING

THE world at large is not deeply concerned over the questions of taste and feeling involved in the wedding of William Hohenzollern, nor is it much stirred by the discussion as to how far



Central News

THE SULTAN AWAITS THE END

the former Kaiser has by it alienated his family and the monarchical party in Germany. As a ruler of Germany William is, as Germans say, "*Kaput*," or, in our slang, "all in." If it is true, however, as cable despatches say, that at the wedding of William to the Princess Hermine of Reuss (a widow with five children) the bridegroom signed himself "Wilhelm II" and the bride was addressed as the Queen of Prussia, it would be a proper thing for the German Government to point out that no one has a right to those titles even by a stretch of courtesy. Prussia is now a component part of the Republic of Germany, and has no royalties. The empty grandiloquence of non-existent titles was merely one phase of the attempt to throw a false glamour of imperial grandeur over what is really a rather melancholy social event, particularly to those Germans who have deeply honored the devoted Kaiserin, who died only a year and a half ago.

Some amusement has been caused by the remark attributed to the Princess Hermine not long ago that the former Kaiser needed to be looked after. The general comment was, "Yes; he always

did." If he had been wisely guided, for instance, he would not have put out his "Memoirs," for apart from their being a queer jumble of fact and fable, the general verdict is that they showed astonishing ignorance and lack of political and personal judgment. They differ widely from the book to which the former Crown Prince's name is attached, for that was in the writing at least moderate, quiet, and in good taste, however unsound in exposition of history it may be.

It has always been a question whether, in rough parlance, Wilhelm II was more a knave or a fool. Probably history will answer that he was a good deal of both. That he was a megalomaniac is sure; but, just as such a thing is recognized in criminal law as criminal insanity as seen in the perverted viciousness of a distorted mentality the possessor of which knows murder to be murder and yet commits the crime, so the former Kaiser cannot be excused because of his self-conceit from his large share of guilt in the colossal crime of the World War.

THE SULTAN'S GOVERNMENT DISPLACED

NOR content with declaring Mohammed VI deprived of the office of Sultan, to be regarded henceforth only as Caliph of the faithful, or of driving out his Ministers, including the Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, the Angora Nationalists under Kemal declared through their representative in Constantinople, Rafet Pasha, that from noon on November 4 the administration of the Great National Assembly of Turkey was established in Constantinople.

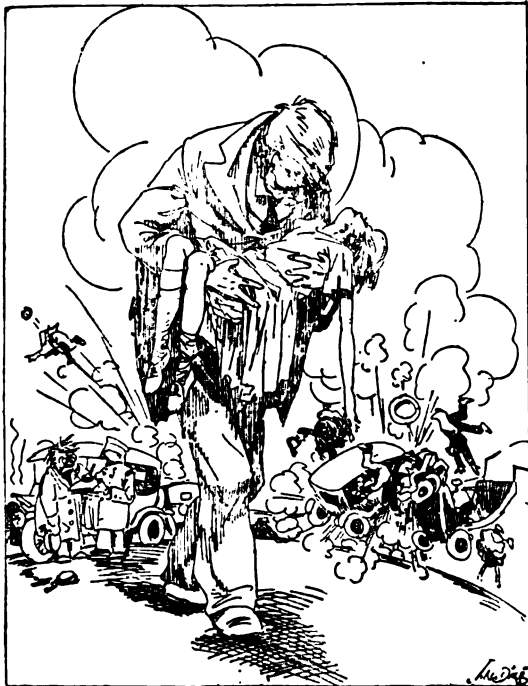
This is premature, to say the least. The Allies still have armed forces in Constantinople, and, while they have agreed to all intents and purposes that Nationalist control over the city should be established, it would be only decent for the victorious Turkish army to await the sessions of the proposed peace conference at Lausanne before setting up their Turkish Republic. But when, as despatches of November 5 state, Hamid Bey, the military representative of the Angora Government, practically ordered Allied troops out, and in a note to the Entente demanded evacuation by the Allied forces, the Council of Allies promptly refused his demands as impertinent. They naturally resent the peremptory demand and are unwilling to leave Christians and Jews at the mercy of a Turkish army.

The Kemalist Turkish army may now be harmless and well conducted, and no doubt Greeks and other Balkan nations have been guilty of excesses, but in view

TOO LITTLE TO CONTEND

(Pericles, Act I, Scene 2)

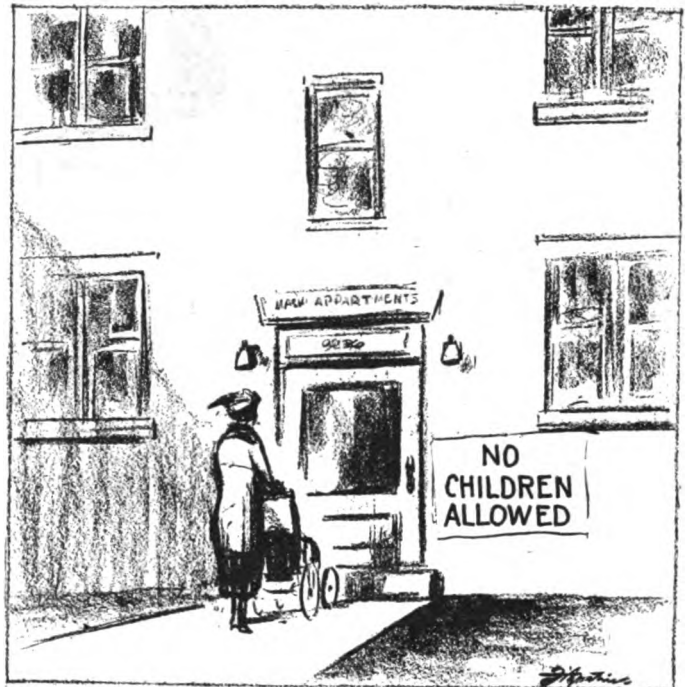
Darling in the Syracuse Post-Standard



WONDER IF THE TURKS AVERAGE WORSE THAN
OUR IDIOT AUTOMOBILISTS

From D. Hill, Syracuse, N. Y.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



ANOTHER PARKING PROBLEM

From M. Hynes, St. Louis, Mo.

Johnson in the Dallas (Texas) Daily Times Herald



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

From Jack L. Baker, Cooper, Texas

Fontaine Fox in the Seattle Daily Times



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IN THE PARK

From Emil W. Zingg, Seattle, Washington

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of history, old and recent, the wretched non-Mohammedan people in Thrace do not await the coming of the Turks with calmness. An Associated Press despatch from Constantinople states that a new exodus of Christians has recently begun in Asia Minor, "apparently by order of the Angora Government," and that at least 200,000 people are deserting their homes. Probably Constantinople may be saved from atrocities, but the outer world will feel more comfortable in mind if French and British ships and troops are on guard.

LABOR'S SETBACK IN ENGLAND

THE size of the Labor Party's representation in the next Parliament is an exceedingly important matter. If it is large enough to hold the balance of power when helped out by other members of radical or Socialistic views, then both Liberal and Conservative anti-George members may regret the break-up of their coalition. For this reason the falling off in the Labor vote at many municipal elections two weeks before the general election has excited lively discussion. The setback has been attributed to indifference, but more probably it is due to a feeling that the Labor leaders have gone too far in urging the nationalization of industries and a levy on capital to reduce municipal taxes. Other party leaders are urging their candidates not to make the mistake of underestimating the Labor vote on November 15. In the municipal elections Labor candidates lost in over half the contests; in London its membership in the councils or districts fell from 574 to 215. On the face of it the result seems to favor the Conservatives, and therefore there has been talk of possible union between the Asquithian and Lloyd Georgian Liberals.

The most notable event of the campaign up to a week before the election has been the address by the new Prime Minister before a woman's association in London. Mr. Bonar Law was urbane, quiet, and reasonable. He could not agree with those who looked upon the break-up of the Coalition as the death of a beautiful thing, and illustrated his view by a story so applied to the Coalition as to indicate that, however beautiful it may have been, it was now decidedly dead. He retorted on Lloyd George's question as to why the Conservatives thought he was all right to save England in war-time but not good enough to serve it in peace by the story of the wounded drummer in a hospital who thought it would do him good to beat his drum once more; they let him, and he got well, but the other patients died.

Bonar Law's speech elaborately



THIS WILL BE THE AMERICAN-OWNED UNITED STATES EMBASSY AFTER THE BRAZIL EXPOSITION ENDS

Frank L. Packard, Architect; Dwight P. Robinson & Co., Inc., Constructors

worked out the theme that England requires rest, recuperation, and political harmony rather than sensationalism and dissension. Under Lloyd George's administration, he said, all felt, "We don't know where we are to-day and cannot tell where we shall be to-morrow." Stability and what Americans now call "normalcy" are his ambition.

Mr. Law's speech was notable for his expressions of friendship for England's allies in the war, and America as well as France was warmly greeted. Reversing the recent utterance attributed to Mr. Kipling, the Prime Minister said he considered that by entering the conflict the United States had gained her soul and lost her money.

AMERICAN HOMES FOR AMERICAN AMBASSADORS

FORTUNATELY, the time is passing when the oft-repeated bit of fun about Joseph H. Choate when he was American Ambassador to England is applicable everywhere. The story relates that Mr. Choate was accosted by a London policeman on a wet, windy night. "I say," demanded the Bobby, "what are you doing out this beastly night? Better go home." "I have no home," said Choate. "I am the American Ambassador."

American embassies, "as itinerant as a house-boat," to use the characterization of General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France, are gradually being displaced by "little White Houses" in the capitals of the world. The change from the old haphazard policy of turning new envoys loose in strange cities, subject to the rapacity of landlords and real estate agents, is added evidence of the discovery of a "new diplomacy." Incidentally, it indicates relief from the peculiar condition of a democracy necessarily choosing its representatives from the wealthy.

The latest and most impressive addi-

tion to the American diplomatic ménage is the Embassy building recently completed in Rio de Janeiro. It is now serving as the United States Government Building at the Brazilian Centennial Exposition, and is used for the reception of visitors and the showing of educational exhibits. With the close of the Exposition it will become the official headquarters of the United States in Brazil and the home of the American Ambassador.

This is the third building operation of the kind the Government has attempted. The Legation in Peking was completed in 1906, at a total cost of \$180,000 for grounds, building, and equipment. The cost of the building and improvement of grounds at San Salvador, to be completed this year, will be \$60,000. The Brazilian building cost \$300,000.

The United States first invested in real estate in a foreign capital in 1884, when a legation building was purchased in Siam. In 1920 these premises were exchanged with the Government of Siam for other quarters in a more desirable section of Bangkok. In 1891 an official residence was purchased in Morocco; in Japan, 1896; in Turkey, 1907; and in Cuba and Panama, 1916. An Embassy building was recently purchased in Chile, and on May 22, 1922, the deeds transferring the home in London donated by J. P. Morgan to the Department of State for Embassy uses were formally executed.

The Government, therefore, at this time owns quarters in ten capitals out of forty-seven in which diplomatic representatives are normally maintained. An embassy is owned in only one European capital, London. Economy can hardly be pleaded as justification, for the embassy grounds of other governments in London, Paris, Berlin, Washington, and other centers of government have increased enormously in value.

putting them in the class of profitable investments.

The new Embassy building at Rio de Janeiro is located on Guanabara Bay directly opposite the harbor entrance with its towering promontories, one of which rises out of the water to a height of 1,200 feet, and this has the most commanding, as well as convenient, location imaginable. Stately, harmonious, adapted to the climate and conditions prevailing in the warmer American countries, it will fittingly house the headquarters of the great North American Republic in the largest Republic in South America.

The building is designed in the Portuguese colonial style, adapted to the Brazilian mode. It is constructed of granite and reinforced concrete, with finishings of tile and Portuguese marble, and roofed with mottled colored tile. The walls inclose a *patio* with a fountain and tropical garden, surrounded on three sides by large arched openings and on the fourth by the main staircase. All the rooms open on the cloisters surrounding the *patio*.

IN MEMORY OF LYMAN ABBOTT

JUST a week after his death Lyman Abbott's neighbors in Cornwall-on-Hudson, where he had made his home for over fifty years, gathered in the church nearest his home in the village to express their affection for him. The memorial service was conducted by ministers of various denominations. The Rev. H. R. Fraser, of Monticello, New York, formerly pastor of the church and Dr. Abbott's nearest neighbor, drew in simple words a picture of the friendliness of Lyman Abbott which his hearers will not soon forget. After the service Dr. Abbott's fellow-townpeople lingered in and about the church, greeting one another as they would at any other neighborly occasion. It was just such a community gathering as he himself had often taken part in. The service might well have been the celebration of his birthday in his absence. No greater tribute could be paid to Dr. Abbott's serene faith than the understanding spirit shown by the people among whom he had lived.

Memorial services were held in many other places. Only a few of these can be mentioned. That in Terre Haute, Indiana, should be recorded because it was there that Lyman Abbott went to take up for the first time his duties as a minister, and it was there that he lived during the Civil War in a community which was divided in its sympathies between North and South. In the church which he then served the Rev. J. W. Herring, the present minis-

ter, recalled the service that Lyman Abbott had rendered in those critical days when "he sacrificed himself and taught others to sacrifice popularity where the choice had to be made between popularity and conscience." Mr. Herring said in conclusion: "May we, as a church, never shrink from the level of his courage; may our eyes never waver from the clarity of his vision; may our spirits never lose the sincere generosity of his spirit, a spirit that could fight without hating and love without compromising."

Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, where Dr. Abbott preached for eleven and one-half years, was of course the scene of notable memorials. Not only his former parishioners but also a great number of ministers gathered in that historic building to testify by their presence to their affection and respect for Dr. Abbott's memory.

Such memorial meetings as those at Cornell, Terre Haute, and Brooklyn were in true accord with Dr. Abbott's wishes and spirit. It was not only in consequence of the spontaneous wish of those closest to him, but in accord with his own expressed desire, that there was no public funeral. The immediate public commemoration of his passing took the form of a service held at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin is pastor. This church was near Dr. Abbott's New York home, and in the last years of his life he had frequently spoken from its pulpit. This service at Dr. Coffin's church on Tuesday evening, October 31, was attended by the friends and co-workers of Dr. Abbott. David Mannes, an intimate friend, played three violin solos. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, and Dr. Coffin were the speakers.

"Lyman Abbott," said Dr. Hillis, "was the man that changed the thinking of the younger preachers of the country by reconciling the old view with the new and teaching us the immanence of God, his daily presence."

Dr. Reiland said: "We have and have had and will continue to have particular churchmen, but, except Dr. Abbott, I cannot think of any one who might justly be called a general churchman, for I believe that most of all he belonged to the church of God in Jesus Christ."

Dr. Coffin spoke of Dr. Abbott as follows: "Estimated by the number of persons whom he reached by voice and pen annually for more than half a century, and by the effect of his words in holding their thought and life, Dr. Abbott was unquestionably the greatest teacher of religion in this country, in this generation. . . . I have looked through a num-

ber of Dr. Abbott's volumes, and this comes to me as a constant impression: that he looked upon the living God as a companion. It is a phrase which recurs again and again and again. To that Companion he prayed; of that Companion he spoke as one whom he knew from intimate experience; to that Companion's comradeship he gave himself; and to that Companion's enduring companionship he looked expectantly forth. . . . 'And when even was come, Jesus said, Let us now go over unto the other side.'

THE BIBLE IN CALIFORNIA

IF a newspaper despatch printed as special to the New York "Times" and also to the "World" is to be believed, a California Court has rendered a decision excluding the King James Version of the Bible from the public schools of the State on the ground that it is a book of sectarian character.

We do not know whether this decision is final. If it is, it practically deprives the great mass of the children of California from learning to appreciate, not only one of the great world literatures, but also one of the classics of the English tongue.

If a court should raise a barrier against all study or reading of the literature of the Romans or the Greeks in our public schools, it would be regarded by educators as a calamity. It is no less a calamity for a court virtually to bar from the public schools all study or reading of the equally great literature of the Hebrews. And that is what the Court does, for to the pupils in our public schools the literature of the Hebrews is available only in English, and the opinion of the Court is clearly such as to bar any translation of the Bible. "Controversies," says the Court, according to the newspaper report, "have been waged for centuries over the authenticity of the various translations of the Bible, each sect insisting that its version is the only inspired book." It is this opposition on the part of literalists to translations not receiving their own sanction which, in the opinion of the Court, renders the King James Version objectionable, and must render equally objectionable of course every other version.

If the arguments of those who assert that the literature of the Hebrews was infallibly dictated to infallible amanuenses and was infallibly preserved and finally was infallibly translated are accepted in law at their face value, and yet those who argue thus cannot agree among themselves which portions of that literature were infallibly preserved

and which translations were infallibly made, it is manifestly impossible for any court to sanction the use of a translation without becoming the partisan of the sect whose translation is sanctioned. If the assumptions of the literalists are true, either there must be a union of Church and State in its subtlest form—through the courts of justice—or the Bible must be excluded from the public school, or the public school must be abandoned in favor of schools supported by the several denominations. Of these alternatives the Court has chosen the exclusion of the Bible. Thus some of the most ardent advocates of the reading of the Bible have defeated their own ends.

It was, however, not necessary for the Court to accept these arguments at their face value. In rendering the decision the judges were not concerned with a question of law, but with an interpretation of fact. In the opinion it is categorically asserted:

The sole question for determination was whether the King James Version of the Bible was a sectarian or denominational book.

From the responsibility for deciding that question the judges cannot escape by pleading that they were bound by the law. As they have stated it themselves the question is not one of law. It is a question as to their own knowledge of literature and life.

What are the facts?

The Bible is, in the first place, an ancient literature incomparable in the majesty of its survey of life from primitive days to the beginning of the present era, in its insight into the heart of man, in the elevation of its imaginative flights into spiritual realms, in the conciseness of its words of wisdom, in the simplicity of its greatest narratives. In the variety of its literary forms it is not surpassed by any literature, ancient or modern. In nice perfection of form nothing in the literature of the Greeks exceeds the Song of Songs or the idyll of Ruth. In literary structure not one of the tragedies of the Greek dramatists or the works of Shakespeare overtops the Book of Job. To describe a literature like that in any approximately adequate translation as a "sectarian book" is to reveal a view of life as well as of literature totally inadequate for the decision of great questions such as confront the American people.

In the second place, the King James Version of the Bible is not merely a translation of this great ancient literature; it is itself one of the masterpieces of literature in the English language. Its very phrases have become imbedded in the writings of English-using authors of generations. If the King James

Version were destroyed as a separate body of writing, it would nevertheless continue to live as a part of the living organism of English literature. To it men of all faiths and of no faith have resorted as a model of style, as a vast and inexhaustible treasury of language, as a refreshing and pure fountain of thought. Acquaintance with this classic of their speech is not only a privilege from which Americans should not be excluded; it is a right on which they should insist for themselves and their children.

We deplore this decision of the California Court, not only because it denies this right to thousands of California children, but because it shows what other decisions of other courts have shown—that in too many instances American judges do not know life.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

IN the current issue of "Scribner's Magazine" William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, makes a delightfully whimsical suggestion:

In addition to founding the Fano Club, I have established what I call the Ignoble Prize; for which any one is at liberty to suggest the names of candidates. In order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize, the thing—whether book or musical composition or building or painting—must have a high reputation, be commonly regarded as a masterpiece, and yet to the individual who submits it be lacking both in interest and appeal. Not for a moment would the works of a popular author with no true fame be accepted: the prime condition is that the object suggested must be both famous and respectable, so that the person suggesting it is in danger of damnation, which gives the game a particular little thrill of its own. Having more audacity than fear, I suggest the Plain Tower of Chartres Cathedral, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Tale of Two Cities." I admit that such a list is enough to take one's breath away; but for some reason, not one of these masterpieces has ever impressed me as the critics say it should. Does any one else dare speak his mind? The interior of Chartres is to me the most sublime interior in the world. But I have looked at that plain tower from every angle, trying conscientiously to see why the critics fall down and worship it. To me it is just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio or Indiana.

The undersigned dares make application for membership. He has never been able to read Dante. There are lines and metaphors and similes and detached ideas to which Dante has given expression that are, of course, beautiful and appealing. But as for taking a vol-

ume of Dante's poems down from the shelf for unconscious and spontaneous refreshment and beauty, as one takes down Calverley's "Theocritus," or Keats or Browning, or Montaigne, or James Howell's Letters, or three or four of the sonnets of Shakespeare, or three or four of the Psalms ascribed to David, or even the intricate but somewhat mysteriously appealing verses of Emily Dickinson—he simply cannot do it.

This is a terribly ignoble confession, no doubt—its ignobility being emphasized perhaps by the profane venturesomeness of coupling the name of the Yankee spinster and recluse, Emily Dickinson, with that of the great and immortal Italian philosopher and poet. But it certainly is not any more ignoble than for a university professor like Mr. Phelps to expose himself publicly as enjoying any one of a hundred Indiana church steeples as much as the Plain Tower of Chartres.

After all, I suspect that under the form of whimsy Mr. Phelps is trying to startle us all into thinking of the truth that there is no universal, mathematical standard of beauty. This truth has been expressed for generations and generations by homely proverbs such as, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," "*Chacun a son gout*," "*De gustibus non disputandum*." If one can take beauty in one form, he is not to be condemned because some other form of beauty does not appeal to him.

There is, really, only one general universal concept of beauty, and to that concept the poet Keats has given expression in his unforgettable "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The great beauty of Mr. Phelps's Ignoble Prize is that it is designed to develop truthfulness. Let us hope that aspirants for this prize will not mistake cleverness for truth. This mistake has brought a good many current writers to grief—Margot Asquith, for example.

L. F. A.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

WHEN President Wilson made Thomas Nelson Page American Ambassador to Italy, the general feeling was that the selection was made partly because Mr. Page was a typical Southern gentleman, a Virginian and a Democrat, and partly because of his contributions to American literature. The choice of distinguished American writers to represent their country abroad has yielded several notable successes; conspicuous among these author-diplomats are James Russell Lowell and Walter H. Page; the services of Thomas Nelson Page, if not quite as important

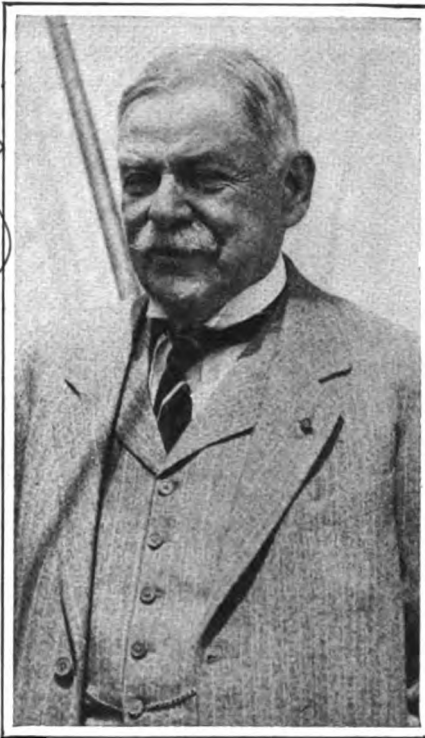
as those of these two brilliant examples, were valuable and substantial.

But in fact Mr. Page was more interested in public affairs and in history than many of the readers of his delightful stories knew. In proof of this may be cited his biography of Robert E. Lee, his books called "The Negro—the Southerner's Problem" and the "Old Dominion," his excellent article on "Jamestown and Civil Liberty" (published in this journal at the time of the Jamestown Centenary), and many special articles and essays. One valuable outcome of his Ambassadorship was the publication last year of his book on "Italy and the World War," of which Mr. Gino Speranza in an elaborate review in *The Outlook* said: "It is a book wherein restraint, a high sense of loyalty, and a passion for fairness are evident in every chapter."

Only Mr. Page's intimates know how strenuously and faithfully he carried on the heavy and responsible war work at his post, to the detriment of his own health and to a physical reaction that led to his official retirement and perhaps to his recent death, at the age of sixty-nine, at his ancestral Virginian home.

The natural bent of the genius of Thomas Nelson Page was toward the short story. We recall two full-fledged novels, "Gordon Keith" and "Red Rock," but, while these are true yet romantic pictures of Virginia social life perhaps twenty years after the Civil War, they do not have the appeal of his short stories of the old régime, and of these the titles that recur to mind at once are "Marse Chan," "Unc' Edinburg," and "Meh Lady." One minor but yet essential trait of Page's stories of Southern life was that he knew how to write Negro dialect. Together with Joel Chandler Harris and H. S. Edwards, Page revolutionized the stiff, absurd, unmusical dialect attributed to the colored people by earlier story-tellers and playwrights and reproduced the real talk of the Negroes with its softness, richness, and simple humor.

Mr. Page's enduring reputation as a writer will rest on the short stories named above. They belong to American literature. Of them, and of him, we may repeat what we said fifteen years ago: A Virginian of the Virginians, he has been the secretary and recorder of a form of social life which had the charm of lavish hospitality, of gracious manners, of a generous habit of life, and of a keen sense of personal dignity. Of that old order there are no more charming reports than "Meh Lady" and "Mars Chan," nor are these unaffected and deeply human interpretations of a vanished social order likely to be surpassed in the future. They give one that sense



International

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

of finality which comes only from those things which are so adequately done that the imagination rests content in them.

FASCISTI TRIUMPHANT

SUPPOSE the young Americans who served overseas returned home to find America in chaos. Suppose they saw the men who stayed at home engaged in overturning the safeguards of American liberty. Suppose they saw the factories and the other means of production paralyzed by a combination of theorists and robbers. Suppose they saw that men who had escaped service in the trenches and on sea-washed decks were engaged in an attempt to line their own pockets at the cost of the country. Suppose they found rich profiteers escaping taxation while the mass of the people were paying in taxes at least one-quarter of their income. Suppose they found their country facing the appalling calamity of a general strike. Suppose they saw the Government at the worst cowardly and at the best powerless in the face of the situation. Suppose they found politicians taking advantage of the disorder to build up a mighty force of office-holders to whom they could give jobs in return for political support to their own ambitions. Suppose they found the railways and the other public utilities under the burden of this bureaucratic body of office-holders breaking down. Suppose they found that thus the Government, instead of being a safe-

guard and a protection, had become a means for exploiting the Nation. Suppose they found that the strong men in power were bargaining for their own advantage and the men of good intention were either weak by nature or weakened by circumstance. Suppose they saw their country engaged in foreign adventures which at their best the country, thus weakened, was ill prepared for and which in no case was the Government willing to follow to their conclusion. And then suppose that these veterans, organized as the American Legion is organized, but devoted, not to their own advancement, not for any bonus for themselves, not for the glorification of their own past deeds, but for the salvation of the country from disaster, had proceeded to take matters in their own hands; had organized vigilance committees; had rejected with contempt the idea of acting in secrecy, or under cover of darkness, or in disguise, but had, on the contrary, adopted for themselves a public symbol of orderly government derived from the traditions of the race, such as the speaker's mace in the House of Commons, and had adopted some distinctive mark of dress by which they could be recognized as legionaries everywhere. Suppose they had devised for themselves signals by which any number of them in a neighborhood could be summoned in an instant like the Minute-Men of Massachusetts. Suppose they had gone systematically to work to fight openly the disruptive elements in society. Suppose that when the general strike came they rushed to the public service, manned the abandoned trains, peopled the deserted factories with workers, and kept circulating the Nation's life-blood. Suppose these legionaries, having scattered the organized groups of chaos-makers, and having renewed the courage of the people to turn to productive industry without fear of intimidation, turned themselves to the renewal of the Government. Suppose in State after State they got political control and finally secured a majority in Congress and placed their leader in the White House.

That is something that could never happen precisely in that way in the United States, because the vastness of the country, the temper of the people, and the nature of American institutions are sufficient to prevent, not only the application of such remedies for social and political ills, but even such a situation from arising. Nevertheless it is by imagining such an event happening in America that Americans perhaps may understand what has happened in Italy.

Most of the Fascisti are young; and those that are not young in years have the spirit of youth. Sometimes it is thought that youth is radical; but here

is an example of youth acting with vigor and initiative in a spirit which is in the broadest sense conservative. It is because these men and women had suffered in the war to preserve the fruits of Italian liberation that when peace came they were willing to continue to suffer and serve to preserve them.

In order to understand what has happened in Italy we in America must remember that the Italian background is different from ours. As a free nation Italy is very young, much younger than the United States. The people of Italy have welded for themselves fragmentary states into a comparatively new nation. This people, or rather this group of peoples, have no long experience in governing themselves. In this respect they are like most of their neighbors on the Continent of Europe. Their history has been made, not by repeated appeals to the ballot, as ours has been, but by appeals to the bayonet. To us it would be a strange and fearful thing to have to resort to direct action; but to the peoples of Europe, and in particular to the people of Italy, in whose memory are still fresh such figures as those of Metternich and Napoleon III as enemies of their liberty, the natural thing is to turn to direct action as a means of release against wrong. What has happened in



(C) Keystone

BENITO MUSSOLINI, LEADER OF THE FASCISTI

Italy is in essence a normal revolution. That is why it is not strange that the Fascisti come into power with the approval, not only of the people as a whole, but of leaders in their army and their

navy, and, most significant of all, of their King.

The week that has passed since Mr. Roselli wrote his article which appeared in the last issue of *The Outlook* has seen the fulfillment of what was there predicted. The Fascisti have marched upon Rome; Mussolini, their leader, has, at the request of the King—a request which he could not refuse—taken up the reins of government. He has formed a Cabinet of youth. It is also a Cabinet of inexperience in political management, but it represents, not only the Fascista movement as such, but other elements in the nation that are sympathetic with the object that the Fascisti have set before them. Mussolini has announced his policy in foreign relations as “not a policy of adventure, but one of friendship to those nations displaying friendship for us,” and his policy in internal affairs as “one of strict economy, discipline, and the restoration of our finances.”

We repeat the hope that Mr. Roselli expressed last week—that the Fascisti will not allow themselves to become permanently a political party, but that, as soon as they have reorganized the Government, they will withdraw and remain a moral force holding all political parties to account.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH RELATIONS AND THE NEAR EAST

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

A FEW days after the Treaty of Sèvres was signed I called on Marshal Foch and asked his opinion on the subject.

“It is quite good,” he answered, “but on the condition that 300,000 French and English bayonets be sent at once over there to enforce its execution.”

Since France and England had neither the means nor the will to send those forces to the East, the Treaty of Sèvres could not be, and never was, enforced.

That sums up the whole story of this unpleasant Eastern affair.

It was not a matter of sympathy or artificiality. It was only a question of power and facts. That is what both English and French had forgotten from the beginning.

The French were the first to realize their mistake, for the only reason that during many months they had had to fight the Turks in Galicia, without the hope of any benefit whatsoever. When they had fought long enough, when they had come to the conclusion that the absurd struggle had lasted sufficiently, they hastened to make peace with the Turks, who immediately made ready to turn on the Greeks.

The English were highly displeased with this Franco-Turkish Agreement and strongly blamed the French for it. The latter answered that they neither could nor wanted to fight the Turks; the only way left to them was to make peace. This answer, though logical and full of good sense, did not satisfy the English.

For he does not know the English who thinks that a logical argument, however strong, can influence them! It is difficult to conceive their contempt for logic and reason when applied to politics. France's readiness to mix up logic with politics or diplomacy seems very extravagant to them. Facts alone appear to them to be of any importance.

Well, facts have just shown the English that the French were right about the Eastern question. Then only have they yielded to necessity. They have at last accepted the solution which France had proposed; that is, give back to the Turks Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Thrace.

The great British plan was to use the Greeks against the Turks in order to push them back into Asia. Unfortunately, the Greeks were not in a position

to fill the part, especially if it were to last a long time. The burden placed upon their shoulders was too much for them to bear; they were completely crushed by it.

A glance at a map will suffice to show that the Greek army could not possibly maintain itself so far from its base, on the far advanced positions that its chiefs—the civil more than the military ones—had been foolish enough to choose.

Twelve years ago I traveled all over that country during a journey in Asia Minor from Smyrna to Koniah, the old capital of the Turks, through Afiaoun-Karaisar and back to Constantinople.

One has scarcely left the coast, crowded with Greek villages and redolent of Greek memories, when the railway climbs three thousand feet through endless windings to the highlands, which appear to the traveler as a land of desolation and death. No civilization, no fields, scarcely any villages. From place to place a few meager fields which just enable the few inhabitants to stave off starvation. A Turkish shepherd clad in his big coat made of rigid felt reaching to the ground, with a hole for the

head, may be seen watching his flock grazing amid the rocks.

It was a pure folly to maintain a big army so far from its base. All faults and follies have to be accounted for. As this one was most serious, its consequences were therefore terrible.

If only the Greek divisions had been content to protect Smyrna and the near "hinterland"! Backed by strong and well-fortified works, they might perhaps have held their own for a while; they might have stopped the Turks, thus giving the diplomats and statesmen time to arrange for the evacuation of Smyrna in exchange for serious advantages; for instance, a kind of autonomy for the city, under the control of the Great Powers, the protection of the Greek minorities, etc.

But sooner or later the Greek army would have had to give up Smyrna. Sooner or later we should have been forced to negotiate with the Turks. The pity of it all is that we should have waited so long.

The opposition between French and English politics has greatly contributed to increase the difficulties of the Eastern problem; it has greatly delayed its solution.

Who is responsible for this inopportune opposition? Both, without any doubt. In Paris as in London both Governments could plead guilty.

Immediately after the armistice M. Clemenceau, who never took much interest in Eastern affairs, gave the English the impression that France would not be very pressing in her demands on the East, more particularly as to Syria. The English were not long in drawing their own conclusions. Circumstances having given them a high hand over the situation, they immediately let loose all their ambitions, and gave the direction of their Eastern policy into the hands of sub-agents whose only aim was to undermine French influence at any cost.

It was the Golden Age of the Pan-Arabic dreams, with all its delusions and all its extravagance. An Oxford professor, metamorphosed into a colonel, the famous Lawrence, gave free vent to his adventurous conceptions, without any regard for the reality of things. He built up chimeric empires for his country over whose destinies the Emir Faisal and his brother Abdallah, the Bedouin Ringlets, sprung from the depths of the Arabian desert, were to preside for the greater good of England. Add to this Lloyd George's distinctly anti-Turkish and pro-Greek disposition of mind.

When one analyzes this policy and tries to discover its chief reasons, one finds a number of elements derived from various origins; foremost, undoubtedly, financial influence, which Lloyd George has always willingly obeyed; then remnants of liberal politics, the anti-Turkish tendency of the old Gladstonian doc-

trine; the imperialistic idea of utilizing circumstances definitely to grab Constantinople and the Straits.

All these elements combined have conduced to warp British policy and hide from the British the great Mohammedan interests that are in the charge of England.

Lloyd George stubbornly maintained his views, just as he did in regard to Russia. It was all in vain that part of the British public, the Foreign Office, and those of the Colonial Office still more, opposed him, showing him the breakers ahead. He was deaf to all, until the day of awakening when he had to yield to hard facts.

Happily, the English are great opportunists, the greatest in the world; they always surrender to facts. Lord Curzon accepted an agreement in Paris which a few weeks previously would have made his hair stand on end.

The concessions made by England—and one must insist on the point—are most important. In order to come back to the road of moderation and good sense the British Government had to go very far!

Thanks to the force of facts, much more than to human will power, France and England have at last come to an agreement over the essential points of the Eastern problem. Many still remain to be solved. Serious differences of opinion may still arise as regards the capitulation, the care of the minorities, the Straits, etc. But what is still to be done is of far less importance than that which has already been accomplished.

It now remains to develop the results already obtained. It was with the Eastern as much as with the reparations question that France and England had conflicting interests. On the former of those questions their interests are now, on the whole, reconciled. Both Governments owe it to themselves and their peoples, whose only wish is to be united, faithfully to try to settle their divergences on the latter also.

The statesmen have been far more to blame over this matter than the public. For on either side of the Channel the almost totality of the country has a distinct feeling that any Franco-British quarrel would not fail to bring about quickly disastrous consequences. Unfortunately, both Governments, instead of forestalling differences, or at least settling them as soon as they arose, have let them multiply. It is not surprising that under such conditions the evil grew.

One point still remains obscure; it is the one dealing with the relations between the Angora Government and the Soviets. What are those relations? What is the exact influence the Bolsheviks have over the Turks?

The Soviet Government has made a noisy and unexpected irruption in the Eastern negotiations. It has expressed the desire not to be left out, and wants to take part in all discussions. Thus, to use a popular expression, we see Lenin stepping into the Czar's shoes! It is not

the first time, however, that we have witnessed such a thing.

This Sovietic "Bat"—certainly far less pleasant to look at than the one that was shown us by Russian artists—alternately shows its paws and its wings. According to circumstances, it calls itself a bird or a mouse! Sometimes it says that there should be no boundaries, and that the old diplomatic methods should be abandoned. At other times, on the contrary, it appears more imperialistic and more jingoist than the Ministers, generals, and diplomats of the Czar ever proved to be.

That Russia holds a high interest in the settlement of the Constantinople and Straits question cannot be denied.

Any decision taken without consulting her runs the risk of being merely a provisional one.

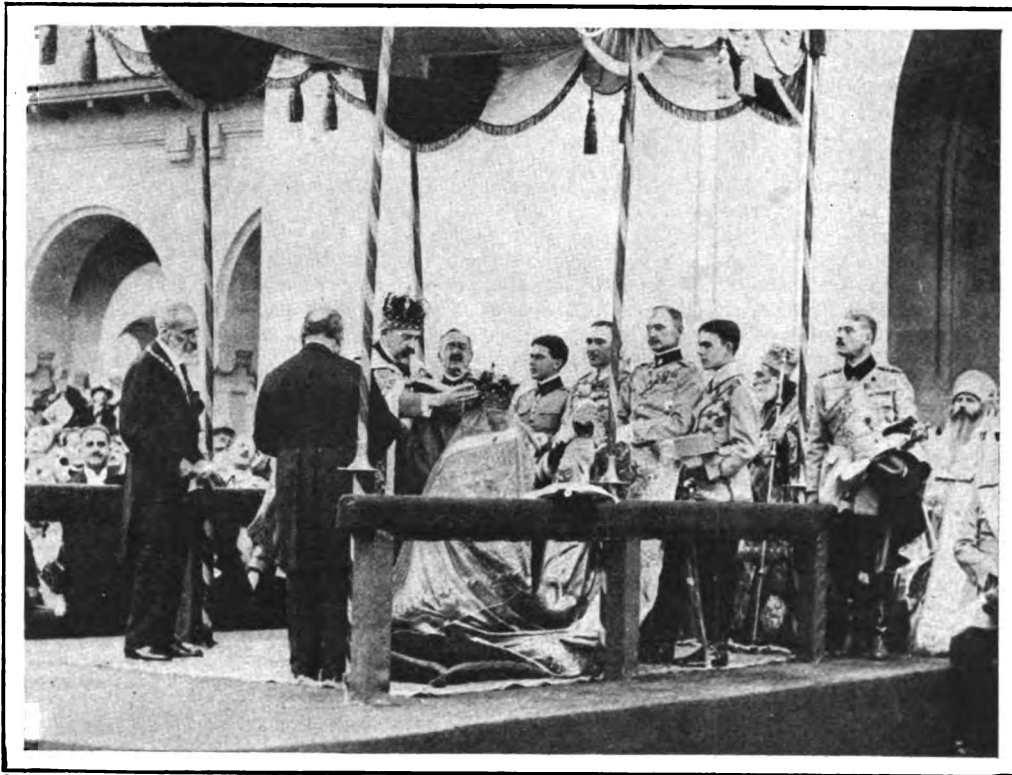
But one may well ask to what extent is Lenin's Government, considering its origin and tendencies, qualified to speak in the name of the whole of Russia and to pledge her signature. This signature, even supposing it were given, might very easily be disavowed by its successor, when eventually there will be one.

With regard to the near East, the French thesis has prevailed. And now that the French and English Cabinets have come to an understanding, the opportunity should be seized for tackling the big question of reparations and trying to reach an agreement over it.

The two points of view are certainly divergent. But so it was with the Eastern problem. Public opinion in France as well as in England welcomed with a sigh of relief the news that both Governments, after many vicissitudes, many efforts, had at last come to an understanding. Its joy would be tenfold if an understanding could be reached over the reparations question. There will be need for concessions on both sides; but in both countries all reasonable men realize that, and are ready to do their bit.

I have just returned from a two months' stay in the United States. I have talked to a great many people—business men, political men, journalists, diplomats—about the reparations question. I am under the impression, from what I could gather from these conversations, that the United States will not do anything in the matter until it is shown a programme of Franco-British co-operation. As long as France and England go on pulling asunder, the United States has decided to stand aloof. It has no wish at all to mix up in a family quarrel, which, viewed from so far off, seems unreasonable and ridiculous. But when France and England present the United States with a complete programme, drawn up by both parties, asking for their support, the majority of Americans will not sanction their Government's standing aloof. They will bring pressure to bear upon it, and the latter will promptly have to yield. For in no country in the world are the political men more easily swayed by public opinion.

WHICH JOB WOULD



**A PICTURESQUE
CEREMONY—
THE CROWNING
OF RUMANIA'S
RULERS**

King Ferdinand and his Queen were crowned on October 15 as rulers of the little Balkan Kingdom of Rumania amid mediæval scenes of solemn splendor. The photograph shows the King, after being crowned, placing the symbol of royalty on the head of Queen Marie. The ceremony was postponed eight years, it is said, on account of the war

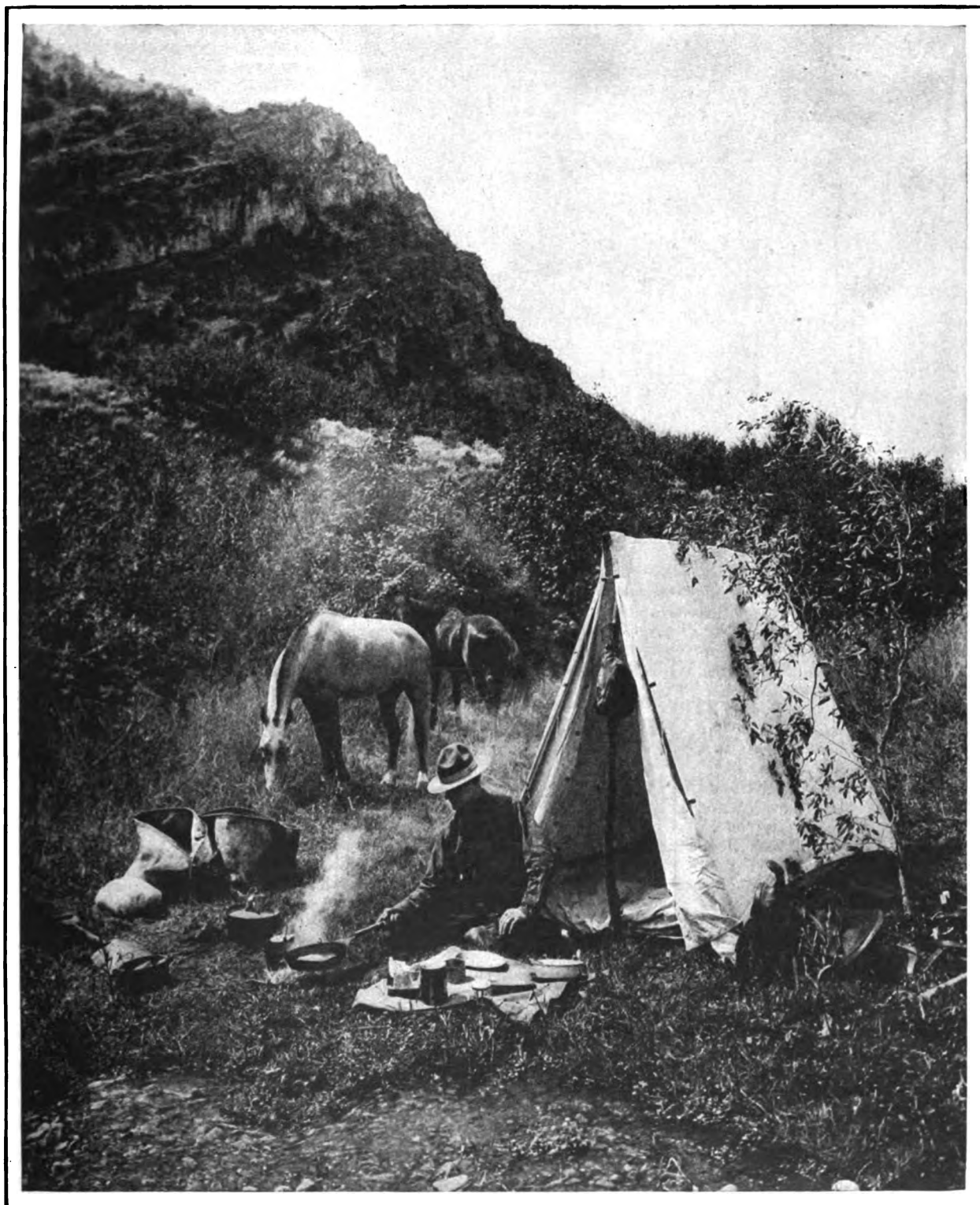
International

**THE
PROCESSION
OF PRIESTS,
IN THEIR
OFFICIAL
ROBES,
AT THE
CEREMONIES
ACCOMPANY-
ING THE
CROWNING
OF THE KING
AND QUEEN**



International

YOU PREFER TO HAVE?



Underwood

**A FOREST RANGER OF THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE MAKING
CAMP FAR FROM HEADQUARTERS**

One essential qualification of all Forest officers is the ability to take care of themselves in the woods. The Ranger in the photograph seems to be an adept in the art, and, having seen to his horses, is now preparing a good meal for himself

THE FESTAL DAY—SO CALLED

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT



Courtesy of Community Service, New York

"GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE," A SCENE FROM THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PAGEANT GIVEN BY THE HISTORY CLUB OF NEW YORK AND NEW YORK COMMUNITY SERVICE, AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

AT twenty minutes past two on every American holiday some one looks up and says, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

After all our preparations—the marketing ahead, the stocking up with cigars, the study of weather forecasts and revised time-tables, the sending of picture post-cards, the wondering if our firm will keep open and if the mail man will come—here is the result. Yes, even on Christmas Day, though what can surpass the agonies of preparation for Christmas? Says the heroine of a charming tale by William Dean Howells, "When this Christmas spirit gets into me, I could do murder!" And behold her reward. At twenty minutes past two, infallibly, some one looks up and says, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

How old Noah Webster must have chuckled when he wrote in his Dictionary, "Holiday—a day of amusement, joy, and gayety!" Father celebrates by reading the morning paper, tinkering around the house, and then going down to the office "to see that everything is all right." Mother toils in the kitchen, cooking twice the usual dinner. The young folks lie abed until noon. Among the populace in general what an air of indecision, of helplessness! On certain holidays the church bells ring. Shall we go? Or there are mass-meetings advertised, and a parade. But, frankly, seriously, do we feel drawn to the masters of oratory, or does it strike us that the parade will differ materially from the hundred and one we have seen before?

As for the parks, meanwhile, pretty crowded, won't they be? At various restaurants, special seven-course midday gorges attract, with music thrown in, yet the price, how extortionate! At the theaters, special holiday matinées prom-



Courtesy of Community Service, New York

A bearded Santa Claus with a merry smile and jovial voice is really the most important part—next to the Christmas tree, of course—of a Christmas celebration, whether it is held in town or country, indoors or out

ise amusement, joy, and gayety—that is, if we can get in, though even then we pay dear for our seats, and it is the same show we might visit any night in the week.

Finally, thanks to a brilliant flash of inspiration, the populace in general hits on our typical American method of celebrating and—walks around.

Up one street and down another it goes, aimlessly, mirthlessly, yet cherishing a brave hope that something, somewhere, will turn up to convince it, somehow, that this is not Sunday. Beyond the bawling of peddlers selling badges, medals, flags, canes, balloons, and other holiday gimcracks, nothing does. To be sure, there are several times the customary number of automobiles at large; but these, instead of banishing the Sunday illusion, seem rather to argue, "This is Sunday, only more so."

After the holiday we say we had a roaring good time, and here and there a sunburned nose or an upset digestion or accounts of a thrilling afternoon at the play so indicate. But we face arrears of work. The postman brings a double mail, telephones shriek belated orders, complaints pour in from the shipping department about damages to perishable goods, other complaints arrive from customers who would have received our wares on time except for the holiday. And the boss is irritable—his ten cigars were a mistake. Moreover, the one man who knows where an important paper is tucked away has missed his train and failed to show up. We ourselves are—well, not irritable exactly, but no one will detect in us any very glaring symptoms of reinvigoration. In fact, it is a relief to be back at work, provided that we can sit down while working, for the net result of a typical American holiday, as experienced by the populace in general, may be summed up in two words—sore feet.

Nor does it appear that Columbus or Washington or whatever celebrity the holiday was about got much out of it either. We hardly gave him a thought.

There are real holiday-makers—a few. There are also whole classes who profit by a holiday. For example, innkeepers, garage-keepers, showmen, and vendors of peanuts, tobacco, and soft drinks, not to mention the dealers in boots and shoes. But meanwhile whole classes toil harder than ever—trolley conductors, waiters, soda clerks, and plenty more besides—while the populace in general toils at its futile pursuit of "amusement, joy, and gayety" until it seems to deserve the encomium Mr. Dooley bestowed upon Grover Cleveland—to wit: "Industhrees, but naught very bright."

Meanwhile, consider what the populace in general has missed. Not genuine recreation alone. Not the deepening of

fine sentiment alone. Not inspiration alone. Along with failure in these respects goes the neglect of an opportunity to begin learning, not only the art of playing together, but the still more splendid art of pulling together.

On a holiday work has mainly ceased. Sectarian differences are forgotten. Democracy is in the air. Instead of thinking of itself as split up into cliques, to the ruin of broad and generous citizenship, the town can think of itself as a unit, with a community mind and a community soul—that is, if the townsmen will but find something delightful and refreshing they can all do together.

This sounds rather like a challenge, no doubt reminding you of the playwright who was told, "Right along here in the second act you want a few witty lines," and replied, "As for instance?" Yet we are not without suggestions. More and more cities every year go in for community Christmas trees, with Christmas pageants or Christmas tableaux. More and more cities every year arrange on other holidays a programme at once tasteful and exhilarating, and making for huge sociability. Community sports, community singing, community drama—indeed, all imaginable devices for throwing people together and giving them the lark of their lives—we are learning to appreciate. From its headquarters at 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, Community Service has been issuing to its workers the country over a set of mimeographed bulletins showing how city after city has caught the new spirit and, by providing a real holiday, put an end to the custom of looking up and saying at twenty minutes past two, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

Among other things, these bulletins give invaluable lists of pageants, pantomimes, and one-act dramas appropriate to this or that holiday or near-holiday. Very illustrious, oftentimes, are the signatures these pageants, pantomimes, and one-act dramas bear. With an eye to business, our cleverest writers have applied their genius to scheming out di-



Courtesy of Community Service, New York

A PLAY OR PAGEANT IN WHICH EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS ARE DEPICTED MAKES A GOOD THANKSGIVING AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

versions for holidays. No more trash. No more sham sentiment. No more tawdriness. Instead, high art, at once popular and inspiring—the sort that makes the most of the holiday's meaning and yields a maximum of enjoyment for those crowds who now go aimlessly up one street and down another, hoping against hope for a holiday thrill.

Now observe. In its endeavor to introduce "amusement, joy, and gayety" into our holidays Community Service cherishes no ambition to discourage mass-meetings or parades or any traditional form of celebration whatsoever. The same orators, in the same frock coats, can go on mouthing the same grandiloquent phrases unmolested. The same veterans, in the same uniforms, can tread the same cobblestones, while, from the same wagons along behind, the same delightful fellows in white coats throw out the same cookies to the same populace. Community Service is not a reform society. It is an organization

seeking to add new pleasures without meddling with those we already have. It provides ideas. If approached in the right way, it even provides leadership.

Considering our general helplessness as regards holidays and our general inability to guess what to do with them, it is astonishing to note their tendency to multiply. Americans still in middle life recall the first Labor Day, the first Arbor Day, the first Columbus Day. Now we are adding Armistice Day. And every little while we extend our list of what might be termed "pink-letter days," not holidays, quite, but almost—Flag Day, Mothers' Day, and the rest. And once we get a holiday started, it lives forever. Even the Massachusetts Fast Day survives—under another name. By and by some joker will be saying that our leading industry is the manufacture of holidays, our chief ambition a resolve to preserve them as long as the world standeth, and our noblest claim to distinction a belief that somehow we shall pull through rather comfortably in spite of them.

Comfortably! Why, bless you, all we need, to fill a holiday with abounding "amusement, joy, and gayety," is leadership. Trained leadership, that is. Leadership that has turned the trick successfully many a time, and itches to do it again. And we know where to find such leadership. Why not make overtures? More than a hundred American cities have already courted Community Service. Indeed, it is getting to be rather the customary thing.

See the record the organization has. It was originally got up to promote playgrounds. Then, when war came, it expanded enormously and promoted war camps recreation. Since the war it has been promoting recreation everywhere. It believes in jollity, in sociability, and in all manner of good times, though not primarily for their own sake.

Primarily it believes in them because



Courtesy of Community Service, New York

"HOLDING THE FORT AGAINST THE INDIANS," ONE OF THE MOST TENSE MOMENTS IN A THANKSGIVING PILGRIM PAGEANT

by teaching us to get together they teach us to pull together, so that there develops in the town a new spirit, at once genial and progressive. Towns have been made over from top to bottom that way. They are happier. They are bet-

ter. Things they never dreamed of accomplishing in the old days they now accomplish easily. Edward Everett used to say that the greatest word in the English language was the word "together." Community Service takes his

assertion at face value. Especially on a holiday. Yes, even at twenty minutes past two on a holiday. For the holiday works wonders, if you let it. Then, more than at any other time, the community can find itself.

LLOYD GEORGE AND BONAR LAW: THE CONTRAST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANK DILNOT

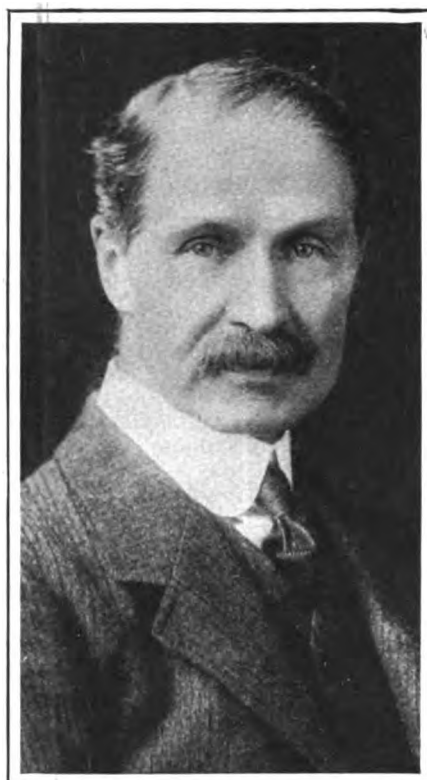
THOUGH Lloyd George goes out of office, he will remain the storm center of British politics. Leader of the Opposition, he will remain for good or for evil the dominant personality in Britain. It may well be that Ministries will rise and fall through his influence, although he does not again hold office. Warwick, the kingmaker, can hardly fail to be his rôle.

For seventeen years Lloyd George has been a member of the British Cabinet, and from the time that Campbell-Bannerman essayed the audacious experiment of introducing the young Welsh guerrilla to the Ministry in the junior position of President of the Board of Trade he has been the driving force—it might be more correct to say, the commanding force—in the British Government. The Presidency of the Board of Trade may be regarded as the least important of the sixteen to twenty offices which make up the Cabinet. Within about a year of his appointment Lloyd George had made the office of President of the Board of Trade second only in importance to that of the Prime Minister's position itself. I remember well the first time I met him. There had been a railway accident, with twenty people killed, at Shrewsbury, and I went down in charge of a corps of reporters for the "Daily Mail." It had been the custom of the Board of Trade to send down an inspector to any serious accident. On this occasion the inspector was accompanied by the Cabinet Minister himself, Mr. Lloyd George. I can see him now, stepping over the rails, inspecting the wreckage, and asking questions in his quick, alert way. The Board of Trade inspector always held an inquiry on the spot, a private inquiry to which the press up to then had never been admitted. I met Mr. Lloyd George in the street at Shrewsbury, and on behalf of all the press there I asked him if a statement would be issued afterwards with regard to the result of the inquiry. "Would not the newspaper men be there?" asked Mr. George.

"It is private," I said. "We are not admitted."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "Here are twenty people killed, and the public want to know the reason why. The press will certainly be admitted to the inquiry."

This was the first precedent which I knew Mr. Lloyd George to break. He was present at the inquiry and practi-



International
BONAR LAW, GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW PREMIER

cally conducted it himself, and did so with a vigor, comprehensiveness, and force which could not have been entirely pleasant to the dignified official who had hitherto had command of such proceedings.

I remember hearing friends talk of a small incident not long after this. There was threat of a general railway strike. Lloyd George tackled the situation, and there were tense days in which he struggled to bring masters and men together. It was in the winter time, and as he passed into the Board of Trade offices one afternoon he noticed a group of newspaper men waiting outside.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"Waiting to hear of any decision."

"Come inside and make yourselves comfortable," he said.

He took them in, had a room placed at their disposal, sent tea and toast down for them and also a supply of cigarettes. An unheard-of proceeding for a Cabinet Minister of Britain.

For five years after that I watched him from the Press Gallery in Parlia-

ment, saw him carry through the Budget—the Budget which was to set up changes robbing the House of Lords of much of their historic power. In those stormy times, sitting on the Opposition front bench but not in any prominence, was a tall, gaunt man with a melancholy, thoughtful expression who was destined in the years to come to see Mr. Lloyd George become Prime Minister, to say the decisive word which was to accomplish his downfall, and then to be sent for by the King to form a Government on his own account. Mr. Bonar Law was not a pushful man; he has never been anything but essentially modest as well as able. A certain external mournfulness has always marked his demeanor. It was dissipated in conversation with the kindest and most charming of smiles. He gave one a sense of disillusionment and at the same time of absolute trustworthiness, and probably that expresses his temperament as well as any short phrase is able to do. He was subordinate to the big Tory chiefs in those days and did not trouble much about it, but occasionally he stepped to the front with a speech in opposition to the Government—a speech which was always marked by the closest of argument, an adherence to fact, an intense earnestness, and absence of rhetoric. I can see him now at the box at the table in the House of Commons, rapping on it sharply with his knuckles to emphasize a point, his voice rising to a high note with a snappy precision absent in his more deliberate moments. He never had a note to speak from. It was amazing how without any assistance to his memory he would speak for an hour at a time in a well-ordered, fact-laden speech, coherent, without repetition, and with not a word to spare. He was a steady workman, he had no flamboyancy. He never allowed a hint of passion to escape him, real or simulated. There came a time when, with the departure of Mr. Balfour from the leadership, the Conservatives had to choose a new chief, and opinion being strongly divided between Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a compromise was arrived at by the selection of Mr. Bonar Law, who, if the truth must be told, was regarded as somewhat of a second-rater. He was a surprise. He took charge with confidence and dignity. Mr. Asquith was then the Liberal Prime Minister, and I remember how, sharing perhaps the

common impression about Mr. Bonar Law, he treated him with some amount of contempt in debate. It was one of Mr. Asquith's big mistakes. Mr. Bonar Law showed no resentment, went steadily on his way, and within a few months had built up for himself a reputation which persists to this moment. United with a steely determination he had a calmness under attack and a courtesy towards his opponents which quickly made him a real power in Parliament, and presently in the country. His big opportunity, however, was yet to come. In the Coalition Government of the war Mr. Lloyd George deputed to Mr. Bonar Law the leadership of the House of Commons, and in this position Mr. Law showed himself to be one of the great

parliamentarians of the past half-century. It is a curious fact that even a political genius does not necessarily make a good leader of the House of Commons, because that leader, while commanding his own party, has also in many respects to take into account the feeling of the whole House, to speak for it, to appeal to it, and in some general indefinable ways to be its mouthpiece. Mr. Bonar Law surpassed Mr. Lloyd George in this respect, surpassed even that great parliamentarian, Mr. Asquith. He had a quiet, smooth manner, he never attacked an opponent unnecessarily, he could be firm as a rock, and yet those who were opposed to him always realized in him an instinctive fairness. It is not too much to say that

he was liked and honored by every member of the House.

I had a private talk with him a few months ago when there was no thought of the present state of affairs. I was impressed with his shrewdness, his grasp of national affairs, and with a certain kindness. Though he had nothing to do with the Government, he referred to Mr. Lloyd George in almost affectionate terms. He displayed not a hint of ambition in the sense of which smaller men give manifestation.

At the moment of writing this Mr. Bonar Law faces a great task. Whether he succeeds or fails, he will leave the impression on all who know him of an honorable man trying to do his duty.

London, England.

WITHERED WREATHS

BY HARRY LEE

DIM in the driven rain
Above the city square,
A soldier,
Done in bronze,
High-hearted,
Debonair,
Faces the west
As though he dreams
Of lads who have gone there.
He gazes out and on,
Heeding not things beneath;
He gazes out and on,
Remembering . . .
And at his feet,
Forgotten by the ones
Who laid it there,
A wreath . . . a withered wreath.

It seemed as though
A wistful, far-blown voice
The stillness broke,
As though the soldier
In the storm-swept square,
For love of those
Who dwell beyond the sunset,
Gravely spoke:

"Last May, when fives were shrill,
When rattling drum,
Wild flag,
And martial feet
Bade all the city come,
The pompous orator
With unction
Said:
'Our soldiers live.
They live
Whom we call dead!'
Ah, then . . . beyond the veil . . .
Unheard . . . we plead . . .
Plead for our comrades
Maimed, uncomfortable.
Not we alone . . . they too . . .
Remembered only
As a fevered dream,
Are Living Dead!

"Three times ten thousand,
Even now,
In white wards wait.
Three times ten thousand . . .
And the Westward Gate,
That opened at our call,
Is closed to them.

"Three times ten thousand,
Living, suffering,
Now!
Ho, every one that breathes
The air of freedom,
From your heart's garden
Gather flowers,
That they
Who bought your freedom
May have wreaths;
Wreaths of remembrance
For the lonely hours;
Wreaths dew-drenched,
Rainbow-hued;
Wreaths wrought in love,
And prayer,
And gratitude,
Of morning flowers.

"Where we are . . .
Love is God.
We have no need
Of human tenderness,
But, oh, the least small flower
Of your love,
Some lad . . .
Would bless. . . ."

The voice grew fainter,
Fainter . . .
Clouds broke,
The west was bright,
And the bronze soldier
High above the city square
Stood dreaming,
Clothed in light.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XI—PERSONAL VIGNETTES

MOTORING leisurely through Algiers and Tunis with Mrs. Straus, I was now enjoying a delightful holiday, free from cares and responsibility. The drowsy tropical air invited complete relaxation, and the lazy African days ushered us into a world unbelievably remote from that of American politics. Graceful, luminous Algiers, with its brilliant European hotels, charming cafés, veiled women, and swarthy men, etched lasting impressions upon our minds.

My defeat in the tense Progressive contest for the Governorship of New York had afforded me this opportunity for another taste of freedom. It was in the spring of the year 1913, and the mountains through which we toured were full of unexpected and beguiling scenes. Not only is this region rich in historic associations, but the engineering skill of the French has in turn modernized it with excellent motor roads. From Tunis we crossed to Sicily, where we visited the Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman remains of columns and temples that still bear tragic witness to the conflict between the armies of Hannibal and Scipio and between the transplanted Asiatic and European civilizations.

We made our way to Rome, where Ambassador Thomas J. O'Brien arranged for an audience with Victor Emmanuel III. The King was most affable and agreeable, and spoke perfect English. He referred to my several missions to Turkey, and said he, too, was there frequently when he was in the navy. He spoke with an intimate knowledge of the men and affairs in the Near East that surprised me. We discussed Arabia and the unrest there due to the incompetency of the Sultan's Government, and soon the conversation turned to the Balkan situation. I said I feared that as soon as the treaty then being negotiated, which was to end the first Balkan War against Turkey, was signed a fresh war would break out among the five Balkan Powers. That would not surprise him, he said, but considered that it might be best to let them fight it out. I answered that the trouble with that course was that the fight would involve the Great Powers, as the several Balkan States were attached to strings that led directly into the chancelleries of the Great Powers—with which the King did not disagree.

Altogether we had a fine talk of over an hour. The King's quick and vigorous mind, his clearness of vision and breadth of intellectual grasp, I found very refreshing. Unlike some of the monarchs, he did not seem detached and

weighted down by a sense of his own importance.

With Ernesto Nathan, Mayor of Rome, a tall, prepossessing gentleman, who impressed me somewhat as a typical Englishman, we visited the ancient Roman commercial city of Ostia, whose ruins were being excavated. Georg Brandes, the Danish savant and critic, accompanied us. Brandes was nearly seventy years old, but intellectually vigorous and brilliant, although cynical, even if at times humorously and delightfully so.

A CARDINAL'S AMERICAN FLAGS

In Rome we also met Cardinals Rampolla and Falconio. The latter knew our country well. For nine years he had been Papal Legate at Washington, during which time he became a naturalized citizen. As we entered his reception-room, I observed two little American flags attached to an ornament on the center table. He informed me as he greeted me that his Holiness was quite ill, otherwise he would have advised me to allow Cardinal Rampolla and himself to arrange for an audience.

The Cardinal was told that I had been a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, which recalled Roosevelt's visit to Rome in 1910. Of course I was anxious to learn how both these prelates regarded that incident. Cardinal Falconio said that the Holy Father had made no conditions as to the visit, but had merely expressed the hope that there might be no repetition of the Fairbanks incident; the Holy Father knew how broad-minded and well-disposed Roosevelt was toward all creeds and had really wanted very much to meet him. The Cardinal said that of course Roosevelt could not be blamed; the matter should not have been handled through the Embassy. His remarks implied that the mismanagement had been there.

We now went within the Vatican district, under the arch on the side, to the palatial residence of Cardinal Rampolla. On entering, we were led to the Cardinal's private room next to the formal reception chamber, where the Cardinal greeted us warmly. He had great charm of manner and was most gracious; withal he impressed one as a keen, learned, and shrewd prelate. He was regarded as the ablest and most distinguished of the cardinals eligible to the Holy See, and it may be remembered that he was considered the logical successor of Leo XIII, and it was said he would probably have been elected Pope but for the opposition of the Emperor of Austria.

In referring to the Roosevelt incident, he too held Roosevelt entirely blameless,

and added that both he and Brother Falconio knew how kindly Roosevelt felt toward Catholics and the Holy See, and that there should have been nothing official about the message to him; if he had been in Merry Del Val's place, the regrettable misunderstanding would not have happened. Evidently he blamed the Papal secretary.

LUBIN, THE ROUGH DIAMOND

David Lubin gave a dinner at the Hôtel de Russie to Mrs. Straus and me on May 1. Lubin was a rough diamond, so to speak: a man of vision, unlimited energy, and enthusiasm. It was he who induced the Italian Government to recognize the International Institute of Agriculture, and he was regarded by that Government as its founder. Indeed, he was better understood in Rome than in Washington. He knew nothing and cared less about diplomatic amenities. When I was in the Cabinet, our Ambassador at Rome had made an unfavorable report about him because of some supposed tactless move which was objected to by our Ambassador. This report displeased Secretary Root, and the result would have been Lubin's recall as our delegate to the Institute had I not interceded for him with the President, explaining what manner of man Lubin was, that he had no manners but had genius, and that I felt sure the King of Italy himself would intercede for him.

As a matter of fact, about a year after that there was some question of appointing another person as American delegate, and the King did intercede for Lubin. For the help and encouragement that I gave this worthy man he was always thereafter most grateful to me. It was David Lubin, too, who first aroused interest in America in the establishment of an agricultural credit system, as well as in the co-operative banks.

LLOYD GEORGE INDORSES A "SHINPLASTER"

From Rome we went direct to London, where I shortly got in touch with William Watson, the poet. I had met him the year before in the United States. I was chairman of the Executive Committee of the Authors Club at the time, and as such its president; the Club gave him a reception; also he was at my house several times. It was said of him that he was better known than Robert Bridges and would have been selected as Poet Laureate in preference to Bridges had he not written a poem called "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," referring to Margot Asquith, wife of the

Premier, which spoiled his chances for official recognition. He appeared somewhat disappointed and to be considering permanent residence in America. He asked me about the cost of living in cities other than New York, which he considered too extravagant.

Sir Charles and Lady Henry invited us to luncheon at their beautiful town house in Carlton Gardens, to meet, among others, Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

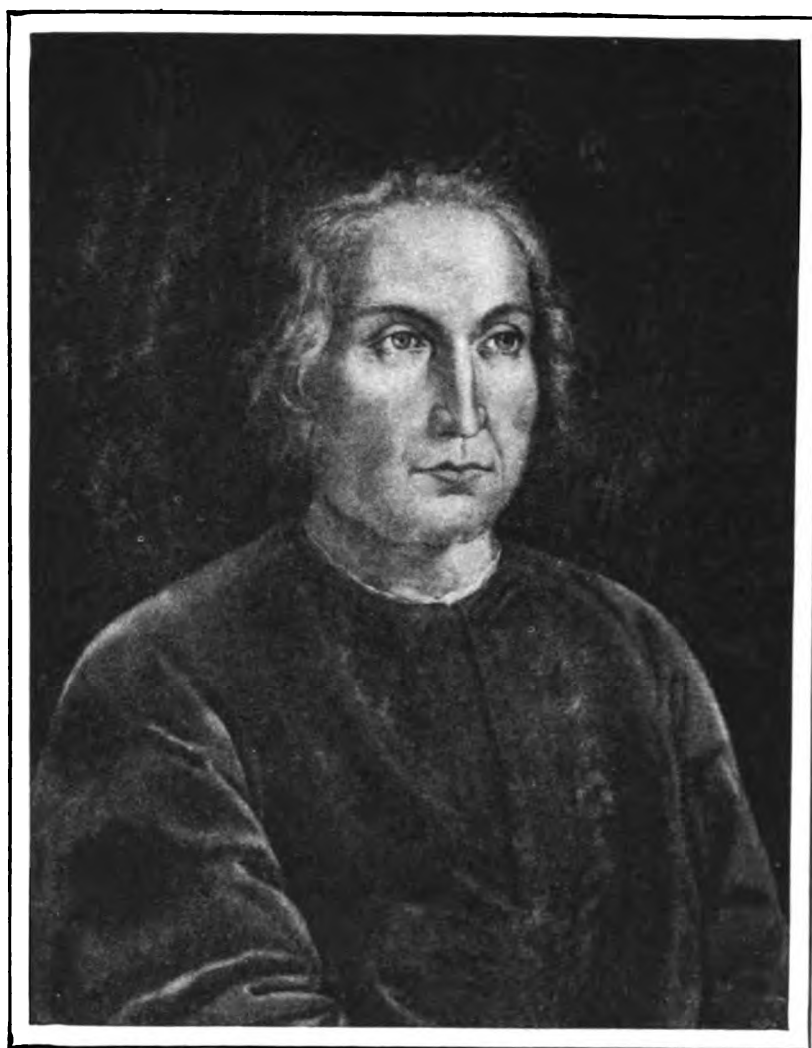
Lloyd George explained the important Liberal measures to me, particularly the National Insurance Act of 1911, amendments to which were then being considered in the House. He declared that it was necessary to curb or reform the House of Lords before social justice measures, such as this Insurance Act, legislation for old age pensions, etc., could be put through. He asked about Roosevelt and the status of the Progressive party, and whether the newspapers were favorable to the cause; it seems that the newspapers did not give him adequate information regarding the Progressives. I had to tell him that many of our leading dailies were not with us. I explained to him that I thought the Progressive movement could hardly be regarded as a party, but that I believed its influence in liberalizing both of the old parties would be considerable.

When I was in London shortly after the outbreak of the World War, I remember an amusing incident at another meeting with Lloyd George, at a small dinner. For emergency use there had been issued one-pound treasury notes that looked more like a "shinplaster" of our Civil War days than like a dignified British pound. One of the guests brought in a number of these, for which some of us exchanged gold. As I took one up I remarked about the appearance of it and added that before I accepted it I would require the indorsement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lloyd George quickly answered, "That can be done," and promptly took the note and wrote his name on the back of it. It remains in my possession as a souvenir.

IMPRESSIONS OF EARL GREY

We spent a charming evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brittain, now Sir Harry and Lady Brittain, in their cozy home on Cowley Street. The only other guest was Earl Grey, former Governor-General of Canada. Earlier in the year I had met both Sir Harry Brittain and Earl Grey in New York, when they came over, respectively, as chairman and secretary of the British Committee for the Celebration of One Hundred Years of Peace.

A few days thereafter Earl Grey invited Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. Straus, and me to breakfast with him and then to accompany him to the now famous Hampstead Garden Suburb. I was glad of this opportunity to see that experiment, because the subject of housing workers in wholesome homes and surroundings at



From a painting, by an unknown artist, in the Musée de Marine, Madrid

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Mr. Straus refers in this chapter to a lecture by an eminent Spaniard before the Madrid Historical Society which summed up in nineteen points the reasons for the conclusion that Columbus was a Spaniard and of Jewish ancestry

a moderate cost was one that interested me very much.

Hampstead is only about five or six miles from the heart of London. In this beautiful suburb every house has a garden, and the architecture of the houses is varied and attractive. Earl Grey knew several of the tenants, and took us into a number of the houses. At that time the rental of an entire house per week was six and a half shillings and upward; and there were large single rooms with cooking facilities for three and a half shillings a week. The population was almost seven thousand, and the suburb was being extended. There was an air of contentment about the place, and the children looked robust and happy. The wonder of it all was that the plan was on an economically sound basis and was paying four and a half per cent annually on the capital invested. The Earl had much to do with the development of this suburb, and, if I mistake not, was chairman of the board at the time.

Mrs. Straus and I were also invited

to spend a week-end with Earl and Lady Grey at Howick, their Northumberland estate. Mrs. Straus, however, had planned to take a cure at a German health resort, so my son Roger was invited in her stead. The only other visitor was Henry Vivian, M.P., who was associated with Earl Grey in both the Hampstead Garden Suburb and the organization of the co-operative societies, of which latter Earl Grey was chairman. I participated in a meeting of the Co-operative Society of Northern England, and saw how practical and inexpensively conducted they were, cheapening merchandise of all kinds by eliminating the profits of middlemen and the cost of distribution, and to that extent lowering the cost of living. Along these lines we have much to learn in our own country.

Roger and I spent a delightful few days with Earl and Lady Grey. The Earl represented the finest type of English nobleman. He was a man of the highest ideals, even regarded by some as rather visionary in his various plans for the betterment of economic conditions;



Keystone

THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

"I had promised Mr. Carnegie that I would attend the ceremonies opening the Peace Palace at The Hague, to which all members of the Hague Tribunal had been specially invited"

a man who recognized, as do so many of the British titled people, the patriotic responsibilities attached to their position.

AT SKIBO CASTLE WITH CARNEGIE

I now proceeded to the northern part of Scotland to spend a few days with Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle in Sutherland. It was what Andrew Carnegie called "university week" at Skibo, for in accordance with an annual custom he had as his guests the provosts of the several Scotch universities.

Every morning we were awakened by the music of several Scotch Highlanders dressed in their kilts and playing old native tunes on their bagpipes. Those were unique and memorable awakenings in the steel-master's castle; the bagpipes attuned the mind instantly to the Scotch atmosphere and Scotch tradition. We started our day invariably with a game of golf, at which we helped each other out as caddies, for all of us, Mr. Carnegie included, were indifferent players (beyond which stage I have not even since progressed), so that we all felt quite at home with one another on the links.

We had hoped to test Carnegie's much-lauded and far-famed salmon pond, but that season the fish were late in coming up the run, so we were deprived of that pleasure and had to console ourselves with a little trout fishing. Two or three were put into each of our baskets for breakfast, and the remainder were regally restored to the pond.

At that time Skibo Castle had but recently been built, but already it was for its generous hospitality, which

both the British and American friends of Mr. Carnegie so much enjoyed.

I had promised Mr. Carnegie that I would attend the ceremonies opening the Peace Palace at The Hague, to which all the members of the Hague Tribunal had been specially invited. From Skibo, therefore, I returned to London, to meet my old friend Hakki Pasha, who was one of the Turkish members of the Tribunal, and together we went on to The Hague.

THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

A word about the origin of the Peace Palace may not prove tedious. Shortly after the close of the first Hague Conference in 1899 the late Professor Martens, distinguished Russian international jurist, had a talk with our Ambassador at Berlin, Andrew D. White, who had been chairman of the American delegation at that Conference. Together they discussed the desirability of a building at The Hague which should serve as a "palace of justice" for the Permanent Court and as a place of meetings for international conferences. Subsequently Ambassador White presented the idea to Andrew Carnegie, and Carnegie invited him to come to Skibo to discuss it. Ambassador White records in his autobiography:

The original idea had developed into something far greater. The Peace Palace at The Hague began to reappear in a new glory—as a pledge and sign of a better future for the world. Then there came from Carnegie the words which assured his great gift to the nations—the creation of a center as a symbol of a world's de-

sire for peace and of good will to man.

The programme for the dedication was in keeping with the occasion. The city itself was decorated with festive drapery and floral arches. It was a beautiful day and great crowds of people had gathered. The great conference hall and the galleries of the Palace were filled with representatives of the nations: the diplomatic corps; about forty members of the Permanent Court; members of the States General of Holland; the Queen; Prince Henry; the Queen Mother, and many ladies—altogether an imposing assembly.

The ceremony opened with the singing of anthems by the choir from Amsterdam. A historical address was made by the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Jonkheer van Karnebeek, president of the Carnegie Building Foundation. His son, by the way, is Minister of Foreign Affairs at this writing and was Holland's chief representative at the Washington Conference of 1921. Mr. Van Swinderen, the retiring Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the address accepting the custody of the building.

In the evening a banquet to Mr. Carnegie was given in the Hall of Knights at Binnenhof by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the name of the Government, to which were invited the nobility and all the high officials who had attended the ceremony, and who thereafter were received in audience by the Queen at the royal palace.

The greatest possible distinction was shown to both Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, who were brimming over with gratification. Well known as Carnegie was as one of the greatest captains of industry, he is even better known, and will be longer remembered throughout the world, by the extent of his benefactions, in the distribution of which he found his supreme happiness in the last two decades of his life.

When the World War began, the cartoonists made much sport of the Peace Palace as the outstanding embodiment of the irony of fate and with the peace advocates for the failure of their vision. But evidence is not entirely lacking that the peace advocates may yet be able to turn the laugh on the cartoonists. Some of the most constructive features of the League of Nations were formulated by commissions working under the roof of the Peace Palace. The International Court of Justice, organized under the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations, has its seat within the Palace and will soon be ready to commence its constructive work. The Palace is a contribution whose worth to civilization can hardly be measured in a single generation.

RUDYARD KIPLING AT A DANCE

On May 19, 1914, we again sailed for Europe on the Lusitania on our way to Madrid to attend the marriage of Kermit Roosevelt to Miss Willard, charming

daughter of our Ambassador to Spain. On board we were agreeably surprised to find our long-time friend Mrs. T. J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, seated at our table in the dining-saloon. Naturally we spoke of Cleveland and of his qualities as they had revealed themselves to her and to his more intimate friends. When a man is President and always in the limelight, people get a perverted impression of him, a fact true more or less since Washington's day, but perhaps to a greater degree in the case of Cleveland. Mrs. Preston referred to many incidents that illustrated his gentleness and consideration, and she gave credit to his advice and guidance for much of the tact she displayed as mistress of the White House, for she was scarcely out of her teens when she occupied that important post.

In London I received a letter from Roosevelt saying he would meet us in Paris on June 7, and suggesting that I keep in touch with our Embassy there. Miss Catherine Page also was going to the wedding to be one of the bridesmaids, and Ambassador Page asked us to take her with us, which of course we were glad to do.

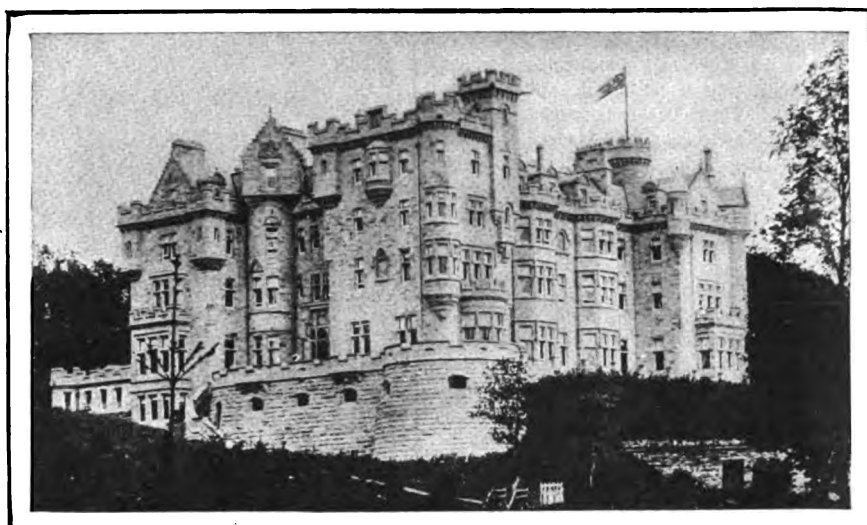
We stayed in London for several days, and soon after our arrival there was a young people's dance at the Embassy to which the Ambassador asked us to come, if only for a short stay. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling. In the course of a pleasant chat I asked Kipling in what work he was then engaged.

Kipling pointed to the next room at the dancing, and said: "Sitting up late nights, as I have a daughter in society, which is my principal occupation at present."

When we arrived in Paris, a note awaited us from Ambassador Herrick asking us to come to the Embassy, and informing us that Roosevelt was there. When I arrived, I found Roosevelt in the smoking-room engaged in an animated conversation with ex-Premier Honitiaux regarding the physical characteristics of the races of Europe, in which Henri Bergson also participated, and to which the sculptor Rodin appeared to be a bored listener. Roosevelt was talking French, and when he could not find the word he wanted he used an English term, for which Bergson would then give him the French equivalent.

The next day our party left for Madrid—Roosevelt, his daughter Alice, their cousin Philip, son of William Emlen Roosevelt, Miss Page, Mrs. Straus, and myself. We were a jolly party.

Roosevelt and I of course talked politics, especially the future of the Progressive party. The State campaign for Governor and United States Senator was being discussed when Roosevelt had left home, and he had given out an interview before sailing regarding the sort of men that should be chosen, in which he had kindly referred to me as the standard of a nominee for Senator. The press had commented extensively and favorably upon such a choice, and there had ap-



International

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S SKIBO CASTLE

"Every morning we were awakened by the music of several Scotch Highlanders dressed in their kilts and playing old native tunes on their bagpipes. Those were unique and memorable awakenings in the steel-master's castle; the bagpipes attuned the mind instantly to the Scotch atmosphere and the Scotch tradition"

peared many articles and editorials giving consideration to my name. Roosevelt had of course referred to me only as the type of man to be chosen, and believed that if the nominee for Governor were chosen from New York City, it might be well to choose the candidate for Senator from up-State. I told him I had no personal vanity in the matter, that what we wanted was the candidates that would best embody the cause. He answered that he knew me well enough for that, but that every one agreed that, next to him, I was the most prominent Progressive, and in New York State even stronger than he, as shown by the election of 1912. Of course I did not agree with this generous statement, which was another proof that figures do sometimes lie.

He expressed the hope that the Progressives and the liberal wing of the Republicans might unite. He lamented the difficulties for the party in the coming election, and said he was reluctant to enter the campaign, but, he added: "I must stand by the men who stood by me." If Johnson was again to be the candidate of the party for Governor of California and needed his help, he would have to go there, though he could not overtax his throat, which had been weakened by his fever in the jungles of Brazil. He said if that fever had overtaken him two weeks earlier, he would not have pulled through; as it was, he had had a narrow escape.

At Irun, the Spanish border, King Alfonso's private car was hitched on to our train. From there on to the King's summer palace, where he left the train, a small guard of honor was drawn up at every stopping-place and the chief officials of the district came to pay their respects to their sovereign. The King was only twenty-eight years old, but was generally conceded to be a man of

ability, with enlightened views, and highly regarded by his subjects. However, among the random notes that I made at the end of this visit to Spain, I wrote:

I very much doubt if monarchy will last another score of years in Spain unless the King takes a lesson from Great Britain and is content to have Parliament govern the country. The democratic spirit is rapidly growing, but I very much doubt if the people, with their long traditions of monarchical government, will be prepared for many years for a democratic form of government.

SOME TRAITS OF DISRAELI

This was our second visit to Spain. On our previous visit to Madrid, in 1897, we had had an interesting evening with a former colleague of my first Turkish mission, Herr von Radowitz, German Ambassador. He invited us to dine one evening at the Embassy, and after dinner showed us the throne room, in which hung a picture of the Kaiser. Radowitz explained that it was painted by a friend of the Emperor, "somewhat theatrical, you see, but he is fond of appearing grandiose." He started to tell me how he came into possession of the painting, that he had told the Emperor that the Embassy had no likeness of him, but he corrected himself by saying: "No, I did not ask for the picture, my wife did." He displayed rather a slighting estimate of his sovereign. The fact was that he was a protégé of Bismarck, and after the latter's retirement Radowitz was transferred from Constantinople to Madrid, which was regarded in the nature of a demotion, and that perhaps largely accounted for his attitude.

As we conversed after dinner Radowitz remarked that in 1878 he was one of the secretaries to the Berlin Congress,

and that there he met Disraeli. Disraeli always made specially prepared speeches in English, which Radowitz took down in French. Then Disraeli would compliment him and say, "Did I really speak in this nice way or did you only write me down so elegantly?" When Radowitz replied, "Yes, this is what you said," Disraeli would say, "So let it stand."

This led me to draw out Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who was also present, regarding Disraeli. He had known Disraeli very well. He told me that at the age of twelve he had met Disraeli and had always had access to him. I asked Sir Henry whether he had not kept a diary. He said he had not, but wished that he had. "Dizzy," he said, was not a compromiser; if he had opponents, he recognized them as such and never sought to placate them. When he first entered Parliament, he was a brilliant, flowery speaker, so much so that his party, the Conservative, was afraid of him. Afterward, when he became a member of the Ministry, he had trained himself down to a rather prosy level, yet now and again his speech would glow with brilliant passages excoriating his opponent. He was quick at repartee and often held up the other side to ridicule in telling metaphor.

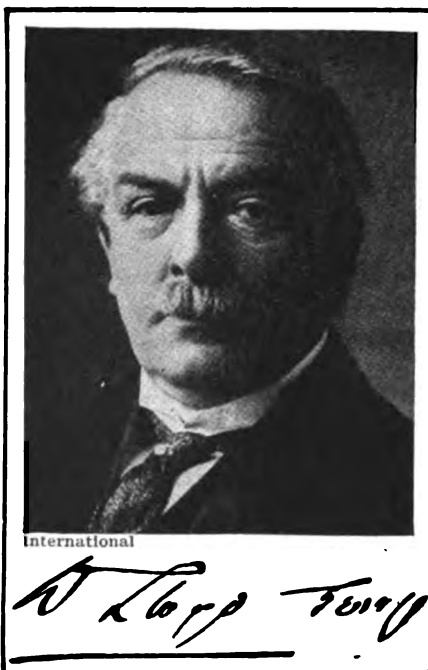
I wanted to know whether he recollected when Disraeli's novels first came out. He said he remembered all but "Vivian Grey," which "Dizzy" wrote when he was quite young. He added that Disraeli's writings made him quite a lion among the literary set, but did not help him politically. He wanted to count among the best socially, and ever pointed his political guns toward that target.

When I asked Sir Henry about Disraeli's personal appearance, he said: "Lord Dufferin (Frederick Blackwood) looked very much like him; so much so that he might have been taken for Disraeli's son. Dizzy and Mrs. Blackwood were said to be very good friends. He met her on many of his frequent visits to the home of Lady Blessington, during the period when he was beginning to gain popularity."

Sir Henry had been rather critical of Disraeli, but he ended by saying: "Taking Dizzy all in all, he was the greatest English statesman I have ever known." And to me Disraeli had always been a fascinating subject, so much so, indeed, that at one time I had the intention to write a biography of him.

EVIDENCE OF SPANISH AND JEWISH ORIGIN OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

The expulsion of the Spanish Jews from Spain was of great interest to me, and on this second visit to Madrid I took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the historical relics from that period. I got in touch with Dr. Angel Pulido, life Senator of Spain, and to-
with Professor A. S. Yahuda, we
the historic city of Toledo, about



David Lloyd George, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, pleasantly wrote his name on the back of a one-pound treasury note of an early war-time emergency issue held by Mr. Straus. Facsimile of Lloyd George's indorsement is shown above

THE WORLD WAR

While touring through Normandy in July, 1914, word came to Mr. Straus that war was about to be declared. He and his party hurried to Paris, and then to London. In next week's installment of the Autobiography the distinguished observer gives notable impressions of the derangement of things during the first panic-stricken period of the war. He describes important sessions with Earl Grey and Sir Edward Grey. He recounts his return to America and tell of a dinner at the home of James Speyer, at which Mr. Straus broached the subject of mediation to Count von Bernstorff. He tells of a flying trip to Washington to report Bernstorff's receptive attitude toward mediation. Hurried conferences with Bryan, Jusserand, and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice are detailed, and Germany's insincerity regarding mediation is clearly exposed. Mr. Straus describes his efforts to persuade President Wilson to advise with ex-Presidents regarding America's impending entry into the war, and closes the noteworthy chapter with an account of his last visit with Roosevelt shortly before the latter's death in 1919.

two and a half hours by rail out of Madrid. Dr. Pulido had for years advocated measures to induce Jews to return to Spain, especially those who still retained the Spanish language, as do many in Turkey and nearly all those in Morocco who are the descendants of those driven out of Spain.

Toledo is one of the most ancient cities of Spain. It was once the residence of the kings of Castile, and under the Moors had a population of some two hundred thousand, of whom seventy-five thousand were estimated to have been Jews. The population now is about twenty thousand, and the city is but the bedraggled remains of its former grandeur. In its ancient glory it was noted for its silk and woolen industries and for the manufacture of the famous Toledo steel from which were made swords and other weapons that rivaled those of Damascus.

By the courtesy of Senador Pulido, I met and had several conferences with the Marqués de Dosfuentes, who several years before, as Fernando de Antón del Olmet, had written an article entitled "La verdadera patria de Cristóbal Colón," which was published in "La España Moderna," a leading monthly of Spain.

I was very much interested in the data that several of the historians of Spain had unearthed regarding the ancestry and place of origin of Columbus. The article by the Marquis just mentioned was based on the research made by Celso Garcia de la Riega, and both Olmet and Riega came to the conclusion, based upon their examination of records, that Columbus was not an Italian, but a Spaniard, and that he was born in Pontevedra, Galicia, in the northern part of Spain; that his father's name was Colón (the Spanish for Columbus), and his mother's name Fonterosa; and that he was of Jewish ancestry.

In his article Olmet says, after going into detail regarding the nationality of Columbus according to the documents which he was able to examine:

Nothing seems more logical than the preceding reasoning, and, moreover, this is the simplest method of explaining that the Admiral's parents were a Colón and a Fonterosa, which gives us a clue to the mystery of his life. From the document under notice it is to be inferred that the Domingo de Colón named was a modest trader. If the admiral was his son, it would not be absurd to suppose that, given the social prejudices of the times, this should have been a sufficient motive for hiding his origin and country. But there is still another reason that fully justifies his secrecy and clears up all mystery. The patronymic "Fonterosa" appears in the Province of Pontevedra connected with the names of Jacob the elder, another Jacob, and Benjamin; Colón's mother was called Susana. "If the admiral belonged to this family, doubtless Jewish," says Sg. La Riega, "since we may draw this inference from the Biblical names, or if he belonged to a

family of new Christians, should we not forgive his action in the matter and declare him fully justified in his resolution not to reveal such antecedents? We must bear in mind the then existing hatred toward the Hebrew race and the merciless fury let loose against it in the latter half of the fifteenth century."

In another part of the article Olmet says:

Colón never mentioned any relative, paternal or maternal. Even when

Colón was at the zenith of his fame no one in Italy came forward to claim relationship with him, although he was the most famous personage of that time. Thus everything goes to corroborate Don Fernando Colón's affirmation in his "Life of the Admiral" that his father wished his origin and birthplace to remain unknown.

The research of La Riega was continued to 1914 and published in that year. The author died early in the year,

shortly before I arrived in Madrid. Other Spanish historians also have published conclusions similar to those of La Riega. There was, for instance, a brochure by Enrique de Arribas Y. Turull, entitled "Cristóbal Colón, Natural de Pontevedra," which was originally delivered as a lecture before the Madrid Historical Society. This brochure also sums up, in nineteen points, the reasons for the conclusion that Columbus was a Spaniard, and of Jewish ancestry.

ANALYZING JOHNNY

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

LAST summer The Outlook published a brief description, prepared by the writer, of a simple system that might aid in understanding some very obvious character types of children. It may be remembered that the analysis was based entirely on behavior.

Since that time quite a number of letters have come, mostly from parents, discussing children of the types mentioned, and possibly it might be interesting to describe a few cases that have come in contact with the Psychological Clinic of the Carteret Academy, of Orange, New Jersey. Unlike most psychological clinics, this one does not accept abnormal children. It was planned to aid normal children who might be having some kind of difficulty, scholastically or in character, or even to aid parents in understanding the characteristics of children that had no real "difficulty" of any kind. Up to this date an immense amount of time has deservedly been given to the clinical study of abnormal children, and perhaps it is now time to use some practical expedients for the benefit of normal children.

And that brings us to Johnny—though, of course, his name wasn't John at all. John was thirteen, but his spelling looked like the painful struggling of a not over-bright child of seven or eight. The word that was correctly spelled was the exception. His compositions were frightful to look at, though if you could catch the sense of the scrawl you found that it indicated anything but immaturity. But one cannot go through school without being able to spell the simplest kind of words. So a special study was made of John.

Very often a child doing very poorly in all school work is not really dull at all. The child may be lacking in visual memory or auditory memory, and this lack in itself may be due to a remedial physical defect. So the first thing to do was to give Johnny tests for auditory and visual memory. These he passed with a first-rate grade. Also he passed all the other tests for special capacities well, failing only in a test for "simple

association" merely because he could not spell the words that he wanted to write.

So we could eliminate visual and auditory memories as possible causes.

A study was made of his spelling, and it was found that with words of more than one syllable he got the first syllable, and went to pieces on the rest. A reading test showed that he could get the words of one syllable perfectly, but with the larger words he was likely to get the first syllable and mispronounce the rest—though if held to it and made to pronounce a word syllable by syllable, he got it. And he invariably knew the meaning.

For a boy who read with such difficulty his language and general choice of words and expression were excellent. But he could not read under any circumstances, and was not known to have read any book except such as were driven into him by his teacher. Yet, on talking about books to the examiner, he mentioned quite a number of books of first-class caliber, and showed he knew them in detail. No, he had not read them. *They had been read to him.* And we had the secret. From the beginning he had been read to. And now at thirteen he was still read to, mostly by a mother and a sister. His lessons were read to him when he had them to prepare, and what he heard he remembered. He never had been impelled to read for himself, he did not have a natural aptitude for it, and so was still at the seven-year stage of development in this study. He was thirteen, and so could be appealed to. His handicap was made clear. His relations stopped reading to him. For several months he was drilled in noticing the syllables of words, frequently having to guess the first syllable by seeing the second. So he came to notice all the syllables. Having a natural fondness for books, developed by the long course of first-class reading that had been given him, he began struggling on his own account. And at the end of a full year his troubles were over. His spelling was up to average, and his les-

sons in general made marked improvement. That was Johnny's case. Not a difficult one.

The case of Martin. This was a boy of thirteen. He was temperamental, emotional, making a very high score with his intelligence test—three years over his age, in fact. He has a poor physical development and flat chest, despite which he had a very superior soprano voice, could read almost any music at sight, and was a successful singer in church and concert.

The boy's own idea was that he would go to a commercial high school and then get into some "business." He was so fond of music, however, that he was tested in this respect, and, among other qualities, it was found that he had an unusual capacity for improvisation. In a test a theme was started on the piano, and when the piano would stop the boy would go right on with it, improvising, and so it would be passed back and forth between piano and boy. This with other qualities showed potential musical capacity of high order. On the other hand, American boys do not become first-rate musicians in any great numbers. They utterly refuse to make the real sacrifice required for the amount of practice necessary for a real musical career. I do not believe our native American boys have less musical capacity than those of central and southern European parentage. Not at all. I believe that they have the capacity—only they will not take the pains to develop it—nor will their parents require them to take the pains. The word "must," sturdily lived up to, seems to have died out in our American families!

The boy was promptly started at the piano, though thirteen is late for a beginner, and when he found he was getting a mastery his ambition awoke and gradually more and more time went to practice. He was very temperamental and emotional, as are most musicians—often to their detriment. So this boy was given thorough physical training. He developed a high athletic capacity, both for football and baseball. He

learned to box like a machine—and to take and give blows with ready humor. The temperamentalism and emotionalism went down before the steady athletics, and as they went the steadier became his purpose as far as music was concerned, until in three years he was doing four to six hours of it each day—which is five or six times more than ninety-nine out of a hundred American boys will give to music. At sixteen the boy is an admirable performer. A concert career is not far away, and his ability to compose has increased with his time and training. All of which is much better than the commercial high school career and a possible second-rate clerking in some office.

Those who remember last summer's article in *The Outlook* may be interested to know that John was of the "active-controlled" type, and that Martin began as an "active-uncontrolled," but achieved a transformation into the "controlled" classification in about a year and a half.

Now for David. David was a quiet, rather melancholy type of boy, taking little interest in sports or other activities, satisfied to sit quietly at his school desk and struggle with his lessons, or just to sit without struggling. Yes, he was of the "apathetic" type. When aroused he could display a rather charming manner and expression. But he seemed somewhat weak—physically and in will power. He was rather easily led, and those who led him were not as desirable as might be. In fact, he was on the road to failure of several kinds.

A physical examination showed no defects, but that his muscles were flabby and under-developed. Dr. Arthur Holmes, a very able child psychologist on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania, once told the writer that where you find a "flabby" will you usually find flabby muscles. Said he, "Can you imagine a man with a soft forearm clenching his fist, smiting the table with it and declaring, 'I will!'" Not exactly.

The first thing here was systematic physical training. He had little more than an inch chest expansion. At fourteen he could have had about three and a half inches. So he was given breathing exercises and, gradually increasing in distance, hikes. This was in the spring. That summer he was sent to a boys' camp that makes a specialty of individual study and training—for normal boys, of course. There he gradually did more and more swimming, wood-cutting, hard hiking, and special exercises. That fall he returned holding his head up instead of letting it hang. He went out for the football team of his age, and though he was not strong as yet, still he did quite well, all considered. The special exercises continued until he had a deep chest and well-developed and hard muscles. He became a fine distance hiker and runner as well

As intelligent appreciation of music is steadily growing in this country, but there are still many more people who recognize a good short story when they read it than a good song when they hear it. There is, however, a very general desire on the part of concert-goers to cultivate their own intelligent appreciation. With this in view, we have asked one of the most distinguished and well-equipped music critics in this country to write four articles which will tell the music amateur in plain language how to form a correct opinion of good piano playing, good violin playing, good orchestra playing, and good singing. These four papers will be printed in early numbers of *The Outlook*. We can assure our readers that they will find them not only informative, but entertaining, for the author, Mr. W. J. Henderson, has a habit of expressing his views sometimes in a lively fashion.

Mr. Henderson is a graduate of Princeton in the class of 1876, and is now musical critic of the New York "Herald." He has written voluminously on musical subjects, and there are several books of permanent value to his credit in the literature of musical criticism. We do not quite know what is the relation between music and the seven seas, but Mr. Henderson is an expert in navigation and the history of yachting, and his "Elements of Navigation" is a standard work on this scientific subject. The thesis which he maintains in these articles is this: "If music is an art at all, it is the art of beauty in sound. We need not torment ourselves before trying to arrive at a definition of beauty. Let us confess at once that beauty has never been successfully defined, and that it is entirely a matter of opinion; but the fact remains that among the cultivated peoples of the world there is a pretty general consensus of opinion." This he endeavors to arrive at in his papers, illustrated by personal allusions and anecdotes. We believe that every concert-goer under whose eyes they fall will enjoy them.

as swimmer. And, let us add, with this hardening of physique came an immeasurable strengthening of character, a dropping of his undesirable associations, and a developing of a lot of first-class friendships. He was never a brilliant student, and he never will be, but he goes at his work sturdily, and gets it done.

And, finally, here is the case of Donald. And here we failed, because we are not allowed to poison parents or otherwise put their children out of their misery!

Donald was of the "active-uncontrolled" variety. He raised general "hob." He "cussed" like a pirate, and then some. He smoked now and then—not a great deal, because he wanted to be an athlete, but just enough to show that he was a real sport at that. He did miserably in school, seemingly unable to concentrate, even though all his intelligence tests came out well. He had a pale, unhealthy complexion. He was short-winded, having an under-developed chest and a flat one, protruding abdomen, slightly open mouth, pointed upper jaw, with crowded teeth, and every possible sign of adenoid, with frequent colds and bronchitis to suggest something about tonsils. A medical examination showed large adenoids and a throat choked with tonsils. Despite which the boy was a phenomenal athlete for thirteen, almost uncannily good especially in sports that gave him time to get breath. And yet he had the constant discomfort of the mouth-breather, and the handicap of a choked-up throat, and the marvel is that the boy was no worse than he was! It looked like a simple case—removal of adenoids and tonsils, and, with removal of irritation, the gradual disappearance of the boy's less desirable qualities. So the medical report went to the boy's father. The father wrote back promptly and with some asperity. "I don't believe in tonsils and adenoids," said he, with emphasis. Do you remember the story of the old gentleman who said he "disbelieved in India," and of course India was no more. The father's disbelief in tonsils and adenoids did not seem to make them disappear. His believing the matter to be evidence of a "fad" did not straighten the boy's upper jaw, bring out his chest, or make it possible to breathe through his nose. My last sight of him, a short time ago, showed the lad possessing all those unfavorable characteristics. Evidently the father still continues to disbelieve. I wonder what he would think if he was persuaded to look down the boy's throat.

After all, these are all rather simple and not extraordinary cases. But their description is given to illustrate the possibilities of a clinic for the study of normal children and to encourage child psychologists to institute such clinics for the aid of children, parents, and schools wherever these three interesting institutions exist.

THE BOOK TABLE

DOES THE AUTHOR COUNT WITH BOYS?

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

IN a previous article¹ I told of my experience in giving boys their heads with regard to books, showing how, if they can be brought to discuss books among themselves, pass on their judgments from one to another, and combine their group judgments for the benefit of all, the resulting list of books is pretty sure to be of a surprisingly high quality. Moreover, if boys are given this chance to weigh values, their own power to judge values increases, and—what is more important—becomes an actively functioning power. They actually begin to choose better books for their voluntary reading.

During the past year the group of boys that I was working with finished its job of making up a composite list earlier in the year than usual, and there began to be signs of restlessness at the prospect of going on with more book reports and book discussions. Too much of one thing was about to prove good for nothing. Getting wind of this, I forestalled discontent by asking the boys if they wouldn't like a change. There was a vigorous nodding of their heads and an eager gleam of expectancy in their eyes. They wondered what I was going to offer them instead of book reports. But I had no intention of offering them anything. My best results had come from leaving the initiative to them. So I said, "Well, what else would you like to do?"

They looked from one to another in surprise. Then one boy held up his hand.

"Make a list of authors," he said.

"Publishers," amended another.

"Illustrators," said a third.

A fourth boy suggested that we study up on authors and make reports on them just as we had been making reports on books. As he made his suggestion I remembered that he was the very boy who, two years before, when his class first began to study books with me, had declared that he "didn't see any sense in bothering to say anything about the author of a book when you're talking about the book." To see what would happen, I took his own stand and presented his former attitude to him and the class.

"Are we really concerned with authors enough to make it pay to make reports on them?" I asked. "Does it really matter who wrote a book, if we like it?"

Before the boy himself could answer another caught me up and made reply:

"Oh, sure it does. You might want to read another book by the same author."

"Yes," said another boy, "and, besides, if you find out something about an author's life maybe you'll know whether

he's telling the truth about the places he talks about."

Again the nodding of heads. So I put it to a vote what we should do for the next two months. The verdict was that each boy should begin making up a list of his favorite authors on cards, and that later we should combine the lists as we had with the books; also that shortly we should begin to have reports on authors. Then we began to saw

THE BOY AND THE BOOK

It seems a natural thing for boys to be interested in good stories and hence in those who write them.

Can boys be led to take an equal interest in poetry? Mr. C. Harlow Raymond, of the famous Lawrenceville School, answers this question with an enthusiastic yes! He tells of the solution which he has found for this problem in a forthcoming Outlook article. It is simple and can be applied by any one who loves poetry.

wood. It soon became apparent that the cards alone were not going to make class discussions of any stimulating nature; so we turned to the reports on authors. Each boy was told to prepare himself for oral or written report on a favorite. A week later the reports were in full swing, and popular.

I made no more attempt to guide boys in their choice of authors to report on than I had in their choice of books. For to me the vital thing is to keep off the deadening hands of pedagogy and let the boys follow their own impulses, let them become interested in finding out things about their own favorite author friends. It matters little whether a boy reports, as one did, that "it is certain that Shakespeare was none too wise a youth, for he was not quite nineteen when he married Anne Hathaway . . . eight years older than himself," or whether he reports, as another did, that "Louisa May Alcott's family was very poor and Mr. Alcott was a failure as far as money was concerned." The vital thing is that the boy should delight in delving into the personal life of an author that he cares for.

Information came in so thick and fast and in so unorganized a manner that at times I wondered what my reputation would be worth if it should become known how helter-skelter was our study plan. But gradually, by a process of natural selection, a few authors began to come to the front, and about them all members of the class began to get a few clean-cut ideas. We learned of Samuel Clemens that he had been a printer's apprentice and a Mississippi River pilot before he made a success of writing. We discovered that Cooper grew up in the woods about Otsego Lake, where he often saw real Indians, that he was expelled from Yale for not doing his work, that he went to sea, came back, and did not start writing for several years. We learned that Dickens had pasted labels on blacking boxes, while the family lived in a debtors' prison, and that his rise to fame had been through his own efforts always; also that he had made a great fortune for himself and had lived as few authors have in the time of his own great fame. We learned of Poe's extreme brilliance and of the curse of alcoholism that broke his life. We learned of Scott's lameness from childhood, of his finding the forgotten manuscript of "Waverley" stowed away in an old drawer and starting his career as a novelist with this first effort, and, lastly, of his heroic labors to pay off the debt of the publishing house to which he had belonged after its failure. We learned of Kipling's early life in India, of Jules Verne's passion for things geographic which was at the base of most of his stories, of Thackeray's natural indolence to match his great genius and of the terrible cloud cast over his later years by the giving way of his wife's mind. We learned of Stevenson's struggle for health, his romantic journey across the United States as an emigrant on hearing that the woman he cared for was ill, of the great love which grew in the hearts of the natives of the South Seas for him whom they called Tustitala (Teller of Tales), and, lastly, of his royal burial at the top of the great mountain which he had loved to look at.

Scattered, broken, totally unsystematic, these bits of information came to the class from its members. But, if the information lacked unity, the effect of the experience was just the opposite. For each boy had come to see how the knowledge of an author's life enriched the pleasure of reading the author's books. At the end of the year, when called upon to give honest opinions as to what they had found worth while in the course and what they wished to see eliminated, the boys voted the highest value to have been found in the biographical sketches of authors.

That is their answer to the question: "Does the author count?" And I believe that we can help them to find out just how much the author counts if we

¹Published in The Outlook for August 16, 1922.—The Editors.

THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

them do the choosing, if we let them be haphazard and whimsical in their searches, if we realize that the great thing is not so much to make the ac-

quaintance of certain great authors, but rather to delight in making the acquaintance of any author whom they may be reading.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-day and To-morrow," etc.

THERE is an unusually large number of children's books offered this year; and an unusually large proportion of them are worth while. This may make it harder to select just what we want; but it makes more difficult the random selection of a disappointment.

The reaction against fairy tales which appeared some time ago seems to have spent itself, for we have this year more new editions and more new collections of fairy tales than ever before. Especially noteworthy are additions to the legends of various peoples. Instead of rejecting fairy tales entirely, we are learning to select them with more discrimination, and perhaps to tell them without some of the features that the psychologists found objectionable in the tales upon which they were brought up.

We welcomed Mrs. Mitchell's "Here and Now Story Book" last year as a sin-

cere and effective attempt to give the young child stories of reality. We are getting more of that, as well as more of the imaginative and fantastic. After all, the child is entitled to both kinds of literature, and those who select books for children need not decide that one type must be used to the exclusion of the other; the child needs a balanced diet. There is a better selection of biographical and historical books and natural history as well as of fairies. Astronomy is unusually strong, though the other sciences are not well represented; and the interest in wireless is appealed to by a number of good books.

Dr. Dolittle is with us again in a new book, and will be welcomed by his old friends and make many new ones. The most distinctive contributions of the season are probably "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" and Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories." Books of verse are well represented.

NEW EDITIONS

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. By Hamilton W. Mable.

Myths Every Child Should Know. By Hamilton W. Mable.

Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.75 each.

Attractive editions. 8-10.

The New World Fairy Book. By Howard Angus Kennedy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

A new edition of a good collection of Indian tales. Well told. 8-10.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$1.

Charming little edition of the old favorite. 8-10.

Adventures of a Brownie and Other Stories. By Miss Mulock. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$3.

Gift edition of this old favorite, illustrated by Maria Kirk. 8-10.

The Mouse Story Told by an Old Schoolmaster. By K. H. With. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.

A delightful mouse story, written in 1905, and now brought out in new dress. 8-10.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Illustrated by Kay Nielson. G. H. Doran Co., New York. \$3.50.

New edition of Norse legends well made and beautifully illustrated. Out of the general run of fairy stories. 8-12.

Stories by Mrs. Molesworth. Pictures by Edna Cooke. Duffield & Co., New York. \$3.50.

New edition of "The Cuckoo Clock" and other old favorites. 8-12.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

Beautiful edition with 250 illustrations by Leleux. 12-14 and over.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By Jules Verne. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. \$2.

This unrivaled adventure story added to the "Windermere Series" of attractively made reprints of classics. 12-14 and over.

The Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade. Illustrated in Color by Evelyn Paul. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50.

The custom of printing fine editions of classical stories with color illustrations grows. If this beautiful edition helps to make Reade's masterpiece known to young people, a literary service will be rendered. 14-15.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated in Color by Rowland Wheelwright. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.

A handsome edition of one of the great romances of the world, illustrated in color. It may be that Douglas Fairbanks's popular film of "Robin Hood" will attract new readers to "Ivanhoe," in which Robin Hood plays a brilliant part. 14-15.

Moby Dick, or the White Whale. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Melville's fame rests largely on this book. Boys for two or three generations have read the tale with appreciation, although it was not originally written for boys. 14-16.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READER

The Children Who Followed the Piper. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.75.

Charming story of the adventures of the children who entered the mountain, where they meet all the fairy-tale folk.

Mother Goose. Rearranged and Edited by Eula Osgood Grover. P. F. Volland Co., Chicago. \$1.35.

A very handsome edition.

Mother Goose. (Collected.) Henry Altamus & Co., Philadelphia. \$2.50.

The regulation Mother Goose rhymes, with many attractive small cuts and some colored plates. Very complete.

All Through the Day the Mother Goose Way. By Jean Broadhurst. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 75c.

Attractive and unique edition of the favorite rhymes for primer purpose.

The Animal Mother Goose. By Harry Whittier Frees. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$2.

A nice selection of nursery rhymes, with unusual photographic illustrations of actual animals.

The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane. By Sarah Adlington. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$2.50.

An original story in which the boyhood of Santa Claus is depicted against a background of Mother Goose figures.

Still More Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.25.

A reissue of these exceptional stories.

Puppy Dogs' Tales. Edited by Frances Kent. Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

A good collection of simple stories. Remarkable photographic illustrations.

Doggie Woof and Pussy Meow and Other Friends of the Children. By M. C. Davies. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. \$1.50.

Old-fashioned full-page pictures. Appropriate verse.

Brin: The Adventure of a Little Bear. By M. C. Davies. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. \$2.

Large picture book with excellent illustrations and simple stories. Very attractive.

Bobby of Cloverfield Farm. By Helen Fuller Orton. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.

A charming story.

The Little Wise Chicken that Knew It All. By Kenneth Graham Duffield. Henry Altamus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

Well told and illustrated attractively from the child's point of view.

Grunty Grunts and Smiley Smile Outdoors. By E. E. Feist. Henry Altamus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

Amusing.

Peter Rabbit and Jack the Jumper. By L. S. Almond. Henry Altamus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

A Peter Rabbit adventure with much incident, well told.

A Little Child's Book of Stories. Compiled by Ada M. Skinner and Eleanor L. Skinner. With Pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Duffield & Co., New York. \$3.50.

To have pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith is a distinction for any children's book. The verses and other brief stories will please children also. 5-10.

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

The Adventures of Maya the Bee. By Waldemar Bonsels. Translated by Adele Ssoeld Seltzer. Thomas Seltzer, New York. \$3.

An allegorical story of unusual merit, based on the organization of bee life; told with whimsical charm. Excellent translation. Verses done into English by Arthur Gutterman. 10-14.

The Boy Who Found the King. By Raymond MacDonald Alden. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.75.

An excellent book for young boys and girls. Fairy tales, told with good judgment both as to language and content. Well worth while. 8-13.

The Shadow Witch. By Gertrude Crownfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

An extremely imaginative story, suitable only for "unmorbid" children. 10-12.

The Magic Flashbone. By Charles Dickens. F. Warne & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A charmingly made book and a delightfully told tale. 7-10.

David the Dreamer. By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated by Tom Freud. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$2.50.

Beautifully illustrated and printed. Text interesting. 7-9.

Tales Told by the Gander. By Maud Radford Warren and Eve Davenport. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. \$2.50.

Familiar material reworked in a rather refreshing way. Well illustrated and well printed. 7-9.

The Grateful Fairy. By T. L. Sappington. Barse & Hopkins, New York. \$1.25.

A droll fairy tale. 8-10.

Zodiac Town. By Nancy Byrd Turner. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$1.50.

The rhymes and illustrations are both very attractive. 8-10.

Happyland's Fairy Grotto Plays. By Emilie Blackmore Stapp and Eleanor Cameron. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$1.25.

A sprightly collection of fairy plays for young children. 10-12.

Helga and the White Peacock. By Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.

A fairy play for children. Well suited for production in groups. 8-10.

Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Retold by S. H. Sterling. G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

Fine addition to the Washington Square classics. 12-14.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Preface by Francis Hackett. Edited by Signe Toksvig. Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

A lovely edition, characteristic illustrations. Unusually good translation. 8-12.

Fairy Tales from Far and Near. By Katharine Fyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

Collection of twelve characteristic tales, representing various nationalities—Hindu, Lithuanian, etc. 8-12.

Korean Fairy Tales. By William Elliot Griffis. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$1.60.

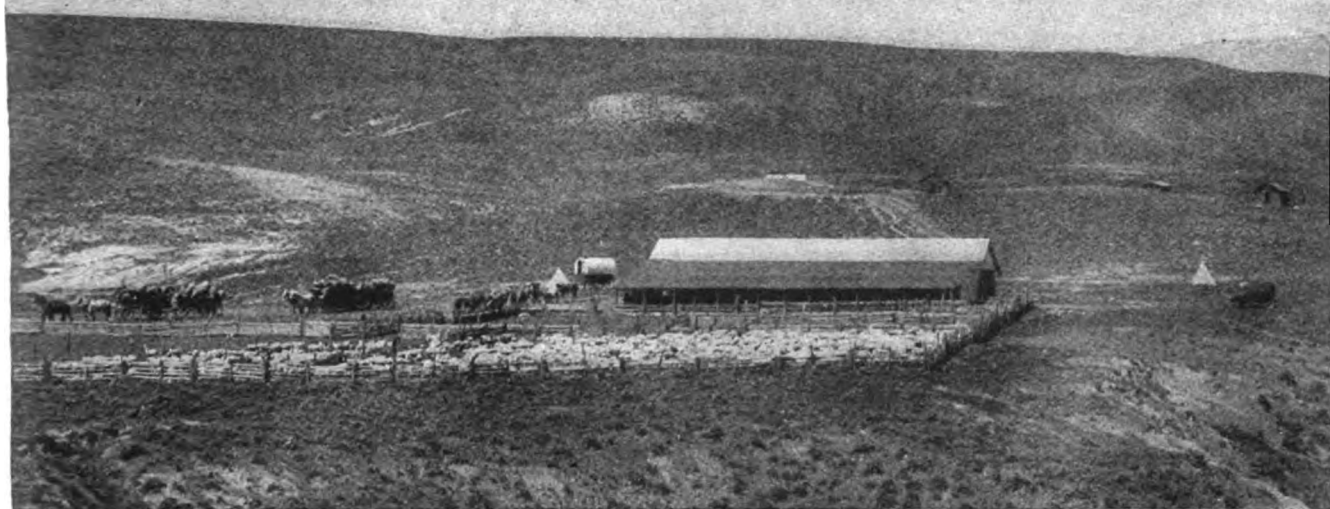
Very acceptable addition to the Dutch, Belgian, and other fairy tales. 8-12.

The Islands of Magic. By Elsie S. Ellis. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.75.

Legends, folk and fairy tales from the Azores. 8-12.

(Continued on page 489)

FACTS AND FICTION ABOUT WOOL AND CLOTHES



In the Western States, sheep are brought once a year to the shearing sheds where the fleeces are removed, packed in 300-pound sacks, and started on their long journey by wagon and railroad to the Eastern mill

THE question of our wool supply is one of the least understood, and at the same time one of most vital concern to American industry and welfare.

For clothing and household uses where warmth is a consideration there is no substitute for wool. Other fibers, including reworked wools (shoddy), have been utilized to the limit of economy and serviceability, and yet the United States needs annually to import about 300,000,000 pounds of grease wool—slightly more than the domestic production reported for recent years. These imports come chiefly from the Southern Hemisphere—Australasia, South America, and South Africa. Coarser wools from more primitive types of sheep come from China, India, and South America for use in the making of carpets.

A MILITARY NECESSITY

From a military standpoint, there is no other indispensable material for which the United States is so largely dependent upon foreign countries. In 1917 and 1918 it was our good fortune to have access to the British-controlled supply in the countries having a surplus of wools suitable for clothing. Only the South American supply of wool was available to those nations that could transport it. Writing in 1916, Professor Paul T. Cherington, of Harvard University, said:

The present situation makes more conspicuous than ever before the military strategic value of an American wool-growing industry. It emphasizes the desirability from a military standpoint of independence for the United States in its manufacture of woollens and worsteds.

The following statement was made recently by Senator Lodge, of Massachu-

setts, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate:

An increase in the raising of sheep in the United States is well worth all the money the people will ever spend upon those interests to make us, in peace or war, in sunshine or in storm, always independent, so that under any pressure which may come we shall always be able to clothe our own people.

NATIONAL POLICY ON WOOL SUPPLY

Desirability of independence of foreign-made fabrics and the increase of home manufacturing of woollen goods has been recognized continuously since 1789 by the placing of import duties upon materials manufactured from wool. At no time since that year have woollen goods been admitted to the United States without payment of duty.

Consideration of both civilian and military needs emphasized by Civil War experiences caused President Lincoln's Administration to put into effect a policy of levying an import duty upon wools for the purpose of according to the home producers the benefit of preference in home markets, and thereby developing a larger wool-growing industry. American wool production as compared with National requirements at that time was an infant industry. It has not expanded as was hoped for, although the production in 1919 was about twice that of 1867. The main hindrance to a continued expansion of domestic wool-growing has been the great uncertainty attached to the business as a result of changes in tariff laws and frequent extreme depression of prices.

The act of 1867 prescribed a new basis of wool duties. In the succeeding fifty-four years there have been nine changes of rates, and two of these changes en-

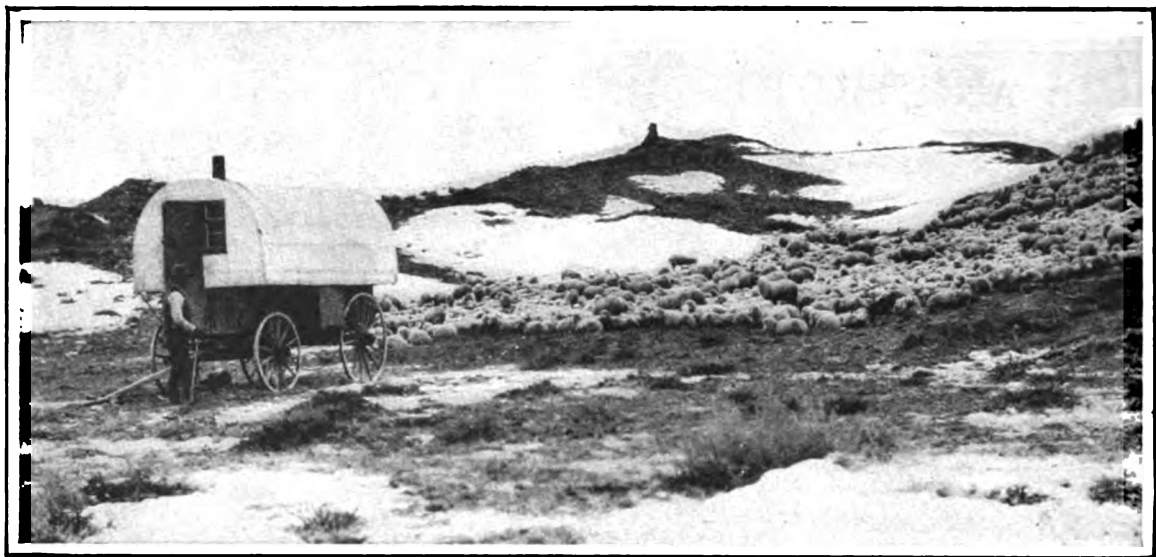
tirely removed the duty for a total of eleven years. At each of fourteen National elections in that period the question of the wool tariff was under debate and extreme uncertainty created as to the National policy, and therefore to safety of production.

The longest continued period of protection was from 1897 to 1913, though during that period complete removal of the duty was seriously threatened at three different times. During that period also the industrial development in the United States caused a strong agricultural trend toward the production of foodstuffs for an increasing population. The cheaply grown wools of frontier areas in the Southern Hemisphere could be secured, duty paid, at values not then attractive to most American farmers.

Prior to 1914 it was becoming apparent that wool-growing had reached the limit of expansion in frontier parts. If supplies were to continue or to increase, it must be through expansion of sheep-raising under the more intensified agricultural methods of older farming sections. The war demand and the difficulties of foreign transportation acted to replace the effect of the wool duty that had been removed in 1913. Production was rapidly increasing in 1918 and 1919. The collapse of 1920 brought foreign wools into our markets under a virtual bounty arising from the superior value of dollar exchange. American producers were not only discouraged, but in many instances bankrupt. Our future supply is more largely than ever dependent upon the establishment of new flocks, which can be brought about only under fairly stable conditions.

THE TARIFF OF 1922

Fair rates of duty upon imported wools have been established by the



The bands of range sheep in the West, unlike the farm flocks, remain in the open all of the year. The shepherd's home is in the wagon that follows the band from place to place over the vast area of land from which the only returns obtainable are the wool and lambs from the traveling bands

Sixty-seventh Congress. The President, through the Tariff Commission, may raise or lower such rates by fifty per cent, according to the occurrence of changes in the relation of home-production costs to those found to obtain in exporting countries.

The Fordney-McCumber Act provides that duties shall be collected only on the "scoured content," or actual weight of wool in condition for manufacture. Former duties were levied upon grease weights, which included from twenty to seventy-five per cent of dirt and oil in the fleeces as they were removed from the sheep and received at ports of entry. The duty in effect prior to 1913 provided that 33 cents per pound should be paid upon wool imported in the clean or scoured condition. The rates set for wools not scoured allowed imports to enter at less than the equivalent of 33 cents. The new law requires that all duties shall be collected upon the basis of scoured wool and at the rate of 31 cents per pound.

These fair and impartial provisions of the wool duty form a part of the enlightened new policy expressed by the Congress just adjourned toward the agricultural industry, giving the rural citizenship the same consideration in commercial policies as was previously accorded only to the manufacturing industries.

FICTION ABOUT CLOTHING COSTS

Prior to the passage of the recent legislation members of some branches of the clothing industry widely advertised the statement that the wool duties as proposed in the Senate bill would increase the cost of men's clothes by as much as \$4 per suit.

The absurdity of such a statement and the unfairness and insincerity associated with its circulation are readily revealed by the facts. Unfortunately, these facts could not be adequately presented or

circulated by the poorly organized growers of wool.

These opponents of a National policy of insuring home producers an equal opportunity in home markets have represented that 33 cents paid at the customs on a pound of scoured wool amounts to 101.4 cents to be paid by the ultimate consumer. It was claimed that the rates of profits secured by wool dealers, spinners, weavers, manufacturing clothiers, and retailers, as calculated upon costs, are, respectively, 10 per cent, 15 per cent, 17½ per cent, 22½ per cent, and 33½ per cent.

The true effect of such a tariff was set forth by a competent and impartial publication, "The Manufacturer," in the issue of July 25. "The Manufacturer" stated that the only increase above 33 cents (the final rate was set at 31 cents) that legitimately could be added to the consumer's price was the extra amount required for interest on an additional 33 cents from the time a pound of wool entered the cloth mill until it was sold by the retailer, plus an allowance for increased cost of insurance arising from the addition of 33 cents to the original cost of a pound of material. "The Manufacturer" allows 3½ yards of cloth for an average suit and 14 ounces as the weight of a yard of goods for winter wear. On this basis, it is shown that the maximum additional cost of a suit resulting from a 33-cent wool duty is not \$4, but \$1.62. (With the lower rate of duty now in effect, the figure would be \$1.52.)

The advertising opponents of the wool tariff, according to their own data, would have used a possible increased cost of \$1.62 as a means of exacting an extra profit of \$2.38. Commenting upon this revelation of a plan to utilize the wool duty as a pretext for increasing profits, "The Manufacturer" said:

If clothing manufacturers and retailers can make these increased costs of respectively \$1.14, \$1.62, and \$2.78

the basis for increasing prices, not by those sums, but by \$4 for suits and \$7.50 for overcoats, the difference being clear profit over and above present profits, the public should be so informed. But in justice to the wool growers and the wool manufacturers, the public should not be permitted to be misled into the belief that such arbitrary price increases are attributable to the raw wool duty.

In considering clothing costs as affected by wool values, the following important facts should be kept in mind: (1) The average amount of cloth used in making a man's suit is 3½ yards. (2) One and one-half pounds of wool is used in making a pound of cloth of the best quality. (3) Using cloth weighing 14 ounces to the yard, the total requirement of scoured wool for a man's suit is 4.4 pounds. (4) For a lighter suit of 10 ounces per yard, 3.3 pounds of scoured wool are needed. The average price of all clothing wools quoted for the Boston market of October 21, 1922, was \$1.076 cents per scoured pound (duty paid). The present average value of wool in a man's suit is therefore \$4.14. Wools used in making carpets are exempt from duty.

The real effect of the duties upon raw wool as prescribed by the Fordney-McCumber Law should be to reduce, and not to raise, the prices charged the consumer for woollen goods. The Emergency Tariff Act that was in effect from May 27, 1921, until September 22, 1922, set much higher duties upon wool than are now in effect under the provisions of the new act. Wool can now be imported under duties considerably lower than were collected for sixteen months prior to September 22. So far as raw wool duties are to be considered as a factor in costs of clothing, the only result that can come through enforcement of the act that became effective on September 22, 1922, is a lowering of clothing prices.

NATIONAL WOOL GROWERS ASSOCIATION, Salt Lake City, Utah

[Advertisement]

THE BOOK TABLE

(Continued from page 486)

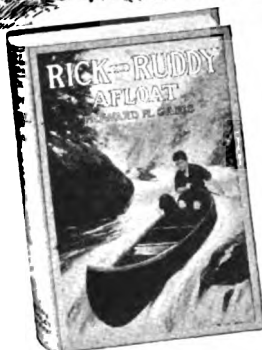
FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

- A Treasury of Eskimo Tales.** By Clara K. Bayliss. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 75c.
Very nice selection. 8-10.
- Mighty Mikko: Finnish Folk and Fairy Tales.** By Parker Fillmore. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.25.
An unusual collection of folk literature from Finland. Characteristic illustrations. 8-12.
- Fairy Tales.** Collected and Retold by Elizabeth W. De Huff. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.
Folk tales of the Pueblo Indians. 10-12.
- Wonder Tales from Tibet.** By Eleanor Myers Jewett. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.
Folk-lore of Tibet, well arranged and interestingly told. 8-10.

STORIES, TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

- The Voyage of Doctor Dollittle.** By Hugh Lofting. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$2.50.
The delightful Doctor Dollittle appeals again and will be welcomed by his many friends, young and old. 8-12.
- Son of Fire.** By Irving Crump. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.
A well-told tale of primitive man. 12-14 and over.
- Sootabaga Stories.** By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.
Fine imaginative stories in characteristic American settings. 8-12.
- Verotchka's Tales.** By Mamin Siberiak. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.
Charming, friendly tales of old Russia with humorous, characteristic illustrations. 8-10.
- He Who Steals.** By Alfreda Balocco. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.
Interesting story, told with simplicity and vigor. Gives insight into Italian conditions. 10-12.
- Twin Travelers in India.** By Mary H. Wade. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.75.
Travels of an American boy and girl in India. 10-12.
- The Hill of Adventure.** By Adair Aldon. Century Co., New York. \$1.75.
A wholesome out-of-doors story with much action. Decidedly superior to the usual "girl" story. 12-14.
- Phantom Gold.** By Kenneth Payson Kempton. Century Co., New York. \$1.75.
Good story of adventure, well told. 12-14.
- The Woods Rider.** By Frank Lillie Pollock. Century Co., New York. \$1.75.
An outdoor adventure story. Above the average. 12-14.
- The Trail of the Spanish Horse.** By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$1.75.
An interesting frontier story, full of adventure and thrilling episodes. 10-14.
- Tenpaw of the Royal Mounted.** By Laurie Y. Erskine. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75.
Adventurous, exciting story that boys would like. 12-14.
- Weird Islands.** By Jean de Bosschère. R. M. McBride & Co., New York. \$3.
A fanciful and amusing tale of adventure, with interesting pictures. 10-12.
- Hackbeard Buccaneer.** By Ralph D. Paine. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. \$2.50.
A pirate story vividly told. Fine illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover. Boys 12-14.
- The House of Five Swords.** By Tristram Tupper. G. H. Doran Co., New York. \$2.
A romantic, fascinating story. Well written. Over 14.
- Busy Star.** By Olaf Baker. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.
The author of "Shaasta of the Wolves" has made another real contribution in this stirring, well-written story of an Indian boy and his wolf cub and their many adventures. 10-14.
- Little Maid of Virginia.** By Alice Turner Curtis. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.
A nice addition to this author's historical tales. 8-10.
- The Hop Pickers.** By Flavia Camp Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.50.
A story of girl life in the Sixties. Girls 12-14.
- Princeton Boy in the Revolution.** By Paul G. Tomlinson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.
Would hold the interest of the 12-14 year old, and might develop further research into the history of the period.
- The Rich Little Poor Boy.** By Eleanor Gates. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.
Story of an eleven-year-old boy who, in spite of his sordid surroundings in a New York slum, finds content and success. 12-16.
- David Ives: A Story of St. Timothy's.** By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. \$1.75.
An excellent boarding-school story. Boys 12-14 and over.

(Continued on page 490)



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yet neither Rick nor Ruddy faltered—*

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THE BOOK TABLE

(Continued from page 489)

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A story of a family in a Middle Western town with a few human experiences valuable to growing girls. 13-15.
- The Black Wolf Pack.** By Dan Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.65.
Boys always like Dan Beard's stories. Tells of a boy's search for his father and his own adventures on the frontier. 12-14.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

- Bannertail: The Story of a Gray Squirrel.** By Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.
A welcome addition to Mr. Seton's exceptional books. 10-12.
- Beyond Rope and Fence.** By David Greer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.
A sympathetic story of a horse; would appeal to children's love for animals. 12-14.
- Bird Stories.** By Edith M. Patch. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$1.25.
Attractive stories for the children interested in birds. 10-12.
- Garden Adventures of Tommy Tittlemouse.** By Clara Ingram Judson. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 75c.
Charming animal story. 6-8.
- Hunters of the Great North.** By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.
Details of this explorer's first trip into the Arctic. 10-14.
- Kari, the Elephant.** By Dhan Gopal Mahapatra. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.
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Sympathetic stories about wild animals and domestic pets. 10-12.
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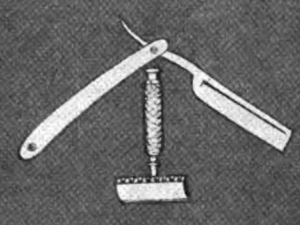
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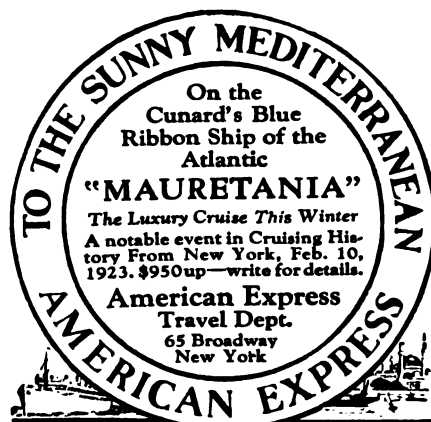
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"A THOUSAND people killed by vehicles in the streets of New York in a year!" a subscriber exclaims. "The remedy is simple. Let every driver of a vehicle—street car, truck, or automobile—be compelled to slow down to three miles an hour at every near crossing and keep that speed till he passes the far crossing of every street, no matter what the traffic conditions—and the thing is half done. Let pedestrians strictly avoid jay-walking—and it is complete. As it is now, automobiles whizz across every side street at any speed they please, whether people are crossing or not. Let a few offenders, of either class, auto-drivers or walkers, get jail sentences for violating these provisions—and you will have a great diminution of accidents." Cops who have the job of keeping the traffic moving might not wholly approve of this three-mile idea.

"When it comes to the corruptions of a baseball umpire," says Uncle Henry in "Colliers," "there's where the splendid rage of an oppressed people breaks forth. I've seen the air so full of pop bottles that they looked like a glass roof. Lots of people think baseball an easy game, but I don't know of anything that's got a more subtle technique. Unless you catch the bottle by the neck, an' put a quick wrist snap into the throw, it won't go any distance at all. . . . I don't know any other sport where 50,000 can take part, an' a leadin' part at that:

"Why didn'tcha make 'im bunt? You're a swell manager, yes, you are!"

"Pass 'im, stoopid! Pass 'im!"

"Take 'im out! Take 'im out!"

"Why didn't ya throw it to first, ya big busher!"

"Oh, you big false alarm! Who ever said you could play ball?"

Overheard in the subway—First Salvation Army lass to second ditto—"I'm at the Army school now; I'm reading Deuteronomy—it's lovely!"

Bernard Shaw pays a high compliment to the pronunciation of a famous English actor, but in the next breath slams the average actor unmercifully in characteristic Shavian fashion. Taking Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's pronunciation as an ideal, Mr. Shaw said at a recent lecture: "His pronunciation goes all over the world unchallenged—even in America. I would suggest that a phonograph record be made with these words attached: 'This is the way Forbes-Robertson speaks. Speak the same way and your social position will never be challenged.'"

Mr. Shaw followed up this compliment by complaining of the great difficulty of getting actors to speak as he wanted them to speak, and said it should be possible for an author to write a scrip in English that conveys to the actor as much as a scrip by Wagner conveys to a musician. "I do not want actors and actresses to understand my plays," Mr.

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BY THE WAY (Continued)

aw continued. "That is not necessary. If they will only pronounce the correct sounds I can guarantee the result."

We call to the attention of Government engineers a suggestion which came us in a recent letter:

"If it is true that all typhoons originate at the Island of Yap in the manner described by Commander McIntosh in our issue of September 27, it ought to be a simple matter to banish this particular form of destruction from the Orient. A system of powerful fans, sufficient to keep the air over the island in constant motion during such periods would ordinarily breed typhoons, could do the trick; or a system of pumps and nozzles arranged to keep the air cool by spraying sea water over the whole island. It would seem to be up to the Government of Japan to attempt such an experiment, and to the other maritime nations to help bear the cost. If successful, the installation should cost more than pay for itself in a single season."

Why do our English friends keep to the left while driving, and keep to the right while walking? The anomaly has apparently attracted their attention, and our authorities seem to be trying to make the "rule of the road" uniform. A correspondent of the London "Sphere" thus upholds the old custom:

"The new order, 'Walk to the Left,' which for some time has decorated the London sidewalks, is contrary to custom. As far as I can see, the tendency to walk on the right is general, and it is probably based firmly upon the necessary customs of a troubled past. In rough times, when strangers encountered on the road, they were wary. Each kept to the right, keeping his left arm with its shield toward the actual or possible enemy, while his right arm was free to swing sword or hurl spear. That, believe it or not, is the simple explanation of why foot passengers bear to the right, and why the new rule is generally disregarded."

It is related that the director of a certain famous museum was once showing a distinguished woman some of the priceless treasures of which he is the custodian. For a long time, however, it seemed that nothing interested her very much. Then suddenly the director noticed a change in her; her face lighted up and she leaned forward.

"What is it, madam?" asked the director, gratified at this tardy sign of awakening appreciation. "Do not hesitate to ask if there is anything you would like to know."

"That is awfully good of you!" exclaimed the woman. "I wish you would tell me what brand of polish you use on those iron ventilators that are let into the floor. We have the same sort of thing in my house, but my servants never get them to shine half so brilliantly."



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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

RAYMOND RECOULY is one of the most distinguished publicists of France. As foreign editor of "Figaro" and "Le Temps," the latter being recognized as an authoritative channel for the report and interpretation of Governmental policies, he writes of French foreign affairs with special knowledge and understanding.

FRANK DILNOT is a British editor and student of social and economic conditions in England, the author of "The Old Order Changeth," "Lloyd George, the Man and his Story," and "The New America." He began as a newspaper reporter in London, and during his journalistic career has been associated with the "Central News," the "Daily Citizen," and the "Daily Mail." For the latter paper he visited the United States, Canada, France, and Russia, and for the "Daily Chronicle" he went to Scandinavia to investigate social and economic conditions. He has been correspondent for the "Chronicle" in New York and President of the Association of Foreign Correspondents. He was editor of the London "Globe" in 1919.

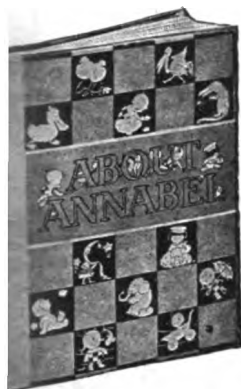
THE week of November 13 being Children's Book Week, we are devoting our "Book Table" section almost entirely to the younger generation. Sidoni Matzner Gruenberg, writer, lecturer, and authority on children's literary and educational problems, briefly reviews a long list of this year's offerings to children. Mr. Hubert V. Coryell, the head of the Junior Department at the Browne and Nichols School, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, contributes a sequel to his article "What Books Do Boys Recommend to Each Other?" which attracted such widespread attention. His first article told the story of how he led his boys to read good books; the present article goes to show that boys are interested not only in the story, but in the man that writes the story.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT, the author of "The Festal Day—So Called," is at present on the staff of the "Literary Digest." He has been ordained in the Congregational ministry and held pastorates in Helena, Montana, and in Leverett, Massachusetts. He has traveled extensively all over America in search of magazine material, and has been on the staffs of the Boston "Transcript" and the Chicago "Tribune." He has studied art in Paris.

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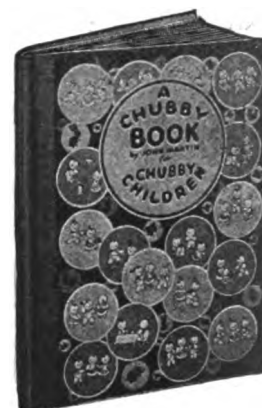
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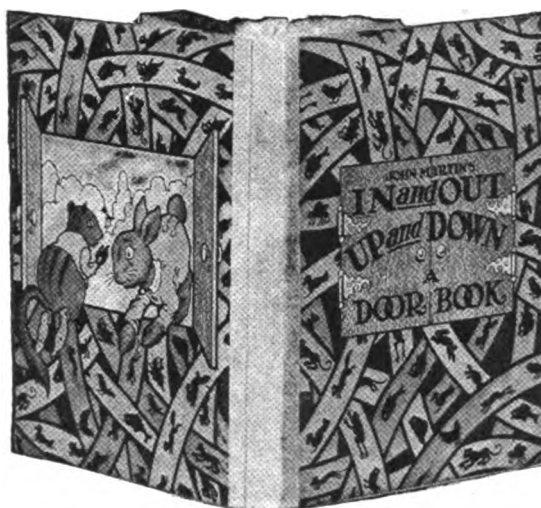
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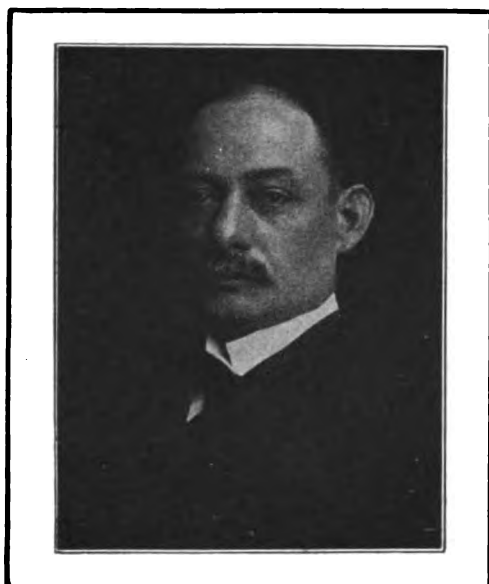
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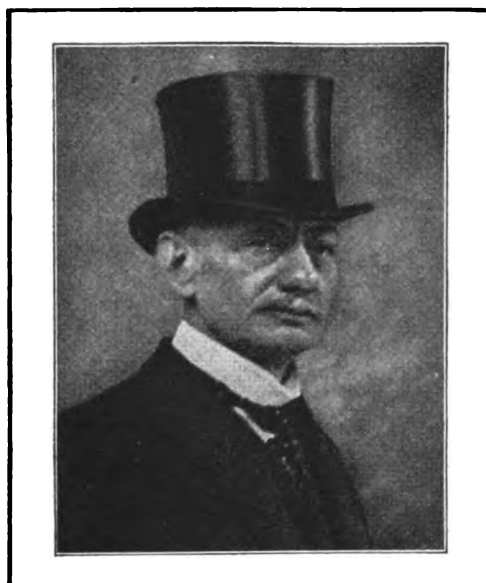
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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 22, 1922



Keystone

FRANK L. GREENE,
OF VERMONT
Republican



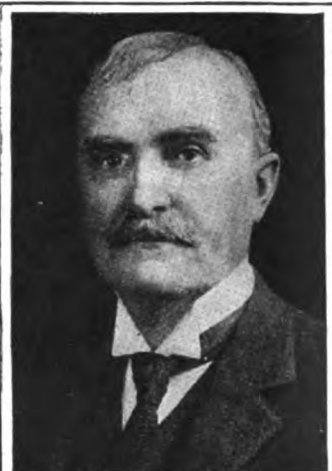
P. & A. Photos

ROYAL S. COPELAND,
OF NEW YORK
Democrat



(C) Paul Thompson

EDWARD I. EDWARDS,
OF NEW JERSEY
Democrat



Courtesy of Baltimore "Sun"

WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE,
OF MARYLAND
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

THE ELECTIONS: WHERE THE EXPECTED HAPPENED

SO widely distributed were the reverses which the Republicans encountered on Election Day this year, November 7, in the States under their control that States like Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and California stand up like islands in a sea of Democratic votes.

Of course Pennsylvania remained Republican. What swept Republicans out of power in other States was the protest against standpatism. It takes a veritable tidal wave to overthrow the Republican structure in Pennsylvania; but there was no tidal wave there because the Republican party itself had built a firm breakwater by nominating for the Governorship the progressive leader, Gifford Pinchot.

In Wisconsin the success of the Republican ticket was mainly nominal. It was really a success, and an overwhelming success at that, of the La Follette machine. There what Mr. John Ballard in his recent special correspondence in *The Outlook* described as "the revolt against the Yankee" was complete. Not only was La Follette himself sent back to the Senate, but La Follette's candidate for Governor was overwhelmingly elected and La Follette's ally, Victor Berger, was once more elected to Congress.

We comment elsewhere on the Republican success in Iowa, as a part of the revolt of the farmers. Substantially the election in that State was a defeat for the Republican machine, which was not heartily for the Brookhart candidacy.

In California the Republican candi-

dates were generally successful; but elections in California have ceased to be signs of party strength. There non-partisanship has been erected into a system. Hiram Johnson's triumphant re-election to the Senate is less of a victory for the party than a victory for himself personally and for the policies for which he stands. California sees in Hiram Johnson a man of outstanding personality, of great earnestness, and of devotion to a course which he believes essential to the liberties and rights of the people. This does not mean that all who voted for him always trust his judgment or approve his willingness on occasion to become virtual political partner of Hearst; but it does mean that they trust his general purpose and believe in his sincerity and ability. Like La Follette, Hiram Johnson has the record of remarkable achievement in his State; and in that fact alone may be found one great reason for the indorsement which the voters of the State have repeatedly given him.

The election of Friend W. Richardson, the Republican candidate for Governor, was not by any means merely a party triumph. In fact, the nomination of Mr. Richardson was a most unexpected reversal for the Republican organization. Mr. Richardson made his campaign for the nomination on the issue of economy. He is an old newspaper owner and editor, the only President the California Editorial Association has ever had; and he knew how to get his idea of economy before the voters of the State through the medium of the country press. He

made his campaign in his own automobile and was his own chauffeur, and the talking he did was chiefly to business men informally in store and office and to farmers and orchardists in the open. Behind him was a record for economy and efficiency as State Treasurer. With this record and by this means of campaigning he defeated Governor Stephens for renomination. Then he proceeded to carry on a campaign for the Governorship. He placed himself on the "Dry" side of the prohibition issue, and he has again won. California thus, like practically every other State where the Republicans were successful, records not a victory for the Republican organization, but for a progressive group which had secured control of the party organization or gained the party nominations.

THE ELECTIONS: GAIN AND LOSS

THE defeat of ex-Senator Beveridge in Indiana has been on the whole a disappointment to the country at large. Few men have rendered better service in the Senate than he. Mr. Ralston was chosen partly because the people of Indiana have respect for him and regard his record as Governor of the State with approval; but chiefly because he received the votes of those opposed to Mr. Beveridge. As we said last week, Mr. Beveridge's defeat was due in part to his war record, which did not please ex-service men; but it was also due to the fact that, in spite of his progressive record, radicals suspected him while conservatives feared him. He

tered the opposition of those who appealed to race and group prejudice, and at the same time he had at least the passive opposition of the supporters of the Old Guard faction whom he defeated in the primary.

A distinct gain of National significance was the defeat of Mr. Pelletier as candidate for District Attorney in Suffolk County, Massachusetts. He had been not only displaced from office but disbarred. It was feared that his appeals to religious prejudice would bring about his re-election. After his disbarment a law was passed making only lawyers eligible for the District Attorneyship, but supporters of Mr. Pelletier had this law submitted to the people for a referendum. To the credit of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and particularly to the people of Boston, the law was sustained and Mr. Pelletier defeated.

In Maryland the defeat of Senator France was a gain to the Senate, not because of Senator France's opinions, but because of the fact that his candidacy depended largely upon appeals to prejudice and selfish interests. His successor will be William Cabell Bruce, a Democrat of the Underwood school and one of the best lawyers of Maryland.

From Missouri Mr. Reed goes back to the Senate as an anti-Wilson Democrat who has been conspicuous chiefly as a violent irreconcilable both in war and in peace.

In the defeat of Senator Sutherland, of West Virginia, the Senate loses a conscientious and useful member. His place will be taken by Matthew Mansfield Neely, a lawyer and a business man of the State.

THE ELECTIONS: NEWBERRYISM

In Michigan the defeat of Senator Townsend by Woodbridge N. Ferris was due undoubtedly in part to his defense of his colleague, Senator Newberry. It is a sound instinct which rouses the people against men whom they suspect of buying their way into the United States Senate. In the past the use of money for purchasing seats in the chief legislative body of a nation was the curse of the old English rotten-borough system. It has shown itself in the past in this country. The case of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, bad as it was, was not the most flagrant in our history. If the people ever became indifferent to such abuses, self-government in America would face disaster. It is because in various sections of the country the people have seized upon the case of Senator Newberry as an example of such misuse of money that, not only in Michigan, but in other States, the defenders of Senator Newberry have encountered bitter opposition. At the same time a man like

Gifford Pinchot has been able to spend an amount of money far exceeding the limit set in Michigan and has not suffered in the least for it. The reason for this is that in some way the people have not trusted the purposes of those who were behind Mr. Newberry, while they have trusted the purposes of those who were behind Mr. Pinchot.

That there was danger in demagogic appeals to this perfectly sound instinct ought to be plain to thinking men and women. In the State of Washington Senator Poindexter, one of the most useful and progressive of all the Senators, went down to defeat largely because he conscientiously voted to seat Mr. Newberry. In that case the campaign was affected by the purchase of a newspaper. The Seattle "Post Intelligencer," one of the most trustworthy newspapers on the coast, has become now one of the chain of the Hearst newspapers, and as such supported Mr. Poindexter's opponent, Mr. Dill, emphasizing the Newberry issue.

If the people want to keep the Senate free from the control of money power, they must be on their guard, not only against the open use of money for legitimate publicity, but against the use of money in getting political publicity indirectly. A man who controls great organs of public opinion by means of his wealth can advertise his policies and his candidature without having to account for it as political expenditures. The wealthy man who gains publicity by means of commercial advertising, which does not have to be accounted for as political expenditures, has a great political advantage. This issue really is not mainly concerning the amount of money expended; it usually resolves itself into an issue between a man or a group that the people trust and a man or a group that they do not trust.

THE ELECTIONS: FARMERS IN REVOLT

AGRICULTURAL discontent showed clearly in the results of the elections in the Western States. The farmer felt the post-war deflation before any other element in the country. The prices for his products are to-day below the economic level of the products of our manufacturing centers.

We quote two paragraphs from Mr. Mark Sullivan's account in the New York "Evening Post" of conditions in this region:

West of the Missouri River, in the wheat and potato country, and to only a slightly less extent in the cattle-raising territory, there is a condition of business distress and political radicalism so extreme that the rest of the country refuses to take it as seriously as the facts are. In the writer's recent campaign trip

through parts of this territory the stories about local banks and individual business in actual or incipient bankruptcy were so extreme that one hesitated to print them without investigation and verification.

Among other things, I was told that in some counties of Montana the schools would not open this fall because the farmers could not meet the taxes to support them. In this wheat and potato territory, and because of this condition, the issue that all the local candidates talked about and that all the people wanted to hear about, was not the tariff, nor prohibition, nor foreign relations, nor any of the other issues that the East talked about and heard about. The issue in this wheat and potato territory was deflation and the Federal Reserve Board—in short, the National system of currency, banking, and credit. The farmers in this territory blame their troubles on the policy of deflation, and that was what they wanted to talk about and hear about.

The farmer has come to realize that income is a matter of purchasing power, and not a matter of dollars and cents received. In this respect farmers are better economists than leaders of organized labor—perhaps because farmers have paid more dearly for their education. This understanding of the disadvantages under which they have been laboring, combined with an increased sense of political power and group interest, has brought forward radical farm representatives whose remedies are not always carefully conceived.

Perhaps the outstanding Senator of this type who will appear in Washington as a result of farmer dissatisfaction is Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa. Brookhart has been a teacher in a country school, a farmer who has won prizes for his pigs, apples, and corn, and a man with a splendid record in the war. He was a former National Guard colonel who attained the same rank in the National service. Senator Brookhart is pledged to work for the repeal of the Esch-Cummins Act, the reopening of the Newberry case, and a "real soldier's bonus." Senator Brookhart is in his early fifties and is the father of five children.

Less radical than Brookhart is the representative of the farm bloc who will speak for Nebraska in the Senate. Senator Howell was supported by the Non-Partisan League, the German element in the Nebraska electorate, and the prohibitionists. Mr. Howell is bone-dry. Senator-elect Howell is reported to be against the ship subsidy, for a soldier bonus, and for a rational tariff. The meaning of the last phrase is distinctly a matter of definition.

The fact that Mr. Howell was a manager of General Leonard Wood's Presidential campaign in Nebraska does not lead one to fear much from the fact that he was supported by the German ele-

CONFUSED EVENTS, NEW HATCHED

(Macbeth, Act II, Scene 3)

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



HE HAS SUCH COMPELLING WAYS

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



STEPPED ON!

Gale in the Los Angeles Times



HOW LLOYD GEORGE MUST FEEL

From Aresia Vickery, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



THE LAST ARGUMENT OF KINGS

From M. Hynes, St. Louis, Mo.



(C) Harris & Ewing

SIMEON D. FESS,
OF OHIO
Republican

(C) Keystone

SAMUEL M. RALSTON,
OF INDIANA
Democrat**WOODBIDGE N. FERRIS,**
OF MICHIGAN
Democrat

(C) Harris & Ewing

MATTHEW M. NEELY,
OF WEST VIRGINIA
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

ment. Senator Howell is well known for his management of the municipally owned utilities of the city of Omaha. He is a graduate of Annapolis and is in his fifty-ninth year.

Nebraska elected for its Governor Mr. Charles W. Bryan, the brother of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan has been for many years the publisher of the "Commoner."

At first it appeared that the Non-Partisan League had failed in its attempt to elect Lynn J. Frazier to the Senate. Later returns, however, indicate that Mr. Frazier has been elected. He represents an extreme phase of the agricultural unrest which has been behind the Socialistic policies of the Non-Partisan League.

Another new Senator who will belong to the farm bloc is Dr. Henrik Shipstead, a St. Paul dentist, who will represent Minnesota. Dr. Shipstead is in his

early forties, and owes his election to the votes of labor interests and the Non-Partisan League. He defeated the veteran Senator Kellogg, whose loss will be keenly felt in the Senate. Dr. Shipstead stands for the repeal of the Esch-Cummings Act, a "real bonus law," a reorganization of the Federal Reserve system, and the unseating of Senator Newberry.

THE ELECTIONS: A STANDPATTER PULLS THROUGH

IN contrast to the former radicals of the Middle West stands out Simeon D. Fess. Senator-elect Fess has long been a member of the lower house and has a record of never voting against the President except once. Then he voted to override Mr. Harding's veto of the Bonus Bill. Senator Fess before entering politics was President of Antioch College and is the author of an "Outline of American History" and of a text-book

on physiology. In 1920 he was Chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee.

While Ohio went Republican so far as its Senatorial representative is concerned, it showed its independence by electing a Democratic Governor, Mr. A. V. Donahey.

THE ELECTIONS: THREE SOUTHERN STATES

IN the South the State of Georgia has chosen Walter F. George, formerly Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, to succeed the late Senator Watson. His supporters claim that, despite his acceptance of many of the Watson doctrines, he will be more conservative than Georgia's late representative in the upper house.

Texas sends to the Senate a Democrat who won his nomination by defeating the able Senator Culberson and seven other



(C) Harris & Ewing

HUBERT D. STEPHENS,
OF MISSISSIPPI
Democrat

Keystone

WALTER F. GEORGE,
OF GEORGIA
Democrat

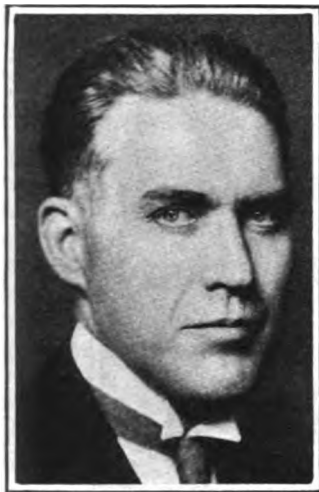
Paul Thompson

EARLE B. MAYFIELD,
OF TEXAS
Democrat

Keystone

R. BEECHER HOWELL,
OF NEBRASKA
Republican

NEW SENATORS-ELECT



DR. HENRIK SHIPSTEAD,
OF MINNESOTA
Farmer-Labor



LYNN J. FRAZIER,
OF NORTH DAKOTA
Republican



Paul Thompson
B. K. WHEELER,
OF MONTANA
Democrat



Harris & Ewing
C. C. DILL,
OF WASHINGTON STATE
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

aspirants for public office. Senator-elect Mayfield was supported by the Ku Klux Klan, and estimates vary as to the effect of this support upon his success.

Mississippi has happily shaken itself free from the Bilbo-Vardaman tradition by sending Hubert Durrett Stephens as successor to John Sharp Williams. Mr. Stephens will not find it easy to fill the place left vacant by the departure of Senator Williams from the Senate, but Mississippi has done herself credit by his election.

THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE

"THESE United States" is something more than a linguistic survival. The division of our Nation into units with power over their own internal development has a present-day validity which it is sometimes hard for foreign observers to understand. It is easier for such an observer to understand the

historical difference between France and Switzerland than it is to comprehend the subtler distinctions which differentiate the character of our individual States.

There is a tendency for Americans to think of State rights as artificial when they prevent them from doing what they wish. Perhaps for this reason we do not give them credit enough for the advantages which they afford us. We object to State barriers when they prevent us from protecting the children of the Nation as we believe they should be protected. We do not remember at the same time that our compartment system of Government permits us to try out political experiments by a laboratory method which would be impossible under any other form of government.

To the foreigner our multitudinous divorce laws often seem nothing less than ridiculous. To the American, who understands the spirit of his Govern-

ment, these divorce laws are an indication of diverse public opinions which could not be harmonized without a moral sacrifice on the part of large portions of our population. This diversity of State opinion is well illustrated by the popular referendums at the last election. We have not seen the text of many of these amendments, but their purport seems clear enough from newspaper accounts of the votes.

In the social field we find that South Dakota voted two to one for a strict ban on all Sunday festivities. Montana, on the other hand, authorized the adoption of a pari-mutuel system of betting on horse-races. Nevada, by popular vote, has refused to change its divorce laws. Massachusetts declines to censor her motion pictures.

Massachusetts rejected the measure providing for more stringent State prohibition enforcement, but California took



International
WILLIAM S. FLYNN,
OF RHODE ISLAND
Democrat



(C) Bachrach
E. TEMPLETON,
OF CONNECTICUT
Republican



(C) Paul Thompson
ALFRED E. SMITH,
OF NEW YORK
Democrat



International
GEORGE S. SILZER,
OF NEW JERSEY
Democrat

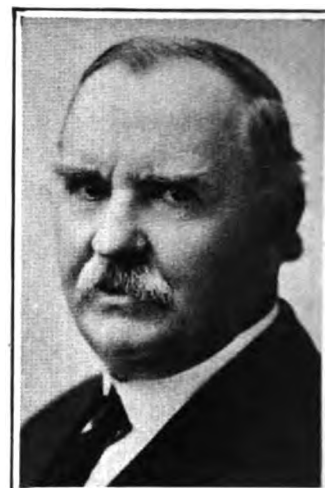
NEW GOVERNORS-ELECT



(C) Baker from Keystone
A. V. DONAHEY,
OF OHIO
Democrat



International
CHARLES W. BRYAN,
OF NEBRASKA
Democrat



FRIEND W. RICHARDSON,
OF CALIFORNIA
Republican

NEW GOVERNORS-ELECT

the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act to its bosom by incorporating them in her statutes. San Francisco and Sacramento voted against such incorporation; all the other large cities of California, all of southern California, and most of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valley combined to carry the measure through. By a large majority Ohio defeated a measure designed to throw the burden of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment upon the Federal Government.

The popularity of the proposition to grant a bonus to veterans is indicated by the votes of the six States confronted with the proposal to use State funds for this purpose. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, California, and Montana voted heavily to this end. From Oklahoma the final figures are not available, though the indications are that a bonus proposal has been passed.

Oregon manifested her faith in her public school system by adopting a law which requires children between the ages of eight and sixteen years to attend public school. Only those who are physically incapable, those who have completed the eighth grade, and those who live at inconvenient distances from schools or are taught by parents or private teachers are exempt. These, however, must have their education supervised by the State. Though opposition to this law came largely from Catholics and Protestants interested in church schools, it ought to have been opposed by all who believe in freedom of education. In this the voters of Oregon have adopted what is fundamentally an undemocratic measure.

Sentimentalists failed when anti-vivisection laws were defeated in California and Colorado. Washington struck

a blow for her children by defeating the attempt to prohibit the physical examination of children except with the consent of their parents.

Florida voted, among other things, to increase the school taxes of the State.

THE DANGER IN THE NEAR EAST

WHEN the date for the assembly at Lausanne of the delegates of the Powers specially interested in the Near East was changed from November 13 to November 20, it was a slight concession to the wishes of Great Britain that the later date was fixed. Up to November 15 the only authorized delegates to appear at Lausanne were those of the Nationalist Turkish Government. The feeling among British diplomats that led to the short postponement and their evident desire for a longer postponement arose because the acts of the Nationalist Assembly at Angora since the pact made at Mudania have altered the situation. Most spectacular among these acts was the Turkish demand that the British and French forces in Constantinople should abandon the city and that non-Turkish vessels entering the Straits of Dardanelles should be ordered to take out permits from the Nationalist Government. This was not only an unparalleled piece of international impudence, but was entirely outside the Mudania agreement. Apart from this, the Kemalists have extended their already sweeping demands, have been expressing their insistence on the abolishment of the capitulations (extraterritorial rights long conceded to foreign nations in Turkey), and have repeatedly declared that nothing but full sovereign rights to Turkey under the Nationalist Government would be considered. This last would, taken literally,

include the right to fortify the Straits as against foreign warships if Turkey should so desire.

In view of all this, it cannot be said that the situation in the Near East is free from serious danger. It is natural enough that the Kemalists, swollen by their easy success over the weak-kneed Greek army, should consider this their appropriate time to bluff and bluster. They are trying in every way to sound the sincerity of the purpose of Great Britain, France, and Italy to act together. It is no wonder, then, that an effort to strengthen and clarify the mutual intentions of Great Britain and France is desirable as a condition precedent to the Lausanne Conference. Ismet Pasha, who heads the Turkish delegation at Lausanne, darkly hints that the military success of Kemal in Asia Minor has put the Nationalists in such a position that they need not fear compulsion from any direction.

The exodus of Greeks and Armenians is now from Constantinople as well as from Eastern Thrace into Western Thrace. Many thousands of Christian and Jewish people, including large numbers of employees of American firms, are trying to get away from Constantinople, and rumors continue to be spread of danger of massacre and conflagration. The proposal of a state of siege or military control over Constantinople has been discussed between France, Italy, and Great Britain.

Mr. Lloyd George in one of his campaign speeches expressed his view of the situation when he said: "The Treaty of Mudania, which was won by firmness, has been torn to shreds by the Turks." Lord Curzon declares: "The policy of the Turk is one of nationalism gone wild and is almost suicidal in its character."

The pretensions of the Turks cannot be tolerated."

THE EARTHQUAKE CATASTROPHE IN CHILE

It is impossible at this writing to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of fatalities from the earthquake of November 11 in Chile. Probably a thousand perished, and the fatalities may be largely in excess of that number. The disaster affected a great stretch near the coast; much, if not most, of the damage was inflicted by a tremendous wave which followed a subsidence or break beneath the bottom of the sea; so that, first, enormous quantities of water sank through the crevices, and, secondly, its withdrawal caused an inrush of the ocean. The towns of Coquimbo, Copiapo, and Valenar were seriously damaged and the last was practically destroyed. Numerous small places and country districts were devastated; the length of the territory damaged is put at about 1,200 miles.

Earthquakes are no novelty in Chile. As long ago as 1853 the town of Concepcion was destroyed by an earthquake quite similar to that now recorded, and the whole country along the coast has often suffered from smaller disasters of this kind.

CAUSE AND HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES

Of all convulsions of nature an earthquake is undoubtedly the most terrifying, both because of the vastness and mystery of the overwhelming power which produces it and because man can neither escape from it nor protect himself against it. The ancients, as modern barbarians do, ascribed earthquakes to the malevolence of demons or to the anger of outraged gods. All unusual and gigantic phenomena of nature, they thought, were produced by supernatural causes. Thus Herodotus, whose history is one of the great classics of all literature, in two passages mentions eclipses as prodigies or portents of the gods, in both cases unfavorable to the Greeks and foreshadowing their destruction. Science, however, made earlier and more rapid progress in astronomy than in seismology, a term of very old Greek derivation employed by geologists to define the very modern study of earthquakes. For, while the Greeks and Egyptians knew something about the cause of eclipses before the Christian Era, it is only within a few decades that an attempt has been made to formulate the causes of earthquakes. Even now a good deal of explanation of earthquake phenomena is hypothetical. In general, however, it may be said that scientific investigators be-

lieve that earthquakes are caused in two ways—either by the explosive pressure of volcanic gases in the molten interior of the earth or by the slipping or displacement of gigantic strata of rock under the earth's surface. In the one case the earthquake is a monstrous explosion, in the other a monstrous landslide.

In most recorded cases the landslide or explosion has taken place near the sea or under its bed, so that it has been accompanied by a violent and death-dealing tidal wave. The earthquake that destroyed Lisbon in 1755 was followed by a tidal wave which swept the shores of Portugal and drowned or dashed to death thousands of human beings. Altogether 40,000 lives were lost in that disaster. Messina was shaken by an earthquake in 1783 and again in 1908, and on the latter occasion a great tidal wave wrought much of the destruction which resulted in the death of 60,000 persons. The recent Chilean earthquake and tidal wave, while terrible and sad enough, are not comparable in magnitude to the Portuguese and Italian disasters, nor probably, in loss of life, to two great earthquakes which have stricken India during the last twenty-five years. It is not surprising that there were times when the Hebrew poet thought man to be a puny thing in the midst of the incalculable forces of nature: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? . . . Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it. Heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh. . . . He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke!"

ANSWER TO THE ROLL CALL

THE sixth annual Roll Call of the Red Cross is now under way and will continue until Thanksgiving Day. Once a year the Red Cross appeals to the American public to join in its work. The Roll Call is just what the name indicates; a call to members to renew their membership and to those not members to find out what the Red Cross is and does and then become members. This is not a "drive" in the usual meaning of an attempt to raise contributions and donations; no doubt the National Red Cross welcomes at any time of the year new memberships and special contributions, but its sole direct appeal to the public is to join in membership.

We do not know what the exact figures of membership are at present. A year ago there were about six million members—a much larger membership than had existed before the war.

As probably most of our readers know, the membership fees, amounting to sev-

eral million dollars, go directly for relief purposes; the beautiful National Red Cross building in Washington was paid for from special contributions made for that purpose; the National officers, or most of them, either serve without pay or are paid from special contributions made outside the membership fees; thus membership fees paid by individuals go intact to carry out the work of the association.

WHAT THE RED CROSS DOES

WHAT is that work, now that the war has long since been ended? This is a question sometimes asked, and easily answered. The watchword of the Red Cross is "Always Ready." One big part of its work is to be ready for emergencies. When such disasters happen as those at San Francisco and Galveston and Tulsa, and now Smyrna, relief and help cannot be improvised in a minute. This is just what the Red Cross is for; to have funds, railway trains, nurses, doctors, medical supplies, food, tents, ready to send with speed to any place where the need is great.

The greatest emergency this century has seen was the emergency of the Great War. What the Red Cross did need not now be recapitulated. It can be told only in terms of many millions of money and of arduous and unpaid service of many thousands of men and women.

Since the war the Red Cross has rendered services of vast magnitude in devastated countries and regions; nor is its work in this direction to be confined to the ravages of the past. President Harding, who is the President of the American Red Cross, in announcing the present Roll Call, points out that a fearful emergency exists abroad at this moment. In the Near East, he says, "the lives of millions of unfortunate people even now depend and must continue for a long time to depend on the untiring liberality of more favored communities."

The relief that is to come from this country must be rendered, as President Harding points out, almost entirely through co-operation between the Red Cross, the Near East Relief, and some smaller agencies. It is understood that the Red Cross expects to spend for the Near East at least five million dollars. It could not spend it now if it did not have it now; it would not have it now if it had not been for the membership fees of last year. On the day we go to press the American Red Cross has cabled to Red Cross chapters in Chile offering aid to sufferers from the earthquake.

One other among many activities of the Red Cross may be mentioned, namely, the aid it renders to the returned American soldier. Colonel Forbes, the Director of the Vete-

Bureau, speaking for the ex-service man, says: "Whether it be a matter of calling the Bureau's attention to an unrewarded claim, or an ill man needing hospitalization, or of tiding the sick veteran over the time which must elapse before Government aid can be offered, the Red Cross is always on the job with expert service and the necessary goods."

These are only the larger divisions of the humane work of the American Red Cross. Its public health activities, its encouragement of sound sanitary systems, its education in first aid, its training of nurses, its work in the schools, are less outstanding, but combined are extremely valuable.

We join with President Harding in urging Americans to renew their allegiance to the Red Cross "in the interests of our common humanity and of the service which we owe to our fellow-men."

THE ELECTION AS A SCHOOL

Midnight, October 22, 1780.

Franklin. Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things: you have ate and drunk too freely and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin. Who is it that accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin. What? My enemy in person?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whose paper in the form of a dialogue between himself and the gout thus begins, was wise enough to learn the uses of adversity. What the gout was to Franklin failure can be made to be to any one. It can be made to serve as a physician, a teacher, a good friend.

Fools encounter defeat or censure, and become angry.

The timid encounter defeat or censure, and become discouraged.

The wise encounter defeat or censure, and learn from it.

Whether the elections on November 7 were a victory for the Democratic party is disputed; but it is universally recognized that those elections were a defeat for the Republican party. There is reason for doubt whether the people by their votes were eager to register their approval of the Democratic party; but there is no doubt that they registered censure for the Republican party.

By our laws the Republican party, in spite of the adverse vote, will remain in power in the National Administration for over two years to come; and will even continue in control of Congress by the present overwhelming majority until next March, and by a narrower margin

for two years thereafter. It is therefore of great concern to the Nation whether the rebuke administered at the polls will cause the Republican leaders to be angry, or discouraged, or willing to learn.

If experience of the past is any guide for the future, it is certain that some Republican leaders will have learned nothing. When in 1910 the people began to show dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Government, Republican leaders in power paid little attention; and when the revolt came they proved their incapacity for authority by a course which was guided by anger and resentment. Again in 1916 Republican leaders had a great opportunity of profiting by their lesson, but this time, to their undoing, they were guided by timidity. We hope for the sake of the country that such leaders will not prove to be in control of the dominant party now. We hope that those who are in position of authority in the party will repress whatever anger they are inclined to and overcome whatever timidity they are tempted by, and will regard this election as a school.

If they do, they will find defeat a good teacher.

Defeat can teach them a lesson in leadership. A self-governing people like the Americans do not like bosses, but they demand leaders. They do not wish to be ordered about and told what to do; but they are ready to follow a man who understands their needs, has the insight to read their thoughts and interpret them aright, has the knowledge of the past to enable him to avoid pitfalls, has faith in the country's future, and has the authority of character and mind to direct the forces of government in carrying out the people's will. It is a mistake to believe that the people of America do not want leaders. It is a mistake to believe that the people are afraid to have those in positions of executive responsibility exercise authority. No two men in American history form a more striking contrast than Roosevelt and Wilson, but they both were willing to lead, and each found that the people were willing to follow him as long as they believed he represented their will and purpose. To-day there is a widespread feeling that the Administration has been reluctant to lead. In particular, it is felt that the President, out of a sincere and unselfish desire to promote the spirit of co-operation, has been too willing to forego opportunities for shaping legislation, for forming and guiding public opinion, and for controlling through executive authority such disturbances as the coal and railway strikes. There is a feeling also that within Congress itself there is lack of intelligent, public-spirited, courageous

leadership. The people have common sense enough to know that the legislative and the executive machinery cannot run without direction. They want in charge of that machinery engineers who are willing to accept responsibility and exercise the corresponding authority.

Defeat can also teach Republican leaders a lesson in political appointments. Americans as a rule recognize the need of political organization. Indeed, they are among the most conservative people in the world in their loyalty to organized parties. During the past generation, however, they have been becoming more and more distrustful of party politics and party politicians. They are more sensitive than they were to appointments made for purely party reasons. They demand in every appointment at least the apparent justification of public service instead of party reward. They may not always be right in their judgment as to the men most fitted for public positions. They are willing to roll up a large vote for a man like Charles Steinmetz for the position of State Engineer in New York because, perhaps without sufficient reason, they believe that a man who has gained a great reputation as an inventor and as a scientist would be a good administrator of a public office that has to do with engineering; and they do this although Mr. Steinmetz had no place on either of the great party tickets. They believe that the appointment of Mr. Daugherty to the position of Attorney-General was not because he was the greatest lawyer available but because he was a powerful agent of the party in the State. They believe that the appointment of Mr. Rely to Porto Rico was not because he was the fittest man that could be found for the difficult task of colonial administrator, but because it was convenient to find some berth for a man who had rendered political service. They ought perhaps to remember that the former Administration made a worse appointment to Santo Domingo, and that the present Administration has chosen for Governor of the Philippines the greatest colonial administrator in history; but it ought not to be altogether distasteful to Republicans that the people should expect better things of this Administration than the worst of the preceding one, or that they should consider it natural that the high standard adopted in the Philippines should be applied to Porto Rico and elsewhere. That there is widespread dissatisfaction with the appointment of Dr. Sawyer as the Administration's chief spokesman concerning public health and public welfare is obvious, and it is no less pronounced because that appointment is attributed to personal rather than political causes. More and

more people are demanding that appointments to public office should be made for public reasons.

Defeat ought to be able to teach Republican leaders a lesson in political management. Again and again Americans have shown their discontent with the old method, followed in both parties, known as log-rolling. The fact that the people themselves are apt to follow this method in local politics renders them no more tolerant of it when it is followed in National politics; indeed, it may be one of the very reasons why they are intolerant of it. They do not like petty ways of dealing with matters of National concern. In particular, they are outraged by the log-rolling method as applied to the tariff. Very few Americans know anything about the specific schedules of the Tariff Bill which Congress recently passed; but they saw those schedules determined by a log-rolling method. They saw their representatives swapping votes for the sake of satisfying special interests, giving a concession here for the sake of one interest in exchange for concessions on behalf of another interest. They have seen that method used again and again; and if they are disgusted with it more this time than ever before, it is because their disgust has become cumulative. It is this kind of political management that they identify with reaction. They are ready to trust almost any man who speaks to them in the terms of general interests as distinct from those who seek favor by giving favors for special interests.

Defeat possibly may teach Republican leaders, finally, a lesson in humanity. No matter how efficient, or high-minded, or industrious a public servant may be, Americans are not likely to trust him long with responsibility if they feel that he does not understand them and does not see the problems of the Nation in terms of the problems of the individuals who comprise the Nation. Men of widely different political opinions, widely different economic views, may all be successful in a single election if they all appear to the people to be thinking in terms of the experience of the individual men and women whom they seek to represent. Gifford Pinchot and Smith Brookhart, "Al" Smith and Henry Ford, to cite but four instances out of many, are men whom the people generally regard as human. It was this element of human understanding, the ability to think as the people themselves were thinking, that gave Theodore Roosevelt a unique place of leadership as long as he lived and will endear his memory to the American people through all coming generations. Such personalities cannot be made to order, but if party leaders

wish to maintain their party in control they must find men who not only have integrity and public spirit and the genius for command, but also personal understanding of the ordinary man and woman.

These, we think, are some of the lessons which defeat may teach the Republican leaders if they are teachable. Perhaps at the end of their course of discipline they may be tempted to say to Defeat as Franklin said to the Gout: "I submit and thank you for the past, but intreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for in my mind one had better die than be cured so dolefully." And possibly they might profit, as indeed all political leaders would profit, if Gout's final warning might be put into the mouth of Defeat: "I know you too well. You promise fair, but after a few months of good health you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us, then, finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your real friend."

PROHIBITION

IF, as the "Wets" claim, prohibition was put over on an unsuspecting and unwilling public by the covert and cunning action of a small group of zealots and fanatics, the prohibitory law is certainly not going to stay on the statute-books without wide discussion and a good many rigorous tests of public sentiment.

The late election furnished some of those tests. The triumph of Senator Edwards in New Jersey certainly shows that an unmistakable majority of the voters of that State want beer and light wines, if not the good old American corner saloon. In New York the issue was somewhat obscured, although the "Drys" must admit that Governor Smith's overwhelming vote is an indication that the ardor of the women of the State for prohibition is not what it was thought to be. In Massachusetts the "Wets" claim to be encouraged by the election, although there the issue was, as in New York, obscured by other questions.

The "Drys," however, are justified in being jubilant about California and Ohio. California, in which wine-making was until recently a leading industry, has adopted by a clear majority a measure which insures effective State co-operation with the Federal authorities in enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is really significant. And Ohio, which has never been a pro-

hibition State, rolled up the extraordinary majority of 187,000 against light wines and beer.

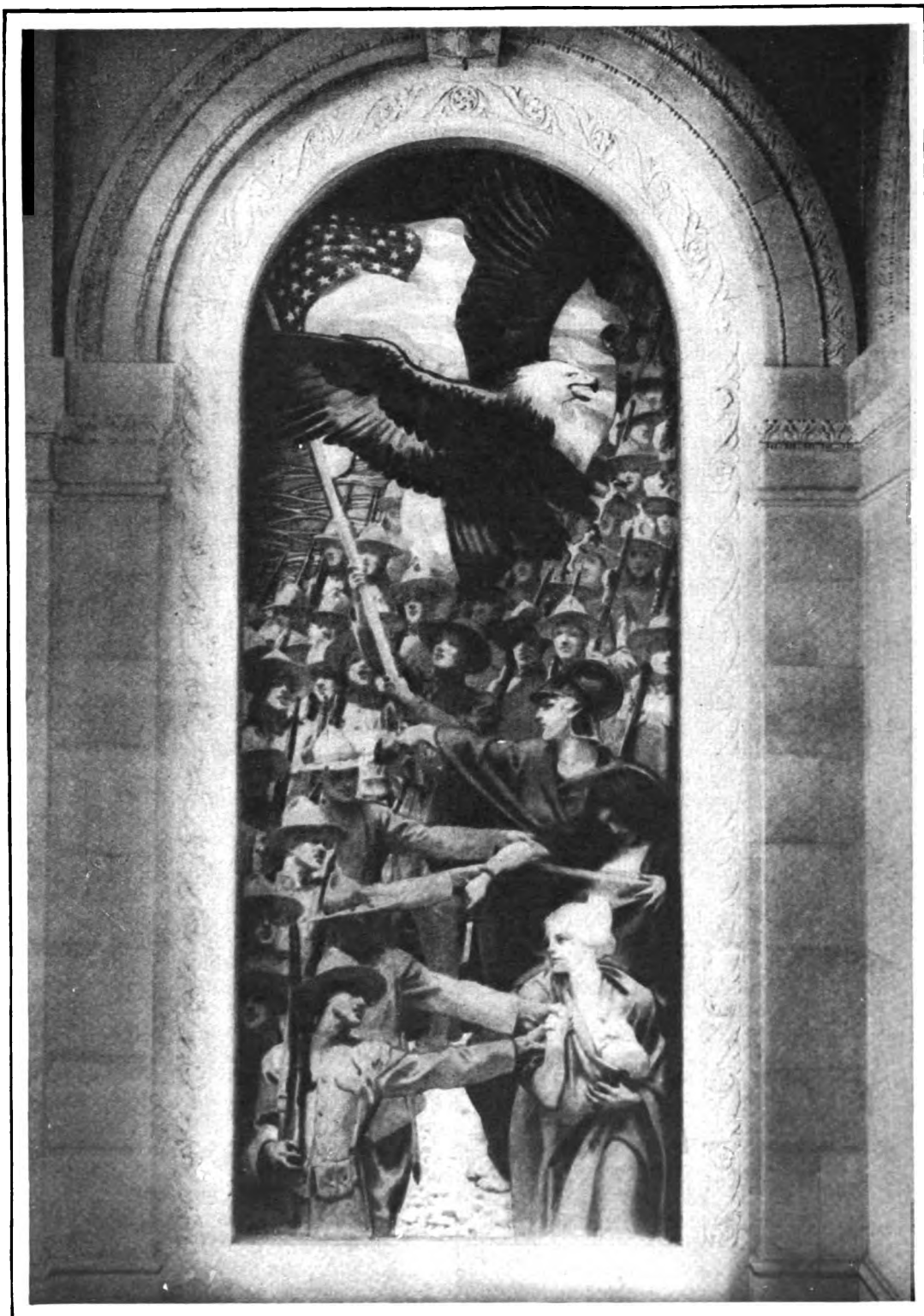
The number of Americans who want a return of the gin-mill, the corner liquor saloon, the village barroom, is negligible. There are thousands of good citizens, however, who would like to be able to have a glass of claret with their dinner or a glass of beer on a summer evening while listening to a good band concert.

Now this picture of a glass of ruby Pontet Canet or of amber Liebfraumilch at the family dinner table and of a cooling stein of Pilsner or Würzburger at the family concert party is really very tempting. The trouble is that these nice things cannot be had without the liquor saloon. It has been tried, and the attempt has failed over and over again. The dispensary system has failed in the South; the Gothenburg system has failed in the Scandinavian countries. It seems to be pretty conclusive that if we take beer and light wines we must take the grog-shop along with them. The man who says, "Oh, no! I don't want the saloon back again; all I want is light wine and beer," either does not know what he is talking about or does not really mean what he says. What he really means is that, saloon or no saloon, he ought not to be deprived of his personal pleasure. Don Marquis, the genial and perspicacious satirist of the New York "Tribune," hits the nail on the head with this well-aimed stroke:

"If they do make light wines an' beers legal," grumbled Clem Hawley, The Old Soak, yesterday, "that ain't gonna mean much to us drinkin' men. The trouble with light wines is that they're light. An' the trouble with beer is that it takes up room that orter to be used for hard liquor."

Stripped of all sophism, the question is simply a problem in social expediency. Is it better for the Nation to insist upon the personal liberty of every man to decide for himself about the use of alcoholic beverages or to insist upon the sacrifice of that form of personal liberty in order to abolish the liquor saloon with the alcoholism, the vice, the crime, and the political corruption which it inevitably produces?

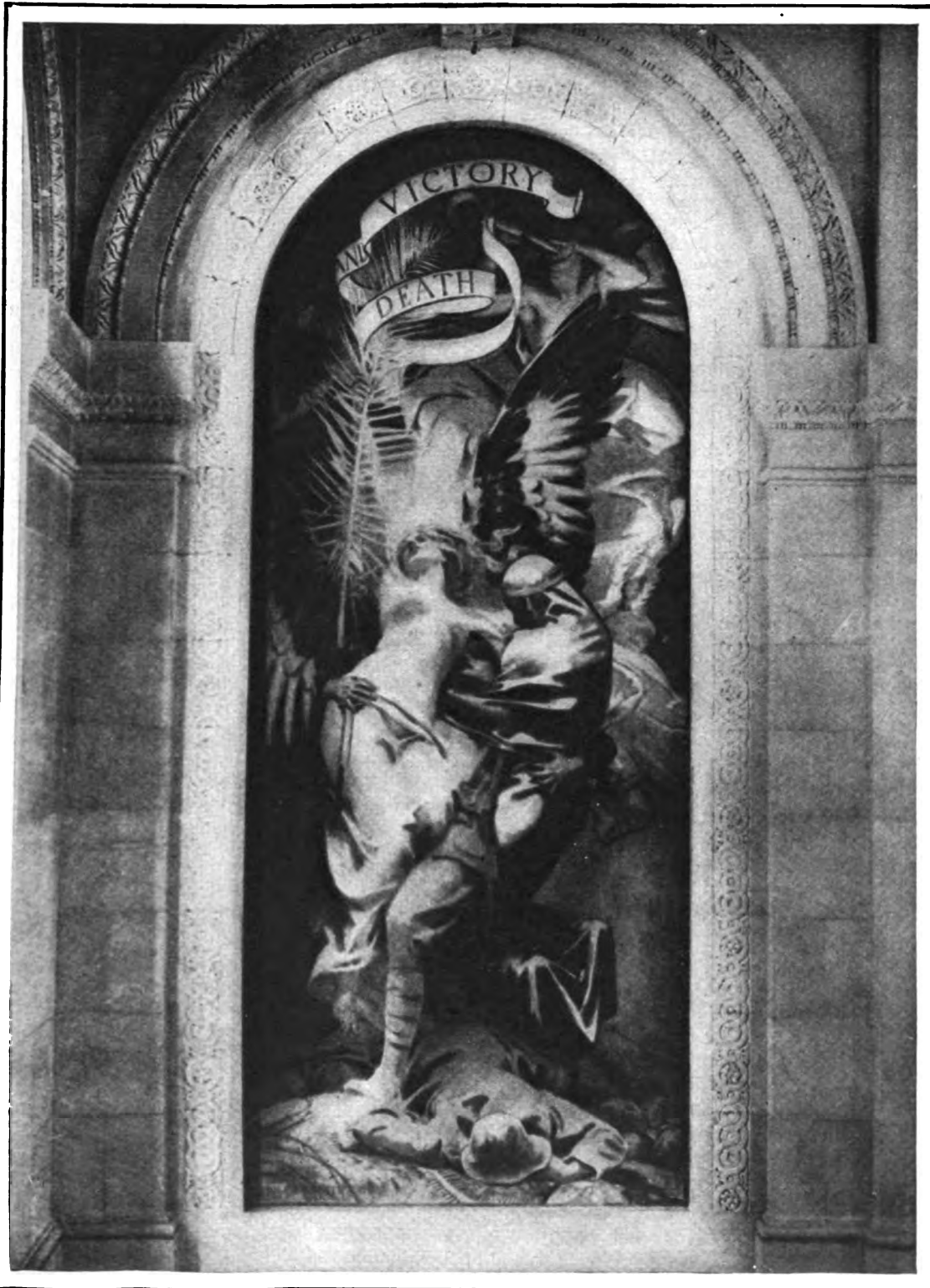
Prohibition is not a matter of abstract morals; it is a matter of social welfare, like the abolition of the personal liberty of spitting where one chooses or the institution of compulsory vaccination. Viewed in this light, it is the greatest and most interesting experiment that has ever been tried in the history of civilization. It is certainly worth trying fairly and honestly. Notwithstanding New Jersey, we believe that a substantial majority of Americans want to see that trial made.



(C) Harvard University

John S. Sargent's new mural paintings for the Widener Memorial Library of Harvard University have recently been unveiled. They constitute a memorial to the Harvard men who gave their lives to the cause of the Allies in the World War. The subjects represented are the symbols of Death and Victory, and the Coming of the Americans to Europe. In the latter panel Mr. Sargent has filled the space with a mighty column of American youths in uniform, slashing the composition boldly from right to left. In the lower right-hand side are three figures symbolic of France, Belgium, and England. France, in the foreground, wearing the Phrygian cap, carries an infant on her left arm and stretches out her right to receive the support of the American soldiers. Behind her, Belgium, a broken sword in her hand, has swooned, and is upheld by other soldiers, while she

WAR MEMORIAL



(C) Harvard University

protects herself partially with the robe of Britannia, a helmeted figure behind her. In the upper left-hand corner is a magnificent representation of the American eagle, silhouetted against the flag. Behind the soldiers can be made out a conventionalized representation of the sea. In the other panel the motif is that of a mortally wounded soldier clasping in his left arm the shrouded figure of Death, and in his right the Winged Victory. Beneath his feet lies a fallen private, and above him are angels blowing trumpets. The face of Death is hidden and the figure wears a crown, but the effect is somber and terrifying. The Victory, on the other hand, is of a light golden color, affording a radiant contrast to the genius of Death. We have taken this description from an article by Professor G. H. Edgell in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin"

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XII—THE WORLD WAR

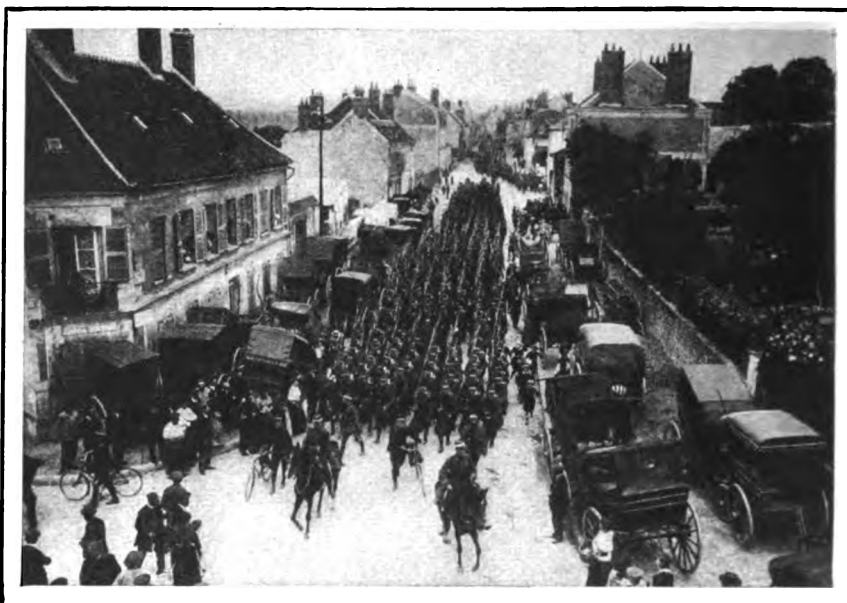
TOURING through Normandy late in July, 1914, we met some friends who had just come from Paris, who told us that war was imminent and from best reports would break out within a very few days. We hurried to Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the city had changed. The air throbbed with the "Marseillaise." Everywhere there were crowds, but they were neither boisterous nor hilarious. Everywhere there was an air of tension and determination, vastly unlike the usual mood of jovial, happy Paris.

Starting at once for London, we found it impossible to get train accommodations, so we motored to Dieppe. The ordinary capacity of the boat for Newhaven was five hundred passengers, but it was packed with some two thousand persons on this voyage, mainly Americans. The Calais-Dover crossing of the Channel had already been suspended.

On the train from Newhaven to London a curious incident occurred that indicated the derangement of things. I had four fares to pay, amounting to about three pounds. I handed the conductor a five-pound Bank of England note. He took it, but shortly returned, saying he could accept nothing but gold. I expostulated with him, told him I had no gold, and since a bank note was valid tender I insisted upon its acceptance. But the upshot was that he preferred to take my card with my London address! My credit at that moment seemed better than that of the Bank of England.

In London soon afterwards, at the Waldorf Hotel, before a meeting of several thousand stranded Americans, I made a short address to the panic-stricken assembly, assured them they had nothing to fear and were as safe in London as if they were in New York, and that our committee would remain with them and help them get suitable transportation as early as practicable. There was loud cheering and my words seemed to have a comforting effect.

A group of us at once organized a special committee for the aid of Americans in Europe. At the Hotel Savoy several large salons were placed at our disposal, so that we had room for the various departments that needed to be formed to attend to the wants of the many terrified Americans who were pouring into London from all over the Continent. I was made chairman of the Embassy Committee, of which Ambassador Page was honorary chairman, and the American Ambassadors to France, Germany, Austria, and the Ministers to Holland and Belgium were made advisory members. Many British friends



Brown Bros.

"We hurried to Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the city was changed. The air throbbed with the 'Marseillaise.'" This picture shows the outskirts of Paris in the early days of the war

who visited our rooms marveled at the promptness and efficiency with which we despatched business under the circumstances, and were solicitous for the health of "the unofficial ambassador," as I was being called, and his staff.

EARL GREY AND WALDORF ASTOR

One day Earl Grey paid me a visit at our headquarters, and with him was Mrs. Waldorf Astor, now Viscountess Astor, who insisted that Mrs. Straus and I spend the week-end at Cliveden, their residence, a short distance out of London. Other guests were Earl Grey, Geoffrey Robinson, editor of the London "Times," and several editors of the "Round Table," a political quarterly.

Mr. Waldorf Astor was an earnest, modest young man, then about thirty-four years old, unspoiled by his enormous wealth. He was devoting much of his wealth as well as his parliamentary activities to philanthropic work, including the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis, and in this connection had been in touch with my brother Nathan in regard to milk pasteurization.

When England entered the war, the diplomatic correspondence was published in what was called the British "White Paper." Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount Grey, had made a speech in Parliament, of which I read the published version in this "White Paper." It happened that on that very day Earl Grey, cousin to Sir Edward, was lunching with me at my hotel, and I pointed out to him the

necessity of making clear, especially for the American public, that the reason England had joined the Allies was not so much on Belgium's account, but to uphold the sanctity of international obligations. This concerned not alone the belligerent nations, but all the nations. Without the sanctity of international obligations the war, no matter how it ended, would cause a reversion to a state of international barbarity. Earl Grey suggested that I discuss the subject with his cousin, and a few days later we three sat down to a simple luncheon at Earl Grey's home on South Street, in Park Lane.

Sir Edward Grey spoke earnestly and frankly. He felt the great responsibility of the decision that brought England into the war, and said he had often asked himself whether he could have done otherwise. There was nothing chauvinistic in either his attitude or his arguments. It was plain that he had weighed the entire issue carefully. His open-mindedness, simplicity, and straightforwardness of manner, his great ability and humanitarian zeal, impressed me.

I mentioned the importance of having Russia grant civil and religious rights to her subject nationalities, that the failure of such action would weaken the moral cause of the Allies, and that from an American point of view it was important that Russia give some evidence of a liberal spirit, otherwise it might be feared that victory for the Allies would



(C) Harris & Ewing

Count von Bernstorff, to whom Mr. Straus broached the subject of mediation in the early days of the war at a dinner at the home of Mr. James Speyer

redound mainly to the advantage of autocracy in Russia. I contended that it was not a question of humanity, but plain state policy, and that it was important that the Governments of Great Britain and France bring Russia, as their ally, into line. I had received several cables from prominent men in New York and Boston who had thus expressed the American point of view.

A MESSAGE TO AMERICA ON BRITISH WAR VIEWS

Earl Grey suggested, in accordance with my remarks of a few days before about the necessity of making clear England's position in entering the war, that I give out an interview to the American press covering the substance of our conversation. I demurred. Naturally I hesitated to state publicly the delicate and critical questions that the British Minister of Foreign Affairs had so frankly discussed with me. However, Sir Edward himself said he would appreciate my doing so, for he had perfect confidence in my doing it without embarrassment to his country. I therefore agreed to it, with the proviso that he approve the interview before it was released for publication.

I got in touch with the representatives of the American papers in London and that evening gave out the interview. The next morning I sent a copy to Sir Edward, who returned it to me without a single change, saying he approved both its form and content. The matter was then cabled to America, published in our leading papers on August 15, and cabled back for republication in the British papers.

Thereafter the London papers came to me for further interviews, and in a sub-

sequent statement I dwelt more specifically on the importance of Russia's fair treatment of her subject nationalities, particularly the Jews, who had suffered most. The press representatives asked whether they might show my interview to Lord Weardale and, if possible, get his comment, to which I gladly consented.

He had been head of the Parliamentary deputation that visited Russia the year before. He told me later that he had already written the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonoff, along the identical lines of my interviews. He supplemented what I had stated with an interview, saying, among other things:

It would be an immense step in the path of progress of Russia herself and would create a profound sentiment of satisfaction in the civilized world if the Czar at such a juncture were to give emphatic indorsement to his already declared intention to give full religious liberty to all his peoples. It is not enough to be powerful in the battlefield; it is even more important to conquer the approval of the human conscience.

The Government and people of Great Britain were very solicitous at that time regarding public opinion in America and the probable attitude of our Government. In many quarters there was a feeling of uncertainty and even of misgiving toward the statement by President Wilson respecting an offer of mediation at the opportune moment, in accordance with the provisions of the Hague Treaty. Because of this and other considerations, Sir Edward Grey and others recognized the importance of having Russia give evidence of a more enlightened spirit.

We left London at the end of August, and soon after our arrival home Mr. James Speyer invited Mrs. Straus and myself to dine with him at his summer home at Briarcliff. Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip were expected, and Count von Bernstorff would be there. As Mrs. Straus was rather worn out by her London experience, I went alone.

AT DINNER WITH BERNSTORFF

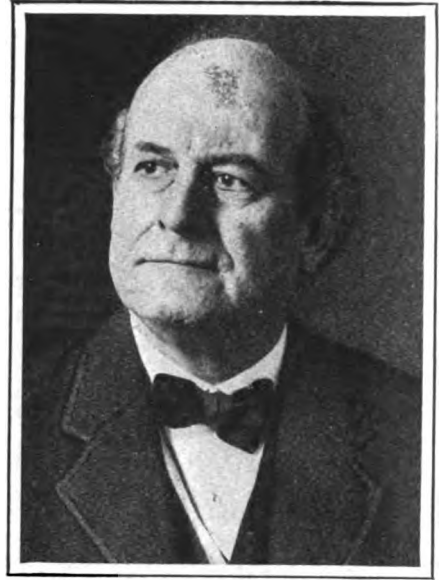
Bernstorff I had known for a number of years. I had first met him in 1888 when I was on my first mission to Turkey and he was attaché of the German Embassy. Later he came to Washington as Ambassador when I was in the Cabinet, and we met frequently there.

The conversation was general, although it was inevitable that we should discuss the war. Bernstorff voiced the usual claim of the Germans, that they did not want war, and that the Kaiser and the German Government stood for peace. When he had dilated upon that theme, I asked him:

"Is that the present sentiment and attitude of your country?"

He replied that it certainly was when he left Berlin only two weeks before, on returning to America from his leave of absence.

Knowing how anxious President Wil-



(C) Paul Thompson

William J. Bryan, who, as Secretary of State, eagerly co-operated with Mr. Straus in his effort to stem the tide of the Great War

son was to use any proper opportunity for ending the war, I asked Bernstorff whether his Government would entertain a proposition for mediation.

"Speaking for myself, I certainly would entertain such a proposition," he replied, but added that he could not speak officially, since cable communication with his Government had been cut off for a week or more.

I asked him whether, in his opinion, his Government would give favorable consideration to such a proposal. He said that before leaving Berlin he had discussed with the Chancellor the possibility of mediation, following the report of President Wilson's statement that he was ready to offer his services as mediator to both parties, and the Chancellor had said that the war had but begun and it was too early to instruct regarding mediation until the offer was presented. The Ambassador added that his personal opinion was that his Government would accept an offer of mediation. I regarded his statement as significant, and asked him if I might use it in such a manner as I saw fit. He replied that he had no objection.

As we rose from the table, I made sure of my understanding of his statements, and then the thought occurred to me that the best thing to do was to report the conversation to Secretary of State Bryan, so that he might, if he saw fit, bring it before the President. I so informed Bernstorff, and again he told me he had no objection.

A FLYING TRIP TO WASHINGTON

I looked at my watch. It was ten-fifteen. I announced that I would go to Washington on the midnight train. My host suggested that I "sleep on it and don't hurry;" but I concluded that if there was anything I could do to shorten



Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador, who doubted Germany's good faith concerning the subject of mediation

the war by even a few hours I would have to charge myself with neglect of duty if on account of personal convenience I had refrained from doing so. The next day was Sunday; the day after was Labor Day; and all the while thousands were falling on the battlefield. Several of the guests agreed with my decision, so I bade them good-night, called my motor, and caught the midnight train for Washington.

On Sunday morning I repeated to Mr. Bryan at his home my conversation with Bernstorff, and Bryan believed, as I did, that it might pave the way to mediation. I suggested that he have the German Ambassador come to Washington and speak with him. He communicated with the German Embassy, and Bernstorff arrived the following morning.

Bryan presented the subject to the President, who expressed himself as pleased with the possibility of a favorable outcome. The Secretary advised me to see the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, and the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand. He had already

informed them as to what had taken place and of my presence in Washington. Sir Cecil asked whether I would kindly come to the Embassy, and I suggested that he arrange to have the French Ambassador also present. This he did.

When I reached the Embassy we were soon joined by M. Jusserand. Both agreed that the mediation proposal was deserving of serious attention, but Sir Cecil had little confidence in Bernstorff, who had been his colleague at Cairo, where they had represented their respective Governments. He asked whether I thought an ambassador would make such a statement as Bernstorff's without authority from his Government. I replied that both he and M. Jusserand were better qualified to answer that question, upon which M. Jusserand said that he knew that no ambassador under the German system would dare make such remarks without previous authority from his Government.

"That is so much the better," I commented.

Sir Cecil declared that German diplomacy was peculiar and that the Foreign Office had no conscience in disavowing statements by its ambassadors if it suited Germany's purpose.

After we had gone over the whole subject, both Ambassadors stated that if it held one chance in a hundred of shortening the war, it was their duty to entertain it. I replied that I hoped they would entertain it cordially.

Jusserand in his usual happy manner said, "'Cordially,' that is a little too strong."

"Well, sympathetically, then," I said.

"Yes, sympathetically, yes." And with that we parted, both Ambassadors expressing their thanks and appreciation of my services.

I had been scrupulously careful to be absolutely accurate in all my statements, and it was therefore gratifying, after the Bryan-Bernstorff conference, to have the Secretary tell me that the Ambassador's report of the Briarcliff incident was in every detail in accord with mine, and to have the Ambassador also confirm the correctness of Mr. Bryan's understanding from my report. Naturally, I was anxious to avoid misunderstandings or misconceptions of any kind. The issue was too important.

Both Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Bernstorff cabled to Berlin, and for the time the subject rested there, and I returned to New York. But before leaving I called by appointment at both the French and British Embassies, which also had communicated events in detail to their Governments. Both Ambassadors expressed their high appreciation of my services and hoped I would keep in close touch with them regarding the matter. I told them I would regard myself as "messenger boy" for mediation. Sir Cecil replied, "Ambassador extraordinary." He promised to keep me informed, and two days later wrote me:

I have not yet received any intimation from my Government, nor do I

expect one unless something definite is before them. But I need not tell you how heartily my sympathy is with your humanitarian efforts, and you know Grey well enough to be sure that, while scrupulously faithful to all his engagements, he will do everything possible in the cause of peace.

LIFTING THE LATCH OF THE DOOR TO MEDIATION

Throughout these negotiations we took great care to keep the matter secret. Despite that fact, it leaked out in some way, and the correspondent of the London "Times" reported it in such a way as to give the impression that I had been duped by the wily German Ambassador; and there were one or two other papers that took that view. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was incensed at this interpretation and wrote me on October 3:

I am sure no one who knows you and knows the facts would ever think that you were either duped, or the secret agent of Germany. I am quite positive that Sir Edward Grey would



Paul Thompson

Earl Grey, with whom Mr. Straus had an important conference in England on the sanctity of international obligations in the early days of the war

never have such an idea. What you did—and what I hope you will continue to do—is a work of pure philanthropy.

On October 15 he wrote me again, saying that when the London "Times" representative returned to Washington from New York he would set him right as to the facts, with a view to having the report corrected, and adding:

We used to say at school, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they get more kicks than halfpence!" It represents a melancholy truth, but, however, I am sure every well-thinking person must appreciate your beneficent efforts.

But in general the press of Great Britain expressed its appreciation of the services I had rendered in lifting the latch of the door to mediation.

A letter from Sir Edward Grey concerning the negotiations sheds important light upon the British attitude:

Foreign Office, London, S.W.
Saturday, 26 September, 1914.

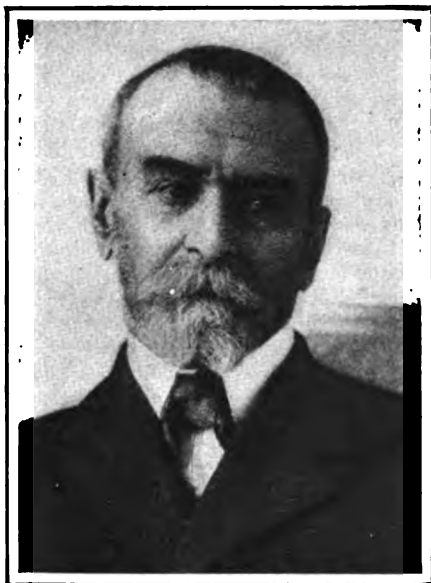
Dear Mr. Straus:

Thank you for your letter of the 9th. I am so busy that I have not time to write at any length; but do not let that make you suppose that I am out of sympathy with what you say.

First of all, however, we must save ourselves and the West of Europe, before we can exercise any influence elsewhere. The Prussian military caste has dominated Germany, and the whole of the West of Europe is in danger of being dominated by it. The German Government, in the hands of this military caste, prepared this war, planned it, and chose the time for it. We know now that the war has revealed how thoroughly the German preparations had been made beforehand; with an organization and forethought which is wonderful, and would have been admirable had it been devoted to a praiseworthy purpose. Not one of the other nations now fighting against Germany is prepared in the same way.

Now, we wish to have three things: Firstly, to secure our own liberty as independent States, who will live and let live on equal terms; secondly, the establishment somehow of a Germany not dominated by a military caste; a nation who will look at liberty and politics from the same point of view as we do, and who will deal with us on equal terms and in good faith; thirdly, reparation for the cruel wrongs done to Belgium—to get that is a matter of honor and justice and right.

The statements made by Wolff's Bureau in Europe deny that Germany is yet ready for peace. If she is ready for peace, then I think that her ambassador in Washington ought not to beat about the bush. He ought to make it clear to President Wilson that he is authorized to speak on behalf of his Government; and state to the President that Germany does wish to make peace. In that case, President Wilson could approach all the others who are engaged in this war and bring them into consultation with



Keystone

Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, who welcomed Mr. Straus's lifting the latch of the door to mediation

one another and with him. But at present we have no indication that Germany wishes to have peace, and no indication that she would agree to any terms that would give reparation to Belgium and security to the rest of Europe that the peace would be durable.

Yours very truly,

EL. GREY.

GERMAN INSINCERITY EXPOSED

The history of those negotiations is presented somewhat at length because my friend of many years, the late Ambassador Page, in his recently published letters also expressed the feeling that I had been used as a dupe to throw the blame for continuing the war upon Great Britain, though he expressed great confidence in me and friendship for me. I was not unmindful of this contingency; but I felt that if the negotiations did not result as we hoped, they would serve to expose the insincerity of the German Government with regard to its peace professions. And this is precisely what happened, as the answer of the German Chancellor, received by the State Department on September 22, confirms:

The Imperial Chancellor is much obliged for America's offer. Germany did not want war, it was forced upon her. Even after we shall have defeated France we shall still have to face England and Russia. England, France, and Russia have signed a convention to make peace solely in mutual agreement with each other. England, that is, Mr. Asquith, the London Times, and English diplomatic officers, have on various occasions . . . (sic) that England is determined to conduct the war to the utmost and that she expects success from it lasting a long time. It is therefore up to the United States to get our enemies to make peace proposals. Germany can only accept the

peace which promises to be a real and lasting peace and will protect her against any new attacks from her enemies. If we accepted America's offer of mediation now our enemies would interpret it as a sign of weakness and the German people would not understand it. For the nation which has been willing to make such sacrifices has a right to demand that there shall be guarantees of rest and security.

On September 29 all the British papers served by the Central News War Service carried a cable from New York detailing the negotiations, which ended:

It is believed by those concerned that an important step has been taken to pave the way for mediation, when the opportune moment arrives. In other words, the bolt on the door of mediation has been thrown back so that it will be possible for the door to be opened without either side being forced to take the initiative. Time will doubtless show that the initiative so fortuitously taken by Mr. Straus will prove of real service in the interests of ultimate peace negotiations, and any endeavors to deprecate those services as having been made in Germany's interests are not only contrary to all the facts, but are most unfortunate.

Note: The censor does not object to the publication of the foregoing details, but insists that publication should be accompanied by a foot-note pointing out that since these occurrences took place the German Government have disavowed their ambassador.

Had Germany's oft-reiterated peace professions been sincere, she would have accepted this offer for mediation. By her refusal the falsity of her professions was exposed, not only in Great Britain and in our own country, but in all the neutrals; and the *exposé* served as added proof to all peace-loving and neutrally minded persons that the responsibility for the war and its continuance rested upon the German Government.

WILSON URGED TO CONFER WITH EX-PRESIDENTS

For a year or more events marched on, tragically, like a malignant disease. On February 2, 1917, I lunched with Roosevelt at the Hotel Langdon, where he was in the habit of stopping when in New York. The German Government two days before had announced her submarine blockade of the British, French, and Dutch coasts, and our own entrance into the war seemed likely.

Roosevelt said he did not think we should be involved; the President would probably find some way out and arrange to have Germany's pledge not to destroy merchant ships of neutrals or belligerents, without warning, whittled down so as to apply only to ships flying the American flag. He told us that he had engaged passage on one of the United Fruit Company steamers to Jamaica for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself. Mrs. Roo-

vult needed a change, and they would start in a few days. Regarding the war, he could do nothing more. He had done all he could. He had made an offer to the Secretary of War to raise a division, and had a whole card catalogue of names of men who had volunteered to serve in it.

His relations with the President were far from friendly. He had violently criticised him in articles contributed to the "Metropolitan Magazine" and in public addresses had urged preparedness and compulsory military training. I asked him, in view of the German blockade, what he would do if he were President. He said he would promptly assemble our fleet, put marines on the interned German ships, and show Germany that we were in dead earnest; that unless she recalled her decision to sink merchant ships without observing the rules of modern warfare we should take immediate steps to protect our rights.

"If we continue to back down, we will become Chinafied, without any rights that other nations will respect," said Roosevelt, emphatically.

In such critical times personal differences might be laid aside, I suggested, and I wanted him to write the President and let him have the benefit of his views. I went further: I suggested that I write the President about it. But, in Roosevelt's opinion, Wilson would conclude that Roosevelt had himself urged me to do this because of my close association with him.

My own relations with the President were always agreeable, I might even say most friendly. He had written me that he would consider it a favor if I would keep him informed of important developments that came under my observation. It occurred to me that on the eve of war it would be a fine thing if he consulted with his two surviving predecessors, as Monroe had done with Jefferson and Madison before issuing the doctrine which bears his name. In the crisis we were facing such a step would allay partisan differences and serve to solidify the Nation. With these ideas in mind I wired the President:

Every patriotic American should support you in this great crisis in the history of our country. May I suggest the course followed by Monroe under a crisis involving many of the same principles, to confer with the two surviving ex-Presidents, whose advice, I feel sure, will be most helpful and serve to patriotically solidify the country behind you?

Roosevelt felt sure the President wanted neither advice nor co-operation, though he himself was ready to give the fullest co-operation should Wilson desire it. He thought the same was true on the part of Mr. Taft. The telegram, to my surprise, was given out at Washington to the press a day or two later, but nothing ever came of it.

On February 7 the country was more less agreeably surprised to learn that

Count von Bernstorff had been given his passports and Ambassador Gerard at Berlin had been instructed to demand his. I say the country was surprised because the President had so long avoided such a step—even after the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex* following his "strict accountability" and other strong statements—that it was generally believed he did not mean to take it.

Roosevelt, of course, thought that we should have taken such action long before. His contention was always that had we taken prompt and decisive steps after the *Lusitania* tragedy we should have been spared the submarine invasions. He thought we should have acted when Germany announced her subma-

"THE GOLDEN CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION"

After Ambassador Straus attended the Plenary Session of the Paris Peace Conference he wrote in his "Random Notes:" "I regard this day and its happenings as the golden chapter in the history of civilization." In next week's chapter of his Autobiography he describes the imposing sessions at the *Quai d'Orsay*, the brusque Clemenceau, the statesmen of fourteen nations, and President Wilson speaking for 1,200,000,000 people. When Mr. Straus arrived in Paris as Overseas Chairman of the League to Enforce Peace, he was at once informed by Colonel House that because of Léon Bourgeois's insistence upon certain additional provisos in the Covenant the League of Nations was "on the rocks." Mr. Straus immediately hunted up Bourgeois, and after a long conference secured the Frenchman's promise that France would support the League as preliminarily drafted, but that he would have to refer to the special clauses for political effect. Mr. Straus was therefore able to report back to Colonel House that the League was "off the rocks." Memorable impressions of the historic Conference and its subtle political background are revealed in next week's chapter.

rine blockade and possibly saved ourselves from the *Lusitania* horror. Now that diplomatic relations were broken off, he canceled his trip to Jamaica, not wishing to be out of the country when war was likely to be declared at any moment.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS OF ROOSEVELT

A few days before Christmas, 1918, I called on Roosevelt at the Roosevelt Hospital, where he was convalescing from his seven weeks' illness, believed to have been inflammatory rheumatism. He was dressed in his *robe de chambre* and was seated in an armchair with a pile of books before him. He looked neither enfeebled nor emaciated, though he showed signs of illness. When I asked him how he had been since my last visit, for I had called on him frequently during his illness, he told me that he had had an attack of embolism—I think that was the ailment—which showed in his wrists, and that his fever had gone up to 104. But that was all gone, and he was again feeling fine. The old vivacious glow was on his face. He was planning to return to Sagamore Hill to spend Christmas.

The next day Roosevelt left the hospital to return to his home in Oyster Bay. He apparently gave every indication that soon he would be entirely well again and be with us for many years. Certainly that is what we all expected. He was only sixty.

Exactly two weeks later, on January 6, 1919, I received a telephone call at seven o'clock in the morning from his secretary, announcing that Roosevelt had died early that morning. For thirteen years or more he had had a large and affectionate share in our lives and thoughts, and Mrs. Straus and I felt as though we had been stricken with the loss of a member of our immediate family. I can truly say that I never had a more loyal or a dearer friend. He always treated me and mine as if we were among his nearest relatives.

On January 8 my wife, my son's wife, and I motored to Oyster Bay to attend the funeral in the little Episcopal church which had been Roosevelt's place of worship. The building held only about three hundred and fifty persons, so that none but his family and close friends could be present. There was a committee from the United States Senate headed by Vice-President Marshall; and another from the House. Among the guests were: Elihu Root, Truman H. Newberry, H. L. Stimson, J. R. Garfield; Mrs. Garfield, ex-President Taft, and Governor Hughes. William Loeb, Jr., and Captain Archie Roosevelt were ushers. The other sons, Theodore and Kermit, were still in France. The church was filled with a company of sincere friends and bereaved mourners. The regular Episcopal service was begun at twelve-forty-five, and lasted about twenty-five minutes, when we all accompanied the body to the little

cemetery on the side of the hill half a mile away.

A day hardly passes without its scores of pilgrims to that grave. They come from near and far. They lay a few flowers on the grave. On holidays and Sundays they come by the hundreds. Two years ago the intimate friends of Roosevelt, who had been officially or personally associated with him, formed the Roosevelt Pilgrimage, an association whose purpose is to keep alive the ideals and personality of Theodore Roosevelt by an annual visit to his grave and a simple ceremony. On January 6, 1922, some sixty persons made the pilgrimage, headed by Dr. Lyman Abbott, permanent

chairman of the association. James R. Garfield read Roosevelt's Nobel Peace Prize address, delivered in Christiania in 1910, at the conclusion of which some wreaths were laid on the grave. Mrs. Roosevelt invited us all to luncheon, and the old-time hospitality and friendliness of the Roosevelt home brought many memories of our departed leader.

After luncheon the annual meeting of the Pilgrimage took place in the great North Room, where Roosevelt had so often received his friends and guests. Dr. Abbott made a brief and feeling address, and Mrs. Richard Derby (Ethel Roosevelt) read from the original manuscript Roosevelt's proclamation of 1912

which called into being the Progressive Party. Hermann Hagedorn read a poem entitled "The Deacon's Prayer," by Samuel Valentine Cole, which had especially appealed to Roosevelt. The last stanza may well be regarded as the prayer of our people more than once since the Great Soul departed:

"We want a man whom we can trust
To lead us where thy purpose leads;
Who dares not lie, but dares be just—
Give us the dangerous man of
deeds!"
So prayed the deacon, letting fall
Each sentence from his heart; and
when
He took his seat the brethren all,
As by one impulse, cried, "Amen!"

THE HOLY GHOST

BY WITTER BYNNER

I HAD been bound that I should see his beak
Bearing the key of heaven,
And I had girded up my heart to seek
By all the seas, all seven . . .
But yesterday I listened and I heard,
Just seven miles from town,
A little gray invisible swift bird,
A wild dove, flutter down.

MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL¹

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

EVER since Gulliver had his talk with the king of Brobdingnag, the world has been awarding the palm of excellence to the man who can make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. Just now, at least in the United States, we are looking for another magician of the same sort. There is a wreath all ready for the man who will show us how to make one lump of coal do the work of two. While we are waiting for that magician, the best thing we can do is to follow Uncle Sam's directions for making our one lump of coal deliver as nearly as possible one hundred per cent of the heat contained in it.

To do that we must, first of all, pay more attention to the regulation of our stoves and furnaces, because most householders waste a considerable proportion of the fuel they use through ignorance of proper methods of heater regulation. According to the Bureau of Mines, draught regulation is perhaps the most important factor in burning coal efficiently in house-heating furnaces. Draught is regulated mainly by dampers—one in the ash-pit door, one in the

firing door, and one in the smoke-pipe. Some smoke-pipes have two dampers.

To operate these dampers properly one must understand their functions. The damper in the ash-pit door regulates the amount of air flowing up through the fire, and so determines the rate of combustion. The damper in the firing door supplies the air necessary to burn the gases arising from the fuel bed. Opening the damper in the smoke-pipe checks the flow of air through the fire. Though these facts are almost self-evident, considerable care is required to operate these dampers efficiently.

For example, when soft coal is thrown onto a hot fire, gas is promptly liberated. Unless this gas is burned, it will flow up the chimney unconsumed and its heat be lost. The damper in the fuel door, therefore, must be opened just enough to admit sufficient air to allow the perfect combustion of these excess gases. After these gases have been burned, the quantity of air supplied above the fuel bed should be reduced by closing the fire-door damper. But no rule for such closing can be stated, because different fuels give off differing amounts of gas. Soft coal, for instance, gives off a very large volume of these combustible gases. An-

thracite gives off so little that ordinary leakage about the door gives ample air. The damper must be regulated in accordance with the amount of gas to be burned. A little experiment and observation will quickly show the householder how to regulate this damper. With coal at \$14 or more a ton, it will pay any householder to try to get one dollar's worth of heat from each one hundred cents' worth of coal he must buy. One can see the unburned coal among the waste ashes, and so one has a visual reminder of how much coal one has wasted through improper furnace regulation. But one cannot see the lost gases, and so one hardly realizes that there has been waste also in that direction. We should be particular, therefore, to try to avoid it.

This waste of actual coal that we send away in the ash-can occurs from a double cause: improper regulation of the damper in the ash-pit door and too much shaking of the fire. If too little draught is provided, a part of the fuel will be unconsumed; and if too much draught is allowed, combustion will be unnecessarily rapid. Either course means waste. Again the householder must observe and experiment in order to strike

¹This article was submitted to the United States Bureau of Mines and has been approved by its chief mechanical engineer.—The Editors.

the happy medium. And he must do so with every new fuel he burns, because of the great differences in the burning qualities of fuels, even of the same sort.

As for managing the grate, we are told by Mr. A. M. Daniels, expert for the Department of Agriculture, that a fire should not be shaken down more than three times a day, and generally not more than twice. As soon as the first bright spot is seen through the grate, stop shaking. Rock the grate back and forth rather than turn it over completely. Disturbing the fire by poking is also advised against unless this is absolutely necessary. However, some coals make clinkers that fuse into large masses. These will not go through the grate and must be worked up with a poker and taken out through the fire door. But this occurs seldom. To try to work such a mass through the grate would mean that much unconsumed coal would also go through the grate.

Never shake live coals through the grate. To be sure, the ashes could be sifted and these coals recovered; but few of us are willing these days to sift ashes. The better way is to avoid shaking down the unburned coal. In mild weather a considerable accumulation of ashes can profitably be left on the grate.

But ashes should never be allowed to remain in the ash pit. The volume of the ash pit is carefully calculated and is designed to permit enough air to pass into and through it to burn the fuel properly and at the same time keep the grate bars cool enough to prevent injury by overheating. If ashes are allowed to remain in the pit, they prevent uniform air circulation, hinder combustion, and cause damage to grates.

This winter, as never before, many householders will use substitutes for anthracite coal. According to Mr. Henry Kreisinger, of the United States Bureau of Mines, the following fuels, in the order named, are best for house-heating purposes:

1. Anthracite, in sizes from one-half inch to egg size.
2. Coke, in pieces one-half inch to three inches across.
3. Coal briquets, two to three inches in diameter.
4. Screened Pocahontas (semi-bituminous) coal between one-fourth inch and three or four inches.
5. Sized bituminous in pieces one-half inch to three inches.

Soft coal and semi-bituminous coal are both practicable fuels for the home furnace, but they should be used with care and handled in a way quite different from anthracite. When firing anthracite, the best results are obtained by spreading the coal evenly over the entire fuel bed. The fire should not be allowed to become too low before a new supply is added, and the bed should be disturbed as little as possible. This bed should be thick. Semi-bituminous coals of the Pocahontas type can be used in the same way, by spreading them entirely over the bed, and to about the thickness of

eight to ten inches. They are nearly smokeless and make but little soot.

Bituminous coal should be fired only by placing fresh fuel over one-half of the fire bed at a time. These soft coals give off great quantities of gas, etc. When half of the fire bed is left uncovered, the volatile matter rising from the fresh charge is quickly ignited by the glowing coals in the uncovered half. If the entire surface of the bed is covered with a heavy charge of coal, the volatile matter arising does not ignite for a considerable time and passes away unburned as tarry, greenish-yellow smoke. Furnace and flues become filled with this smoke, and when finally the fire burns through the new layer of coal the smoke and gas may explode with sufficient violence to blow down the furnace pipes and fill the house with smoke. Such explosions are particularly likely to occur if the coal contains much slack. So be careful when using soft coal to cover only part of the fire at a time.

Soft coal makes a much more intense heat than hard coal does, and is consequently much harder on grates. More ashes will have to be left under the fire, therefore, to prevent the warping of the grate bars.

On account of haulage charges, wood usually costs too much for use in cities; but for towns near woodlands wood is an excellent fuel. Wood needs more combustion space than coal. A coal stove can be changed at very slight expense by having the fire-bricks removed and lighter ones substituted. However, very good results can be obtained in almost any stove with wood. Furnaces can be heated with wood, and many manufacturers make special wood grates for their furnaces. Short blocks eight to twelve inches are best for furnace use. Hardwood is preferable, though any sort of wood will produce heat. The best method of firing is to keep the furnace packed full of wood, with a moderate draught. The simplest and most effective way to use wood in a furnace is to combine it with coal. Pack the fire box with wood to the level of the fire door, and put a layer of coal on top. Some of this coal will settle down in the crevices between the sticks of wood, making a level bed with coal on top.

One of the most economical stoves for burning wood can be made by turning an ordinary furnace into a "Wilson heater." Remove the grate bars and lay fire-brick on the floor of the ash pit. Build a wood fire on the fire-brick, close the ash-pit door tight and keep the ventilator in the fuel door open. A wood fire made in this way will burn very slowly.

Doubtless the most efficient way of all to burn wood is in one of the so-called wood heaters, which are tight little sheet-iron stoves. A very good sized one can be had for \$6 or \$7, and smaller ones for \$4 or \$5. One can burn anything in them, and even rubbish or punk wood will heat a room well. We live in the country, and, having our own wood-

lot, burn mostly wood. We have several of these little stoves. Time and again I have noticed, on cold winter mornings that when I start the fire in the stove in our living-room the temperature of the room will rise about a degree a minute. When the temperature reaches the desired point, it is possible to damper down the fire so that the wood merely smolders. Burning thus, a chunk of good wood will last half a day or all night. In the autumn we take the chill off the room by burning one or two newspapers in the stove. The fact that these stoves are as nearly one hundred per cent efficient as any stove can be makes them particularly desirable at a time like this. For half the price of a ton of coal one can buy a good wood heater. Chips, dead limbs from the dooryard trees, rubbish, old papers, etc., will make an unbelievable amount of heat. I knew a man who heated one bedroom with such a stove, and during the course of many years he never bought a cent's worth of wood. The fallen twigs in his yard gave enough fuel to warm the room at rising and retiring time.

No system of heating and no sort of fuel, however, will heat a house properly unless the householder pays attention to the matter of humidity. Air in the open contains a large percentage of moisture. When we shut up our houses, we dry the air. Moist air is like a blanket. It holds the heat within our bodies. Dry air allows it to escape. A properly humid air will feel warmer at 65° than a dry air at 80° and be more wholesome. To moisten the air is a much cheaper way of heating than to buy coal at \$14 a ton. So keep the kitchen tea-kettle spouting steam, and on occasion open the cocks of the steam radiators. Set out some pans of water to evaporate. We keep an ornamental brass bowl full of water on the big wood heater in our living-room. Warm water evaporates faster than cold water. Keep your air moist, and it will help you keep your fuel bills low.

Make sure that you have fresh air in the house, as it is wholesome. But you do not need too much fresh air. The construction of the average house permits plenty of air to come in through cracks, and when it is very cold and the wind blows hard far too much fresh air comes in. The average heating system will not warm so much cold air. Then it is necessary to bar this cold air out. Tighten up the joints and cracks by weather strips, pieces of felt, building paper, etc. That will help tremendously to conserve the heat.

In some sections of the country, at least, there will probably be a serious shortage of hard coal this winter. That need not necessarily mean a shortage of heat. Hard coal is only one form of fuel practicable for home consumption. By substituting some other form, at least in part, perhaps we ourselves can make that one lump of coal do the work of two. At any rate, it's worth a try.



(C) 1915 by Darius Kinsey

"BUCKER" READY TO CROSSCUT A TEN-FOOT FIR. THE SIX-FOOT LOG IN FOREGROUND IS A HALF-BURIED WINDFALL WHICH HAS BEEN DOWN MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS BUT IS PERFECTLY SOUND. SHINGLES ARE MAINLY MADE FROM DOWN CEDARS

CEDAR SHINGLES

A TRAGEDY OF THE NEW TARIFF ACT

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

MY first job in the Western woods was cutting bolts for a local shingle mill. I can still well remember when I dug my first log from under the moss, and sat for a long time on a near-by stump, viewing disgustedly the decayed tree that I was ordered to saw into 54-inch-length shingle bolts. When the foreman approached, I beligerently inquired where he got the idea that I would work up a lot of worthless cull material.

He looked me over carefully, and then cryptically remarked: "I guess you're a newcomer. Pretty green about timber. When you're here a while you'll find that woods used for shingle manufacture are purely by-products, as a rule. A shingle is only a few inches long, and we use timber for it that's no good for other purposes. Timber that has smashed across stumps in falling, making only short lengths available, is conserved by cutting it into shingle bolts.

"You'll also find that big timber, especially the overripe, large cedar, generally has a heavy center rot. When that log goes to the mill, all the clear grades are used for cedar siding and other satisfactory marketable grades that are now and always will be in great de-

mand. But you'll find that a lot of timber still remains around the heart rot. This is used for shingles, and makes the finest in the world, but it couldn't be used for anything else, because solid pieces could not be obtained in any lengths suitable for lumber.

"Remember, young fellow, if you're going to remain a shingle-bolt cutter, you'll have to get the idea out of your head that you're going to work fine big, green, merchantable trees," concluded the foreman.

For many years after that, in odd months, I engaged in shingle-bolt cutting, and it always gave me a great deal of satisfaction to know that the great Coast shingle industry was built on the manufacture of material that would otherwise be practically a total waste.

A CONGRESSIONAL BLUNDER

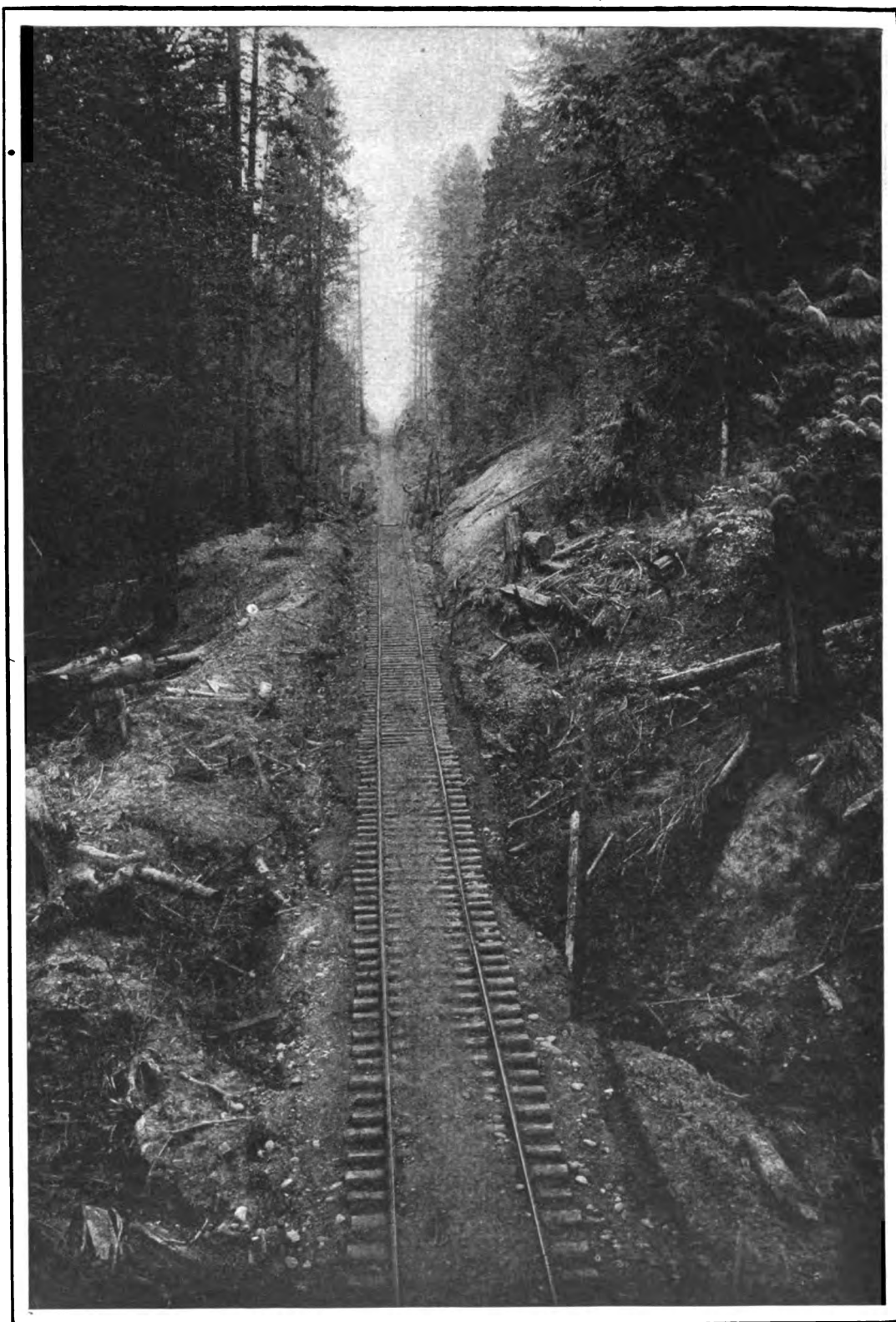
I was in the State of Washington this summer when the cedar-shingle free list was announced. I couldn't credit the news, and felt certain that the Western Union had made a mistake. I didn't believe for several days that Congress could have made such a willful, wanton blunder. And then my mind reverted to the shingle weavers. There are many

thousands of them on the Coast. They form a substantial part of the population of such cities as Everett, Bellingham, Seattle, Hoquiam, Raymond, and many other cities and towns. These men are much like coal miners—for shingle weaving is about the only business that they know. What a shame that scores of mills, formerly beehives of industry, will now have to give way to the whimsical idiosyncrasies of Mid-Western Senators and Representatives!

The Farm Bloc group of Congressmen have a just right to feel proud of the protection they secured in the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill for the American farmer. There is certainly no one in America that will regret this much-needed legislation to elevate the standards of the greatest group of American industries. Everything pertaining to the farm has finally received the protection that it should have received when the Underwood Tariff of 1913 was placed in effect.

HEAVY TARIFF PROTECTION FOR FARM PRODUCTS

The leaders of the Farm Bloc were able to take practically every kind of agricultural product from the free list



This incline, more than 3,000 feet long, is typical of the extensive railway work necessary for logging in the Northwest. Sometimes such roads are run every half-mile through the forests. The cedar windfalls in such a tract as this should be made into shingles for reasons of economy of operation and conservation of natural resources

with a tariff that really will result in great benefit to the long-suffering American farmer. The following important products have been taken from the free list and have been protected by the tariff indicated: cattle, 1½ cents to 2 cents a pound; fresh beef, 3 cents a pound; fresh mutton, 2½ cents a pound; fresh lamb, 4 cents a pound; bacon, 2 cents a pound; and cream, 20 cents a gallon. Horses valued over \$150 a head were raised from \$10 to \$30. But in grain protection the Farm Bloc adherents have a just right to feel proud. They took buckwheat off the free list and placed on it a tariff of 10 cents a hundredweight; corn, 15 cents a bushel; corn grits and meal, 30 cents a hundredweight; rye, 15 cents a bushel; rye flour, 45 cents a hundredweight; wheat flour, 78 cents a hundredweight; brewers' grain, \$5 a ton; Irish potatoes, 50 cents a hundredweight.

Most men and groups of men vested with unlimited power generally become so intoxicated with it that they shamefully abuse it. Whereas the leaders of the bloc coterie demanded and obtained adequate protection for the farmer, the iron and steel producer, the wool grower, and almost every other conceivable American enterprise, they were cruelly unscrupulous, glaringly arrogant and domineering, toward one of the most picturesque and worthy industries of the Pacific Northwest—the shingle industry.

Despite the pleas of thousands of shingle weavers in the entire business and industry element of the Pacific Northwest, the Mid-Western Senators and Congressmen closed their eyes, and doggedly refused the protection necessary to save the shingle industry from practical annihilation.

Thereby hangs a tale.

The Western shingle industry was originally placed on the free list under the Underwood Tariff Act of 1913. Since that time over 190 shingle mills in western Washington and Oregon have been dismantled. British Columbia, however, enjoying the protecting wing of Congress, has increased its production 250 per cent during this nine-year period of free trading with America; and 85 per cent of British Columbia's entire shingle production is sold in the lumber yards of the United States.

As a direct result, our own great industry has almost ceased to be.

A great many shingle mills had of course hung on. Many that had closed were only awaiting the time when a Republican Congress would recognize the great injustice dealt the shingle industry and place a protection that would again permit this extremely necessary industry to flourish.

I say they were hopeful. They were. But now that they know the truth and realize that Oriental labor receives more consideration from Congress than white labor does, these shingle-mill owners and the thousands of shingle-mill workers, known as shingle weavers, will probably give up the ghost, while a few

will continue to hope against hope that the coming Congress will redeem itself by passing an amendment playing fair with the Pacific Northwest.

It may be that enthusiastic conservationists in Washington have gained, in some mysterious way, the erroneous idea that giving British Columbia the American shingle industry would conserve the cedar in our own country for future generations. I have heard from many sources this conception of what I term the biggest blunder Congress has made in many years.

But I cannot believe that any man living in any part of America could be so densely misinformed regarding the fundamental basis of the shingle industry as to be deceived by the conservation theory. Whatever excuse the Farm Bloc adherents may offer for the iniquitous cedar-shingle clause, one thing is certain. Every man that voted for it knew that it meant the death knell to one of the West's leading industries, and they furthermore knew full well that it meant a deliberate waste of millions of feet of cedar timber that will now be consigned to the refuse burner, to make sparks and smoke, whereas formerly great stacks of cedar shingles rose from the manufacture of grades of cedar timber that could be utilized for nothing else.

The action of the Mid-Western Senators and Representatives has therefore added to the waste and created a fire danger in the Western woods for no other apparent reason than to protect Oriental labor used in British Columbia in shingle production.

PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF ORIENTAL LABOR IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The very best white labor is employed in the American shingle industry. These men work eight hours a day, and enjoy good working conditions. Now that the industry they have been engaged in has practically been killed, the question naturally rises, Who will be the beneficiaries?

That is easily answered. British Columbia shingle mills are manned almost wholly by cheap Oriental labor. It certainly was thoughtful of Congress to have taken such great pains to protect the Oriental in British Columbia while legislating out of employment a high-grade, substantial white population in Washington and Oregon.

I would like to believe that the action of Congress was one of misunderstanding, rather than a deliberate intention to favor British Columbia and its Oriental labor while destroying our own industry under the mistaken belief that probably the American consumer would greatly benefit, and that American timber would be conserved. I would like to believe that—but I don't. I don't think any one else does who is familiar with the facts.

It has been repeatedly asserted by men who should know that behind the shingle tariff laws there was a tremendous lobby, representing interests in

control of nearly one million acres of British Columbia timberlands.

A major part of this vast British Columbia timbered area is controlled by Minnesota capitalists, and I note from the Congressional records that Minnesota politicians in Congress were by far the most active in seeing to it that the Oriental labor in British Columbia gained preference over the white labor of the State of Washington.

If adequate protection to the shingle industry would have created a prohibitive cost to American home builders, there would be slight objection, even in the West, toward shingles being placed on the free list, but it is a well-known fact, from coast to coast, that, since the cedar used in shingles is only a by-product, and since there are so many hundreds of small operators in the business, the shingle industry was conducted on such a narrow margin of profit as to be almost negligible.

I well remember, several years ago, when a shingle manufacturer of Everett, Washington, purchased an automobile. I met one of this gentleman's friends, and his first remark was: "I guess John has married a rich widow this time. *He certainly could never have bought an automobile from the profits of his shingle mill.*"

There is another story that has gone the rounds of the Washington woods for many years. If this story is not true, it certainly correctly illustrates the profit and loss side of the shingle industry. An old grizzled Washington lumberman had engaged for many years in a bitter personal quarrel with a lumber-owning competitor. The quarrel had waxed hotter and hotter, when suddenly the senior member of the two-party feud was stricken with typhoid fever. A doctor was called, and he informed the logger that he had only a short time to live. The fast-sinking timber owner sent for one of his best friends, and confided to him that he hated to die, mainly because he had never got revenge on his enemy.

"That's easy," replied the friend. "Why don't you will him one of your shingle mills?"

"Done!" triumphantly whispered the sinking timberman, as he turned his face to the wall. "My revenge is complete. I die happy."

Congress may feel proud of its action. I have personally read many different remarks, talked with scores of shingle weavers and shingle-mill owners while I was on Puget Sound this fall. These men, without exception, were so highly incensed that their opinion of the Farm Bloc action could not be published in *The Outlook*.

One caustic comment appeared in one of the Seattle newspapers, which, in my opinion, covered the subject very well. It declared: "The placing of cedar shingles on the free list, and placing cedar logs on a prohibitively dutiable list, is the limitless, illimitable, and unlimited limit of economic and political blundering."

"GLORY O' THE DAWN"

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

IT must have been twenty-nine, no, thirty years ago that my father bought the Old Lighthouse Point at Middlehaven. He was among the earliest of the summer people to make a home in that part of Maine, and his purchase of the abandoned light and a hundred acres or more of rocks, blueberry bushes, and pasture land was something of an event in the annals of the town.

Middlehaven lies, as you know, on the shore of a heavily wooded island off the mouth of the Kennebec River. Its harbor is a crescent which bites deeply into the northern shore of the island. The old light and my father's land marked the western end of the harbor, and from that rocky promontory, reaching up into the deep waters of Kennebec Sound, you could look across the harbor and read the history of the town with a single sweep of the eye.

Silhouetted against the woods on the hill behind the town stood a row of great square houses built in the days when New Englanders were at home in all the seven seas. Some of these old mansions, when my father first went to Middlehaven, were beginning to fall into disrepair. They were no longer white with the spick-and-spanness of New England, but weatherbeaten and gray from neglect. To the east and the west of these relics of past greatness were scattered the smaller houses of the fishermen, whose industry, in the want of far adventurers, kept the town alive. There was a none too picturesque street of small shops that ambled along behind the ramshackle piers, and in the waters of the harbor usually twenty or more fishing sloops and dingy trading schooners were waiting for the wind.

I have left the clearest page of Middlehaven's record until the last. Beyond the town, at the other end of the crescent from my father's land, lay what remained of a great shipyard. The masts of a few fishing vessels and a coasting schooner under construction; the great gaunt ribs of an unfinished ship, blackened with years of sun and rain; and the marks where a dozen ways had once run from the yard into the harbor waters, were all that was left of an industry which once had made Middlehaven a name to conjure with among those who followed the sea. In the yard itself the gray-haired workmen told as clearly as the deserted ship of a trade which, after their passing, would be known no more.

This was the Middlehaven to which my father came three decades ago. There is a different Middlehaven now—a Middlehaven of country clubs and summer cottages, of motor boats and motor cars, of strange new faces and harpily drawn social lines. I am glad

that my boyhood was spent in the Middlehaven that was before the coming of King Gasoline.

WE lived the first of our summers in the old light itself. Its stubby tower served on alternate days as a studio for my father and a playhouse for me. Some of our neighbors may have called my father "that cracked artist" when his back was turned, but most of them, I am sure, felt for him sympathy and understanding and made their feelings manifest by a hundred deeds of friendly kindness. It was to one of his neighbors that my father turned for advice in his second summer at Middlehaven. He was planning to build a new stone studio on the seaward shore of his land. The design my father had drawn up himself, and he wished to find a mason who had, as he described it, "a feeling for rocks." "I want a man," he said, "who can build me a house without destroying the face of nature within a radius of twenty miles. I want a man who knows that it is bad for the health of a blueberry bush to cover it with plaster and lime. I want a man who would prefer not to drag a heavy beam through my pet nursery of young pines." Our neighbor observed my father quizzically and tolerantly. "I think I know what you want, Mr. Tilton. You want a man to build you a house that will look as though it grew there. Better try and get Caleb Gurney." Then he added, after a pause, "That is, if he is working."

Father and I hoisted the sail of our dory and set out to find Caleb. We discovered him at last, sitting in the lee of the abandoned ship in the old yard. Great curls of clean shavings lay about his feet; the air was redolent with the smell of wood and the smoke from a stubby corn-cob pipe which hung at a perilous angle from Caleb's none too determined jaw. As nearly as I can remember, Caleb seemed to me then a man well past middle age. But I was only thirteen myself, and one's views of middle age alter rapidly as the years go by. His face was round and full, his hair sandy gray. His skin was flushed and tightly drawn, and his eyes were blue and moist. His neck filled the collar of his flannel shirt to bursting. The picture he made, as I recall it, was not a prepossessing one, but there was a friendliness about his glance which made me instinctively trust him.

My father seated himself on the shavings. He lighted his own pipe before he spoke.

"They tell me, Mr. Gurney, that you're a fine mason."

"Folks hev said I was," Caleb guardedly replied.

"And I have generally found," my father went on, "that you people here in

Middlehaven, when you praise a man, don't err on the side of generosity. If Middlehaven says you are a good mason, you must be."

"Well, then, I be," said Caleb. "What was ye wantin' uv me?"

"I am going to build a new house over on the point," said my father, motioning across the harbor with his pipe, "and I want to get a man to do the work who will leave the point so that I can recognize it when he gets through. Do you want a try at the job?"

"I don't know but I might," said Caleb. "I ben workin' here at the shipyard quite a piece, but I'm 'bout through. I like stun work, but somehow every once in a while I get a hankerin' to work in wood. My father was foreman in this yard, and his father afore him. I guess it's in the blood. Somehow, it don't seem right that this kind o' work should die out the way it's done." He shook himself as though to bring back his mind to the present and added: "I'll go with ye, Mr. Tilton—I've heard ye're a good man to work for—an' we'll hev a look at your plan."

A fair wind carried us back across the harbor. Caleb had taken the tiller as we stepped into the dory. His hand rested upon the helm as delicately as the fingers of a violinist rest upon his bow. Our wake across the harbor was straight and steady, though Caleb's eyes seemed to ignore both our craft and the mark for which our course was laid.

"You're a good sailor, anyhow," my father said as our keel grated on the beach.

"If I wasn't, I'd be a lummox," said Caleb. "I was sailin' when this young'un here could 'a' put me in his pocket."

Father carried his plan out to the place which he had selected as the site of his studio and explained his wants briefly. When he had finished, Caleb wasted no words in questioning.

"We can bring our stun right here to the shore," he said, "in a scow. Put a pair o' shears on them rocks an' drop 'em right where we want 'em without bustin' a blade o' grass. There's a big stun wall in Deacon Turner's pasture thet runs right down to the shore. We can hev it for takin' it away. Jeff Taylor has an ole sloop we can use as a scow. There's plenty o' water to bring her in here loaded at low tide, an', with thet long ledge out there to break the sea, we can work here 'most any day snug as ye please. And when we get the buildin' done folks 'll trip over it without seein' it, it'll set here so natcherel."

Nothing was said of wages. The project changed swiftly from one which involved "my studio" to Caleb's more inclusive "our house." On what terms the work was prosecuted I do not know.

I only know that Caleb undertook it as a man undertakes a mission for a life-long friend. My father dropped his painting while the studio was building and labored side by side with his master mason. I, too, busied myself as best I could, fetching trowels, mixing mortar, and tailing on ineffectually when the heavy boulders which Caleb had selected were hoisted into place. Caleb worked as few men work nowadays. He chose the rocks, he pried them onto the stone-boat, he rigged the shears to hoist them to the sloop, and he adjusted the slings about them when they were hoisted from the sloop to the land. Some of the other workmen grumbled over his fussiness: his insistence upon the color and shape of the stones, his foolishness in trying to save them from injury by crowbar or chain. The idea of guarding stones from scratches with burlap bags moved some of them to laughter. But they followed Caleb's directions to the letter.

Late in the summer, when the studio was finished, father sent out word to all his neighbors that he wanted them in for a housewarming. Caleb was to have the place of honor in this gathering, for my father had come to see that in his master mason he had found a fellow-artist. On the evening of the great event a dozen families or more rowed over to our point. Some of them brought deep blueberry pies, a pailful of doughnuts, a basket of apples, a chocolate cake, gingerbread, and such delicacies as are native to Maine. One man, almost apologetically, brought over enough lobsters to feed half the crowd.

"The smack had all she could carry the last trip she made," he said, "and she wasn't payin' much for 'em, anyhow. So I thought I might as well boil 'em up and bring 'em over as let 'em lay around in the pound till next trip."

But there was no Caleb to partake of all this abundance. No one could or would explain his absence until my father found the neighbor who had recommended him. "I guess," he said, "Caleb must hev quit workin' for a spell. He has been workin' almighty hard this summer, an' longer than he generally does. I wouldn't look for him too hard ef I was you."

My father did not heed our neighbor's advice. The next day he set out alone in his dory for Caleb's little shanty across the bay. It stood on a pine-covered knoll overlooking the shipyard. Once Caleb had lived in a comfortable old house near the site of his present home, but it burned down and he had fixed up an old shed for his bachelor needs.

When my father returned, his face was grave. He told me nothing save that Caleb was sick—it was not until a year or so after that I learned the story of his visit. He had gone to Caleb's house and found the door barred. He pounded on it, and at last a shamefaced Caleb appeared in a half-open window.

"Ain't no use comin' fer me, Mr. Til-

ton," Caleb had said. "I ain't been well." The character of Caleb's illness was not one which could be concealed. "Just been celebratin' finishin' house." Caleb rambled on. "Need I' vacation."

"But, Caleb," my father started to protest—

"Goo'-by," said Caleb, and shut the window with a bang.

A week later Caleb rowed across to our point, not to apologize in words for failing to come to our party, but, as he explained, to look around to see if everything was satisfactory. When he left, he pulled from under the thwart of his boat a box, which he handed to me. "Just a little somethin' for the boy, Mr. Tilton; thought he might like to hev it as a meemento of Middlehaven."

Then he shoved off, and was a hundred yards from the shore before I could even thank him. When the box was opened, it proved to contain the model of a fishing sloop. It was barely a foot long, but beautifully finished in every detail. The hull was not carved from a single block, but framed and planked up with the nicest skill. It must have meant the labor of weeks to build and equip the tiny vessel.

So it was that we learned that Caleb was not only a mason and shipwright, but also a builder of models. When my father spoke of his workmanship to some of our neighbors, the only comments which he elicited were to the effect that "Caleb had a slight better build himself a decent house than waste all his spare time makin' jimcracks."

THAT summer passed, and another and another. On evenings of days when Caleb had "been working," he used to row over to our point and sit with my father and me, discussing the world and his wife. His native shrewdness cut its way to a clear understanding of people and issues in a fashion which any college graduate might well envy. As the summer population of Middlehaven grew, Caleb's comments upon the new faces provided us with a most illuminating record of the course of events. But Caleb's chief interest lay, not with the new, but with the old.

In the twilight the skeleton of the old ship across the harbor seemed to awaken his mind to a thousand forgotten things. He peopled the shadowy yard with living figures of a past that he had never known, recounted the story of ships that had taken form there under skillful hands, the lives and loves of their captains, and the tragedies of vessels that never returned.

We never saw Caleb at all during the spells when he was, to use the euphemism of our neighbor, "not working." His absences from our companionship were never alluded to, a thing for which I think he was profoundly grateful. The only comment which any of our neighbors ever made to my father on his friendship with Caleb was made by the village grocer. One day while my father was in the store and waiting for his

change the grocer paused in the wrapping up of a loaf of bread, gazed off towards a bunch of bananas as though it constituted his chief interest in life, and said, with an absent air:

"They do tell me, Mr. Tilton, that Caleb Gurney works a heap sight more sence ye came to Middlehaven. It's a durn shame ye don't live here in winter too."

It must have been my first year at college that Caleb's dream of old Middlehaven began to express itself in reality. It was then, I think, that I remember seeing for the first time a great long bench which filled to overflowing the center of his single-room shack. On this bench stood part of the frame of a ship. The timbers of this eight-foot vessel were not the only evidence that Caleb's home had been turned into a miniature shipyard. On the wall behind his tumbled bed hung yellowed tracings which showed at a glance the source of Caleb's inspiration. Under the thumb marks which edged the drawings I made out the name of the ship which Caleb was laboring to reproduce. Of its beauty lovers of old ships will need to know nothing more than that the plans bore the legend "Glory o' the Dawn."

"When they tore the old sail loft down," said Caleb, "to build the new yacht club, I come across them plans hid away in the bottom of a barrel. Nobody seemed to want 'em, so I brought 'em home with me. Then last winter I got a-hankerin' to see if I couldn't build a ship that old 'Glory' herself would be proud to claim as sister. First off I began workin' with what wood I could find handy, an' I got my model pretty well framed up afore I said to myself, 'This ain't goin' t' do. No, sir, soft stuff ain't good enough for my 'Glory.' She's gotta be fit to sail from here to Chiny. She's gotta be finished even better than they finished ships in them days, when they meant more to their captains than home and mother. Her timbers is goin' to be uv oak; she's goin' to be planked with elum; her decks will be the clearest white pine I can find; her tr'n'n'ls 'll be locust—maybe even ivory; and teak ain't none too good fer her houses and her rail. Her sticks will be spruce or Oregon fir and her fitten's will be brass throughout.' So I up an' smashed my first model with an ax an' I laid the keel o' this one last January—the 8th it was."

"You've got a life job ahead of you, Caleb," I said, "if you finish her up the way you have begun. Are you planning to do the whole thing to scale?"

"Everythin'," said Caleb, "from stem to taffrail, from main truck to keel. I've got calipers accurate enough so's I can measure her riggin' to the thousandth of an inch. They come high, but I had to hev 'em."

THAT first year saw the frame of "Glory o' the Dawn" almost completed. There were weeks when Caleb did

no work at all save to potter around, looking for timbers and natural knees that exactly suited his requirements. When one of his old cronies was injudicious enough to suggest, "Why in tarnation don't ye saw 'em or steam 'em? Nobody ain't goin' t' see 'em after she's planked up," it resulted in a free fight which left Caleb's friend as bewildered as to the cause of Caleb's anger as he was battered as to his own countenance. But Caleb kept his plans to himself. I think that my father and I were the only ones to glimpse the determined dream behind his pale-blue eyes.

It was not until three years later, indeed, that even I began to see the whole of Caleb's plan, and I made my discovery by pure chance. In the dusk of a late September evening I had gone to Caleb's to say good-by before I started back to the city to take up work as a cub reporter. I walked into Caleb's shack without knocking, for the door stood open. He sat with his back to the entrance, his hands clasped about his knees and his eyes fixed on the concave forefoot of the new "Glory o' the Dawn." In the yellow lamplight he looked strangely old. I had not noticed before how thin his hair had grown, and how gray.

Caleb was talking to himself as I started to enter, and, without meaning to eavesdrop, I stood for a minute or so listening to his half-mumbled words. It was the speech of a man who has lived much alone and who has learned the dangerous habit of conjuring up spectral visitors.

"Well, 'Glory,' ol' girl," I heard him say, "they went an' busted up the shipyard; they went an' filled the harbor with bo'ts made o' gingerbread an' paint, thet come a-scurryin' back to their moorin's afore it blows hard enough to muss a woman's hair. Not much like ye, them yachts. I'd like to see one o' them bo'ts beatin' 'round the Horn an' up to Californy in ninety-two days! Thet's what ye done, ol' girl! Praise be there's some as ain't forgot it! Maybe some day—"

He turned and caught sight of me. "Why, hello, Bob," he said, sheepishly. "I thought I was alone, an' I was just talkin' to this ol' girl here, to sort o' pass the time o' day. Ye must uv thought me plumb cracked."

"Cracked nothing, Caleb," I said. "You were just thinking out loud. We all of us do that sometimes. How goes the work?"

"Not so bad," said Caleb, "an' not so good. I hev got her hull most finished, as ye can see, but I can't seem to lay my hands on just the kind o' deck fittin's I need. Guess I'll hev to get me a lathe an' turn 'em out myself. Now them davies there ain't right at all. Accordin' to my measurin', they're a sixteenth of an inch too high, an' the wrong shape to boot. I hain't even been able to make a start on the riggin'. They don't make no line laid up just

right for shrouds or stays. I guess I'll hev to get some thread an' start a rope-walk of my own."

"Isn't that drawing things pretty fine; Caleb?"

"Ain't nothin' jest right ef it ain't jest so," said Caleb, and I knew that "Glory o' the Dawn" would never be launched if her buidler's heart could not be satisfied.

It was this meticulous attention to detail that made the building of "Glory" so long a process—this and the fact that the town's one hotel had come to an agreement with the local political boss whereby one of the laws of Maine was honored in the breach rather than in the observance. In the basement of the hotel a bar had been set up, and it flourished like a green bay tree. Once a year, or oftener if the town fathers were hard up for cash, the bar was raided with all due ceremony, fines assessed, and the proprietor promptly released to return to his lucrative trade. Some of the money that Caleb might have spent for fittings found its way across the brass rail. His neighbors told me that he never returned to his shack on nights when he had been patronizing the bar. I guessed, though I did not say, that when the fit was on him he feared for the safety of "Glory o' the Dawn."

The evening of Caleb's unintended revelation he and I talked for a while, though most of our conversation was made up of those silences which old friends interpret as discourse. At last, with a shake of his hand and a "See you next summer," I went into the night.

It was not next summer, nor the summer after, that I saw Caleb again. With the death of my father and my own efforts to make a place for myself in the world of journalism, it was six years before I went back to Middlehaven. During these years my house on the Old Lighthouse Point had been rented to a summer family that knew not Caleb. Once, indeed, when he had rowed across to dig himself some clams on the beach near the studio that he had built, they had ordered him off in language which it is unwise to use to a son of Maine—particularly when he happens to be within his legal rights. But I heard nothing of this from Caleb. The news only came to me as a bit of local gossip upon my return.

It was to Caleb's shack that I hastened as soon as I had put foot upon the new steamboat pier at Middlehaven. The town had changed much in six years. The stores had a prosperous air; the main street was paved; and a dozen new houses had sprung up in Caleb's neighborhood. But his home was as I had left it.

I found him seated in a rocking-chair set in the midst of his unkempt yard, its tangled grass and weed-grown garden contrasting strangely with the carefully landscaped grounds of summer cottages on either side.

He greeted me as though I had only been away for a week's cruise, and I accepted the casualness of his welcome as the tribute to an understanding friendship. Six years had altered him more than his house. His cheeks were sunken and his shabby clothes hung on his heavy frame in loose folds. We talked for a while of my father and of our old neighbors, and then I asked: "And 'Glory,' has she been launched yet?"

He seemed to grow a dozen years younger as he answered: "Come in an' look at her, boy. She will do your heart good."

Inside the shack I found the masts of "Glory o' the Dawn" towering above me in the dim light. The network of rigging, the yards, many of the sails even, were in place. I caught my breath at the beauty of the workmanship.

I walked around "Glory o' the Dawn" without saying a word. She was too perfect for praise. From the gilded figure of Aurora at her stem to her taffrail, from her main truck to her keel, she was a clipper of clippers—the symbol and spirit of an age which would never come again. All I could find to say was: "Well, Caleb, you've done it."

"Thet's what 'most everybody seems to think—now," said Caleb. "Some of 'em says it in looks, some of 'em in words, an' some of 'em," he chuckled, "tries to say it in money."

"I suppose there must have been quite a few people that wanted to buy her," I said, feeling somehow as though I were speaking to a man about the sale of his wife.

"There has. Only last week Judge Talbot druv up in his machine an' asked if he could see my ship. 'Nothin' to hinder ye,' said I; 'walk in.' He looked her over without so much as sayin' thank ye, grunted an' puffed a bit, an' then said, 'Give ye \$10,000 for your place with this bo't thrown in, or give ye \$10,000 for the bo't with the place thrown in.' 'Judge Talbot,' says I, 'nothin' hindered ye comin' in, an' now there ain't nothin' hinderin' ye goin' out.' I give him a push an' shut the door behind his back. They said downtown thet he was hoppin' mad. Served him right, though. He'd ought t' know that there's some things thet can't be bought."

Caleb was silent for a few minutes, and then went on:

"But there was another feller here last year thet wanted her, an' he sort o' set me thinkin'. He knew ships, thet feller. 'Curator,' he said he was, of a museum to the west'ard. Said he hed to look after a big buidlin' which had nothin' in it but relics of old shippin' days. There was models of whalers there, he said, cases of scrimshaw work, an' walls jest covered with ol' plecters of the best ships thet ever was on the sea. He come o' seafaring folks, an' there wasn't nothin' thet missed his eye. He kept walkin' round her an' round her, lookin' for somethin' to pick me up on. Finally

he says, slow-like, "Thet sailer-binnacle there—I don't think "Glory o' the Dawn" carried one like thet. I think ye got thet design from"— "The "N. B. Palmer,"" says I. "Right," says he. "I'd know thet sailer there with his shiny tarpaulin hat an' standin' with one foot on a keg o' beer if I met him in the Sahary Desert. How in blazes did ye draw thet compass card so fine?" "I didn't draw it," says I, "I had a photy-graph made from an ol' compass an' reduced to fit." "My word," says he, an' starts walkin' round her again.

"Finally, jest as he was goin'," he says to me: "We hev got a new room in our museum. We're goin' to put in it the best things we got. Thet ship o' yours would look fine right in the center." "She would," says I, "but she won't." "Think it over," he said, shakin' my hand. "If you let me hev her, she will be where thousands can see her an' enjoy her every year." "They could, but I couldn't," says I. "I understand," says he, "but let me know if ye change your mind."

"I liked thet feller. He didn't so much as mention money. I could see thet, so far as him an' 'Glory' was concerned, it was a case uv love at first sight. An', as I said afore, it sort o' set me thinkin'."

I knew what Caleb's thoughts were, but I did not voice them. It is not a tactful thing to ask a man what will become of his property after he is gone. But Caleb did not wait to be questioned.

"It sort o' set me thinkin'," he repeated. "Here I hev spent a good part o' my life buidlin' this 'Glory o' the Dawn.' I hev'n't any children to leave her to, an' maybe they wouldn't understand her if I had. She'd ought t' set here in Middlehaven, but she ain't goin' t' decorate no millionaire's summer cottage, if I hev to smash her with an ax. She sort o' belongs to the town in a way, even if the town don't know it. Sometimes I think I'd like to hev her settled afore I go; sometimes I feel thet it would kill me if she went out o' this house. Bob, what do you think?"

I tried hard to put my thoughts into words which would not hurt Caleb's feelings. I am afraid that I made rather a clumsy mess of it. "Caleb," I said, "this ship is more than a splendid model. It is as you have meant it to be, a remembrance of great days. Some time, perhaps, this town will wake up to the fact that it was once something more than a playground for summer folk and that its people once did things more worth while than catering to the needs of even the most estimable of idlers. There's the same blood here that once found the whole world almost too small for its inheritance. Nobody asks of Middlehaven that it should be off to the Indies again; but somehow, some day, Middlehaven must apply its old courage and its old spirit of adventure to the needs of our time. It may be a foolish dream, but somehow it seems to me that this ship

of yours should be left where it can carry the message of old Middlehaven to the Middlehaven that may yet be."

Caleb had not moved while I was talking; I even doubted whether he heard all that I said. But when I had finished, he looked up, and I knew that he had understood.

"Bob," he said, "somehow I'll find a way."

THAT fall a group of the summer people decided that Middlehaven needed a public library. They brought up a celebrated architect from New York, who went over the town and selected the site for the building. It was to be of brick, with a great white Colonial porch that looked out over the harbor. It is a matter of record that the committee had some trouble in buying the site, for the chairman went to the owner of the lot that had been selected with a brusque "We want to build a library on that corner lot of yours. Of course you will sell it." Negotiations thus begun did not progress rapidly. "If they'd only as't me to sell it to 'em as part o' my contribution to the library, I'd hev done it right off," the owner of the lot afterwards said. "But they sort o' gave it out thet I had to sell it because they wanted to buy it, an' I don't hev to do nothin' thet I don't want to."

A more gracious diplomacy triumphed in the end, and the corner-stone of the library was laid before the summer people departed. It was roofed in before snow flew, and the opening day was set for the following July. My vacation took me back to Middlehaven again a few weeks before that opening. As I went up the path to Caleb's house I met him coming out. There was a determined look in his pale-blue eyes, and his hand, as it touched mine, trembled strangely. "I want you should come with me, Bob," he said.

"Why, where are you going, Caleb?"

"I'm going over to see Judge Talbot. There's a meeting of the Libry Committee at his house to-night, an' I've got to be there," he answered.

I tried to get to the bottom of the affair with a feeble joke. "Since when have you been on the committee?"

"Never was on the committee, an' ain't never goin' to be on the committee. There ain't no real Middlehaveners on thet committee. Sometimes it seems as though this libry was goin' to be given to the town the same as ye would give a bone to a dog. But there's one dog as is goin' to bark at least once afore he's done."

He did not vouchsafe any further information even when the crushed limestone on Judge Talbot's driveway crunched under our feet. He rang the bell, and he and I were shown by a somewhat astonished butler into Judge Talbot's den and the presence of the committee.

There sat the Judge, his face, it seemed, more choleric than ever as it rose like a red autumnal sun from

the snowy whiteness of his Palm Beach suit. Judge Talbot nodded to me, but his gaze was fixed on Caleb. Most of the members of the committee I knew, and some of them even knew me. I doubt whether this could be said of old lady Minturn, who sat on the Judge's right—"Cat's-Meat Minturn," the Middlehaveners had called her since she first settled in their midst. She won the name by approaching the butcher with a "Give me some cheap meat such as the natives eat. It's for my cat."

I turned from my survey of the room to find the Judge and Caleb casting doubtful glances at each other. Caleb was nervously twisting his hat in his hands; the Judge was obviously wondering why the butler had let us in.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you have come to see me about your boat. Decided to sell it, eh?"

"It is about the ship," said Caleb, slowly, "but I ain't figurin' on sellin' it. I know ye folks is givin' the town a libry, an' it's got a big hall in the middle uv it. I was sort o' thinkin' thet mebbe ye would like 'Glory o' the Dawn' to put in thet hall."

The Judge was plainly startled. The dollar value of Caleb's ship he knew even if he did not know its cost in dreams. "Why, that's mighty fine of you, Caleb—Mr. Gurney. I am sure our committee will be delighted to have it."

"I wasn't figurin' on givin' it to the committee," said Caleb. "I wanted to give it to the libry when it belonged to the town."

"Of course, of course," said Judge Talbot, "we understand that perfectly." His eye invited the acquiescence of his fellow-committee members. Most of them knew Caleb's ship by reputation if not by sight, and they all nodded approval. Old lady Minturn even went so far as to say that she thought it would look "just too pretty for anything."

Caleb was invited to sit and discuss his gift. He sank into a great leather arm-chair, still clinging tightly to his twisted hat. The beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and the knuckles of his hands were white.

Before we took our departure even the details of the transfer had been almost irretrievably arranged. Judge Talbot believed in striking while the iron was hot. I think that before the evening was over he sensed a little of the sacrifice that Caleb was making. At least when we turned to go he shook hands with Caleb with a cordiality which surprised me. I doubt whether Caleb noticed the change. Beyond the thought that he had agreed to part forever with "Glory o' the Dawn" I do not think that his mind was aware of what had passed, of what he had said or what had been said to him. When we at last went out into the night, he leaned heavily on my arm as he stumbled down the driveway. I felt tears strike my hand more than once, but neither he nor I spoke until we reached his house. Then it was just "Good-night, Bob," and "Good-night,

Caleb," and I turned away without trusting myself to say more.

BETWEEN the evening at Judge Talbot's and the day set for the dedication of the library I saw little of Caleb. I kept away from his house, partly because I felt there was nothing I could do which would help to make the coming separation from "Glory o' the Dawn" easier for him, and partly because of an occurrence which did not bode well for Caleb.

It was the very next day after the meeting of the Library Committee that a schooner bearing a deck-load of unsavory fish dropped anchor in Middlehaven harbor. There was more interest in the doings of that schooner than its apparent cargo might lead one to suppose. At dusk a dozen or more rowboats could be seen clustered about her, bargaining for fish—fish that the next morning were to be found floating in the harbor waters or left high and dry on the beach by the receding tide. The schooner, having finished her business and emptied her hold of sundry boxes containing nothing which ever came out of the sea, departed on her way—some three hours before a patrol-boat flying the flag of the Treasury Department appeared on the scene. Concerning her after history I know nothing and concerning her cargo almost as little. I only know that Judge Talbot's launchman was among those present when she discharged her load; I know that the hotel-keeper was also represented, and that there was an unaccustomed hilarity along the water-front of Middlehaven for several days after the schooner's departure. I know, too, that part at least of one case found its way to Caleb's house. Broken as he was by his impending loss, it is not to be wondered at that he gave in to the thing which meant at least a brief forgetfulness. Of course I should have stayed with him at this time, but something of that old reluctance, which I had shared with my father, to recognize a side of Caleb so discordant with the character which he had shown to us made me fear to intrude.

When the day for the dedication of the library came, I went to his house with a group of old friends from the town. I did not find that the Middlehaveners were as enthusiastic as they might have been over this prospect of a ceremonial gathering in Caleb's front yard. For obvious reasons he did not stand very high in the estimate of the townspeople. Added to this, the prospect of playing second fiddle to the Library Committee, which had arranged for the gathering, did not increase the attractiveness of the affair. The only Middlehaveners who had any official part in the arrangements were the three selectmen, and the rôle which had been assigned to them was very largely that of passive recipients.

When we arrived, it was to find that Caleb's house had been festooned with red-white-and-blue bunting. Three or

four girls of the summer colony were tacking up the last strips as we approached. Caleb himself sat in the old rocker on his doorstep. He was dressed in an ancient suit which once had been black, but which showed almost green in the hot sun which beat down mercilessly upon the little gathering. He did not seem to see the people around him; he did not even stop rocking to and fro when one of the girls who had been decorating his house stooped and pinned a rose in his buttonhole. I was close behind him as she did it, and I heard her say: "Mr. Gurney, we all think you are just wonderful, really we do. You are giving lots more to the library than all the other people put together." But Caleb only rocked and twisted his handkerchief in his hands. I stepped beside him and put my hand on his shoulder. "It's all right, Caleb," I said; "you are doing a mighty big thing." He reached up, touched my hand for an instant, and then went on rocking back and forth. But his eyes never left the model of "Glory o' the Dawn," which stood, sails set as for a far voyage, in the center of his weed-grown yard.

"Glory o' the Dawn" was supported at either end by a flag-draped saw horse, and behind her a stand some six feet high had been erected, large enough to contain half a dozen chairs and a table bearing a white pitcher of ice-water. The stand as well as the house had been hung with bunting. As I stood at Caleb's side and looked through the lofty spars of his vessel to this platform, decked out in Fourth of July magnificence, I had the feeling that the whole setting of the scene was strangely inappropriate. It seemed to me almost as though this flimsy stand upon which the pitiable old man beside me was to mount should have been hung in the black of a scaffold rather than the gay colors of our National holiday.

While I stood there the schoolgirls, dressed in white muslin, had grouped themselves in a restless half-circle between us and the ship. On one side of the yard there were perhaps twenty or thirty men and women of the summer colony, chatting and laughing among themselves. In this group there were some with golf bags in their hands. Obviously they had stopped to see the sight on their way to the country club. I noticed one fresh-faced college boy in white flannels gazing intently at the ship and then at Caleb. At last he laid his clubs on the ground and walked over to Caleb's chair. "That's a beautiful ship of yours, Mr. Gurney," he said. "I want to thank you for my share in the gift you are making." He flushed a little and went on, "You know, Middlehaven means a lot to some of us—maybe more than we mean to Middlehaven." Caleb took his outstretched hand, mumbled a few words, and the boy slipped back among his friends.

In a separate group on the other side of the yard stood and sat perhaps an equal number of people from the town.

Somehow they seemed to have an even greater air of detachment from the proceedings than the summer people themselves. Few of them had anything in common with Caleb; fewer still felt that the summer people had anything in common with them.

There was a lull in the chatter on both sides of the yard. Judge Talbot beckoned to the selectmen and with two members of his committee mounted the platform. When the others were seated, he advanced to the edge and, looking through the rigging of "Glory o' the Dawn," waved a friendly but rather ponderous hand to the circle of children. "I think," he said, "that we would like to start this brief ceremony by singing the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' We want you children to start the song and the grown-ups will join in—if they can."

The children struggled to their feet and, under the leadership of a teacher with a pitch-key, launched themselves boldly into song. When the shrill notes had died away—few deeper voices had joined in—Judge Talbot wiped his forehead with a silk handkerchief, drank a glass of water, and began his heavy-footed remarks. I doubt if any one remembers much of what he said. Certainly all that I can recall are his concluding words: "And now, citizens of Middlehaven, let us stand in honor of the man who has given the chief adornment of our new library. Mr. Gurney, we want you here on the platform beside us."

Caleb shook himself, stood, swayed, and caught my arm. The half-circle of school-children opened, and we moved together towards the platform. I felt Caleb's hand trembling as though he were stricken with the palsy.

He let go my arm, caught the edge of the platform, stumbled up the steps, clutched Judge Talbot, and then leaned heavily on the table. I do not think that he saw anything of the circle of curious faces grouped in a half-moon behind the vessel of his dreams. Judge Talbot stepped forward again, touched Caleb's shoulder and called, "Now three cheers for Mr. Gurney." Again the shrill cries of the children drowned out their elders' voices. The patter of polite applause which followed soon died away.

Judge Talbot glanced a bit anxiously at Caleb, fumbled at his watch, and announced that "after Mr. Gurney has said a few words we will all adjourn to the library for the dedication. Members of the Library Committee and the selectmen will head the procession, and this beautiful boat will be carried in state on the float we have prepared. I trust you will all fall in behind." He turned and in quieter tones said, "Now, Mr. Gurney, just a few words and we will be on our way. You are going to ride with me in my automobile."

Caleb had hardly moved during the welcome which he had received save that his body swayed to and fro as if he were balancing himself on the deck of a plunging ship. At Judge Talbot's

words he moved forward to the edge of the platform, his eyes fixed on "Glory o' the Dawn." He wet his lips with his tongue, but we heard no sound. Incessantly his hands worked and twisted at the knotted handkerchief which he held. Twice he opened his mouth as though to speak, but no word came forth. The people on the platform behind him pushed back their chairs and started down the steps to the ground. Single figures broke away from the fringes of the gathering. From down the street towards the library came the blare of the village band. The school-children scrambled to their feet, whispering and craning their necks.

Still Caleb stood, as though his mind were in a haze, as though his pale-blue eyes saw nothing but the beauty of his ship below him. Judge Talbot looked at his watch again and touched Caleb on the arm. "Just a few words, Mr. Gurney; we must go." At that moment from the group of summer people broke out the tittering giggle of a young girl. I do not think that she was laughing at Caleb; she had merely given way to that youthful hysteria which is born of em-

barrassment. But the sound of her voice seemed to break the spell which had bound Caleb speechless. He turned towards her and his face flushed.

"She's laughin' at me! She's laughin' at my ship!" His hands clinched. "By God, ye ain't none o' ye fittin' to hev my 'Glory!'" The sweep of his arms took in the whole of the astonished gathering with his menace. "By God, if I can't keep her I'll smash her all to hell."

The amazed Judge saw him snatch the water-pitcher from the table, raise it over his head, and hurl it downward into the mass of delicate spars and more delicate rigging. It grazed the hull and shattered on the ground. Just as Caleb reached for a chair Judge Talbot seized his wrist.

"Don't you tech me!" cried Caleb, wildly. "Don't you tech me! I'll smash my own ship if I want to!"

Caleb's sudden fury gave to his arms a strength which the Judge could not withstand. The end of the struggle came before any of us could reach the platform.

The two men, fighting for the posses-

sion of the chair, stumbled over the edge of the stand and crashed down upon the unsupported midship section of "Glory o' the Dawn." There was a splintering of wood and then the two bodies slipped to the earth. Judge Talbot, bruised, scratched, and groaning, rose to his feet. But Caleb did not move.

What happened then I hardly know, save that I found myself with Caleb's head in my lap. A doctor pushed forward from the crowd which had closed about us, tore open Caleb's shirt, and laid his ear to Caleb's heart. Then he looked up at the excited faces about us and said, "Better stand back there a bit, please. Gurney is gone."

I HAVE been told that the tragedy of Caleb's death has sunk deep into the consciousness of Middlchaven. It was a woman who wrote me of the change in the spirit of the town, and I am not certain of the clearness of her judgment. Single events, I am afraid, seldom alter deep-rooted conditions. I know nothing at first hand, for I have never gone back to Middlehaven since the day that Caleb was buried.

I GO A-BROADCASTING

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

IF you have ever wondered how people are coaxed into broadcasting, the answer is, They are not coaxed, they are shanghaied. Out of a clear sky—figuratively, as it comes by ordinary telephone—a voice bade me go and speak freely to half a continent and several isles beyond the sea. "Radio . . . WJZ . . . The famous Westinghouse plant at Newark, New Jersey. . . . Nine-thirty next Friday evening. . . . Broadcast your interview with Augustus Thomas for The Outlook."

Before I could so much as protest, "Oh, my dear Mr. Editor!" I heard my lips consent. The newness of the thing, the dazzling immensity, the bewilderment it brings—these are what take one clean off one's feet.

It is a mercy that I am a reporter. "Congratulations!" the reporter instinct said. "Now you are going to learn by personal experience how it feels to make the ether carry your voice to no one can compute how many listening ears. You never talked to more than three thousand people at once. You never wrote for more than two million. This broadcasting—are you not aware that a message from WJZ leaps the Canadian border in one direction, and is distinctly heard by Cubans and Porto Ricans in the other?"

Quite shameless in these confessions, I may add that I was also aware of my own elevation, and during a three days' interim I spread the news among my friends. Never do that; it invites warn-

ings. "Hope you'll pull through, old man; De Wolfe Hopper calls broadcasting the ordeal of a lifetime." "Write it. Remember what Christopher Morley says of broadcasting: 'To err used to be human; now it is international.'" "I'm told there's only one way to avoid perishing of stage-fright. Fix your mind on some radio enthusiast you know, and imagine that you are merely telephoning to him, privately, confidentially, in the usual style."

But meanwhile came glowing accounts of the joys that follow the ordeal. Long-lost relatives would rediscover me and write. Travelers I had met in Rio or Paris, ages ago, would seek me out again. In some remote farmhouse or mountain cabin, when my voice reverberated, a cry would go up: "Come! come quick! Guess who's talking on the radio!" and within a week or less a pencilled scrawl would warm the cockles of my heart.

I am not sure that all novices at broadcasting burst into song. Speaking for myself alone, I sang with great vivacity. It was partly to sustain my courage, partly to give vent to elation, and partly to groom my vocal powers for the maiden effort. Between these carolings I wrote. Not that I intended to read. Ah, no! Despite warnings, I planned to chatter offhand, now and then enlivening my discourse with a playful flight of fancy—"Peking! Oh, Peking! Won't you please get off the ether?" or, possibly, "Mars, dear, this is the earth;

how can I talk to these people when you keep cutting in?" And yet—better safe than sorry!

Again, I doubt if all novices at broadcasting have a distinct mental picture of the plant at Newark. In that picture two magnificent steel towers pierced the sky, with "WJZ" gayly pricked out in electric lights.

The fateful evening arrived. I ducked beneath the Hudson by tube and sped across the Jersey flats, secretly wondering all the way why my fellow-passengers took my presence so calmly. By what miracle of self-restraint did they overcome a burning impulse to nudge one another, furtively, and whisper, "Look! That's him?"

On reaching Newark and seeing no towers, I hailed a citizen, who, little guessing the pang he inflicted, directed me to a commonplace, old-fogy, orphan-asylum-like brick structure, dark all but the entrance and an office beside it. There a watchman ushered me into a peculiarly unromantic corridor suggestive of hand-trucks and porters in overalls—me—think of it! Then a door opened.

I wish I might say that it opened by enchantment, for such was the impression, and enchanting indeed was the interior it revealed—creamy walls hung with paintings; antique furniture admirably chosen; grand piano; Levantine rugs; mellow lights; flowers; altogether, an effect of supreme elegance, heightened by the graceful floatings to and fro

of charming apparitions in ballroom attire.

Toward the farther end of the room stood a rose-pink apparition reading aloud into a metal cylinder thrust out from the top of a tall metal upright. Several powerful reflectors, with lights ready to be turned on when wanted, were grouped about her. A photographer waited his cue, bulb in hand. So that is why apparitions wear ballroom attire while broadcasting. An album receives their photographs; opening it later, I found portraits of half the celebrities in North America.

I own up to a slight flutter on being so suddenly plunged into this *milieu* of ultra-elegance. But there was a stronger feeling—the desire to learn by observation the trick, if I may so call it, of broadcasting. To my surprise, it appeared that nothing could be easier. The apparition might have been addressing a mere class in domestic science, and her subject was—domestic science.

Well, why not? In the biographer's early days any picture that moved seemed wonderful—fire-engines running, trolley cars crossing a square, even a man eating. So with radio at present. Enthusiasts delight primarily in the thrill that comes of snatching from the sky any message whatsoever with an instrument they themselves have made, or they enjoy adding nightly to the list of stations they can "pick up;" only a few have grown critical.

During the apparition's performance the rest of us felt as vaudeville artists in the wings feel toward a vaudeville artist before the footlights. She was a rose-pink nuisance delaying our own onslaught on fame.

When at last she stopped reading, the piano struck up an interlude, lackeys moved the reflectors about at the photographer's command, a picture was taken, and then WJZ's official announcer proclaimed, "This being Literary Evening, Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt, a contributor to The Outlook, will tell of his interview with Augustus Thomas."

All the decencies combined bid me pretend that my blood ran cold, or at least to declare that the condemned man went to the transmitter with a firm tread, but the truth is, I glowed and walked on air.

Confidently I began, "Hello! This is Hartt speaking. I just wanted to ask—"

As the manuscript opened with an interrogatory sentence, it afforded an easy transition if I chose to read instead of talking. Did I so choose? I did not. There was no choice whatever. In an instant half the spunk had gone out of me. In the next, half the other half went. I quailed, and thanked my lucky stars for that manuscript. It was not only because my fellow-broadcasters kept up a running fire of conversation, nor yet because there came no response whatever from America, Canada, Cuba, or Porto Rico—not a hand, not a laugh.

Bad enough, this; but what overwhelmed me with horror was the spectacle I clearly beheld. Night! Illimitable black mountains, alive with people! All hating me! From a sickening altitude I gazed down upon them. The very air breathed malice and unutterable scorn. Forty years this lasted.

Looking back over that period of my life, I am at a loss to understand how I endured it. Despised, alone, and an outcast, I read grimly on to the bitter end, but there were no playful interruptions from Peking, no opportunities to rebuke the planet Mars. When I had finished, I dragged myself home, a misery of aching disgust.

I have since faced the instigator of this revolting drama—my editor and still my friend, my friend and still my editor. But where are the rewards of so much woe? Have long-lost relatives come swarming? Have old cronies turned up? Am I buried in letters that warm the cockles of my heart or showered with adulation by a grateful half-continent and isles beyond the sea? Weeks have passed. The total result is—nothing! Nothing at all! Less!

Anybody wishing to borrow large supplies of humility will know where to come. I am a blighted and a ruined man, consoled by only one thought: That transmitter—was it working?

Moral: When invited to broadcast, do not hesitate; take deadly aim, and fire!

"BOY"—THE CALL OF THE EAST¹

BY ELEONORE VON ELTZ

"**B**OY! Bring me a whisky 'n' soda!"

"That's the Call of the East for you." So says the newly arrived American in China or the Philippines as he lounges back in his pin-pin chair and privately pats himself on the back (the only form of exercise indulged in until one is acclimated) for having put the thing so neatly.

But a brief sojourn in the Orient convinces him that this Occidentally obsolete phrase is not, after all, the key to the situation. He has overstated the matter. Boiled down to a monosyllable, the call of the East is "Boy!"—just "Boy!" What follows is immaterial.

Occasionally the cry is emphasized by a smart clapping of the hands, but this is superfluous, and in the case of one over-Americanized Filipino was keenly resented. When the head of the family first indulged in this indoor sport, Naba Potenciana respectfully but pointedly faced a bell before her—a bell of the

tinny, ten-cent store variety. It brought her to her senses with a jolt, and she hastily returned to the unadorned use of the magic word—that tiny syllable which, whatever the tone or accent, is the force that makes the wheels go round, from the harbor of Manila to the portals of Peking.

The sunburnt Britisher, wearily washing down a sandwich at the cricket club, drawls languidly, "Boy, pahss the mahstuid!" (not an Eastern dish—merely the British rendering of the relish that goes with cold ham). As his exhausted accents meet the ear, one can picture him a few minutes earlier out on the cricket ground: "Boy, fetch the bally ball!"

The American Army officer *en route* to drill his company raps out briskly, "Boy! Gimme that Sam Browne, kwai-kwai!" (Chinese for "Make it snappy!") Later, at the close of an arduous day in the field, he may be found in an attitude of pained reproach due to the discovery that his wrist-watch has run down. And now the plaintive cry is, "Boy, didn't I tell you wind watch every day? One day, two day, *ting puhao* (very no good). *Must* wind every day."

The doughboy, merely to put the raw

recruit in his place, will probably drop into the vernacular: "Hey! Shohyaa! Jobee!" (Hey! Boy! Rickshaw!) Taking his pick of the dozen which rush to his command, this young lord of creation in khaki lolls back at ease, manifestly the monarch of all he surveys. Suddenly he spies a buddy, likewise lolling and bound for the same goal. Does he alight to run an honest race on his own "pins," as he would term them? Not at all—let Boy do it!

The only exertion he permits himself at this point is to lean forward, the light of conquest in his eye as he growls, "Boy! Kwai-kwai!" Boy, ever faithful, senses the situation instantly and the race is on, both coolies flinging taunts at each other, and, although they may be panting their poor lungs out, apparently enjoying the fracas as much as the two soldiers. Arrived at the barracks, the winner—and perhaps the loser too—will probably pay his Boy three times over—assuming, of course, that these events occur within three days after pay day.

And now we come to the American Army wife and the meaning to her of this call of the East. She and her husband are but recently arrived in Tien-

¹The United States, along with other foreign powers, maintains troops in China under the terms of the Boxer Protocol of 1901. Specifically, our troops are there to reinforce the Legation Guard (U. S. Marines) at Peking and to keep the railway open from Peking to the sea—²Tientsin. The 15th U. S. Infantry is the regiment which has represented this country in Tientsin since 1912.

tsin to take their place in the 15th Infantry. They go to a hotel so that she may get her bearings before attempting to settle their new home. Within twenty-four hours she is discovered by another Army wife—an old-timer (meaning that she has been in China any part of two years). The following conversation, or rather monologue, ensues:

"Why, my dear! What are you doing in this hotel? You must have been here two days! Why don't you move into quarters? Have you a boy? No? Well, I'll see that you get one, and he'll move you right out of this expensive place and have you settled in your own home in a week's time. Trouble? Nonsense! I'll just speak to my Number One Boy."

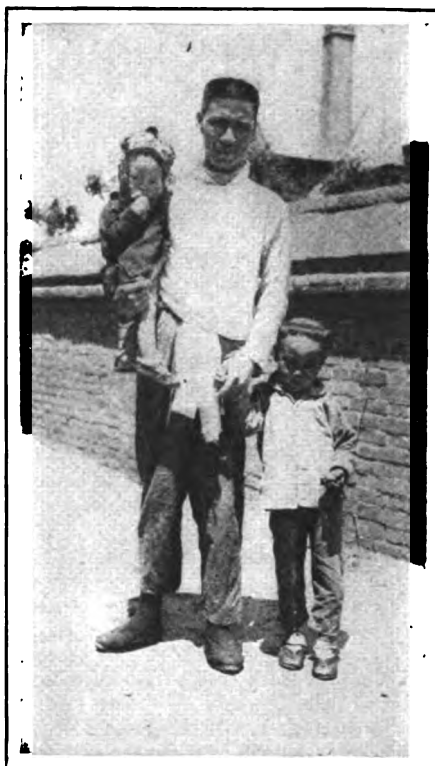
Morning brings a tall Chinaman clad in a long coat of rich, dark silk and a small round cap. Confronted with this garb and a countenance of calm benignity—not to mention dignity—the Army wife finds herself wondering if she is receiving a call from the Bishop or some other dignitary of the Chinese Church. But no—her illusions are dispelled by the smiling statement that Number One Boy of American Major send him see Missy. What Missy like?

She outlines her requirements, which seem so modest to the Bishop that he respectfully informs her that plenty officers have four-piece boy—three house boy and one-piece boy for rickshaw. But this Missy, being fresh from a Mexican border camp where she has frequently scoured her own frying-pans in the desert sands, feels that an establishment of four is an embarrassment of riches and holds out firmly for only two-piece boy.

Wong graciously humors the Foreign Missy of the Strange Ideas, serene in his private conviction that before many moons he will have his full quota of underlings with which to run the house "ploppa fashion, all same other officers' family." He takes unto himself, therefore, the combined offices of Number One Boy and cook, with the assurance that on the morrow he can catchee Number Two Boy.

His monthly stipend is fixed at twenty Mexican dollars (\$10 U. S. currency), the Army wife having received advance coaching from the old-timer anent this matter of the laborer being worthy of his hire. Theoretically, \$5 Mex is for Number Two Boy, but it is better not to inquire too closely into its final disposition. This does not mean that the Bishop is dishonest—perish the thought! Missy has paid for the services of two boys and will receive these services. What is it to her if Boy Number Two works for no other compensation than his bed, "chow," and the sense of virtue and well-being said to emanate from honest toil? The apprenticeship system is a ruling principle in China, and he is borne up through its duration by the knowledge that his day as Number One is sure to come.

Missy is roused from her musings by a series of bows and smiles from the



WONG—NO. 1 BOY AND COOK, WITH U SAN AND U RUN, WHO REPRESENT ONLY ONE-SEVENTH OF THE FAMILY WONG SUPPORTS ON HIS MEAGER WAGES

Boy—her Boy now—who, with the destiny of her ménage resting lightly on his shoulders, is off in quest of kitchen utensils.

To make a long story short, all happens as predicted. The next day she is moved into quarters, the Boy himself transferring those articles he deems too fragile for conveyance in Army wagons. That night she dines in her own home, and within the week there are guests around her festive board.

In the days that follow she forgets that back in her home town there is a servant problem. She finds that this

Boy, whose name is on every tongue—uttered all too often in sharp, discourteous tones—is a being who is always polite, never cross, never tired, never demands an evening out. He oils the wheels of the domestic machinery so expertly that menus are planned and executed, marketing accomplished far more economically than she could do it, Number Two Boys fired as well as hired, and the family shoes shined, with scarcely a thought on the part of Missy. Practically the only time she gives to housekeeping cares is a quarter-hour each week for checking over the books in which Wong accounts for every copper spent (for your Chinaman is quick to learn writing and figuring in English and requires no school other than a brief term of service in a British or American family).

Missy begins to wonder if this state of bliss can long endure. And with this doubt the storm clouds gather. Number Two Boy's acquired air of polite reserve is cracking under the strain. He is developing a "satiableness" akin to that of the Elephant's Child in Mr. Kipling's story. Missy does not mind a friendly interest in the family affairs, but there are limits to sociability even in China. While setting the table he suddenly drops the silver with a crash and runs to examine with the children the workings of some new toy. He takes to peering over her shoulder when she sits down to write. She decides that "the time has come," and braces herself for the ordeal.

But by now she herself has attained to a degree of Oriental poise which permits her to broach the subject with seeming serenity. Along with the announcement that there will be four dinner guests that night, she issues her ultimatum:

"Wong, Missy thinks more better we have new Number Two Boy. Lee do many things we do not like. Can catch other boy?"

"Yes, Missy. Can do." And this without a trace of resentment, though the object of criticism happens to be his brother. The nuisance disappears that afternoon, and Wong engineers the dinner-party in his usual adequate style, with the aid of a borrowed Boy—his "flend."

Next morning, enter Wong to announce triumphantly that brother has been replaced by "new Boy name" Mah, who have very good face." Mah is brought in for inspection. Missy agrees with Wong as to his physiognomy, and the household wheels roll on without a jar.

The American Army wife has learned the call of the East, and knows now that while she bides "somewhere east of Suez" she will never call in vain.

What wonder, though, that she and her husband and a regiment of Uncle Sam's soldiers view with dismay the current press reports that all American troops may shortly be withdrawn from China.

YOU won't find poems used as "fillers" in The Outlook.

You will find poems which appeal to the editors of The Outlook as representative of the best of contemporary verse.

Some of the writers whose poetry awaits publication in these pages are:

DuBOSE HEYWARD
LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS
BERNICE LESBIA KENYON
DAVID MORTON
HAROLD VINALL

THE BOOK TABLE

OCTOBER FICTION

THE old writers of ballads and tales, if I remember rightly, used to speak with peculiar unction of October's brew of ale. It is usually true that the fiction brew of October is also vigorous and enjoyable, but this year, so far as novels of the first importance are concerned, October hardly equals its traditional fame. I have not as yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral," but even the fact that it deals with Job in modern times and in an archdeacon's costume, even as Mr. Wells once dealt with a Job of our own day, does not deter one from believing that "The Cathedral" must from its authorship be out of the ordinary and in the class of quality fiction, if I may use that phrase, rather than among the novels of mere excitement and amusement.

Although the majority of the stories of the month hardly belong in the first class, there are some so good that one is inclined to except this general assertion. Such a book undoubtedly is Miss Alice Brown's "Old Crow."¹ Miss Brown's short stories were remarkable in their living pictures of New England character and life. Her novels have gone deeper, although they are not always as closely knit or as single in presentation of the main theme as one would like. As a study of New England traits and ways "Old Crow" goes beneath dialect and into the fiber of character. It is profound and intense in its presentment of the clash between what is spiritual and what is base in life, and of native purity faced with hostile heredity and environment. It has emotion but not emotionalism. It is

¹ Old Crow. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.



(C) Bachrach
ALICE BROWN

human tragedy flecked with the rays of cheerfulness, sympathy, and devotion.

Another story which for quite different reasons distinctly rises above the average of the month is Mr. Christopher Morley's delightful volume called "Where the Blue Begins."² It is easier to read this than to describe it. We are pleasantly introduced into a dog world, where the dog people live and talk and act very much like human beings, so much so, indeed, that an intention of gentle and humorous satire runs through the whole. One hates to use the word whimsical in speaking of Mr. Morley's work, for he must be heartily tired of seeing it. It is his own fault, however, for no word begins to describe his peculiar appeal as that does.

Readers of New York newspaper "colymys" will certainly take a special pleasure in comparing Mr. Morley's new book with that of Mr. Heywood Broun. "The Boy Grew Older"³ is cleverly written. It has considerable realism in its reproduction of newspaper men's talk, but joined with a spirit of human kindness and friendly feeling that saves the talk from the kind of realism that makes "Babbitt" in its essence pessimistic. Certainly there is much enjoyment to be got from Mr. Broun's picture of the young sports editor, who marries in such haste that one at first dubs him an ignorant fool, but later finds that in his inexpressive way he is really the victim of a deep-lying passion. When his wife skips away from him to gain fame as a singer and dancer, the poor sports editor stolidly but bravely undertakes the task of bringing up his baby boy. He makes queer work of it, but again as the reader goes on he is impressed with an undercurrent of feeling and steady purpose that balances the apparent restlessness and recklessness of the young father. That the book is humorous is a matter of course. It is also odd, and its oddity holds the attention closely.

Mr. Marshall's "Pippin"⁴ is quite different from his previous stories. Years ago he made a most agreeable impression with his novels of English country life. They were always compared with Trollope's novels solely because both "featured" the parson, the squire, and the gentry generally, with villagers and farmers respectfully in the background. Mr. Marshall did this sort of thing capably, and thereby gave gentle and humorous enjoyment to tens of thousands. Then came the war; the old order of things had a severe jolt; perhaps it was for this reason that the author abandoned his former field;

² Where the Blue Begins. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.50.

³ The Boy Grew Older. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

⁴ Pippin. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

but for a time he seemed to stray rather listlessly in unfamiliar fields, and his more recent books have not satisfied. But in "Pippin" he strikes an entirely new vein; and a delightful one it is for those who care for delicacy of writing and the quiet depiction of human nature. Pippin, a little restless in his too comfortable home life, obtains his parents' consent for a wander-year in which he shall see the world. Mainly he rambles on foot through the English countryside, talks and works with a "gentleman tramp" who also is a selfish rogue, with a wise peddler who loves children, with people simple, amusing, or singular. His longest stay is with a circus troupe. Finally he comes home, contented, and meets at his approach the girl who had been the last to say good-by. All this would be nothing if it were not for the really exquisite way in which it is written. In its own genre "Pippin" is a little masterpiece.

Those who wait impatiently for each new Joseph Lincoln book to come out will not be disappointed in "Fair Harbor."⁵ It has one of the fine old captains that the author loves to draw—shrewd, clever, humorous in the Cape Cod manner; and the curious situation in which the captain finds himself as skipper of a women's home gives ample chance for incident and fun.

The "Three Fires,"⁶ by Amelia J. Burr, is a thrilling and stirring romance of Ceylon. It is founded, so far as atmosphere and racial depiction go, on the author's own study and observation. The "three fires" are avarice, ambition, and love. How these affect the life of a sweet-natured and devoted young Hindu girl

⁵ Fair Harbor. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

⁶ The Three Fires. By Amelia Josephine Burr. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.



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HEYWOOD BROUN



Bain

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL



Bain

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN



HARVEY O'HIGGINS

and bring upon herself and her Moslem husband plotting and crime is a theme treated with passionate energy and with consistence as to the local color and personal temperament.

Mr. O'Higgins gives us in an oddly named volume' fictitious biographies that are not pictures of individual Americans but are what might be called fictitious composite types. Yet each person depicted has the same individuality that a well-presented character in fiction possesses. Perhaps the sketch that

¹ Some Distinguished Americans. By Harvey O'Higgins. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.

comes closest to a common type is that of the Tammany boss; others vary so far from the type idea that they are practically short stories. A curious use is made in some of these sketches of one of the fundamental ideas of psychoanalysis, that of early continued repression followed by strange reaction in mentality or character in later years.

The author of "Richard"² has never quite repeated the success of her first story, "Christopher Hibbault." The present novel is excellently written and

² Richard. By Marguerite Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York. \$2.

holds the interest perfectly. But the reader cannot quite accept some incidents and situations; and, what is worse, the lovable character of the young criminal is radically inconsistent with his acts and his companionship with low criminals. The situation is extremely tense, for the convict lad escapes from prison only to come under the eyes of his father, a British judge. The father compromises with his conscience by concealing his knowledge while insisting that the son live practically as a prisoner in seclusion and under rigid superintendence.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTINGS, AND OTHER ARTS HERALDRY AND FLORAL FORMS AS USED IN DECORATION. By Herbert Cole. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4.

A rich storehouse of illustration, with intelligent interpretative comment, on heraldry. The subject at first seems of greater interest to the English than to the American reader, but one soon perceives that the artist and decorator of whatever nationality may find abundant suggestion and entertainment in the book.

BIOGRAPHY

STEEL. By Charles Rumford Walker. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$1.75.

A crisp, well-written account of the experience of a young man, a college graduate and an ex-army officer, who went into the steel mills as a laborer. The hardships, the long hours, the drain on man-power involved in the present methods of production in what may be regarded as America's basic industry are presented in realistic style. The book is an exceedingly good example of a class that has become somewhat familiar.

REAL TSARITSA (THE). By Lili Dehn. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

The poor, dead Tsaritsa cannot defend herself from the flood of narratives

about her life and conduct. Whether any particular one of these is accurate in its facts and analysis of the personality of the Empress is difficult to judge, but certainly all cannot be true, for they are inconsistent. Madame Dehn, we are told, was a member of the Russian Court, a personal friend of the Empress; her book purports to throw light on the inner history of the royal circle and the life of the Czar and his family after the Revolution broke out.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY BOZEMAN TRAIL (THE). By Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool. 2 vols. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.

The Bozeman Trail, from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to Virginia City, Montana, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, led through hostile Indian country, and was in the sixties and seventies of the last century the scene of many battles between whites and Indians. This work is really a history of those encounters and of the opening of the overland routes to the Northwest, and the story is presented with elaborate detail and with a comprehensiveness that is probably without parallel. The work will be of absorbing interest to any one

whose memory goes back to pioneer days.

SECOND EMPIRE (THE). By Philip Guedalla. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.

What so jejune as the story of Napoleon III and his reign? The reader familiar with it in all its details might think so; but it is more than probable that every such reader who takes up this book will lay it down only when the last page is finished. The author is a stylist as well as a historian, and his pages scintillate with striking but unforced phrases that make his subject glow with interest. His knowledge is exhaustive but is not obtruded; his narrative flows easily along and yet is restrained within reasonable limits; and his judgments are often novel but always worth pondering. This is an exceptional book and it will give a host of readers a new interest in history.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

HOMESTEADER'S PORTFOLIO (A). By Alice Day Pratt. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Interesting sketches of the author's life in the Northwest on her own homestead. The ups and downs of the woman homesteader are described with humor.

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THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

and philosophy, and the book is worth reading, especially by Easterners who long for the open range and a new start in the West.

SKYLINE CAMPS. By Walter Prichard East. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. \$2.50.

Many agreeable sketches of travel that will be interesting especially to mountain-lovers are found within the cover of this book. The "camps" are mainly in the Northwest, and numerous photographs accompany the descriptions.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

FROM ADAM'S PEAK TO ELEPHANTA. By Edward Carpenter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

A new edition of one of the very best books of travel, observation, and study of racial aspirations and characteristics in Ceylon and India.

SIX YEARS IN BOLIVIA. By A. V. L. Gish. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.

A well-written book of adventure in Bolivia by a mining engineer. The author has a keen eye for the picturesque and a clever knack of describing it. An abundance of personal incident makes the book exciting reading.

MISCELLANEOUS

REIGN OF RUBBER (THE). By William C. Geer. The Century Company, New York. \$1.

The reticence of large manufacturers about their labors has resolved itself into a new sense of partnership with the public. The processes of great factories are no longer things of secrecy and mystery. There is a terse, authoritative eloquence about some of the newer type of industrial generals when they make speeches or write books. "The Reign of Rubber," by Dr. William C. Geer, Vice-President of the B. F. Goodrich Company, of Akron, Ohio, exemplifies just this trait. It is an excellent record of the epic of rubber. It tells all about its sources, growth, manufacture, and uses. A final chapter deals arrestingly with the future of rubber.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

MORE MYSTERY TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Elva S. Smith. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. \$2.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ROMANTIC WORLD OF MUSIC (THE). By William Armstrong. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.

STORY-LIVES OF MASTER MUSICIANS. By Harriette Brower. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY

PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. By George Glasing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

DAYS OF THE COLONISTS. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.50.

ESSENTIALS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT (THE). By Francis Newton Thorpe. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

IMPERIAL WASHINGTON. By R. F. Pettigrew. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA (THE). By Sun Yat-sen. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

PROBLEM OF CHINA (THE). By Bertrand Russell. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

BY THE WAY

A FRIEND "caps" our item about Pen Mar, Calxico, Mexicali, etc., with this: "I can 'go you one better'—a town named for three States. Where Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia come together, there is (in West Virginia) a village named Kenova."

Texarkana is the name of a town on the borders of Texas and Arkansas, and it has the unique distinction, so it is said, of postmarking its letters with the names of two States—TEX-ARK.

Sir Philip Gibbs tells in "Harper's Magazine" about being introduced to an audience by a man who had forgotten the lecturer's name. "We have on our platform to-night a man," the chairman began, 'whom it is unnecessary to introduce, whose name—er—whose name—er' . . . here he cast a beseeching glance at me, and I murmured 'Philip Gibbs' as he bent slightly down over the speaker's desk. He rose triumphantly and introduced me, with a sweeping gesture and a bow, as 'Sir Frederick Boggs.'"

A well-known physician who once saw the skeleton of the "Irish Giant" in London writes to us, apropos of a paragraph in this column, as follows: "The cause of his gigantism is disclosed at the floor of the skull. This shows that the 'pituitary body' was greatly enlarged. This curious body or gland, normally weighing only 5 to 10 grains and only about the size of the tip of the little finger, is essential to life. It governs the development of the body. In O'Brien's case the cavity or cup in the bone for this gland is very large. Evidently the overgrowth of the gland produced the overgrowth of the whole skeleton."

A feature in the "Armistice Day Program" issued by the Bureau of Lectures of the New York City Board of Education for the public schools consists of songs, addresses, and poetical selections. Among the last is one called "Who Won the War?" The peculiar personal allusions call for a wider publicity even if the "poetry" does not. Here are two stanzas:

Who won the great war,
Who chased the foe?
"I," said the Italian,
Sitting on his
Blooded stallion;
"I brought him low
With my bald d'Annunzio;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who stopped the foe?
"I," said Great Britain,
At her teacups
Calmly sittin';
"I held him low
With Lloyd George and Jellicoe;
I won the war."

From the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

"Don't buy thermometers in the summer; they are lower in winter."

"THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

*"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, 'as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,' she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine."*



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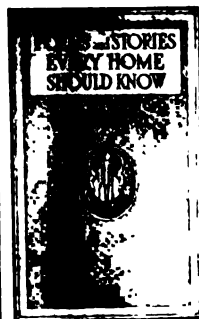
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FINANCIAL INQUIRIES

A MAN wrote us not long ago, stating that he owned a certain $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bond which he had purchased at 96. "Since that time," he wrote, "the price has advanced to 104 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the yield is therefore so low that I should like to sell and invest in something giving me a higher return." It seems almost inconceivable that a man should fail to realize that it is the purchase price which determines the yield of an investment. Certainly if a person buys a 5 per cent bond at par it is easy to see that the yield is exactly 5 per cent. If later the bond advances in price to 110, the yield is still 5 per

cent so far as he is concerned, and in addition he has a ten-point profit; for the man who bought at 110 the yield is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

A letter from a woman just three days ago asked our opinion of the stock of a small concern in the Middle West. She said she had a large percentage of her savings invested in this stock, and wanted us to write her at our earliest opportunity whether we considered it a safe investment or not. Now there are thousands and thousands of small corporations scattered throughout the country; obviously it is impossible to be familiar with them

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1, and in many cases when their securities are not listed on any exchange—traded in with some degree of activity it is a long and well-nigh impossible task to find out about them. We did know in this particular case, however, that the stock was highly speculative. We wrote the lady that if she were not in a position to assume the risks involved our suggestion was that she consider selling and reinvesting the proceeds in something safer. If we had wished to run the risk of being considered impolite, we might have added rather bluntly that it is an indication of intelligence to investigate the safety of an investment before buying, not after.

From a minister there came a curious letter the other day. He had fifteen shares of a stock he had bought at about 5. His broker had advised him to sell when the price reached 103 and with the proceeds buy a stock selling at 55. Of his latter stock our correspondent already owned some shares purchased around 90; by buying more at 55 he figured to bring the average cost per share down to about 72. He wanted to know what we thought of the scheme and what our opinion was as to the future course of the two stocks in question. Well, in the first place, the two stocks he mentioned we regard as speculative, and any intricate scheme depending for its success on speculative stocks doing certain things we regard as foolhardy and nothing more. Further, it is impossible for us or any one else to indulge in anything more than a guess as to what stock prices are going to do. Predictions are frequently interesting, and sometimes they are correct, but in this complicated world there are so many things which can happen that a man must be of an extremely trusting nature to invest his hard-earned money in prophecies. Presumably our correspondent does not play cards for money or roll dice, but if ever a man was gambling he was. Here, again, we might have run the risk of being rude and telling him so in so many words.

It is interesting to observe how slow many people are to recognize that changes have taken place. We all know that a few short years ago high-grade bonds could be had to yield 7 per cent, and in some cases more. Since that time bonds have advanced in price and yields declined in proportion. Yields on high-grade issues are one to two per cent lower than they were. Many people refuse to acknowledge this changed condition and still seem to think they can invest their money in safe bonds returning from 7 to 8 per cent. They scan the market quotations, select 7½ and 8 per cent bonds selling at par or thereabouts, and write to ask if they are considered good investments. The answer is, that if they were they would not be selling at par or thereabouts. It does happen sometimes, perhaps, that a bargain may be picked up, but it does not happen frequently, and it is well to view with suspicion any security selling out of line with the prevailing market.

A man wrote us recently about an in-



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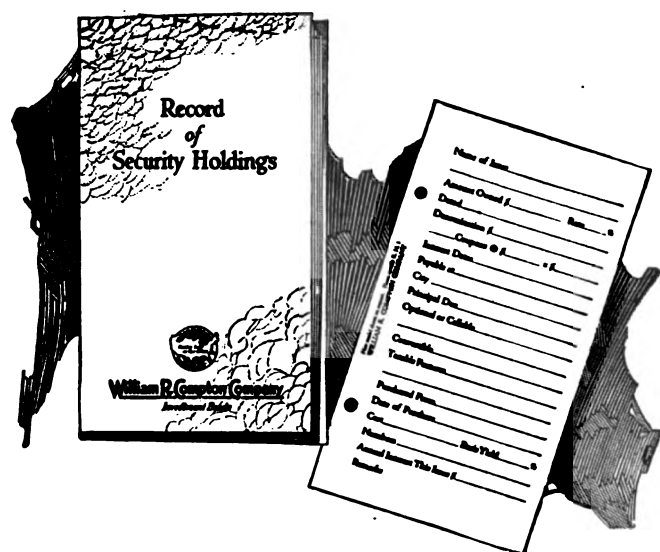
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

vestment of his mother's. We investigated the security in question—a preferred stock—and wrote him that if his mother could not afford to run risks, as he said, we should suggest her selling, for the stock was rated highly speculative. He had written that the last thing she was in a position to do was to speculate. Upon receipt of our letter he wrote us again, thanking us, but saying that a friend had advised his mother to hold the stock for a year longer and then sell, because it would very probably advance twenty points or more in that time; he wanted to know if, under the circumstances, we didn't think it might be wise to wait. In his first letter he had stated that he didn't want his mother to speculate; his second letter, in effect, asked our approval of a speculation. In other words, in the interval he had joined the army of optimists who find it so difficult to realize that in speculation the chance of loss is greater than the probability of gain.

A reader in Canada wrote in to say that on an investment of \$500 he had made a profit of \$1,000 in the past six months. He had bought some mining stocks on margin, "and," he wrote, "if I, who know nothing about investments, can do so well, I figure that you who are in a position to know can give me advice which will make a lot more money for me." We remember seeing a cartoon some years ago of a crowd of men in a café, all well dressed and prosperous looking except one shabby individual who was reading the stock ticker over in one corner. The caption was, "Find the man who made a lot of money on his first stock speculation."

Occasionally people ask us how they can sell some building lots which they own in some out-of-the-way part of the country. We are sorry, but we do not know. Real estate is a local proposition, anyway, and, besides, it is outside the province of a financial department. We might, however, risk the following suggestion to people who are thinking of buying real estate: "Never buy land without seeing it first."

To people who write inquiring how to raise capital to promote inventions, oil companies, new manufacturing concerns, and all kinds of new enterprises we are obliged to say we can offer no advice. Our function is to do all we can to help our readers with their investment problems; we can offer no advice in regard to speculation—except leave it alone—and we cannot find lucrative jobs in the banking world for young men who desire to get their hands on the country's purse-strings. For instance, a woman wrote us from the Southwest the other day that, as the representative of a certain concern, she was making on an average \$500 a month. She wanted to become a bond saleswoman and deal, as she expressed it, "not in hundreds of dollars, but in thousands." A laudable ambition, perhaps, but we cannot tell her how to sell bonds successfully, and the fact that she is a success in her pres-

ent position is no guaranty of success at selling bonds. It is a wise man who knows his limitations and does not overreach himself. This applies forcibly to investing, which is a business in itself, and should not be attempted by the inexperienced without the help of some one in a position to give them some protection against a false step. Speculation is an even more complicated business than straight investing; at best one needs good luck to be successful at it, and luck is never consistently good. The inexperienced speculator, or the man who speculates at long range, might better give his money to some deserving charity.

We are impressed by the large number of inquiries that come in regarding the value of securities after the investment has been made. This is frequently a case of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. It often happens that after an investor has made the purchase he begins to worry about the ultimate value of his securities.

There is seldom any necessity for haste in investing money. It is much better to investigate first than to be sorry afterwards. There are always plenty of attractive securities available, and the investor should beware of the salesman who tries to hurry him into buying a security by stating that the price will soon go up. This "hurry-up" method is a favorite one with venders of doubtful securities.

In general, we think it advisable to purchase only securities which are listed on one of the principal exchanges. There is a distinct advantage in being able to secure a daily quotation on a bond or stock. The investor is thus always able to keep track of the current worth of his holdings, and he has always a market available in case he finds it necessary to sell. This, however, does not apply to real estate mortgages, which should be regarded as a permanent form of investment to be held until maturity date.

We have frequently repeated the warning against endeavoring to secure too high a rate of return. We think it is a safe rule not to endeavor to secure a higher yield than the average current rates of money. Every prospective investor can easily ascertain current money rates from the reports of the daily papers. Where the current rate is ranging from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 5 per cent it is dangerous to endeavor to secure a yield of 7 per cent, as the high yield in itself indicates some doubt as to the status of the security. This of course is a general rule which has many exceptions, but it is a safe one to stick to for the average small investor.

We often receive letters from persons who are worried because their bonds have declined a few points in the current quotations. If proper care has been made in the selection of the security to start with, there is no need to worry about daily fluctuations in the market price in the case of gilt-edge bonds. These fluctuations are entirely due to the changing current rates for money.

GROWTH

There's a vast difference between the orderly growth of a cultivated field and the choking advance of the jungle. One enriches while the other destroys. The same holds true of unrestrained business expansion as opposed to carefully directed growth.

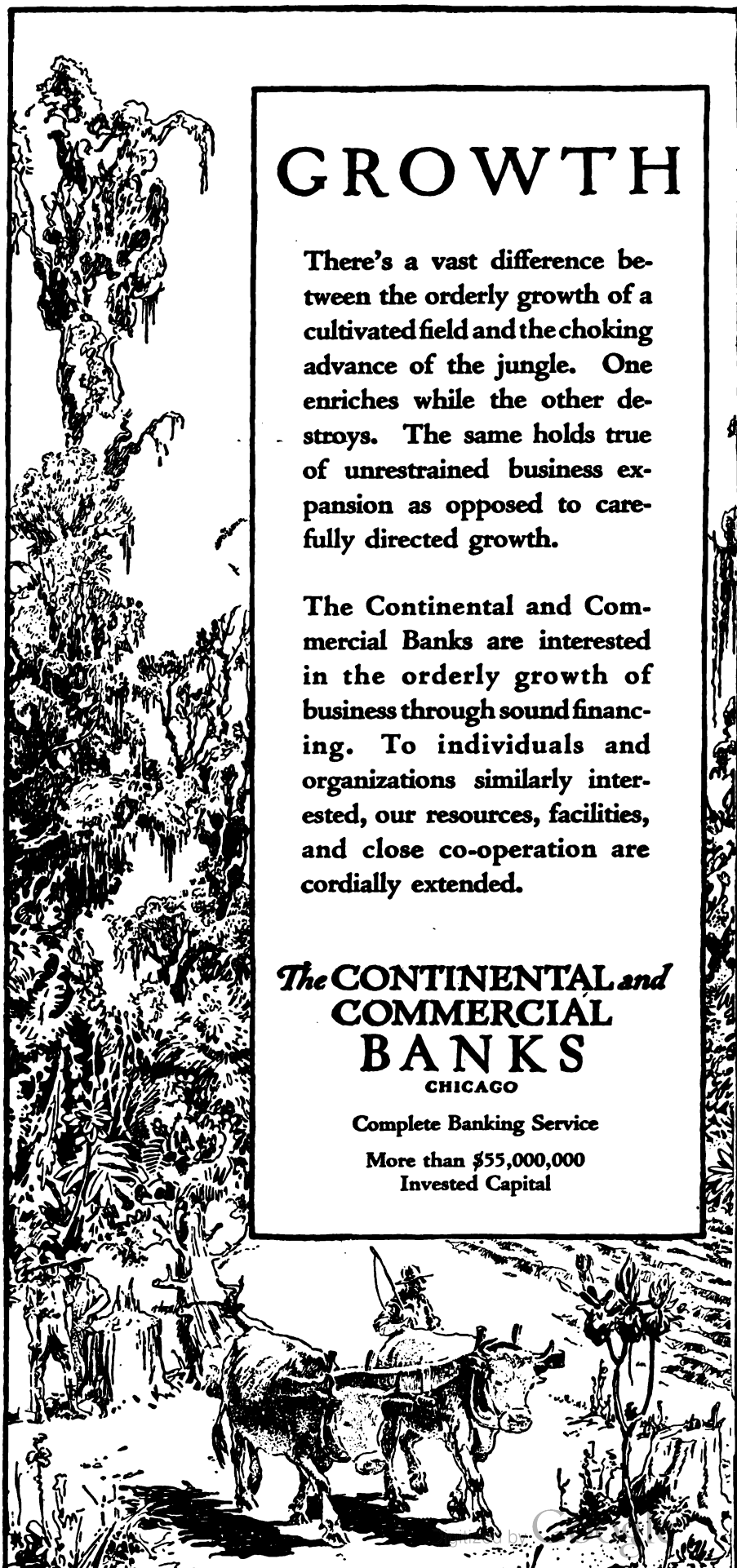
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More than \$55,000,000
Invested Capital



FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

money for commercial purposes, interest rates will rise and the current market price for bonds will fall. But the person who is holding for an investment need pay no attention to these fluctuations. They have no bearing on the intrinsic value of his security.

Let us again emphasize the rule of not being in a hurry to make an investment, but of securing, if possible, definite information regarding a security from some one who has proper financial knowledge before the investment is made. Beware of making an investment upon the advice of a friend. Our mail

indicates that this is a very prolific source of loss. The friend may have the best intentions in the world, but it is amazing how often ignorant advice is given under the guise of friendship. It is far better to secure the advice of your local banker, of a first-class bond house, or of the financial department of one of the leading magazines before making a commitment. Again let us repeat, "It is better to be safe than sorry."

Perhaps we have overstressed the seamy side of the financial department, but experience has taught us that certain elementary facts cannot be emphasized too strongly. We are happy to say, however, that the vast majority of the inquiries we receive are of such a char-

acter as to make us pardonably proud of the good sense possessed by Outlook readers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have \$3,500 worth of registered 3 per cent United States Liberty Bonds. The tax-exempt feature of these bonds possesses no advantage in my case, and I feel that my bonds should command a higher rate than 3½ per cent. Would you advise changing these bonds to United States 4½ per cent Liberties?

A. The only advantage in holding the 3½ per cent bonds is the tax-exempt feature. These are therefore held chiefly by people of large income. Where this feature is not of importance we believe that these bonds should be exchanged for the 4½ per cent Liberties.

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THE MODERN, fully-equipped bank supplies to the business community both credit and service.

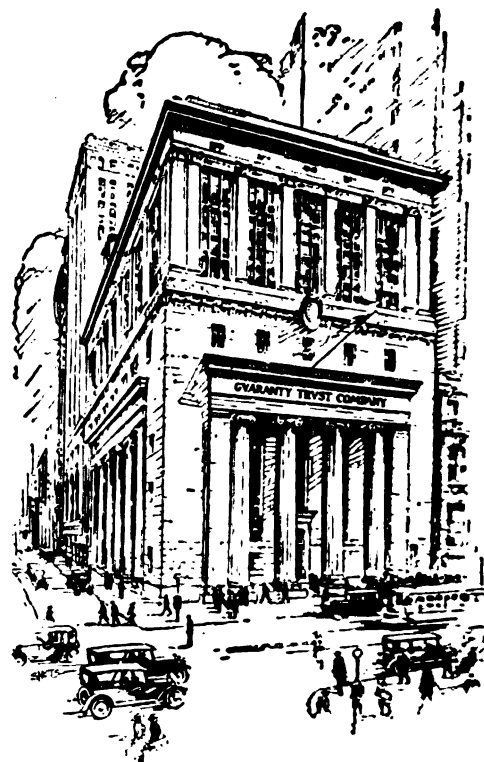
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

so as to take advantage of the higher rate of interest. The security is the same in each case. The $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent bonds are now selling about one point lower than the $3\frac{1}{2}$ s. In making the exchange you would also, therefore, secure about one point profit.

We also suggest that you consider the new Government long-time $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent bonds which have just been issued. These are also selling a trifle below the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds and are of equal security. In your case, it would seem that you are sacrificing interest by holding the $3\frac{1}{2}$ s for the sake of the tax-exempt feature, which you state you do not need.

Q. Will you kindly give me a report on the present standing of the American Telephone and Telegraph stock?

A. American Telephone and Telegraph stock is considered as an especially good investment stock because of the nature of the business and the great stability of the company's earnings. The report for the first six months of 1922 shows net earnings of \$32,364,133, an equivalent of \$5.75 a share earned on the amount of capital stock outstanding during the first six months period. This is at the rate of \$11.50 a year per share. This company recently offered its stockholders the right to subscribe to \$150,000,000 of new stock at par. Practically all of this stock has been subscribed for, which of course increases the total outstanding capitalization and makes a corresponding increase in the amount of earnings necessary to pay the present 9 per cent dividend. The report for the third quarter of 1922 shows earnings well in excess of dividend requirements. The business of this company is such a necessary and stable one that its net earnings fluctuate but little from year to year. The demand for new telephones is constantly increasing, and there is therefore every assurance that the company will continue to cover its dividend requirements with a satisfactory margin, even allowing for the recent addition to its capitalization. The report for the first six months shows that the company now has more than 210,000 stockholders, which is an indication of the wide popularity of this stock as a suitable investment for the small holder. The stock is now selling around 122, which gives a yield of somewhat over 7 per cent.

Q. I wish to invest \$4,000 in good bonds. Can you suggest the names of some good securities?

A. It is a little difficult to give this without a knowledge of your exact requirements. We submit, however, the following list of bonds for your consideration:

American Smelting and Refining Company, first 5s; price about 93 $\frac{1}{2}$.
United States Rubber Company, first 5s; price about 88.
American Sugar Refining Company, 6s; price 102.
Bush Terminal Building Company, first 5s; price 91 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Wilson & Company, first 6s; price 100.
Delaware and Hudson, secured 7s; price 100.
Père Marquette, first 5s; price 90 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Southern Railway, first 5s, price 96 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Great Northern Railway, 7s; price 111.



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DIETITIAN working for household of parents, children, governess, waitress. Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

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WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and aged mother; cooking; waitress; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 233, or P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Refined and cultured young woman to act as mother's helper and assist in care and training of four small children. Ridgewood, N. J. 3,018, Outlook.

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TWO young women, perfect health. One as governess two children aged four and five, other as nurse two children six months and two years. Country home, suburbs. Address P. O. Box 822, Reading, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

EXPERIENCED nurse, pleasing personality. Protestant, desires position as nurse, companion, or chaperon girl. Best references. 3,022, Outlook.

NURSE, with experience, wishes position as nurse, companion, going to England or Scotland. Protestant. References. 3,003, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, middle-aged, wishes position January 1 as traveling companion. Address 3,022, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, highly cultured, widely traveled, would act as traveling companion for expenses. References. 2,968, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wants position as companion or housekeeper where family is small and work light; in New York City. Best of references. 2,971, Outlook.

REFINED Christian lady, experienced, desires position as companion to lady or governess to children. No objection to traveling. Best references. Address Box 233, Louisa, Va.

ENGLISHWOMAN would like to read aloud or give any needed assistance during morning or evening hours. Credentials. 3,012, Outlook.

COMPANION or chaperon to adult or child. Traveling preferred. 3,013, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 3,021, Outlook.

AN educated woman would take position in small family (adults) to share work and leisure as member of family. South preferred. Salary moderate. Address 3,020, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, trained in care of chronic invalids and elderly persons. References of value. 3,011, Outlook.

ADAPTABLE young woman, pleasing personality, some hospital training, desires position, companion, "elder sister," or nursery governess. Congenial surroundings chief consideration. Trustworthy. 3,010, Outlook.

REFINED woman, living in Pittsburgh, wishes position out West; experienced cook and housekeeper, capable of taking entire charge. References exchanged. 3,008, Outlook.

POSITION wanted—Companion to elderly lady or semi-invalid. Practical nursing experience. Will go South or California. 3,011, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, Christian, experienced in public school and Bible school teaching, desires position in week-day school of religious education. Address 2,998, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PRACTICAL, English infant nurse, long experienced, desires position in vicinity of Paterson, N. J. Excellent references. 3,002, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, Dutch, highly educated, speaking English, French, German, desires position as companion or governess with cultured American family going to California or South. References exchanged. 3,023, Outlook.

COMPANION or teaching governess, Protestant. Excellent advantages. Experienced. Best references. Miss Moyer, Grassy Creek, N. C.

AN educated woman desires position of responsibility in private home or institution. Capable, experienced. Address 3,019, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, education, and experience desires position as companion or secretary. Good needlewoman. Companionship and employment more important than remuneration. References given and required. 3,025, Outlook.

TWO refined sisters desire position in small private family as cook and second girl. Not servant type. Protestants. 2,999, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position, gentleman's home, managing or companion housekeeper; good reader, sewer, shopper. Experienced. 3,004, Outlook.

COMPANION for gentleman traveling, or convalescent, or as guide for party. Good pianist, Christian, reasonable. F. Koch, New Hartford, Conn.

COMPANION, housekeeper, or house-mother's position desired by woman of refinement and ability. 3,031, Outlook.

EX-TEACHER, healthy, happy, industrious, diversified experience, wishes matron's or similar position. 3,036, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as useful companion or governess to little girl. Best references. Mrs. Janus, 17 Sherwood Place, Greenwich, Conn.

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LADY, normal graduate, desires position lower grades or week-day school religious education. 2,992, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL college teacher of English, now on leave, would tutor part of his day for price of quiet room in or near city. 2,992, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Position as companion-governess to young, exceptional child by refined lady. Experienced. Private family or institution. References. Philadelphia or vicinity. 3,016, Outlook.

LADY, resident tutor, governess. English, French, German, 8 years' teaching private school, New York. Would supervise home. 3,030, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED tutor—Latin, algebra, English, history, current events. Morning or afternoon. Address 6 W, 323 West 83d. Schuyler 6718.

SCHOOL. Gentleman and wife, both with long experience in school work, seek good position Christmas, or would start small school. 2,996, Outlook.

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M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1886. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

PAYING guests received in private family. Twenty miles north of Lakewood, from ocean. 3,006, Outlook.

WANTED, by nurse living in I to board and care for. Refer. Address 3,008, Outlook.

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All you have to do to earn a complete Aeriola, Jr. Radio Receiving Set is to secure 25 yearly subscriptions to The Outlook. You will receive cash payment for each subscription that you obtain, even though the number may be less than 25, and the radio set, manufactured by Westinghouse, will be sent to you promptly with our compliments, carriage prepaid, without any cost to you, as soon as the entire 25 subscriptions have been secured. Write to-day for full instructions, subscription blanks, and complete description of the radio set.

RADIO DEPARTMENT

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue,
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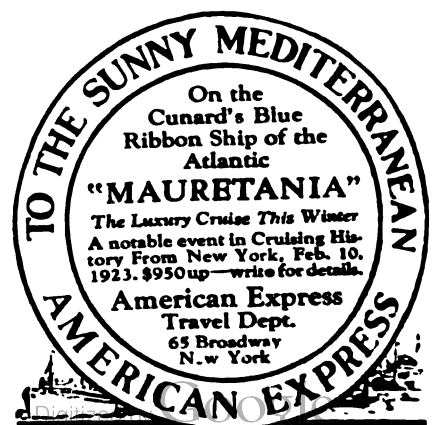
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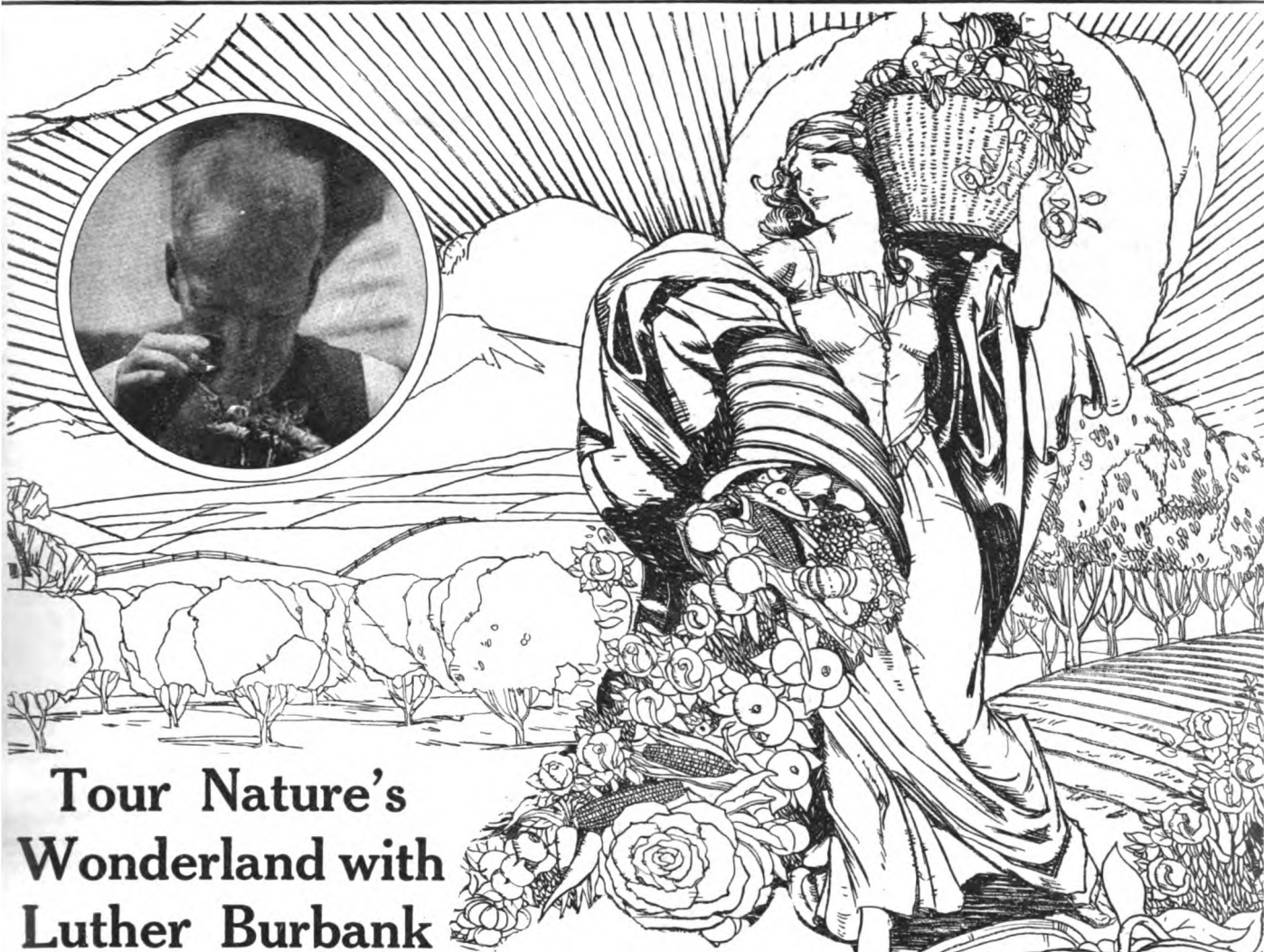
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ARE THERE MANY SUCH CASES?

MADAME ALINE JEANNIN, a woman of about fifty, cultivated and refined, with property both abroad and here in America; a resident of Waterbury for seven years, whose son-in-law is Captain Albert Lusher, an American citizen, who served overseas in the war; sailed for Europe July 5, on the Paris. She went over at the request of her lawyer, who wished to have her transact some business in Switzerland. When she came to return, she submitted her passport to the steamship authorities. It was perfectly regular, and had been properly viséed by the Swiss Consul in New York. She had noticed on the passport the clause requiring that the holder of the passport on returning to America should get it viséed by the American Consul. The steamship people told her that nobody ever paid any attention to this clause. I may stop here to say that I noticed the same clause on my own passport when in London this summer, and inquired by telephone of the American Consul-General's office, and the person answering laughed over the telephone and told me to disregard it.

When Madame reached Havre to embark on the Paris, after her trunks had been put aboard the steamer and the tender was about to put out, the American official who examined the passports told her that she ought to go back to Basle and get a visé. It was evidently too late then, with her passage paid and her trunks beyond recovery. When she reached New York, on September 9, she was detained at Ellis Island on account of her failure to comply with this technicality. She had to sleep in a hammock, without decencies or privacies, was compelled to mix with the riff-raff of Europe, and not allowed to communicate with her son-in-law, Captain Lusher, for ten days. He, however, obtained permission to attend the hearing of her case on September 19. When he arrived at Ellis Island on that day, he was informed that the hearing had been held on the 18th. At this hearing no opportunity was given Madame Jeannin to have either counsel or friends present. Captain Lusher was able to obtain a pass for the first time and was allowed to have his first interview with her. He found her in a deplorable condition. The examining board had put this lady, in great distress of mind and broken down by sickness, through what is known in police circles as the "third degree."

The facts of this case becoming known to citizens of Waterbury who were in touch with persons of influence in Washington, an appeal was made, and as a result almost at once Madame Jeannin's release was secured. Except for this interposition she would have probably been deported. On September 20 she

was brought to Waterbury and placed in a hospital. For ten days she hovered between life and death. She is now on the mend, but she is still in the hospital, a month after her release from Ellis Island. Her doctor says that had she been deported she would have probably died at sea.

It strikes me that this story fits Russia better than America. I think this is the way in which it will strike the readers of The Outlook.

A. R. KIMBALL.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

[It certainly seems outrageous and unreasonable if there is no kind of discrimination used as between some disreputable person who is trying to force a way into this country and a woman who, according to our correspondent, is of undoubted character and has simply failed to comply with a technicality.—THE EDITORS.]

A QUESTION OF WHISKERS

Is there any real authority for the editorial use of "sideburns" instead of "burnsides" on page 230, October 11?

Whenever, in recent years, I have met with the transposition of the name I have assumed that it is by one unacquainted with the Civil War and General Burnside; but I do not wish to place the editorial staff of The Outlook in this class.

(Miss) A. R. GRIFFITH.

Los Angeles, California.

[Of course you are right in saying that the word "burnsides" came from the hirsute appendages of the distinguished Civil War general. The inversion of his name has, so far as we know, no dictionary authority. It is used as a humorous and colloquial twist, however, by many people. We used it, conscious of course of the origin of the word. Perhaps the slight percentage of humor in the change might well be sacrificed to preserve the name of the soldier who successfully employed this particular type of adornment.—THE EDITORS.]

MANY INVENTIONS

THE Preacher says, "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (Ecclesiastes vii. 29). Why that "but"? Although tempted to "claim everything," inventors, as thinking men, must be aware that—whatever the underlying reason—the riddle that teases their ingenuity is also stimulating other inventive minds. It rarely occurs, however, that two clever men step forward on the same day with the same world-illuminating idea. That was the case on February 14, 1876, when Alexander Graham Bell and Elisha

Gray both filed in the United States Patent Office descriptions of appliances for the speaking telephone.

The difference between them was this: Young Bell filed application for a patent—and received it; young Gray filed a caveat, or warning to other inventors, to protect his idea and method of embodying it. The application for a patent is in law presumed to be for a completed invention (which nevertheless is often incomplete); the caveat is presumed to protect the principle of an invention yet to be completed (although it may be a complete one). In Gray's case, I read in his volume on "Electricity and Magnetism" the following statement: "If I had filed my description of a telephone as an application for a patent instead of as a caveat, and had prosecuted it to a patent without changing a word in the specification as it stands to-day, I should have been awarded the priority of invention by the Courts. . . . I am borne out in this assertion by the highest legal authority." And he adds his specification, which closes: "I claim as my invention the art of transmitting vocal sounds or conversation telegraphically through an electric circuit."

While the press, after Dr. Bell's death last summer, was sympathetically sounding his well-deserved praises as a man of great and varied scientific achievements it would have been ungracious to seem to begrudge him the universal tribute; but it appears to me only fair, now that his general eulogium is established as the inventor of the telephone (the greatest of his many deeds), to let his closest competitor share the glory, although he missed the immense material gain, of that wonder-working invention.

And there is a curious further point. The Outlook of August 16 last, in its article on "The Inventor of the Telephone," has this: "He once said: 'I now realize that I never should have invented the telephone if I had been an electrician. What electrician would have been so foolish as to try any such thing?'" And he refers it all to his lifelong "study of vibrations." A strange statement, if he really did make it, ignoring the fact that it was only after a strenuous and famous legal contest that he was awarded priority over the claim of an electrician for the invention—and that chiefly as a matter of legal technicality in the form of filing their respective claims in the Patent Office. Elisha Gray's first patent (1867) was for telegraphic appliances, and after that he received about fifty patents, nearly all in connection with telegraphic or telephonic electrical apparatus—multiple telegraphy, typewriting telegraph (stock ticker), telautograph, transmission of

¹ Nature's Miracles: Vol. I. Earth, Air, Water; II. Energy, Sound, Heat, Light; III. Electricity, Magnetism. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York, 1900.

musical melodies and harmonies (the suggestion to him of the articulating telephone), and divers switches, relays, combinations, etc.—all electrical and promotive of marvelous efficiency in public service. He died in 1901.

Surely, in honoring our benefactors, among the names of Bell, Edison, Marconi, and the rest that of Elisha Gray should stand high and not be forgotten.

JOHN R. HOWARD.

Morristown, New Jersey.

WHAT ARE DEBATES FOR?

HAVING followed with interest the progress of Anglo-American debating, I greatly enjoyed Mr. George L. Moore's recent article and the editorial comment introducing it. I gained an insight into the benefits of scholastic debate during my attendance at the North-western State Normal School of Oklahoma, which, like all the Oklahoma State schools, emphasizes the value of debate as an aid to education. To my mind, it is of far greater importance in the development of a young man than seems to be generally conceded by the Eastern schools; at least, by those with which I am familiar.

It would seem that the modern tendencies of educational development are to direct the student's thought into too definite channels of predigested information and fail to give him the incentive toward self-investigation and expression. The practice of debate in vogue in many American schools certainly counteracts this tendency and presents fields of thought outside the beaten path, the investigation and development of which are of untold value to the student.

It is unfortunately, though not surprisingly, true that the interest in debate is far surpassed by that in athletics. This being the case, and granting the benefits of scholastic debate, would it not be well to analyze the two fields with a view toward putting a little football enthusiasm into debating contests?

The American youth loves a fair fight. As athletic contests cater to that desire, they have gained a popularity far in excess of other equally essential fields of scholastic development. Why not, then, borrow a little thunder from football and make our debating contests rival those of the gridiron? To show that this is far from being an impossibility I shall describe briefly the system in vogue in the Oklahoma State schools when I attended them.

There were at that time six State normal schools, three in the eastern and three in the western part of the State. To encourage interest in interscholastic debate each group of three schools formed a Triangular Debating Club. Each school selected from its various debating clubs and student body two teams of three speakers each. These teams prepared opposite sides of a pre-arranged question; one team remaining at home, and the other journeying to one of the other schools in the triangle.

Thus on a given date six debates were held simultaneously in the State. At a later date the winners of each triangle decided the State championship. The judges of the contests were prominent lawyers or college professors from outside the State. It is impossible to enumerate the advantages of the movement or to describe the interest that it aroused and sustained from the first elimination contests in each school until the State championship was decided. It is safe, however, to say that all who were fortunate in taking part gained a lasting benefit from the experience.

That is but an example of what can be accomplished by proper direction and co-operation. The system may have had its defects, and unquestionably improvements could have been, and doubtless have been, made. Aside from that, is the fact that practically the entire student body gained a two-sided insight into questions that could have been brought to their attention in no other way.

Mr. Moore has interestingly described the popular vote method of judging in England, but has shown all too plainly that such a system cannot meet with favor in American schools. In discussing the decisions of the Interallied War Debt Cancellation question he says: "At all three places the vote overwhelmingly favored cancellation, a commentary not so much on the merits of the debating as on the state of mind of the British college students." Judges of a debate are as important as referees in a football game, and should be selected with equal care. Not only must they be authorities on logic, argumentation, presentation, etc., but they must be able to judge the argument as presented uninfluenced by their personal opinions of the question. The average man in the audience cannot meet these requirements. He has neither the specialized training necessary nor the ability to judge impartially. Practically every question has its popular side, but a popular decision is not always a just one. Incidentally, I should hardly hope for a favorable decision were I supporting the negative of the Bonus question before an American Legion audience.

In the editorial comment referred to it was pointed out that ill effects might result from the necessity of the participants in debate arguing against their convictions. That has not proved the case in the Oklahoma schools. On the other hand, it has been a decided benefit. In the same issue of *The Outlook* containing Mr. Moore's article was another by E. K. Parkinson, who, in discussing the average business man, says: "But still more deplorable is the limited capacity of these men for any intellectual enjoyment outside their chosen field. They can talk golf, baseball, racing, yachting, and automobiles, but beyond that they are as dumb as an oyster." Had these men had the opportunities of scholastic debate, wherein they would have been required to study thoroughly

the great variety of debated questions, not only from the angle that most appealed to them, but from the other fellow's point of view as well, their oyster-like qualities would be much less evident.

The editorial comment also stated that "our debates as at present conducted are distinctly unreal. They do not move the hearers because the speakers themselves are not moved; there are no convictions involved." Also that they "do not evoke the interest of the general student body, nor do they call out the talents of the real college leaders." Unfortunately, interest alone is an unsafe guide for the student who wishes to acquire a broader vision. Rather is he led by desire of progress or thrill of adventure to journey into new fields. As he begins to familiarize himself with his new environment he finds he has cultivated an interest where none previously existed. Just as if we limit our reading to that alone which upon the surface is interesting, the masterpieces of literature would be displaced in our schools by the latest best sellers. I would venture to state that in the triangular debates carried out by the State normal schools of Oklahoma the interest of the student body rivaled that aroused by the State championship football games. And one witnessing such a contest could hardly contend that the speakers lacked conviction or that the audience was unmoved.

Mr. Moore's description of the British open forum method of discussion suggests an improvement that might well be made in American scholastic debate. By throwing the question open to general discussion after the principal speakers have finished the greatest advantage would be given to the greatest number. And, after all, the real purpose of debate is to train men to reason intelligently and speak easily and convincingly before an audience. I had the opportunity of seeing this tried out in the A. E. F. during that heart-breaking period after the armistice, when all thoughts were turned homeward but little movement in that direction was evident. Senior Corps Chaplain Thompson, of the Second American Corps, to whom fell the almost impossible task of keeping the homesick Yanks contented, utilized the open-forum idea one evening each week with remarkable success. A few speakers were selected in advance to open each side of the argument, and it was gratifying to hear the prompt and interesting responses from the audience at large. I might also say that, as my duties in the service threw me into intimate association with the Tommies, I was amazed and delighted at their seemingly universal ability to talk easily and interestingly upon almost any subject. If such breadth of information and clarity of presentation can in any way be traced to their open forums, we can do well to imitate them.

DALLAS E. WHITE.

Brockton, Massachusetts.



.. GOD'S DARK ..

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He gives me dreams and resting;
He brings the gentle night. (C) J. M.

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 29, 1922

M. CLEMENCEAU'S VISIT TO AMERICA

FATHER VICTORY, as Georges Clemenceau was called by his fellow-countrymen, became during the closing months of the war the impersonation of France's will to survive. Now as a visitor to America he remains an impersonation of that spirit. Because we welcome that spirit we of America greet him.

Eighty-one years of age, having served his country during two German invasions, having seen the idea of self-government and civil liberty emerging from the confusion of the rule of Napoleon III take form in the present Republic, having been the joyous warrior of politics for nearly fifty years, having followed throughout the guidance of what has been called by his biographer his "vigilant and apprehensive patriotism," having seen the partial failure of his efforts to safeguard France against the dangers he still apprehended even in victory, he believed that he still had a message from France which America would be willing to hear.

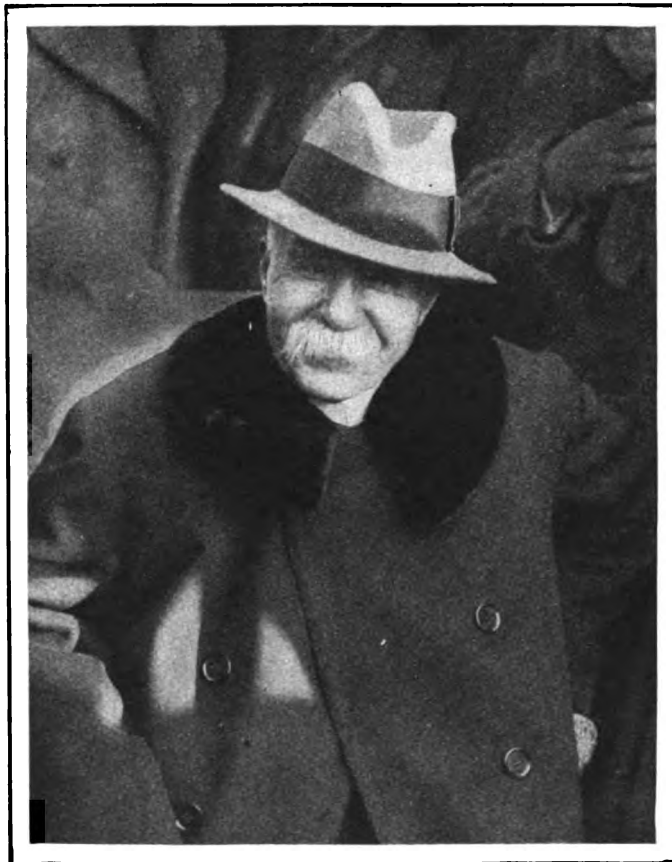
No one who saw him preside at the plenary sessions of the Peace Conference at Paris, heard his incisive decisions, watched his mobile hands gloved in gray, caught his expressions of quick understanding, can doubt his intellectual acuteness, his sense of humor, and his alert will. He has the mind that looks forward.

He is not a stranger to America. Over fifty years ago he lived and taught here for a while. Since his earlier sojourn the sky-scrapers have arisen (not high enough, he says; not near enough to the moon) and the Nation has grown proportionately in extent and in stature.

Almost immediately following his arrival he visited the grave of Theodore Roosevelt. Of course his schedule included a call upon ex-President Wilson and President Harding.

BUSINESS MEN AND INTERNATIONALISM

WITH the continuing failure of governments to settle by political action the economic problems growing out of the World War, far-sighted business men are beginning to ask whether they cannot do something through the ordinary channels of commercial relationship. The creation of an International Chamber of Commerce is the latest contribution of business men to



(C) Keystone

CLEMENCEAU ARRIVING IN AMERICA

the movement for world peace and unity. The International Chamber was formed two years ago in Paris to study the great field of economics and trade. It has now become truly international in scope, with a membership embracing nearly thirty nations of North and South America, Europe, and Asia.

The American section is now at work preparing a programme for presentation to the next annual Convention, which will be held in Rome in March, 1923. Mr. Merle Thorpe, editor of the "Nation's Business," which is the organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce, informs us that the American section is engaged in the following work:

It is evolving a basis for a uniform ocean bill of lading.

It has prepared a comprehensive code for international arbitration to eliminate costly and ineffective litigation between business men of different countries, and for the purpose of making this plan effective an International Court of Arbitration already has been named.

It is working on a plan for the collection and dissemination of comparable statistics.

It is about to publish a list of pre-

ferred definitions of trade terms used in international transactions.

It is urging the removal of export taxes which are a hindrance to the freedom of trade.

It is committed to a policy of instituting measures for the conservation of fuel and raw materials.

It is urging unification of legislative provisions with respect to bills of exchange and other export problems.

It is calling attention of governments to the burdensome war-time restrictions in regard to passports and visés.

It is making a careful study of the great losses which business men suffer through lack of adequate laws for the protection of international property and for the suppression of methods of unfair competition.

It will suggest remedial measures for the protection of trade-marks, copyright, etc.

It is engaged in drafting a uniform basis for legislation which will remove existing unfair and burdensome tax practices, such as double taxation.

It is hoped that a representative delegation of two hundred leading American business men will attend the meeting at Rome in March. A large group will leave New York about the middle of

February, and will visit important trade centers on the Continent and along the Mediterranean on the way to Rome.

One of the great advantages of this particular kind of an industrial convention is that its deliberations and recommendations can be reported back to almost every community in the United States through the United States Chamber of Commerce. If the business men of this country can really unite on a few fundamental principles of international economic relationship, they will find Congress very willing to embody their ideas in necessary legislation. The trouble is that up to this time the "business interests" of the United States have been too often more vitally interested in log-rolling on tariffs than they have been in the adjustment of international trade and finance.

GOVERNOR SMITH AND SENATOR COPELAND

If all candidates victorious in the recent election can make as good an impression upon their communities as Governor-elect Smith and Senator-elect Copeland made in New York the other day at a dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, they will enter upon their political duties with the good wishes of all their constituents.

Mr. Smith in beginning his speech, and alluding to the popularity of brevity in after-dinner speakers, told the following entertaining story:

I remember one day there was quite a hearing in the Assembly Chamber on an appropriation bill to build what was known as the great western gateway between the city of Schenectady and the village of Scotia, and spread around the chamber were a number of maps and engineers' profiles, and big long and lengthy arguments going into hours and hours. And a clergyman came down from Schenectady who, when it was his time to talk, rose and said: "Governor, I am a great believer that short sermons bring large collections."

"Now," he says, "everybody in Schenectady wants this bridge, and if you give it to them you will be helping the city of Schenectady, you will be helping the State, you will be helping the country, and God will bless you for it." And he sat down. When he was on his way out one of the attachés of the Executive Chamber stopped him and said: "Father, that was quite a long speech you made."

"Well," he says, "I heard he was going to sign the bill, anyway."

Governor Smith then proceeded to a serious statement of some of the policies which he would endeavor to carry out when he is inaugurated as Governor. He asked the business men whom he was addressing to support the completion, maintenance, and effective operation of the Erie Canal, which is now known as

the "Barge Canal;" to get behind the movement known as the Port Authority for planning and reorganizing the harbor facilities of New York City; to get behind a movement for the inauguration of a sound and effective budget system in the State Government; to support him in his urgency of a reorganization, coordination, and simplification of the government departments in the State; and to urge in connection with this organization "a Constitutional amendment to lengthen the term of the Governor. It is a positive joke to be electing a Governor for this State for two years. Everybody knows it; he is just in there a year and a half when he is running again, and I say this in a very serious way, because I have had the personal experience."

Senator-elect Copeland is a physician, and has been Health Commissioner of the City of New York, from which position he has just been promoted to the United States Senate. He urged a policy of sound hygienic laws for the Federal Government, not only for domestic reasons, but because of the menace of disease coming in from foreign countries. Apropos, he told the following interesting story:

Last year there came into this port a ship from which the United States Public Health Service landed four persons suffering from pneumonia. They were sent to the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. The hospital authorities, becoming alarmed, telephoned me, and I assigned one of the Board of Health experts to see these four cases of pneumonia. Not one of them had pneumonia, but three had well-developed cases of typhus, one of the most dreaded of epidemic diseases.

The ship which brought them here was tied up at the dock and the passengers were on the dock ready to be dispersed through the city and the country. I sent them back on the ship and the ship back to Quarantine for the Federal authorities to re-examine. More careful inspection revealed nineteen cases of typhus on that ship, and a number of the victims died in our harbor.

This experience and the resulting events brought home to me the real attitude of Congress toward National and international health matters.

It seemed to me that such a slip-up must be due to lack of personnel and equipment at Quarantine, so I went to Washington to discuss the situation with the Federal authorities. It was frankly admitted that such a lack existed, and I was told that \$500,000 was the sum needed to guard this port against disease from abroad. To my amazement, no request for the money was pending and no plan had been made to ask Congress for the money.

On my demand to know why, I was informed, reluctantly, that Congress looks with unfavorable eyes upon requests for the Public Health Service and treats all its requisitions with coldness.

Determined to have New York and the country protected, I marched over to Congress. Here I was sent from pillar to post, and finally I landed in the office of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House, Congressman Good, of Iowa. He listened to my story, but seemed unimpressed. Finally he said:

"Doctor, the trouble with you New York men is that you want a lot of money to beautify your Harbor." My reply was: "I don't care whether you beautify the Harbor or not. I never see it. I don't care whether you protect New York or not—the Board of Health of New York City will do that, but what we are trying to do is to save Iowa."

Immediately Mr. Good lost his listless air.

"Iowa," he shouted. "Do you mean to say that Iowa is in danger of typhus?"

"Certainly I do," I said.

"Well," said Mr. Good, "that's different. Something must be done about it at once."

And Congress appropriated a half million dollars to guard New York Harbor against the admission of foreign disease.

Senator Copeland made an impassioned appeal for the treatment of immigrants in accordance with the laws of humanity rather than the laws of mathematics. He denounced the present three per cent Immigration Law, and said (we think with reason, for *The Outlook* has long made the same contention) that you cannot admit immigrants to the United States either safely or humanely on the percentage system. Dr. Copeland's expressed views on the immigration problem were so sound that we hope much from his influence in passing reasonable legislation on this complicated and important question when he enters the Senate chamber.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RAILWAY OPERATION

It is useless to blink the fact that there is a very large, and possibly growing, body of public opinion in this country inclined to favor Government ownership and operation of steam railways. At all events, there are thousands of plain, matter-of-fact Americans, neither radicals nor theorists, who are wondering whether the admitted political evils of Government ownership and operation would be greater than the evils which arise from selfish financiering and from conflicts between labor and capital under private ownership. The only practical experience this country has had in Government operation was during the war, an experience not wholly assuring to those who fear the red tape and inefficiency of bureaucracy. Americans who are open-minded on the question, and who wish to learn what is best for the general social and economic welfare without regard to preconceived notions or the dictates of self-interest,

YEA, THE ELECT OF THE LAND

(Henry VIII, Act 2, Scene 4)

Müller in the Denver Post



"JACK" IN THE BOX!!

From Huber C. Hilton, Laramie, Wyoming

Hanny in the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press



MAYBE HE WILL BE A BETTER BOY NOW

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer



PUT HIM OFF

Darling in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat



A CASE FOR CAREFUL DIAGNOSIS

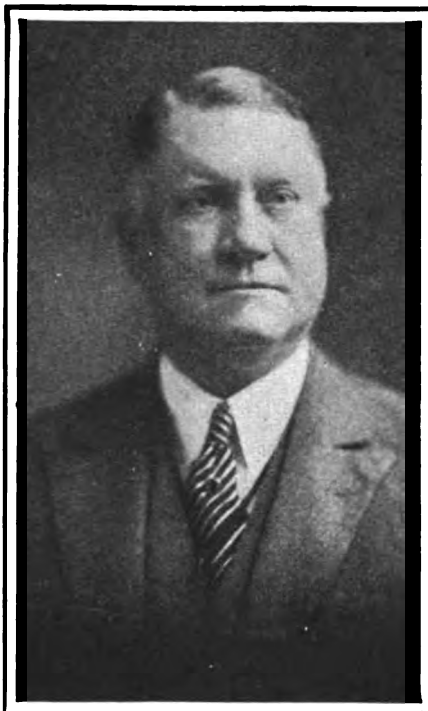
are about to have an unusually interesting object-lesson in Canada.

The Canadian National Railways, Government owned and operated, have a mileage of about 22,000 miles and constitute the largest government-owned system of railways that the world has ever seen. With the railways there is affiliated under the same management a great system of transportation by ocean and inland steamers. The Canadians are a practical people, like ourselves, and, like all English-speaking countries, the spirit of individual initiative and enterprise is the dominant spirit in Canada. Socialism or Communism has never gained any foothold there. But the Canadians have had some unfortunate experiences with privately owned railways, and they apparently propose to see what Government operation will do. Perhaps the best proof that the experiment is not a visionary one is found in the fact that the post of President and General Manager of the Canadian National Railways has been accepted by one of the greatest railway operators in the world, Sir Henry Thornton, now of England, but an American by birth and education.

Sir Henry is about fifty years of age. He was born in Pennsylvania; went to St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, and the University of Pennsylvania; and entered the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he held various important engineering offices; and finally became General Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. In 1914 he was called to England to take the managership of the Great Eastern Railway, in which position he made such a striking success that during the war he was called upon by the English Government to have general executive charge of British transportation, both by rail and by water, with the rank of major-general. It will thus be seen that he is no theorist. If he should successfully meet and solve the problems of the relation of Government to railway operation in Canada, his judgment and opinion about the very real and perplexing difficulties of railway transportation in the United States ought to have great weight. Wise men who want to inform themselves about the future development of railways in this country will keep their eyes on Sir Henry Thornton.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT: THE ELECTIONS

THE British Parliament, which assembled on November 20, will enter on its first important task after the formal address from King George when it takes up the ratification of the Irish Constitution. This must be accomplished before December 6. For this reason economic



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY THORNTON,
PRESIDENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

and political legislation will by common consent be held in the background until that immediate task is accomplished. There is little or no doubt that Parliament will see the importance and desirability of carrying out Great Britain's share in the work of establishing the Irish Free State.

The Parliament now assembled represents two convictions among the people of the country. One is that Mr. Bonar Law truly represented popular feeling when he argued that what the country needed was quiet and restfulness and that the administration of Lloyd George was too adventurous, too sensational, and too changeable to meet the views of the people—in other words, that a change toward "normalcy" was eagerly desired. The other conviction that brought about the political overthrow was that of economic pressure; the labor element and the radicals are concerned about unemployment, while the middle classes and the manufacturers are concerned about high income taxes. It is to be remembered, however, that it is by accepting trying conditions as to taxes and employment that Great Britain has been able—to quote Lloyd George's phrase again—to make the pound able to look the dollar in the face; the exchange rate for English money is far stronger than that of France and most other European countries.

The Conservative victory in the elections was so great that the party has an absolute majority over all the other combined elements in the House of Commons. It controls 319 votes as against

a total of 296 votes in possible opposition if all party divisions and odd men outside of parties should be combined, which is altogether unlikely. The pro-Coalition Lloyd George members have decreased from 129 to 44. Yet the Conservatives fell far behind on the popular vote; some estimates say that less than forty per cent of the total vote went to Conservative candidates.

PARTIES AND ISSUES

THE most outstanding feature of the Opposition of the new Parliament is that now for the first time the Labor Party becomes the leading Opposition party. It almost doubled its representation in the last Parliament and now numbers over 120 members. Its present leader is John Robert Clynes, and there is some significance in the fact that a former Labor Party leader, Arthur Henderson, suffered a severe defeat at the polls. Previous to the actual assembling of Parliament there was some question as to who should be the recognized leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. Two precedents seemed to conflict. Usually the leader of the Opposition is the leader of the largest Opposition group; but also usually that man is a former Prime Minister; in this case there are two former Prime Ministers in the House, Lloyd George and Asquith, and the leader of the largest Opposition group is a Labor member. The question was easily and pleasantly settled, however, when, as the members fell in line to enter the House of Lords for the first organization meeting, Mr. Asquith (who as the older of the two former Prime Ministers would take precedence over Lloyd George) stood aside and motioned to Mr. Clynes to join the present Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, at the head of the line.

The notable gain in the Labor Party in size and importance appears to be due, not to its advocacy of a tax levy on capital, which is a radical political proposal still in its infancy, but to the general dissatisfaction of the masses in England with industrial conditions. It does not represent a movement toward limited industrial supremacy, such as exists in Russia; it may be noted that a Moscow Bolshevik organ, while rejoicing in the Labor victory in England as the base of a proletarian offensive against capitalists, remarks: "Frankly, we place no hope on English labor in a revolutionary rôle, as the composition of the party does not inspire confidence."

WINNERS AND LOSERS

THERE were some singular personal results in the elections, due to special feeling about individual candidates rather than to general principles. Winston Churchill, for instance, was manfully

defeated, standing fourth among his rivals, while the winning candidate was a prohibitionist. Lady Astor was re-elected by a vote of 13,000 after a lively and even bitter contest, throughout which she maintained her reputation for force, originality, and popularity. The election of the famous economist Sidney Webb as a Labor candidate is one of many indications that the English Labor Party is not made up solely of representatives of labor unions. Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist and historian, was defeated in the London University election.

In the cases of Arthur Henderson and of some other notable defeats the comment of English papers is to the effect that, as a matter of course, a seat will be found for the person defeated. This means that some generous and supposedly less important member of the party who has been elected will resign and that his constituency will be kind enough to elect the defeated man. The technical process of such a proceeding is odd and, to an American, amusing. The defeated member takes "the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." That is, he accepts a commission as a royal official for the district once known as the Chiltern Hundreds, and, having done this, he can and must resign his membership in Parliament, as a member cannot hold a royal commission of honor and profit. Thereupon some one is elected in his place, and he forthwith resigns his appointment to the Chiltern Hundreds, an office which has no duties, but a nominal salary of twenty shillings, which makes it a "place of honor and profit," and hence is inconsistent with membership in the House, and the office is open for the next member who wants to resign.

EUROPE AND THE NEAR EAST

As the Lausanne Conference on the Near Eastern problem opened there was a strongly optimistic feeling in the press of Europe. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Turks overplayed their hand in making extreme demands in advance. The result, unless all forecasts are mistaken, has been a genuine and positive drawing together of the Allies. Conferences between the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon, and the French Premier, M. Poincaré, have brought about a mutual understanding as to what issues are really important. A new element entered when the Fascisti leader, Mussolini, now Premier of Italy, indicated pretty strongly that he would contend vigorously for equal rights for Italy in determining matters that affect her interests.

We in America are not so much interested in the exact drawing of boundaries as we are in the safety of Europe against Turkish aggression and war, the pro-



(C) Underwood

THE GREEK EXODUS FROM EASTERN THRACE—PRIESTS REMOVING THE FURNISHINGS OF THEIR CHURCH AT LULE BURGAS

tection of American citizens and of Christians generally against Turkish, Greek, or Balkan cruelty, and the preservation of trade and commerce.

The exodus from Thrace continues to be a heartrending spectacle. Whatever may be said of the faults of other Balkan nations, none of the non-Turkish races in the Balkan countries are willing to take the risk of fire and slaughter. These peoples in vast numbers are struggling from Western Thrace into Greece. One result is that the Turkish leaders are beginning to clamor for a plebiscite in Western Thrace, evidently believing that, since they have now frightened the Christian peoples away, a Turkish majority might perhaps be obtained.

The two things which are expected to

receive most attention at Lausanne are whether Turkey shall be allowed to fortify the Straits and whether the long-established system of the so-called capitulations shall be abolished by Turkey. In the one case Turkey would be free to make closed seas of the waters east of the Straits; in the other, the protection needed by foreigners living and doing business in Turkey would disappear.

The flight of the Sultan from Constantinople on a British ship and the appointment by the Nationalist Assembly of Abdul Medjid to be Caliph (but not Sultan) are important only as indicating the complete ascendancy of the Kemalists.

FRANK BACON, ACTOR

THEORETICALLY the dramatic critic demands of a play that it should at least have reasonable construction and a well-balanced cast of interesting characters; but once in a while there appears a play which defies the canons of criticism and yet deserves the success it wins because of one single character that dominates the play, makes plot and the other players insignificant, and delights audiences, simply because the actor and the part are one. Familiar examples are Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" and Warfield's "The Music Master." To these must be added Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'." He played the part in New York for 1,291 consecutive performances and had acted it 2,000 times altogether, when in Chicago he was stricken with the heart attack that resulted in his death on November 19.

Mr. Bacon created the part of Lightnin' Bill Jones in a double sense, for he not only played Lightnin', but he in-



Photo by Abbe

FRANK BACON AS BILL JONES

vented and shaped the character in the writing of the play, with collaboration in other parts and in the construction. There have been, we believe, some attempts to produce the play without Frank Bacon in the cast, but it would be an extremely good imitator that could satisfy any one who had enjoyed Bacon's slow drawl, dry humor, cheery optimism, gentle friendliness, and altogether lovable personality. One feels sure that these were qualities of the man as well as of the actor—and those who knew him confirm the impression. His great success followed forty years of hard work as actor and manager. Few actors of our time have given such pleasure to so large a number of people.

ROBIN PLUS DOUGLAS

THERE is always romance in Robin Hood, whether we find him in the old ballads, or Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe," or in the well-known comic opera, or in the remarkable moving picture now being enjoyed by countless thousands. As Douglas Fairbanks plays the rôle, he is part Robin, part Puck, and part "Doug." Robin as thus shown does not quite correspond to the excellent description of him written long since as "the ideal outlaw, courteous, liberal, and reverent." Even in the first part, where Mr. Fairbanks is the chivalrous Earl of Huntingdon and his affinity is for the most part kept under the restraint suited to a champion of the tournament, antics are introduced that are hardly knightly, and this peer of the realm is made to act as if he had never seen a gentle lady before in his life. When he becomes Robin Hood in the forest, he does not act the part; he skips, runs, and jumps it, and always with the engaging grin that gains the affection even of critics. For the skilled and careful work of the actor who lives his part we must look in this film play to Mr. Wallace Beery, who plays the part of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and to Mr. De Grasse, the villainous Prince John. But Douglas is Douglas, and no one at heart wants him to be a great actor.

Dramatically speaking, the play has been constructed with skill; its action carries on; plot and continuity hang together; the spectator does not become listless or uninterested—quite the contrary.

As a brilliant spectacle and as an elaborate attempt to picture twelfth-century people, their costumes, customs, wars, weapons, castles, huts, wealth, poverty, tragedy, and jollity, "Robin Hood" is truly remarkable. The attention to detail is as noteworthy as the setting and the mass movements of soldiers, knights, horses, and crowds. The action is so rapid (often decidedly too

rapid) that one really needs to see the play a second time to recognize in full the interest of the details and to appreciate the magnitude of the care and thought that have been given to the production and the designing of this ambitious and almost stupendous drama.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE JAPANESE QUESTION

THE opinions recently delivered by the United States Supreme Court through Mr. Justice Sutherland in connection with the question as to whether Japanese aliens in this country may have a right to naturalization have a wide bearing on racial as well as legal questions.

There were two cases, but both practically rested on the same questions. We will briefly state the facts in one case. A young Japanese living in Hawaii applied to the United States District Court for that Territory in 1914 for citizenship in the United States. It is interesting to recall what we said at the time, that this man, by name Takao Ozawa, was so well thought of by the white people in Hawaii that many white professional men and business men contributed to a fund to provide expense money for the testing of his right to naturalization. Ozawa was born in Japan, brought to this country as a boy, lived here twenty years, was a graduate of a California high school, and had three years in the University of California. He was married, his children went to American schools, his family attended American churches, and they all spoke English perfectly. The present decision specifically says, "That he was well qualified by character and education for citizenship is conceded."

The Federal District Court of Hawaii denied his petition, holding that as one born in Japan and being of the Japanese race he was not eligible to naturalization. An appeal was made to a Circuit Court of Appeals. That Court took a course quite correct, although not, we think, very common; that is, it certified three questions, which it sent to the United States Supreme Court, requesting instruction. The present decisions form the reply. The Court, so to speak, boiled down the three questions into two. The first was whether the Naturalization Act (1906) was limited by a certain statute published later. The Court makes it perfectly plain that it is so limited, and it is not necessary here to give the technical reasons. The second question is, in effect, whether Ozawa, the appellant in the principal case, is eligible to naturalization

under the Naturalization Act so limited. This the Supreme Court decided in the negative.

As the law stands, the naturalization of aliens is limited to "free white persons and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." The word "free" has now no significance, as there are no slave whites, and the Court holds that the word "free" means non-slave. Therefore, as regards aliens other than Africans, the whole question is what the word "white" means.

The Supreme Court holds that the words "white person" are synonymous with the words "a person of the Caucasian race." This makes the test in any individual case racial. The Court cites many decisions in former cases to the effect that the words "import a racial and not an individual test" and it agrees with the view as fortified by reason and authority. It points out that a color test is quite impracticable.

Having reached this point, the natural expectation of the reader of the decision is that the Court will proceed to define what is meant by the words "a person of the Caucasian race." It does not, however, find it necessary to do that, because the cases before it were of men belonging to a race admitted to be not Caucasian. The Court does, however, go so far as to recognize that the words indicate "a zone of more or less debatable ground outside of which, upon the one hand, are those clearly eligible, and outside of which, upon the other hand, are those clearly ineligible for citizenship."

Our friends in Japan should bear in mind two things about this decision. One is that the highest American Court is here not establishing a new policy but simply interpreting and applying the existing law. The other is that neither the opinion of the Court nor the law which it interprets implies any idea of racial inferiority or superiority.

The law which the Court interprets is in substance nearly as old as the United States itself. Originally it confined naturalization to free white persons. Eighty years later the statute was changed to permit the naturalization of people of African descent. It is obvious, therefore, that the application of this law to the Japanese is simply carrying out a long-established National policy. It is obvious too that the very phraseology of the law forbids the thought that the naturalization of aliens is determined by a theory of Caucasian superiority, for the simple reason that Africans, who are not Caucasian, are admitted to citizenship.

The reason underlying the law as it has stood for generations on the statute-books is to be found in the feeling that

he differences between certain races are so pronounced that it is better to keep those races separated. These differences exist between the white and black races; but these races cannot be kept separate in America by any naturalization law because of the existence here as native Americans of millions of blacks. These two races, however, can be kept separate from other races by laws which will discourage, if not wholly prevent, the permanent residence here of large numbers of other races, and among these laws are of course laws regulating immigration and naturalization.

The question whether the American people will abandon their aversion to race mixture is for the present at least academic. There is no prospect of any change in their point of view on this subject. If anything appears to be certain, it is the determination of the American people to prevent the settlement here of masses of people of the yellow or the brown race. They have shown that determination by acts excluding the immigration of Asiatic peoples.

The question, however, still remains whether it is wise to exclude from citizenship those Asiatics who have been admitted. The children of these Asiatics born on American soil are American citizens by right of birth. Is it wise to have these American citizens brought up by parents who can never hope to be Americans themselves and who are forced to have, therefore, an alien loyalty? Is it wise, moreover, to have communities composed of people whom the law treats as hopelessly foreign? It is one thing to undertake to keep out those whom the Nation feels it cannot assimilate in mass; it is quite another thing to undertake to render those whom the Nation admits unassimilable.

The law is now unmistakable in excluding Japanese from naturalization. If there is to be any change, it will have to be made by Congress.

Fortunately, it does not appear that this question, so far as the Japanese are concerned, is likely in the near future to prove perplexing. If, as the Federal Government assumes, the "Gentlemen's Agreement" reinforced by the present Immigration Law is preventing the incoming of Japanese as permanent residents, the question of the citizenship of those who are here will in the course of a generation or so gradually settle itself. Children born in this country will automatically be citizens, and when the older generation passes the people here of Japanese origin will have no occasion to apply for citizenship papers. Japan as a nation can have no interest in the naturalization question, for she can hardly with reason urge the aliena-

tion of her own subjects. Moreover, Japan herself makes the naturalization of foreigners in Japan very difficult. The question is complicated by the problem of dual allegiance, on the principle established and observed that "once a Japanese is always a Japanese."

The United States and Japan can respect each other in no better way than by each respecting the other's rights to define its own citizenship.

THE GREAT FAILURE OF LA FOLLETTE

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE is generally accepted as a leader among liberals. He would be so classed in any country. It is as a liberal that he has impressed his own State of Wisconsin. He more than any other individual is regarded as responsible for the body of legislation in which Wisconsin has been in advance of many, if not most, of the other States of the Union. It is as a liberal that he has impressed the Senate. Indeed, there he is regarded as among the most extreme of the liberals.

If liberalism is defined, as it has been in a book by one of the most self-conscious liberals, Harold Stearns, as "hatred of compulsion," Mr. La Follette can hardly be regarded as any more liberal than others who affect to believe in liberalism; for among the doctrines which La Follette advocates are few which do not involve the exercise of governmental compulsion, and particularly the compulsive power of taxation.

It is the authority to be exercised by Mr. La Follette in the Senate by virtue of his position on committees dealing with taxation and finance, as described by Mr. Barry in an article on another page of this issue, which gives the more conservative Senators concern.

If Mr. La Follette were simply a radical leader as pictured by Mr. Barry, conservatives as well as liberals might welcome his rise to new power. America needs spokesmen for radical opinion as well as conservative; perhaps it needs radical leaders more than conservative leaders because of the natural conservatism of the people and of their institutions. Mr. La Follette, however, has never commanded the confidence or secured the support of the great mass of progressive citizens.

The reason is not because these people of naturally liberal mind differ with Mr. La Follette in opinion; it is because they distrust his judgment and understanding.

For the distrust of Mr. La Follette which has persisted for many years he himself has given good cause. And in no time of his career did he furnish

more occasion for such distrust than in the period of National crisis preceding and during the war.

It is said on Mr. La Follette's behalf that his course was directed by his conscience. If Mr. La Follette followed his conscience when he denounced, not the men who blew up the *Lusitania*, but the people who were blown up; if he followed his conscience when he used his influence to weaken resistance to the aggressive designs of Germany; if he followed his conscience when he permitted appeals to an American electorate to be made on the ground of the interests of alien states without denouncing such appeals; if he followed his conscience when he allied himself with those in Wisconsin who have made service to the country in time of war a political liability, then Mr. La Follette's conscience is an unsafe guide.

There were Tories in the time of the Revolution who were conscientious; but the American people did not pick from among them the political leaders for the newly born Republic. There were advocates of disunion and slavery in the North during the Civil War who were conscientious, but the Nation did not pick from among them the leaders to guide it toward union and freedom. Mr. La Follette has placed himself among those who in times of National crisis have failed the Nation in true leadership because they have failed in clear vision.

POETIC PULMOTORS

A PROSPECTUS for a new poetry magazine drifted into The Outlook office the other day. The burden of its song is to be found in the following statement:

The poetry revival of recent years has done much towards stimulating an interest in the art. This interest, however, has hardly been general, for the revival, it is now evident, was chiefly among the poets and *litterati*. As a result, a large number of lovers and patrons of the other arts who should have been reached (and who, it was supposed, had been reached) still remain untouched by the movement.

The analysis of the situation seems to be correct, although the remedy proposed, the establishing of another poetry magazine, hardly seems to us adequate. Poetry, by right of its origin and inheritance, deserves to be as popular and as widely appreciated as music. Indeed, it might well find a larger audience, for the printed poem can reach many places where even the phonograph record is barred because of expense.

Perhaps modern poets themselves are to be blamed somewhat for the lack of general interest in their work. Too

many of them have been writing for writers, oblivious of the fact that the greatest of literature is that which has in it large elements of popular as well as technical appeal.

Of course those poets who in our own day have reached the largest audience are not necessarily those who are doing the most enduring work. If popular appeal is made the sole test, then Robert W. Service would loom up out of all proportion to his true worth. To ask poets to write for readers rather than writers is not to ask for any lowering

of poetic standards. It is to ask them to search for those elements of beauty which are universal, to interpret the general through the particular rather than to treat the particular as an end in itself.

The failure of many modern poets to see life clearly and as a whole is perhaps both a cause and a result of the limitation of the present audience for poetry. Good poetry, both ancient and modern, will come into its own again when there is a more general application of the methods of teaching poetry described by

Mr. C. Harlow Raymond in his "Book Table" article in this week's Outlook. There is, we believe, an underlying instinct for poetry which can be awakened and developed if the right encouragement is given.

THE PROHIBITION ISSUE IN A NUTSHELL

PERSONAL liberty ends where public injury begins.

SHERMAN ROGERS.

THE FALL OF THE COALITION IN BRITAIN

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

WITH the fall of the leaf in England has come the fall of the Coalition and the return to party government. Far be it from any one who is more interested in principles than in politics to take part in the conflict of personalities that is now raging over questions about who is responsible for this development, and whether it will be a good thing or a bad thing for the country or for the world in general. The main points so far disclosed are that the watchword of Mr. Bonar Law's party is likely to be "Stability, not sensation," a determination to reduce our foreign commitments in the East so far as they can be reduced with honor, and, possibly in connection with these pronouncements, the fact that the 5 per cent war loan, the barometer of our financial stability, stands steady at 101½, or thereabouts.

The cause of a political upheaval, like the origin of a war, is always difficult to trace. Each of them can be compared to an explosion in a magazine. It may be easy enough to determine who applied the spark, but if there had not been an accumulation of explosive material there would have been no explosion; and it is never easy to discover the origin of the accumulation. There is no doubt that for the past two years or more there has been a sense of disquietude in this country about the extent of our military commitments, especially in the East. Our foreign policy since the war has been terribly costly to the British taxpayer. Irak, Palestine, and the defense of the Straits have cost us many millions, and in no single case, in these or in other departures in our foreign policy, has any responsible Minister been able to pronounce that our naval and military experts have been consulted about the armaments entailed by the policy that was adopted. Appeals to these "experts" have always been deferred until emergencies, easily foreseen, have actually occurred. We can go further than that. Not only has the armament aspect of our foreign policy been ignored, but events have been viewed with grave anxiety by the General Staff

of the army. As soon as the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was relieved of his responsibility as Chief of the Imperial General Staff he said as much in public. It may be asked, "Why, then, did he not resign?" The answer is to be found in the British Soldiers' Bible, the Field Service Regulations. We read there that the strength of forces to be maintained in peace or mobilized for war is a matter of policy, for which the Government is responsible. The War Office is responsible only for efficiently organizing, training, and equipping the forces voted by Parliament.

This sense of disquietude about our foreign policy was undoubtedly one of the explosives which had for some time been accumulating in the political magazine. Our expenditure in Irak was avowedly undertaken to help the new state to make a start, and to fulfill our pledge to the Arabs when, with their help, we destroyed the Turkish armies in 1918. Expenditure in Palestine was undertaken for similar reasons, and also in order to provide a national home for the Jews. Expenditure on the defense of the Straits, which has gone up by leaps and bounds, is due to our having made that business "our charge" under the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, now a dead letter. All this heavy expenditure, be it noted, was undertaken on behalf of other nations; an altruistic and highly commendable policy, which had the support of the nation until it was realized that the heavy taxation and industrial distress in Britain was largely due to our pouring our money into the sands and seas of the Near and Middle East. Even so, we did not provide enough troops in our Constantinople army to support our proclaimed policy of keeping all armed forces outside the "neutral zones" surrounding the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. It was that which brought matters to a head.

The spark which ignited the magazine that exploded and blew up the "Coupon" Government was undoubtedly the official description of the Government's action that was issued to the press during a

fateful week-end in September. We do not even now know who was responsible for the blunder. That it was not made by any permanent official has been established. It must have been made by some Minister more apt to act upon impulse than to rely upon sound judgment. That is a personal matter, of politics rather than of principles. It was against the principles disclosed that the readers of the newspapers of that week-end stood aghast.

Only a few months after dispensing with the services of Indian troops in defending the Straits (a cause which they might not have had at heart) we had appealed to all the self-governing nations of the Commonwealth for aid. Australia and New Zealand responded; the remainder took time for thought, not understanding the issue. This appeal may or may not have been called for; on that there may be differences of opinion. We had also appealed to our late Balkan Allies—Rumania, Serbia (now expanded into Yugoslavia), and Greece (a belligerent in a war in which we had proclaimed our neutrality). It was that procedure, as reported in what claimed to be an official announcement of our policy, that caused the greatest anxiety in the public mind. What happened to that appeal we have never heard. It might, so it appeared, have led to a great war between Turkey (backed by France and perhaps Italy) and Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, backed by ourselves, with the attitude of Bulgaria doubtful. It seemed to the public as if the foreign policy of the Coalition Government had resulted in breaking our Entente with France and Italy, had forced us to enlist the help of the Balkan States, and was landing us in a war in which we had no desire to embark.

Looking back upon the critical weeks through which we have passed, that seems to be the immediate cause of the fall of the Coalition, and with it, in the words of Lord Grey of Fallodon, the passing of something that was not wholesome out of our conduct of public affairs.

WHAT JAPAN IS LEAVING

I-TSINGTAU

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE

TSINGTAU, the model Foreign Settlement or European city, which the Germans built at the entrance of Kiaochau Bay, Shantung Province, together with the surrounding area which constituted the former German leased territory, will be formally transferred to Chinese officials on Saturday, December 2. The last Japanese troops withdrew from the railway line May 4 and sailed from Tsingtau May 9, their final withdrawal delayed at the request of the Chinese, who in that brisk revolutionary season did not have ready the necessary police to guard the railway and its properties. For the same reason, the transfer of the leased territory was delayed by request after the ratifications of June 2. The treaty provides for the Chinese to take over the railway next March, but the Japanese are anxious to be relieved of it now.

The whole area of the leased territory, the actual ground space over which China resumes sovereignty (200 square miles), is roughly that of the District of Columbia or Greater New York, one-half of one per cent of Shantung Province, all that the Germans leased for ninety-nine years from March, 1898, and all that the Japanese captured by force of arms in November, 1914. Tsingtau, the city itself, cannot be literally "returned" to China, any more than the German-built railway can be "returned," since neither existed until the Germans came and built them. The territory was leased for a definite time, but the town site and the strip of land for the railway up to Tsinanfu, one iron mine, and two coal mines up-country were bought outright from private owners and became German property pure and simple. In the Treaty of Versailles, "Germany renounces in favor of Japan" was the wording of Article 156, which relates to this leased territory, while in Articles 130, 131, 132, and 133 she "waived," "abrogated," and "ceded" other rights, interests, and leases in China to Great Britain, to France, and to China itself.

It was a sorry-looking site for a future city when Prince Henry of Prussia and Admiral von Diederichs held their formal flag-raising on Harbor Hill in March, 1898. There was the shallow, muddy bay, fit for the anchorage of small gunboats only, until a harbor should be constructed, with a bold hill at the southern entrance and a range of barren hills running across the clay plain on the north shore to join the foothills and the Laoshan Range, which formed the east boundary of the leased territory. The surface of these hills and the land has been washing into and silting up the landlocked bay for all the

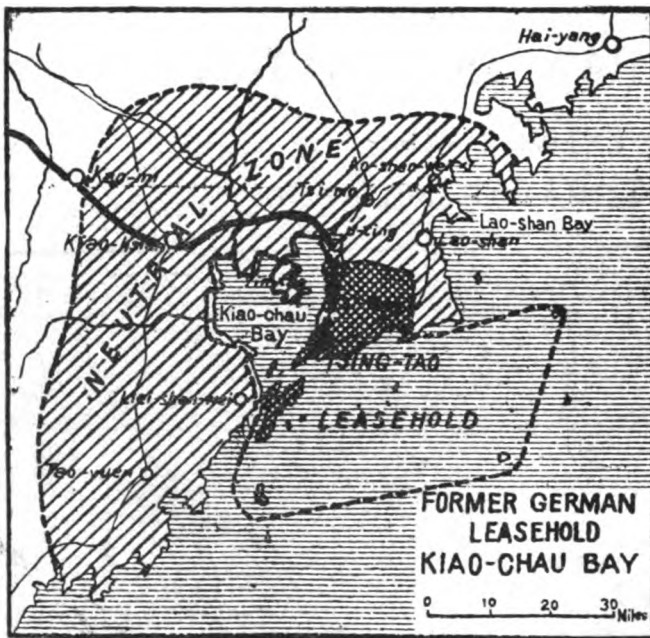


SHIZUOKA-MACHI, THE MAIN STREET OF TSINGTAU

centuries that the inhabitants have been lopping off the branches and grubbing up the roots of all green and growing things that were not food or forage. The nearly circular bay, about fourteen miles across, shrinks to half that size at each low tide. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Arab dhows and Cantonese junks came to this bay to trade, and Kiaochau, "the Glue City," had great renown, as also the near-by "Black-Ink City." Kiaochau is now ancient, crumbling, and literally decaying, as its scores of odors loudly proclaim, and is no longer a seaport. It lies eight miles inland from its junk port of Taputau, which is a seaport by the grace of the moon and the tides only. At all other times only slender trickles of sewage meander through the four miles of ooze that the twelve-foot drop of the tide leaves exposed. One reaches Kiaochau City by train, forty-two miles from Tsingtau, although it is only twenty miles in air line. Once within the gates, one goes back ten centuries. During those extraordinary discussions in the Senate over the Versailles Treaty Kiaochau and Tsingtau were hopelessly mixed up, as none of the orators evidently had looked at a map. One of the eloquent raved about "Kiaochau and Tsingtau, those two great ports;" a Versailles delegate spoke of "Kiaochau (the port of Tsingtau);" and there were bulls and breaks of this order past counting. They then took to Shantung, an easier word to pronounce, and it was "Shantung" and "all Shantung" every time they spoke, until they convinced

themselves that the Japanese were in occupation of and administering the whole province of Shantung, save for the period that "Shantung Peninsula" had vogue, and the Senate solemnly and unanimously voted their sorrow that "Articles 156 and 157 of the treaty were disregarding of the true rights and deep-seated desires of more than thirty-six millions of Chinese inhabiting the Peninsula!" all innocent of the fact that there were, not that many millions in the whole province, and that the greater part of the Shantung Peninsula was comprised in the great British leasehold of Weihaiwei and its special zone, and that its people had not been affected in any way by the treaty. There was such a welter of bad geography that it was timely for Clark University to establish a special school of geography at once, declaring us an illiterate people geographically—eighth-grade pupils the whole lot of us.

There stood only a temple to the Goddess of the Sea, a mud fort, a magistrate's house, and the few wretched shelters of some fishermen when the Germans came. The "China Sea Directory" for 1894, a precise and unemotional work, drew a dismal picture of the landscape: "The general appearance of the land about the bay is barren in the extreme; the dry parched soil (yellowish clay interspersed with occasional blocks of granite) has a most uninviting appearance." "The villages were all far back towards the hills, and the fishermen retreated there when the Germans had bought their seashore;



MAP OF THE GERMAN LEASEHOLD AT TSINGTAU TAKEN OVER BY JAPAN AND NOW RELINQUISHED TO CHINA

shacks. The German who took over the magistrate's *yamen* plastered the walls of the inside court and painted there a bold panorama of Tsingtau in its earliest aspect, which remains an interesting record. It had faded sadly by 1914, and the first Japanese occupant called up a painter in the Reserves and had the picture restored.

With a clear plot and no inheritance of old streets, roads, buildings, or slums, the Germans could plan the ideal city. They leveled hills, filled up gullies, reclaimed the foreshore, and extended dry land far out over the old mud flats. The ocean side, facing southward on blue water, was reserved for official constructions and villa sites, with the crescent beach beyond for a bathing resort, summer hotels and villas, park, and racecourse. Within the bay they allotted a quarter for Chinese running back from the junk harbor, and the level land stretching away from the commercial harbor was destined for railway yards, factories, and godowns. They built a mole three-quarters of a mile long to deflect the silt streams from the chosen harbor area of 1 1/6 square miles, dredged out a great harbor with a depth of ten and thirteen meters, surrounded the inner basin with stone docks, warehouses, and railway lines. There were a giant crane and a floating dock, and every modern harbor facility. Twenty million gold marks went to harbor works alone; as much more to the town site its public works and utilities— asphalt streets, macadam roads up to the edge of Chinese territory in every direction, sewers, water-works, electric light and power plants, abattoirs, ice factories, schools, hospitals, clubs, police and railway stations, villa and apartment houses to shelter German officials and employees, even a sanitarium up on the

side of Laoshan. They carved the double-headed eagle deep on the Diederich Stein, the sheer face of Harbor Hill, with a grandiose inscription in German text. More millions of good gold marks went to build twelve forts, on the beach and on the circle of hills around the town, each of granite and reinforced cement, with steel cupolas, underground magazines and labyrinths, besides barracks for one hundred and two thousand men each; forts that were the latest and loudest word in defense until the siege of Liège, since which they are but relics, souvenirs, laughed at as obsolete and antiquated by military men. They built a veritable castle for the Governor-General's residence on a breezy hill-top overlooking town and ocean, and there was violent debate in the Reichstag at the 800,000 marks it cost. But the big spending, the initial outlay, was ended in that first seven years, and there remained only the equivalent of 250,000,000 marks¹ to be supplied by German taxpayers for the annual budget of the purely military and official station. The 1,000 German civilians of the first years grew to 2,500 by 1914, and the garrison of nominally 3,000 men was increased to more than 5,000 when all the Reservists and Austrian ships' crews were gathered there for the siege.

The Germans planted trees and trees and trees all along the water-front, the streets and terraces, and the country roads; trees to the top of every hill and along the dried-up watercourses, and a double line of acacias all the 256 miles of the railway to Tsinanfu, with dense groves around each station house. All the scorching rock faces in the town were concealed by cool green vines and

bushes, and rambler roses festooned themselves along park rails by hundreds of yards. In the forest behind the bathing beach there were nursery gardens and a forestry school. There were free seedlings for all and free instruction for Chinese, but only paid employees benefited. The native mind does not yet understand or accept the forestry idea. "If my ancestors never planted trees to leave to me—only trees for their own coffin planks—why should I plant trees just to look green for my children?"

It was a model garden-city suburb worthy of Dresden or Frankfurt. I had seen it in its earliest years, when it was only a harbor and a skeleton of its ground plan, and its future trees were all tied to sticks, and again in an intermediate stage. By 1914 it was the completed dream, the perfect thing, and all Teutons, blatantly, chanted of this monument to German *Kultur*. The Prinz Heinrich and the Strand Hotels were the best on the China coast, and there were forty-two miles of motor roads. There were direct Norddeutscher Lloyd steamers to Europe every fortnight, and fast trains with sleeping and dining cars took one to Peking in twenty-four hours, and to Pukow, on the Yangtse, in the same time, for connection with Nanking and Shanghai. Two military bands played and a thousand foreigners strolled on the beach each summer morning, and it was *Deutschland über alles* surely. There was always the grand idea in each German head, too, that that double line of acacia trees would follow the twin rails on and on, across all Asia to junctions at Bagdad and Berlin und Weltmach!

Then all the world went to war, and the ultimatum of the Emperor of Japan, August 16, 1914, numbered the days of German Tsingtau. The port was blockaded, the railway was cut, and the Kiushiu regiment, landing at Laoshan Bay, was joined by the British contingent—800 Wales Borderers and 800 Indian troops under Col. Barnardiston—who fought with those Satsuma soldiers up over the rear slopes of Laoshan to the destroyed sanitarium and down to unite with the main Japanese forces (30,000 men of all arms) advancing along the railway line to the final assault. This was the "British army" of which the Senators ranted and blamed equally for "the conquest of Shantung." The graves of eleven British soldiers killed before Tsingtau have places of honor in the little English cemetery on the road to the water-works. The tablets of 1,214 Japanese killed before Tsingtau are preserved in a memorial temple on a hill near the reservoir. That Tsingtau campaign was a military promenade—mere "autumn maneuvers" the stay-at-home officers called it—a methodical affair, carried out exactly as prearranged in the war games at the military college, a parallel to the French battle of the Couronne at Nancy.

The Japanese had to repair, restore,

¹ This figure seems excessive. Our information puts expenditures for 1914 at \$4,762,000, of which \$2,015,000 came from local revenue.—The Editors.



From a photograph by Charles Hodges

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MODERN CITY OF TSINGTAU CREATED DURING THE GERMAN AND JAPANESE OCCUPATIONS

and reconstruct everything on the face of their new inheritance. The ravages of war were obliterated within a year, and the model settlement was made to blossom with more rambler roses and more thousands of cherry trees on top of the prophetic gift of a thousand cherry trees to the new park by Marquis Komura in 1905. They literally made two of everything grow where one had grown before. They cut a record of their victory on the face of the Diedrich Stein, the line of Japanese seal characters chiseled straight down across the swelling breast of the double-headed eagle. They built schools, hospitals, and a much-needed market house, literally miles of dwellings and factories, extended roads and sewers; and, after repairing the wrecked water-works, constructed a new water station on the boundary of the territory that doubles the supply. One sees no water at either the old or the new water-works, only the reverberation under a motor's wheels telling that one has left the flat macadam road and is running over a stone-paved dry river-bed, which becomes a roaring torrent when clouds empty themselves on the barren hillsides. A row of gigantic steel buttons on the bank are the tops of artesian wells, from which the powerful electrically driven machinery sucks the water, and forces it to city reservoirs.

Tsingtau has been a happy refuge for retired Chinese officials to enjoy their fortunes in safety. Prince Kung and other Manchus fled there after the revolution that ended the Empire, and, although they retired to Tientsin during the siege, they were glad to return and enjoy law and order under the Japanese flag. The present transfer to Chinese control may be a dilemma for them.

Count Otani, former lord Abbot of the Hongwanji Temple in Kyoto, was another distinguished recluse, and Russian refugees of the better class, relics of the old Court circle, found asylum too. In the summer of 1920 the Italian aviators in their Rome-Tokyo flight made a long repair stop at Tsingtau, and held aerial high jinks over the beach and bay every day. Also came Mme. Semionoff—one of

the Mme. Semionoffs rather—down from Chita, with mountainous baggages to this haven of safety. Dark-haired, vivacious, well-gowned and jeweled beyond all reason, she distinctly added to the international gayety. Her ropes of pearls and great rings to each finger joint were enough to make a burglar die of coveting, while often at night a monstrous sapphire would flash blue fire and electric wings across the dining-room—a jewel as unique as the Czarina's great hexagonal emerald which made Rue de la Paix gasp last summer, and very possibly from the same august jewel-box.

There have been more than 20,000 Japanese resident in Tsingtau these eight years—officials, great and petty merchants, and lesser folk—all enjoying the summers but shivering at the mention of the long, hard, cruelly cold winters. Officials of the Colonial and other offices have been waiting in Tsingtau from year to year for relief, for the war to end, for the treaty to be made and ratified, and for the Chinese to begin negotiations. Half their children are at home—"with his grandmother in Tokyo," "with my sister in Osaka," and other relatives in the home islands—for schooling. When the Germans had turned over the Tsingtau records and archives in Berlin in February, 1920, all these were sure of going home before the autumn. But the Chinese flatly refused to open negotiations for the territory they were waiting to possess, for the country was in the midst of the so-called Students' Movement then, and passionately patriotic youths and very young school-children were screaming in street processions, raiding shops, and making bonfires of any one's Japanese goods, and having the time of their lives. No Chinese official dared risk his head by discussing things with the Japanese then, and a Shantung Governor who told the children to attend to their school-books, and their parents would attend to public policies, promptly lost his job. But for the Washington Conference they would still be howling for "Shantung," as they too came to call the little leased territory, and at the same time refusing three times

over requests to name negotiators and begin work to that end. German property-owners began to gather immediately after ratifications in 1920, and tourists like myself, scenting a possibly picturesque ceremony, were in Tsingtau in May and June, but to no account.

There have been more Chinese in Tsingtau of late than in German days—20,000 resident and 20,000 floating population—drawn first by the great demand for labor in reconstruction after the surrender, and since employed in the many industries and works instituted by the Japanese. The Chinese quarter was hardly their very own, or run in their way ever. Their houses had to be built according to German specifications, whitewashed, numbered, and, in the early morning only, ornamented with neat garbage-bins. There were sanitary regulations savagely enforced, inspections without cease (no evasions were possible), and there were always the fines, the big stick, the mailed fist, and the German language! The Chinese saw the sad joke, and hoped for some respite from the new masters; but, alas! the Japanese were madder about sanitation and smells than the others, and could think up a lot of things the Germans didn't know. The newcomers built a market house and shooed them and their baskets of produce in off the curbs; and built tenement-houses at smallest rentals to reduce the crowding; and big barracks for the thousands of laborers passing through the port at the seasonal exodus to and return from Manchurian bean fields. No more sleeping as the coolie might please, on docks and railway tracks, in parks and doorways. No slums, no open mud wallows, were permitted; no cesspools or garbage heaps at back or front doors. No dead animals or mangy dogs could lie in the streets. No drying skins and heaped entrails from household slaughtering could cumber the principal streets, as in happy Kiaochau City across the bay. A charity hospital for Chinese gathered in as many extraordinary and unknown cases as in any part of China. Some successful efforts at compulsory education and playgrounds were provided for

street children. Rows of granite flagstones were laid at either side of the immaculate street pavements, and iron-shod cart wheels and knife-edged wheelbarrow wheels soon learned to keep to

those stone runways strictly. Even the wheelbarrow's shriek was silenced by municipal order. Chinese police saw to it that municipal flower-beds were respected, and a municipal millennium

had arrived. Germans and Japanese have set a high civic standard, and the Chinese should respect its traditions and keep Tsingtau the perfect thing, the model city of the Far East.

II—SHANTUNG

BY CHARLES HODGES

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF ORIENTAL COMMERCE AND POLITICS, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

MAP AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AFTER a battle royal, in which Japan's capture of the key to North China from the German leaseholders at the opening of the Great War was but the first skirmish of a struggle that extended from Far Eastern Foreign Offices and the Versailles Peace to the Washington Conference itself via the American Senate, the Japanese are evacuating the prize of Kiaochau.

The international hue and cry over the question of Japan's control of Shantung was not raised merely because of the leasehold of Kiaochau Bay and the charming Teutonic-Nipponese watering-place of Tsingtau. Japan did not have to "own" the 55,984 square miles of

Shantung Province or govern some thirty millions of Chinese packed 550 to the square mile in order to control its future. That was a matter for what statesmen call "economic imperialism"—to all intents and purposes conquest by railway, bank, and business diplomacy.

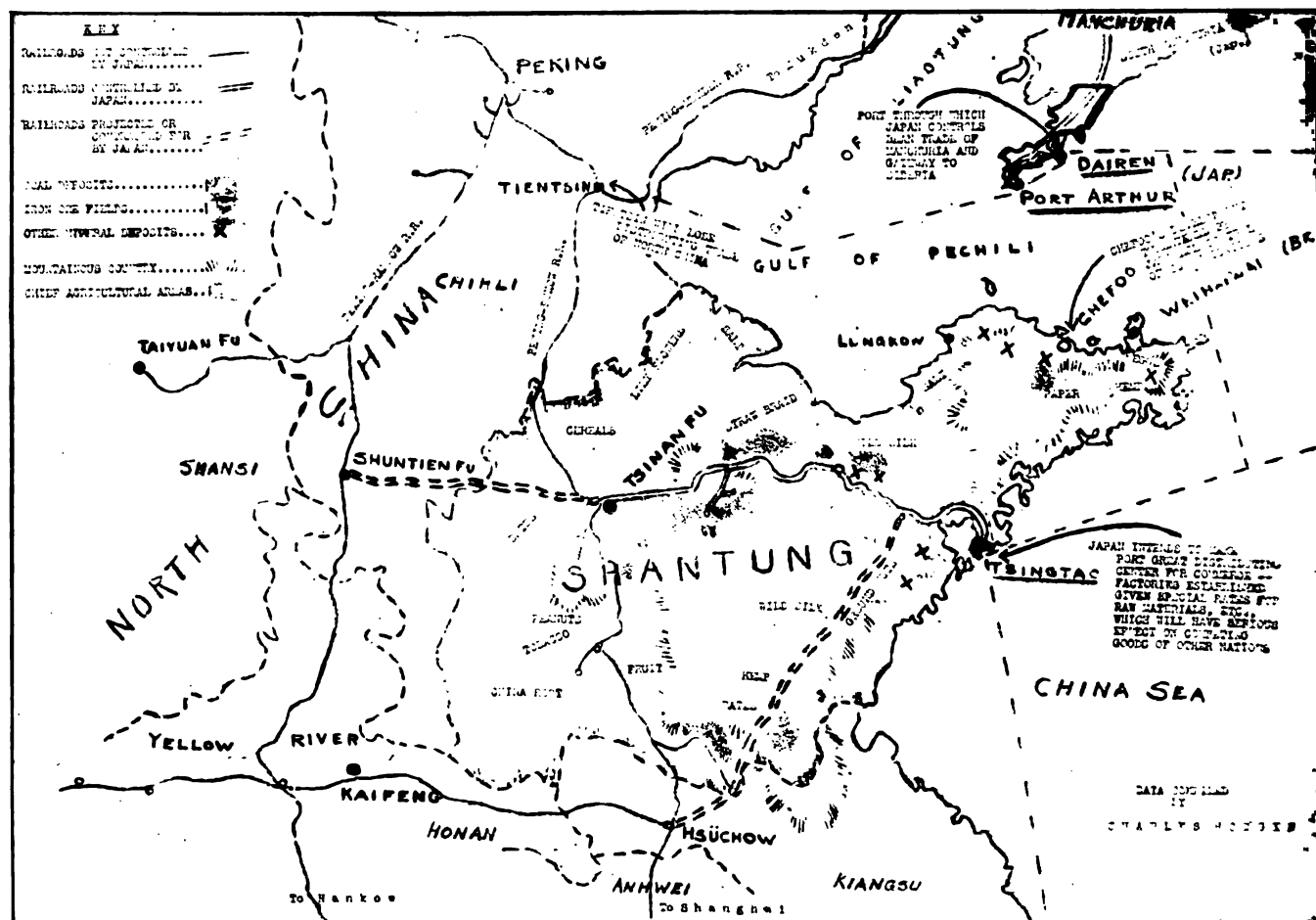
When the German Empire occupied this corner of the old Middle Kingdom during the "battle of concessions," ostensibly as reparations for a missionary outrage, it was for the very purpose of effecting the economic penetration of China. The object of Japan was the same, and was clearly evidenced from the first days of the Great War. It was to make out of the privileged position so

easily seized from the Germans in Shantung a new Japanese preserve that would have affected the future of all North China. Japan had done this once before in the case of Manchuria, just across the Gulf of Pechili from Shantung.

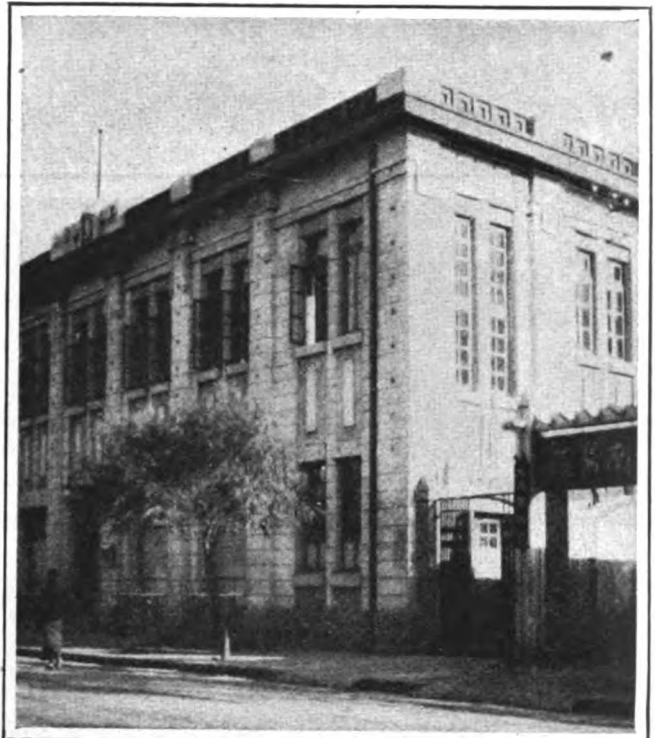
THE ECONOMIC STAKES

When the Japanese military occupation of the German interests in Shantung was completed in 1914, the tangled skein of hard-handed diplomacy, business, and a new nationalism in the East was brought before the world for unraveling.

The 400 square mile leasehold, including Tsingtau engirded by the 2,500



A MAP PREPARED BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE IN 1919, SHOWING THE POINTS OF STRATEGIC INTEREST FROM THE ECONOMIC STANDPOINT INVOLVED IN THE OCCUPATION OF THE SHANTUNG PENINSULA BY THE JAPANESE



BUILDINGS CONSTRUCTED BY JAPAN IN THE HEART OF THE SHANTUNG PENINSULA, 250 MILES FROM TSINGTAU. THESE REPRESENT (LEFT) THE MILITARY BARRACKS AND (RIGHT) THE JAPANESE BANK AT TSINAN, THE CAPITAL OF SHANTUNG PROVINCE.

square miles of neutral zone about Kiaochau Bay, does not tell the whole story. The lodestone drawing the Mikado's land into the Shantung adventure consisted of (1) coal deposits much overrated; (2) iron resources of considerable magnitude; and (3) new commercial opportunity promising to relieve the pressure in part on Japanese industrialism. An accurate understanding of the Japanese stakes here would include, therefore, a 256-mile shoestring of railway stretching from the city of Tsingtau as the railway terminus and harbor to Tsinan, the capital of the province, where the hinterland of North China could be tapped by existing connections with the Chinese Government trunk line running north and south—which were to be fortified by subsequent concessions.

Japan, it must be remembered, occupied this railway zone from the sea to the interior as though it were Japanese territory. A gore ten miles wide was driven through the heart of Shantung, the only modern communications within the province itself being garrisoned, policed, and politically administered with Japanese civil courts along the railway and its branches to the mines. Within the full extent of the zone, the Japanese succeeded to all the special rights of exploitation wrung by the Germans from China in 1898, and even revived many concessions voluntarily relinquished by the latter prior to the World War.

DIPLOMATIC FORTIFICATIONS

The present settlement has been reached only because one by one various agreements upon which, as diplo-

matic fortifications, the Japanese depended for their tenure in Shantung have been broken down.

The recession of Japan's position is marked by four stages. First, Japan forced on the Chinese the ill-advised Twenty-one Demands of 1915 as an ultimatum to stifle diplomatic efforts to oust the Japanese from Shantung, leaving the Mikado's land for practical purposes master of the situation. Second, not satisfied with either the secret treaties of 1917 under which the Allies assented to Japan's programme or the grip on China developed during the Great War, Japan maneuvered the Peking Government in 1918 into two new agreements. These marked a turning-point in the Japanese policy. On the one side, they strengthened the grip of Japan on Shantung through new railway rights. On the other side, they yielded to the Chinese the military control and civil administration of the existing railway. Third, the Peace Treaty signed at Versailles gave everything to Japan with the unwritten commitment that she was eventually to restore Chinese sovereignty while retaining material economic advantages. Fourth, the negotiations just consummated to carry out the provisions of the Washington Conference settlement provided for a retrocession to China of political control exercised by Japan; the nationalization of the disputed railway communications; the turning of the strategic extensions over to "an international financial group;" the surrender of the original German cables, the Japanese wireless stations at Tsingtau and inland at Tsinan, and public properties; and Japan's renunciation

of "all preferential rights" claimed from Germany.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE SETTLEMENT

The significance of the Shantung settlement cannot be overestimated. Japan, it is true, gains material and moral compensation for doing the right thing; but China assumes obligations which she has yet to prove her ability to meet.

Japan has accepted a foreclosure of public opinion East and West upon her actions. They involved the perpetuation of the old order in the Orient, a breeder of war through militant political and business aggression from a dangerous use of military power. In this picture of the outcome of a bold bid for a new dominion in the Far East there is no hostility toward the Japanese people. Yesterday Japanese statesmen perhaps had reason to think this was the surest way to prosper the Mikado's land. Today those in the high places of Tokyo wisely sense the costly futility of the whole approach to position in the East based upon international ill will and distrust. These leaders of Japan, shaking off the burden of War Office diplomacy, are realists in world politics still; but they understand that the politics born of the Great War have been far too costly to serve further useful ends.

Great as has been the lesson of Shantung to China of the dangers of national backwardness, it has meant far more to Japan. Disillusioned as to the dividends from abuses of national strength, awakening from the alluring dream of empire, workaday Japan is now bent on capitalizing the more certain returns from neighborly friendship and confidence.

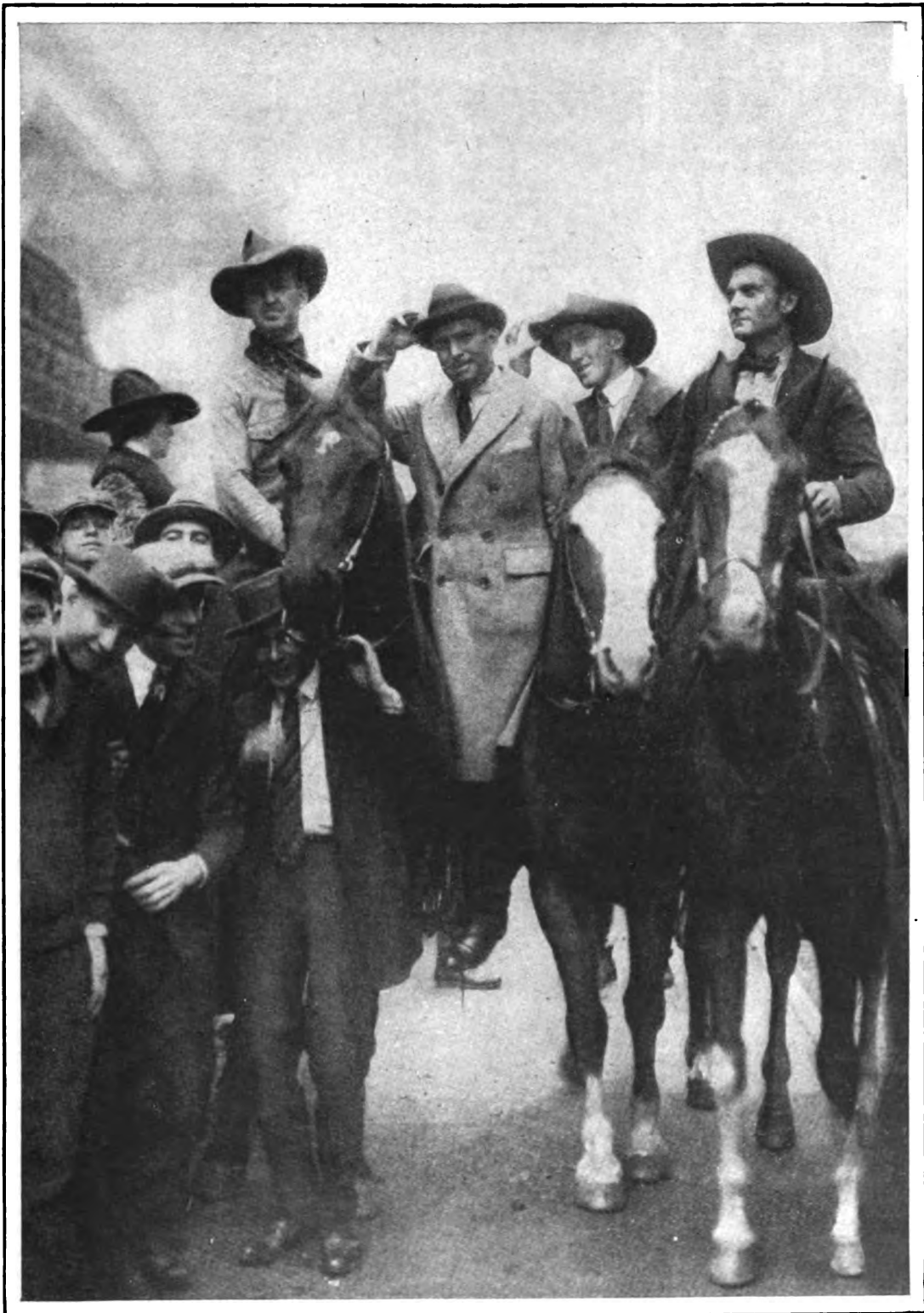
STUDIES IN



(C) Keystone

VISCOUNT CAVE LEAVING THE LAW COURTS IN LONDON, AFTER BEING
SWORN IN AS LORD CHANCELLOR

HEADGEAR



International

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS BEING "PICKED UP" BY WILD WEST RIDERS FROM
THE RODEO AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY

A RADICAL IN POWER: A STUDY OF LA FOLLETTE'

BY RICHARD BARRY

AN impression prevails that La Follette's political apogee was reached in 1912, when he seemed to be a stone's throw from the Presidency. On the contrary, he is only now, ten years later, approaching the peak of his political power, which will reach a very high curve beginning March 4, 1923.

In the next Congress no man will have greater potential influence. In the field of economic legislation, the most important with which Congress has to deal, it will be extremely difficult to put anything through against him, and whatever he desires to originate will have a high chance of success.

In fact, for the coming six years Robert M. La Follette will be practically the American Chancellor of the Exchequer—if we had such an office. It sounds absurd, considering his policies and his record. To many it may sound alarming. But it is true.

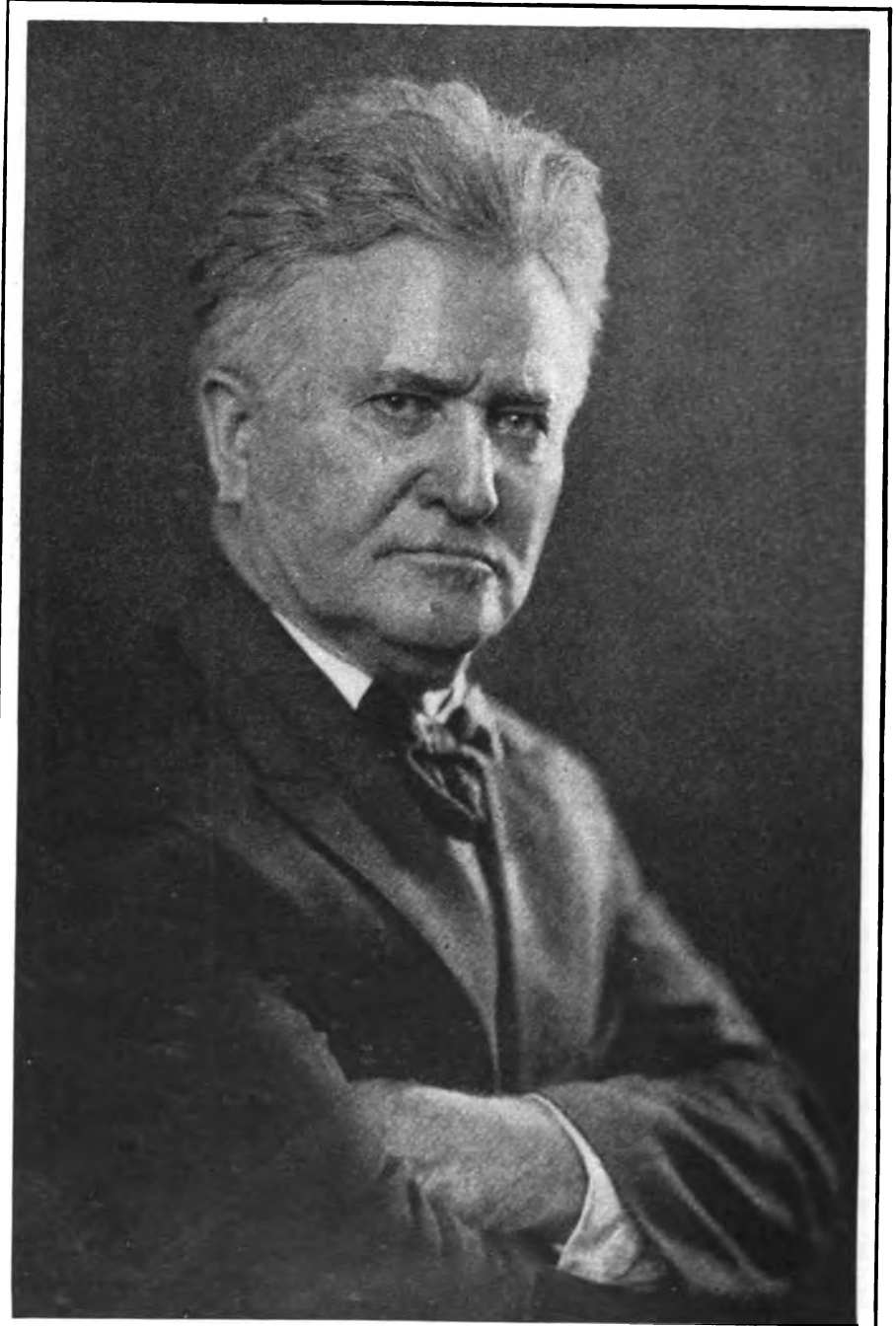
This is not primarily because La Follette is La Follette—one of the most vital and consistent political economists in public life anywhere in the world. It is not only because the late elections have given the balance of power in Congress to the radicals. Yet each of these causes enters into the result.

La Follette will be the new arbiter of American economic legislation through the operation of the rule of seniority in the United States Senate.

Months ago, anticipating the results of this election, I asked Lenroot what would happen in such an event. Would La Follette be permitted by the Senate to rise to the place of Smoot and Townsend? "Never!" he exclaimed; "the rule of seniority will be first abrogated." I asked Smoot the same question. "It is possible," said he. It is likely that Lenroot's certainty has been modified since November 7.

This apparition of the intense non-compromising radical in the seats of the mighty is not a new one in the sight of history. It is one of the commonplaces of political evolution. Yet it never fails to startle its contemporaries. And the American public is going to be startled when it sees La Follette next to the former seat of Aldrich and of Penrose.

Consider the situation. La Follette, ending eighteen years in the upper house, is now the third member of both the Inter-State Commerce Committee and the Finance Committee. These two committees, with the Committee on Appropriations, control economic legislation. As appropriations concern only expenditures, practically all creative policies affecting the economic life of the country originate either in the Finance or in the Inter-State Commerce Committees. Committee chairmen, together with ranking members of the majority party,



(C) 1922 John A. Glander

"FIGHTING BOB"

This portrait of La Follette helps us to understand the fact that as a young man he wrote to Booth and offered a suggestion to the latter as to an improvement in his histrionic technique

as the Senate is organized and operates, practically dictate legislation.

In the present and the last Congresses La Follette has been a constant menace to the conservative Republican leaders, yet he is only the third member of the two important committees. To prevent his entering the conference committee on the Tariff Bill—this is the solar plexus of Congress, for it is here that all tariff schedules are really written—the former rule taking in the three ranking majority members of the Senate Finance Committee was changed to take into con-

ference with the similar committee (Ways and Means) from the House only the two ranking members.

But they can't keep La Follette out of conference in the drafting of any economic legislation in the next Congress, for McCumber's defeat in North Dakota will advance Smoot to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee and will make La Follette the ranking member. And in conference there must be at least one of the minority, so the majority will have to be represented by at least Smoot and La Follette.

What a joining of forces—Smoot and La Follette; ultra-conservative with ultra-radical! The two have but one trait in common—industry. The only rival Smoot has in the Senate for hard work is La Follette. The only man in the upper house who keeps his nose on the grindstone like La Follette is Smoot. By similar sticking-at-it these two beavers have each gnawed a way into the inner citadel of prestige and power; they are as far apart in conclusion on all major economic policy as the negative and positive electrodes of a battery, yet over each flows one ægis, the Republican banner.

A complex government!

So delicate, so complex, that it is the solid apparition of this same La Follette which presents the distinguished, able, and adroit Senator Smoot with the hardest problem of his life. Smoot's problem is twofold. Through the withdrawal of Warren he advances to the chairmanship of the Committee of Appropriations, a place for which no man is better suited, one which fits his talent and temperament exactly, one from which the Republican leaders will deeply regret to see him go.

Yet the rule of the Senate is that no man may hold at the same time the chairmanship of two major committees, and the defeat of McCumber advances Smoot to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and, however much he may desire to relinquish that, he would not dare to do so, for doing so would automatically advance La Follette to the chair.

This is not his gravest problem. Smoot is next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church, an office which any good Mormon considers the most exalted on earth. The President, Heber Grant, is very old, and likely to die at any moment. If Smoot were ready to take the Mormon Presidency, Grant would probably resign immediately.

Smoot's affairs, however, concern the present consideration only indirectly, although they reveal what a thin line holds La Follette from chairmanship of the Finance Committee of the Senate, the place Penrose said he would not trade for the Presidency, the job Aldrich always believed to be the most desirable in the Government. Even though not in the chair, being next to it gives him a veto power over its acts.

There is a similar thin line between La Follette and the chairmanship of the Inter-State Commerce Committee, where, in the railway problem, chief among others, will have its most effective consideration in the immediate future. Only the time between now and March 4 next, his own resignation or death, or the abrogation of the seniority rule, can prevent La Follette from taking the place now held by Townsend, of Michigan, the ranking majority member, who, against every expectation, is defeated.

This is the situation, these are the facts doubtless uppermost in the mind of Senator McCormick, who seeks, with others, to abrogate the seniority rule and who appeals to Lodge, titular leader,

for assistance. It is clearly within its power for the Senate to abrogate the seniority rule. But will it do so?

To abrogate that rule not only would take La Follette from his ranking membership in the Inter-State Commerce Committee and in the Finance Committee, but it would also depose Borah from ranking membership of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Norris from the chairmanship of the Agricultural Committee, and Johnson from the chairmanship of the Patent Committee. Perhaps Johnson, but not Borah or Norris or La Follette, could be reconciled.

No. The Senate, perhaps with internal grumbling, and perhaps to the dimming of the Republican record, will not become so radical as to unseat the radicals in the name of progressivism.

Observe, then, the irony and the fatality of La Follette's approach to his political zenith; now, as always, opposed by the majority of his party, a voice in the wilderness, a pioneer in legislation, the man far in front, and yet concretely a bulldozer; a "visionary" triumphant with realized statesmanship!

In the Republican National Convention of 1908 (I choose one thread of thought to dramatize his career) La Follette presented a minority platform rejected by the Convention. Of its thirteen planks twelve have since become law. No matter. In 1908 the Republicans couldn't see them. One of the planks rejected by that Convention

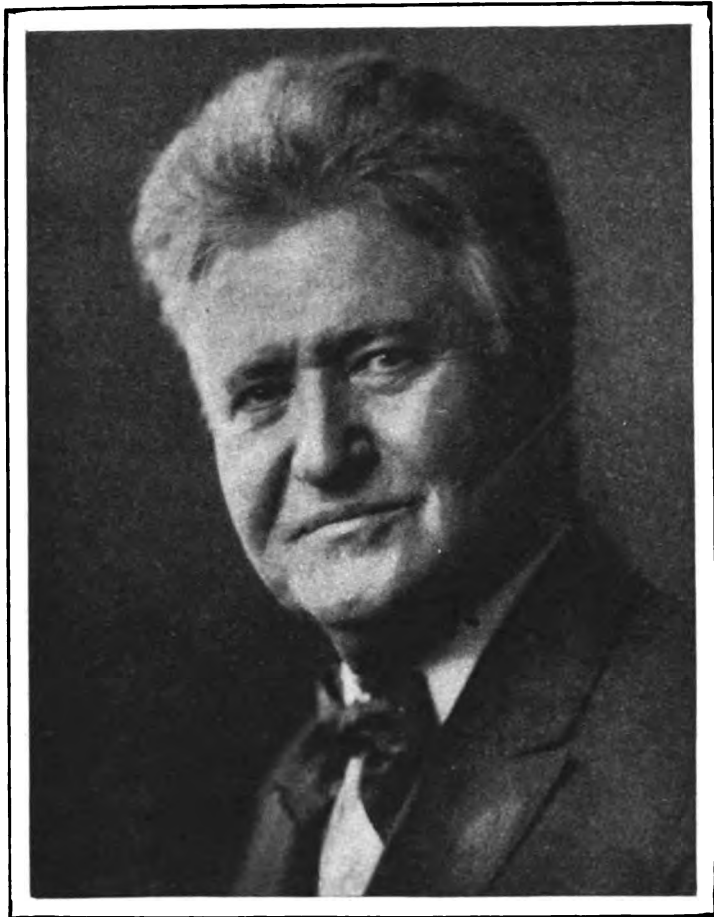
was the direct outgrowth of a decade of legislative work in Wisconsin at a time when, in the words of Roosevelt, that State was "the political laboratory of the Nation." It called on Congress to give to the Inter-State Commerce Commission initiative in examining and in establishing freight rates.

Twelve to fifteen years ago the country was upset over this issue, yet it was but a rivulet to the main stream of a mighty reversal in American policy to which La Follette was then, as now, committed—Government ownership of the railways.

In the election of 1922 he was still contributing rivulets to this stream. He contended specifically in Wisconsin for a law compelling corporations to make public their income statements and tax returns. He won, but only after a four-year fight.

These two incidents may be connected with a thread on which can be strung the principal tenets of La Follette's political faith. Thus we may clearly see the base both of his principle and his policy. He wants Government ownership of all natural monopoly. That is his ultimate goal. But he will accept anything, adopting much, inventing more, that will even faintly approach his goal.

In 1923 (probably) he will be ranking member of the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce, and as such entitled to a seat at every conference, with a practical veto power (in conjunction with the Democratic minority) over



(C) 1922 John A. Glander

"OUR BOB"

The smile that gains a thousand votes

suggested legislation within this purview. Succeeding Townsend, he will be pledged (a) to a repeal of the Esch-Cummins Law; (b) to a revision downward of freight rates; and (c) to full publicity for every fact concerning railway ownership, value, cost, and management.

How near is he approaching his goal? To some extent, certainly; but how near?

When to the Republican National Convention of 1920 he submitted a minority platform (rejected, of course, just as were his in 1908, 1912, and 1916), a derisive shout went up at his sheer audacity in calmly demanding that the Government take over *in toto* all meat-packing plants and allied industries. "Allied industries!" What did that mean? Why, groceries, naturally. That would mean grains, cereals, fruits, sugar—everything eatable.

Most of the Republican delegates merely gasped. They hardly even took him seriously. Why, he was as bad as a Socialist, they said. True, only he was worse. The Socialist party of Wisconsin refused to indorse him, on the ground that he was too radical for them.

The ordinary Republican could not think beyond this point. Relief was sought and found in the report that La Follette was "crazy." This talk went around like a prairie fire. Men of the highest reputation and of the most respectable character have said to the writer (in confidence, as though consumed with pity), "You know La Follette is pathologically crazy." One told me that he had a doctor's report confirming this, a report alleged to be based on examination during La Follette's retention in a sanitarium for treatment for mental lesion. But this same man once told me that Henry Ford's family intended to apply for a guardian for him.

What are the facts about La Follette's sanity? Poetically, they may be stated in the words of Dryden:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And tain partitions do their bounds divide.

• La Follette, who, from the standpoint of economic legislation, is the outstanding political genius of his time, often pushes his point with such desperation that his frenzy appears irrational—surely so to an opponent.

• Practically he is sound as a nut. His devoted followers of the Wisconsin hustings, who have returned him to the United States Senate by an almost unanimous vote, who have given him the Wisconsin Assembly unanimously and the Wisconsin Senate and State Government by a two-thirds majority, do not think they have given their suffrages to a madman. Two of his former physicians with whom I have talked do not take seriously the question concerning his sanity.

• La Follette's intense emotionalism (his Celtic derivative, if you please) has brought him to a nervous breakdown

on several occasions. The most notable was at the Philadelphia publishers' banquet in 1912. Few knew then that his beloved daughter lay critically ill. She was, in fact, operated on early the next morning. La Follette's heart and mind were with her as he faced his most critical audience.

• His devotion to his family is beyond the ordinary. A Senator who knows him well (not an adherent, but a sympathetic admirer) said to me recently: "I believe La Follette's mind was saved during the war by the illness of his son, Robert. The Senator's devotion to the boy he loved removed him from the worst of the storm against him."

• The "worst of the storm" may appear, as I set it down now, unbelievable. When he entered elevators in the Senate office building, its occupants usually vacated and let him ride alone. When he entered street cars, people left through both doors. Clubs in Madison to which he had belonged since his days as a university student expelled him. His next-door neighbors in Washington not only ostracized him, but kept tabs on his callers and followed each with adjurations to avoid him in future. The Senate, whose members knew him best of all, placed him in coventry while it held in committee against his repeated appeals for public trial the charge against him of "treason," refusing to give him or any one an inkling of its ultimate act. Meanwhile his spiritual bath in vitriol proceeded under a torrent of Nation-wide execration such as few men have ever survived, and it should be noted that of the six Senators then denounced by Wilson as "a little group of willful men" he alone remains in public place.

Perception of the intensity and extent of all this was avoided, as if providentially, for a year and a day, during which period the Senator did not go to the Capitol or to his office, but remained constantly as nurse and companion at his son's bedside. Thus he escaped, without knowing it, the worst of the storm, which might well have tried the reason of even the most courageous of men.

When La Follette at length appeared in his seat in the Senate, though every member knew that he had been waging a single-handed fight with death for the life of his beloved son, and that he had won the fight, not one came forward to greet him. He sat there in the most conspicuous place, on the aisle in the front row, directly under the eye of the Vice-President, practically a pariah.

After a few minutes a bellow came from a rear seat. "Why, there's La Follette!" And the bull elephant of them all shoved a ponderous way down the aisle, the first to grasp in fellowship the outraged hand. "How's your boy?" he queried, in genuine concern. It was Penrose. Following his lead, the herd closed in, and the humanities were resumed.

Closely following this the Senate re-

jected the proposition to expel La Follette for his war-time utterances. "I believe," said to me recently a Republican Senator, "that our action in almost unanimously rejecting the proposal to expel him marked a definite change in La Follette. At least I personally date from about that period a new mellowness in his spirit. There is no sting or bitterness or gall in him any more. He is as determined and uncompromising as ever where he believes his principles are involved, but he seems to have outgrown the feeling that he is an Ishmael, with his hand against all men, and all men's hands against him. If I am right, he feels now that the Senate is ruled by an elemental sense of justice that nothing can shake."

His faults? La Follette's chief fault (and, so far as I can see, his only fault) is that he is of French-Irish extraction. In a civilization pluming itself so often on a Nordic supremacy this may be an amiable weakness in an author or a college professor, but in a politician, especially when he approaches a place of chief power, it easily becomes a crime.

A man who defies the steam-roller is an object of commiseration or of ridicule; when he survives the steam-roller he becomes an object of hatred. A celebrated stabilizer or harmonizer of the Republican party said to me not long ago: "La Follette is a big man, all right. The way he always has kept Wisconsin behind him proves that; but he'll never amount to anything because he won't play ball; there's no team-work in him; he don't get the signals."

Another Republican, often employed by the Senate organization as the "liaison officer" between it and La Follette (a finished diplomat has been required for this delicate operation in the past, and the importance of his labors will increase) said to me: "La Follette gets the signals all right, but not from the team; he gets them from his own inner self. Don't believe, however, that he can't play parliamentary ball. He is one of the best at that game I ever saw, and with his new strategic advantages I don't see how any one can beat him."

Many mistake La Follette's accents for his premises. Read one of his speeches, and you will see in it only prosaic statements of fact, with an appeal to logic, meriting consideration, however much you may differ with the conclusion. Hear him deliver the same speech, and you may easily be confused by the violence of the utterance and the exuberance of the gesture.

His is the ebullition of a boiling geyser which affects manner and method, but not the substance; this geyser of oratorical intensity startles with its perpetual fount of sizzling steam; yet too many who think it is only vapor forget that its permanent origin is far down in the bowels of the earth.

For La Follette will rise, I believe, out of his period and will be seen in perspective as the enshrined demos of the principle of pure democratic govern-

ment, a principle as ancient as the cliffs and mounds of the aborigines who once dwelt on this continent. His destiny is, and has been, to embody that principle consistently, concretely, and effectively. He lacks the slightest particle of patience with any compromise with that principle. Whether it is right or wrong, practical or impractical, successful or unsuccessful, he is it.

Thirty-five years ago he was doing the same thing in Wisconsin that he did before the last election—holding vast throngs with the hypnotic force of his dynamic personality and the human appeal of his dramatization of economic problems. The *intelligentsia* of the State said then that he was only a demagogue who would wear himself out shortly. They have kept on saying that for over a generation, until he has worn himself into a place in Washington wherein he is one of the four or five individual forces slated to rule the Government of the coming few years.

Is he a demagogue? A demagogue, I

take it, is one who courts popularity by appealing to the baser passions of the mob. Remember, then, that La Follette over and over again has taken his established popularity in his hand, as it were, and apparently has thrown it away by espousing some cause admittedly and proven to be unpopular.

One of his college classmates said to me recently: "Knowing Bob La Follette intimately for fifty years, I conclude that his strongest trait is a delight in overcoming obstacles. He would rather have the mass against than with him; he glories in such a contest. In this he is the reverse of the demagogue. Rather, he is a pathfinder, a discoverer, a political evangel. Though I am sure he is scrupulously honest, both practically and intellectually, I believe that if two ways to the same end were open to him, one without and the other with opposition, he would deliberately choose the road with opposition, provided he did not thereby sacrifice a principle."

This is the shrewdest portrait I have

seen painted of "Battle Bob." He never seems to find enough exercise either for his intellectual or for his spiritual muscles.

Barney Baruch hails "Al" Smith's victory in New York as "the greatest personal vindication in the history of American politics." Is it? Consider the vindication of La Follette. Smith's majority in a vote of over two million was about 400,000, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. La Follette's in a vote of about 400,000 was 275,000, or 5 to 1—very much the biggest of a career accustomed to big majorities. Statistically, at any rate, it appears that La Follette's vindication is about three times as impressive as "the greatest personal vindication in the history of American politics."

Now he will continue on the road of his manifest destiny, that of a political prophylaxis working within the Republican party. The party has usually opposed his irresistible force, but, since the beginning of the century, it has not been able to proceed without him.

SOLSTICE

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

WHOSE lips are thirsty for the sun-ripe fruit
That, in successive season, follows bloom?
Who loiters in the orchard with his flute
Of pensive airs and elegies? For whom
The dance of leaves and the blue scarves of smoke
Against the twilit, melancholy sky?
The winds have gathered round him like a cloak
To make more secret still his going by.

Autumn is but a mask before his face,
The frozen fields a vestiture; and where
His hand has rested, in whatever place,
Water will run no more and boughs be bare.
Last night I heard a step. . . . Now God be thanked
For this good harvest and these green logs banked!

LUMBER CAMP HONESTY

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"WHATEVER gave you the idea that ninety-five per cent of men want to play fair?" snapped a member of one of the first audiences I addressed in the East. Before I had a chance to answer, he added, "It's all right for you theoretical geniuses to expound these wonderful theories from a platform, but I have long since found, by bitter experience, that beautiful theory and cold reality aren't always the closest of friends."

"Well," I answered, "it's late. Suppose we go into the dining-room and have a cup of coffee, and I'll tell you what started a belief that has since grown to positive conviction that ninety-

five men out of a hundred are fundamentally square."

"I'm from Missouri," laughed my interrogator, as we sat down, "and will have to be shown."

I proceeded to show him as well as I could by telling him the following story of my early days in a lumber camp.

I was engaged in a Pacific coast steam logging camp as a "rigging slinger," which is probably as hard a job and as unpleasant a one as there is in a high lead logging camp. It doesn't mean that all beginners take that job, because they don't. It takes a husky man to stick with it, but you do get a first-class opportunity to study human nature—not

the rigging slingers alone, but those rough, fighting workers who compose the entire yarding crews.

Although I had worked in the woods in the intermountain section of Idaho, where the timber was small and all logging performed by hand, for many years, I found that my past logging experience was practically valueless in a steam logging camp.

In due time Christmas rolled around. I had saved a small amount of money—as money goes even in a logging camp—but to me, who had been down and almost out for quite a while, my faith in everything shaken, my pay check seemed like a small fortune. As I recall it, my

check amounted to \$186. As the workers in the camp were paid off for the week's Christmas holiday, given in all Western logging operations, the superintendent called me in and asked me if I was returning after New Year's. I assured him that I would be back. "All right," he said. "I've noticed that you never take a drink."

"No," I answered, "I haven't so far in life. I don't intend to start in this week."

I was curious to know why the superintendent asked me the question, but, on my query, he answered: "I take it that you must be green in the woods, and I just wanted to tell you that while you're downtown if you don't 'blow your money' you'll likely have a fair amount of change left when the vacation is over."

"Don't worry about that," I replied: "I'm not going to spend any of it, only for a hotel, a few picture shows, and a ticket back."

"No! no!" growled the superintendent. "I didn't want an oration on what you're going to do with it, but I've noticed that you're not familiar with the customs of the woods. While you're in town you'll continually meet some of the boys from the camp who are broke. They may ask you for a few dollars. When they do, don't ask any questions: just give it to them, as long as it is in small amounts, and don't worry about it; you'll get it back."

The superintendent was right. During the week I spent in town it seemed to me that the lumberjacks had spent their money with remarkable suddenness. Practically every man I ran into passed a very friendly greeting with a string attached, the string being a good-natured request for "a coupla dollars."

On the evening of the third day I counted up. I had just about enough left to get back. However, before I reached the boat I had given out \$10 more to three friends who hadn't fared very well in the various "spending academies" dotting the streets in the famous skid-road section below the totem-pole in the "Queen City."

Yet I was buoyed up with the positive assurance of the superintendent that I would get it all back. "Maybe not this month," he told me, "but it'll all come back in the course of two or three pay days." But during the following week, bounding through the brush with the fourteen to twenty foot heavy "choker" cables at \$3.30 a day, I couldn't help but become a little pessimistic about "getting it all back." Before the first of the month rolled around I was downright nervous, and I frankly told the superintendent that I had regretted the fact many times that my hundred and fifty-odd dollars I had loaned out were not safely reposing in a savings bank.

"Just as good where it is," he replied. "The savings bank might 'bust,' but these lumberjacks that you have loaned this money to aren't going to all die at once."

I knew that the loans were widely distributed. I hadn't kept track. I didn't know just how many men owed me, nor what amounts. In all, I think there were about thirty-five or forty loans, ranging from one dollar to fifteen. But what made me most nervous was the fact that not over thirty per cent of our crew had come back. A goodly part of the men I had loaned money to had gone out to other camps in various parts of the State. I didn't even know the names of most of them, and certainly hadn't the slightest idea where they had gone.

SHERMAN ROGERS'S ALASKAN ARTICLES BEGIN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE. THEY HAVE A VITAL BEARING ON THE FUTURE OF A GREAT TERRITORY

To my intense surprise, on the third, fourth, and fifth of the first month my mail had the appearance of a collection agency. It seemed that all of a sudden I had become decidedly popular somewhere. Most of the envelopes contained a bill. Very few of them any other notice—a one-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, or a five-dollar bill—leaving me no wiser than before as to who had sent it. I got back over a hundred dollars that first month. By March 1 a few odd one-dollar and two-dollar bills had come in. By March 5 the entire amount had come back with the exception of one \$7 loan and a \$5 loan. I figured, by March 10, that I had probably lost the last.

During March a man in our camp was badly hurt, and I took him to the hospital. We arrived at the institution at about one o'clock in the morning. I remained long enough to see him into the ward reserved for men hurt in logging operations. As I entered the ward I heard: "There he is now! Hey, you!" I walked over to the bed from which the call came, and recognized a former worker in our camp, but I didn't recall anything further to bring him to mind.

"You loaned me \$5," he blurted out. "I've been in the hospital here for six weeks, and I haven't been able to send it to you. I just got my compensation check from the State this morning, and here's your \$5. Thanks very much."

I then went to bed, to get up two hours later to catch an early boat back up the canal. At that hour the "skid road" is practically deserted. I hadn't advanced very far when some one yelled and started on a run toward me. Instinctively I felt, "Here's a hold-up." I started to run. My pursuer was in good shape. Every few minutes he yelled lustily for me to stop. I put up a good race, but he steadily gained. However, I had reached Railroad Avenue by this time—out in the open glare of the electric lights. I figured I was safe, but the man chasing me didn't stop. He ran up to me, put his hand in his pocket, and wrathfully exclaimed, "You big chump! I've been looking for you all over since I came to town. I knew I had borrowed \$7 from somebody. As you passed the alleyway back there, I recognized you, and instantly recognized the fact that I owed you the \$7. Here it is. Thanks. See you again some time."

As I walked to the boat landing I realized that I had made thirty or forty promiscuous loans to men without knowing whether I should ever see them again, to men who had no money a week after pay day, to men who knew full well they probably would never see me again, and yet one hundred per cent of those men had returned their loans to me. In other words, one hundred per cent of these practical strangers had proved themselves to be square.

This experience was the beginning of the creed I have since grown to have perfect confidence in—that ninety-five per cent of men want to play fair.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XIII—THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

NOW that the curtain of armistice had descended upon the world's most devastating war, the League to Enforce Peace was endeavoring to co-operate in every possible way with President Wilson and the official delegates to the Peace Conference, and with similar organizations in Europe, to bring into existence a League of Nations.

I had been made chairman of the Overseas Committee, and on the afternoon of Theodore Roosevelt's funeral former President Taft and I met to confer regarding the work to be done. Both of us were very much depressed by the death of our friend. Taft felt grateful that "Theodore" (as he always called Roosevelt) and he had some months earlier re-established their long-time former friendship, which had unhappily been interrupted by political events.

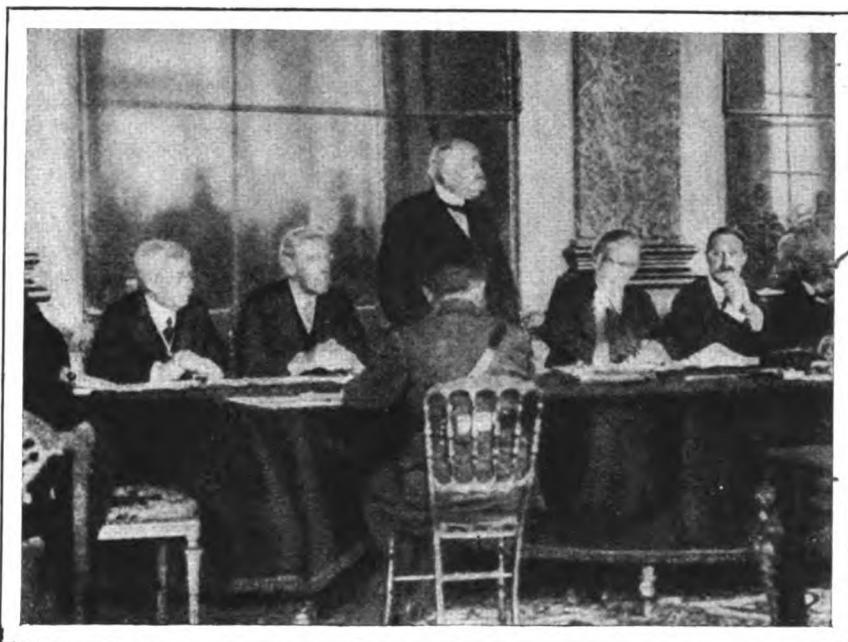
Mr. Taft courteously told me that he was glad that I was going to Paris, and that he believed I might render a great service in helping to secure an effective League of Nations. He hoped I would have conferences with Balfour, Lloyd George, and Léon Bourgeois, and that I would be able to show them what kind of a League we and, as we thought, the American public generally wanted. At my request, Taft agreed to write me a letter, signed by himself, as President of the League to Enforce Peace, and by A. Lawrence Lowell, chairman of the Executive Committee, giving me full authority to take whatever action in Europe that I might consider wise. I told Taft that I wanted a letter which should expressly state, among other things, that I was to support our official delegates, as it would not do for America to show a divided front.

He told me, what I also had known from conversations with Roosevelt, that Roosevelt had latterly expressed himself in favor of such a League of Nations as we stood for. I reminded Taft that Roosevelt had been the first in recent years to emphasize the subject of a League of Nations, having done so in his Nobel Peace Prize address.

A YOUTHFUL LORD CHANCELLOR

Reaching London on February 4, 1919, I promptly conferred with the members of the British League of Nations Union. Sir Willoughby Dickinson, M. P., gave me full details of the meetings that had been held by the English, French, and Italian leagues in Paris.

While in London we dined with our new Ambassador, John W. Davis, formerly the Solicitor-General of the United



International

Some of the main actors in the imposing drama of the Peace Conference. Left to right: Messrs. Lansing, Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Bonar Law

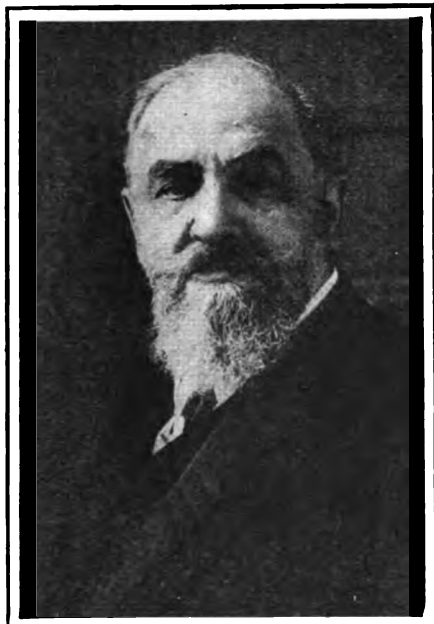
States. Both he and Mrs. Davis, in the short time they had been in London, had won the esteem of official England. At this dinner I had a long conversation with the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, formerly Sir Frederick Smith, who held a distinguished position at the British bar, and had been Attorney-General in the last Cabinet. In the latter part of 1917 he had visited the United States, where I had met him. He was then only forty-seven years of age, but looked much younger, and therefore quite unlike the typical Lord Chancellor robed in venerable dignity. He told me that he was the youngest Lord Chancellor, with one exception, that had ever sat on the woolsack. He had the youthful and vivacious face of a man in the thirties. He said that nothing would please him more than, when he was no longer Lord Chancellor, to practice law in America, but he said that precedent would not permit a former Lord Chancellor to return to the bar and practice his profession. He was very outspoken in his opposition to a League of Nations, saying that it was a Utopian idea.

As a dinner guest of Sir Arthur Steele-Maitland, M. P., Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, I met my old friend Viscount Bryce, who was then about eighty-two years of age. He was still in the best of health and his mind was as alert as ever. He brought me a copy of his recent brochure, "Proposals for the Pre-

vention of Future Wars." Maitland strongly favored a League of Nations.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE PARIS CONFERENCE

We arrived in Paris on February 9, where our friends Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mamelnsdorf had generously placed at our disposal their comfortable apartment in the Rue Montaigne, which was most conveniently and centrally situated and saved us the necessity and difficulty of securing accommodations, all the hotels being jammed full. At the Crillon Hotel, headquarters of the American Delegation, we conferred with Colonel House, with whom arrangements were made for the fullest co-operation between our League and the Official Commission. We also conferred with Mr. Gordon Auchincloss, son-in-law and secretary of Colonel House, who, after consulting with the latter, gave me in confidence a typewritten copy of the Articles of the League entitled "Draft as Provisionally Approved." He said that the Colonel wanted me to have this, so that I might study it. I was told that the outlook for the adoption of a League was very discouraging because the French Delegation, headed by Léon Bourgeois, insisted upon two additional clauses—(1) the control by the League of the manufacture of all armaments and of all war industries, and (2) an



Bain

Léon Bourgeois, head of the French Delegation, who was persuaded by Mr. Straus to accept the League of Nations covenant as preliminarily drafted

international military force to defend the French frontier, which, Bourgeois insisted, quoting from a former speech of President Wilson, "was the frontier of civilization."

President Wilson had emphatically objected to the proposed additions.

When I informed Colonel House that I was about to call on Léon Bourgeois at his home across the Seine, he said, "By all means, go," and added that Bourgeois's attitude "had put the League on the rocks."

Arriving at Bourgeois's house late in the afternoon, we were told that he was in the Senate and would not return until late. While there, however, I met my friend and colleague on the Hague Tribunal, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. He said he would see to it that we met Bourgeois that evening, and Baron d'Estournelles and Bourgeois arrived at my residence promptly at seven o'clock that evening.

Bourgeois presented the interposing difficulties and the divergence of views between him and President Wilson and Colonel House. I explained to him, more fully than he seemed to have appreciated before, that the war-making power was lodged by our Constitution exclusively in Congress, and that even if the President should agree to the additional articles, if these articles would in any way conflict with the war-making power as provided for in the Constitution President Wilson's assent would be without effect, and would never be ratified by our Senate.

Here the telephone rang, and M. Bourgeois was informed that the President of the Ministry, M. Clemenceau, desired to see him at once. Bourgeois

said he would shortly return, and hurriedly left us. In the meantime we continued the conversation with d'Estournelles, who, being familiar with our American system, was better able to appreciate the problem. I told him plainly that Colonel House had said to me that afternoon that "the League of Nations was on the rocks."

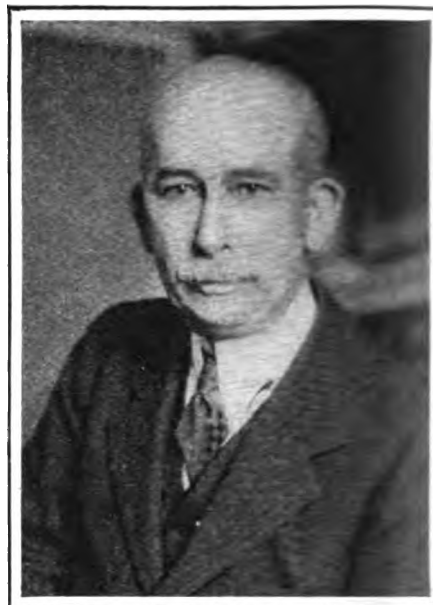
BOURGEOIS AGREES TO ACCEPT THE COVENANT

Bourgeois returned in half an hour, and we resumed the discussion. After explaining more at length our Constitutional provisions, I told him that if the proposed League were made too strong it would be useless, so far as America was concerned, since it would not be ratified by the Senate. Knowing what a strong advocate he had always been of the League of Nations, as he was and had been for years past the President of the French League of Nations Society, I asked him whether he would prefer having no League rather than a League as drafted, without the two articles he had proposed.

He frankly replied that, if that were the alternative, he would prefer to have the League as drafted. He then referred to the fact that at our last Congressional election the Administration had been defeated, and therefore, as he understood it, the President represented a minority party. I told him that, while such would be the case under the European system, it was not so under our system, and then read to him from my letter of credence "to support the President," explaining that the President of our League, Mr. Taft, along with Dr. Lowell, myself, and many others, were not of the President's party, yet I was authorized and instructed to support the President.

Bourgeois replied that at the Plenary Session of the Conference, which was to be held on the Friday following, namely, on the 14th, at the Quai d'Orsay, in view of the American position which I had made clear to him, he would support the "Draft as Provisionally Approved," but that he wanted me to appreciate that they had politics in France as well as we had, and that therefore he would, at any rate, have to present at the Conference the two articles referred to, if for no other reason than for their popular effect; but that I could rely on it that his Government would in the final analysis accept the Covenant or draft as provisionally presented by the representatives of the fourteen nations which had participated in its preparation and had preliminarily agreed to it.

When Bourgeois and d'Estournelles departed at about ten o'clock, I called up Colonel House, and, after briefly informing him what had taken place, I told him that the League was "off the rocks." He expressed his great gratification, and on the following morning when I met him he said that he had informed the



Colonel House, who, on Mr. Straus's arrival in Paris, immediately ushered him behind the scenes of the Peace Conference

President, who desired heartily to congratulate me.

When Colonel House had informed me that "the League was on the rocks," it was more real than figurative; for at the session of the Commission on the League held the evening before, the French members having insisted upon an international army to guard the frontier, and President Wilson having point-blank refused to agree to it, an *impasse* had been reached, since neither side would give way. The Commission thereupon adjourned, apparently without any possibility of coming to an understanding. Considerable bitterness was developed in the discussion, as I learned, between the President and M. Bourgeois. It was at this stage that I fortuitously arrived at the Crillon to report that our Committee, by calling on M. Bourgeois, had been able unofficially to take up and discuss with him the situation, which officially had apparently passed beyond the stage of further discussion. Therefore it proved a great relief to the President and Colonel House, as well as to Clemenceau and Bourgeois, that we had been able to remove the *impasse* by inducing the French delegates to agree to support the Covenant as preliminarily drafted.

The next day I met Baron d'Estournelles at lunch, and he informed me that Bourgeois had expressed himself gratified with the clarification I had given him and that I could rely upon the Covenant being adopted as we had agreed.

AT THE IMPOSING PLENARY SESSION

On the morning of the 14th, while I was at Colonel House's office, I received a copy of the Covenant, which had just been put in print, as re-edited by the Sub-Committee of the League of Nations.

under the chairmanship of Lord Robert Cecil. While I was there, President Wilson came in to meet the representatives of the American press. When he saw me, he expressed his high appreciation for our services and helpfulness. The President made a brief address to the correspondents, beginning in a semi-humorous vein, and then giving a general description of the Covenant as finally drafted, explaining that where so many nations were involved no one's individual ideas could be fully satisfied, and that there had to be yielding on all sides. Wilson added that he would have liked to see some definite provisions regarding the protection of religious minorities, and referred to several of the other outstanding provisions.

Colonel House asked me to see Bourgeois again before the Plenary Session, which was to take place that afternoon, saying that he had heard that Bourgeois was going to oppose the Covenant. I immediately called on Bourgeois again, and told him precisely what the Colonel had said, but Bourgeois assured me that there had been no change, and that the Covenant, or, as it was styled in French, *Le Pacte*, would not be opposed.

That same afternoon I went with former Ambassador Henry White, one of our official delegates, to the Session of the Plenary Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, which convened at 3:30 o'clock. I accompanied him into the Conference room, a large, vaulted, ornate chamber known as the Clock Room, where were seated, at the tables arranged along three sides of a square, with an inner row of seats arranged in the same way, the delegates of the thirty nations.

On the outside of the square were the tables for the secretaries of the several nations. At the head of the table sat M. Clemenceau; to his right was President Wilson, and on his left was to be Lloyd George, but, as he was not present, Lord Robert Cecil sat in his place. Next on the right was Mr. Lansing, and next on the left was Mr. Balfour, and so on in order. In the rear of the chamber were a number of distinguished persons and other officials of the Powers. To one side was another large room with arched entrances, occupied by the correspondents of the press of the world.

The proceedings began at four o'clock. The ushers closed the large entrance doors leading out into the foyer, and all was still and in expectancy when Clemenceau rose and, in his usual brusque and unceremonious manner, announced that "Monsieur Wilson" would have the "parole," meaning the floor.

WILSON READS COVENANT

President Wilson arose, calm, dignified, and entirely self-possessed, and, after a few preliminary words, stated that the representatives of the fourteen nations which composed the League of Nations Committee had unanimously agreed to the Covenant, consisting of twenty-six articles, to be presented to

the Conference, representing, according to the estimate, 1,200,000,000 people.

He read the articles of the Covenant, one by one, interpolating here and there brief explanations. The title "Covenant" had been given the document by Wilson, a designation he had previously used in one of his speeches. This was regarded as most appropriate, since the pact was not a treaty or convention, but something higher and more sacred, hence the scriptural designation "Covenant," such as God had made with Israel.

After reading the articles, Wilson made an address of about thirty minutes. It was clear, forceful, and in his inimitable style. In closing he said: "Armed force is in the background in this programme, but it is in the background, and if the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall. But that is the last resort, because this is intended as a constitution of peace, not as a League of War. Many terrible things have come out of this war, gentlemen, but some very beautiful things have come out of it. Wrong has been defeated, but the

rest of the world has been more conscious than it ever was before, of the majesty of right."

Lord Robert Cecil then spoke briefly, and I will quote a single passage from his address: "Finally, we have thought that if the world is to be at peace, it is not enough to forbid war. We must do something more than that. We must try and substitute for the principle of international competition that of international co-operation."

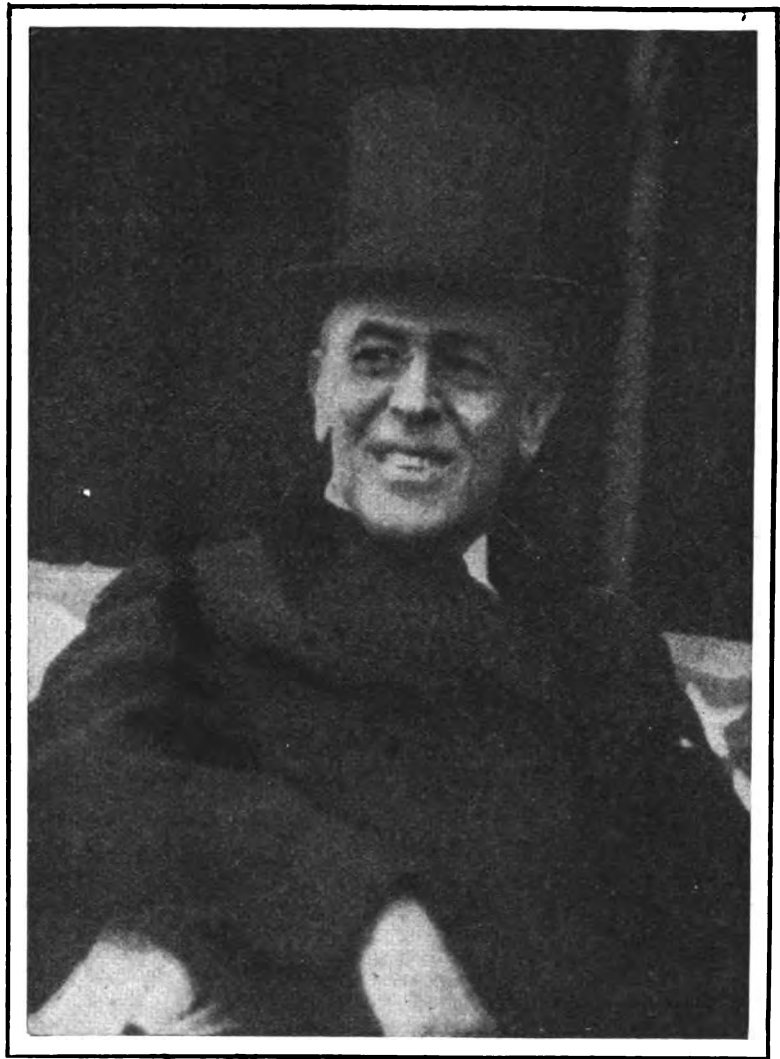
Bourgeois declared that he proposed amendments which he thought he ought to mention; that, while his country had accepted the text which had been read, the amendments were mentioned so that, as the text went before the world, the amendments might also be considered, to the effect that we ought to have a permanent organization to prepare military and naval means of execution and make them ready in case of emergency.

JAPAN'S PERSUASIVE VOICE

Baron Makino, speaking with persuasive eloquence in perfect English, main-

(C) International

President Wilson as he appeared on his arrival in Paris for the Peace Conference



tained his previous amendments, which were as follows: "The equality of nations being a basic principle of the League of Nations, the High Contracting Parties agree to accord, as soon as possible, to all aliens, nationals of States, members of the League, equal and just treatment in every respect, making no distinction either in law or in fact on account of their race or nationality." He then added: "I feel it my duty to declare clearly on this occasion that the Japanese Government and people feel poignant regret at the failure of the Commission to approve of their just demand for laying down a principle aiming at the adjustment of this long-standing grievance, the demand that is based upon a deep-rooted natural conviction. They will continue in their insistence for the adoption of this principle by the League in the future."

George Barnes, the English labor leader, upheld the argument of Bourgeois for an international force. Venizelos referred to the amendments of France which had been held back because of constitutional barriers of acquiescence on the part of certain countries. He thought those countries should make an effort to remove those barriers, but that, if they could not do so, then France should recede from her position. Mr. Hughes, of Australia, interposed a question demanding to know when and where the discussion of mandatories would take place, to which Clemenceau replied that the document would rest on the table and would be discussed at a distant date. Thereupon he abruptly adjourned the session.

CIVILIZATION'S GOLDEN CHAPTER

As the delegates moved out, I met President Wilson, who asked me for my opinion about the Covenant. I replied that it was much more comprehensive and forceful than I had believed it possible for the nations preliminarily to agree upon. He expressed himself as much gratified. I believed then, and do yet, that but for Wilson's prestige and dominant leadership of the Conference, so far at least as the Covenant was concerned, it would perhaps not have been formulated, if ever, until after the Treaty of Peace was concluded. At any rate, I very much doubt if an agreement could have been arrived at.

After my conversation with Wilson, Bourgeois said to me that he hoped I was satisfied with his remarks in support of the Covenant, that he had to refer to the amendments he presented so that they might receive consideration. I told him that he had followed the course he had agreed to when he spoke to me two nights before, that, while he would refer to his amendments, he would nevertheless support the Covenant.

When I had returned to my apartment, I wrote in my "Random Notes: "I regard this day and its happenings as the golden chapter in the history of civilization." Notwithstanding what has

since happened, I have not abandoned hope that such may yet prove true.

AT TEA WITH GENERAL SMUTS

Two days before the meeting of the Conference, Hamilton Holt and I had tea with General Smuts, the distinguished South African delegate. He is a man of very pleasant appearance, rather short in stature, and with his florid complexion looks like a veritable Dutchman. He was then apparently about fifty years of age. He would hardly, from his appearance, be taken for a soldier, but rather for a student. He had given much detailed study to the subject of a League of Nations, and from his brochure "The League of Nations—A Practical Suggestion" (1918) more of his suggestions as there set forth entered into the articles of the Covenant than those proposed by any other of the delegates, including Willson. Smuts advocated in this brochure that "the League should be put in the very forefront of the programme of the Peace Conference," the same position that Willson afterward successfully pushed forward. In the preface of his brochure, dated December 16, 1918, Smuts says:

To my mind the world is ripe for the greatest step forward ever made in the government of man. And I hope this brief account of the League will assist the public to realize how great an advance is possible to-day as a direct result of the immeasurable sacrifices of this war. If that advance is not made, this war will, from the most essential point of view, have been fought in vain, and great calamities will follow.

Dining soon afterwards with Sir Robert Borden, then Premier of Canada and

FINAL events in Paris connected with the Peace Conference are described next week by Ambassador Straus in the closing chapter of his Autobiography. He depicts important conferences with President Wilson, Colonel House, Alexander Kerensky, Venizelos, refugee Russian statesmen, and others. He reports the London meeting of the allied societies for the League of Nations. He tells of his return to America and of the efforts to secure American participation in some kind of League of Nations. He closes with a terse and illuminating appeal for individual states to conform their policies to the world's common needs.

one of the British delegates, we met several of his colleagues. Balfour was expected, but he had been compelled to return to London that day. Sir Robert was an important member of the British Delegation, and made some very helpful suggestions. He opposed Article X of the Covenant, which provides that "the High Contracting Parties undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States, members of the League," etc., the same article that eventually met with so much opposition in our Senate, and doubtless was the principal cause for the Senate's failure to ratify. At that time it was generally rumored that Borden would be selected as Ambassador to the United States to succeed Lord Reading. He would doubtless have made a most acceptable representative in Washington of the British Government, exceptional as it would have been to have the British Empire represented by a colonial official. No one could have been sent who understood our country and our people better.

PERSHING NERVOUS BEFORE MAKING A SPEECH

Washington's Birthday was celebrated by the American Society, which gave a luncheon at the Hôtel Palais d'Orsay. There were present about one hundred and fifty Americans. It was a notable assembly, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to General Pershing, with whom I had a lengthy talk. We spoke, among other things, of the proposal that our country should take a mandate to govern the Ottoman Empire or any part of Europe. Great propaganda had been made that we should take a mandate for the Ottoman Empire. Pershing agreed with me that this would lead to endless complications and would not be approved at home. I also talked with Colonel House upon the subject, who was of the same opinion. Pershing was evidently quite nervous, for he was expected to speak, and he was making some notes. It appeared to me that he was more disturbed than if he were about to enter into a serious military engagement.

I had lunch the next day with Boris Bakhmeteff, Russian Ambassador to the United States, at which I met Sazonoff, former Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Czar's régime. We spoke of Russia and the possibility of reconstruction.

I was told that the late Czar was kindly and humane, but that he had been completely misled and dominated by crafty Ministers who were plotting and intriguing one against the other; that Russia was not, by reason of the ignorance of its people, fitted to become a republic, but that it must have a government powerfully centralized, and that its best hope would be the restoration of the monarchy under Grand Duke Nicholas as constitutional ruler. Sazo-

noff said it was a pity that Petrograd was not taken by the Allied fleet.

On February 26 the Union of Associations for the Society of Nations, together with the European Bureau of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, gave a luncheon in honor of Ambassador Sharp and myself at the Cercle Interallié, at which M. Léon Bourgeois presided. There were present some seventy-five guests, mostly delegates and French officials, including Sir Robert Borden; Venizelos, the Greek delegate; the Rumanian Minister; M. Vesnitch, the Serbian Minister; and the Brazilian Ambassador. At the conclusion M. Bourgeois arose and, although there were to be no set speeches, expressed the regret of the French nation that Ambassador Sharp would in the near future relinquish his post, and complimented his Administration upon its work of the past four trying years. He praised my effective helpfulness in regard to the League of Nations, and stated that he not only greeted me as a twin, because he was born in the same year as I was, but also as a Frenchman, since my father, who was born in 1809,

was a Frenchman by birth, and because my great-grandfather was a delegate to the Conference which was summoned by Napoleon during the first decade of the past century.

In reply, I stated that an American, to be truly patriotic, should understand our early history, and that no American with this knowledge could fail to have a love and sense of gratitude for France, our ally in the establishment of democracy, as we had so recently been her ally for the liberation of the world.

LANSING IS SIDE-TRACKED

My conferences regarding the League of Nations while it was under discussion and formulation by the Committee of the Conference having charge of that subject were held with Colonel House and his secretary, Mr. Auchincloss. On February 27 I had lunch with Secretary Lansing. It had been quite obvious to me that even before this he had been practically side-tracked, and that Colonel House had replaced him from the beginning, doubtless by direction of the

President. This was very evident so far as the League of Nations was concerned.

Mr. Lansing informed me that he had pointed out a number of technical objections to the Covenant as formulated, which, he was sure, would prove a fruitful source of difference and would make trouble. It seemed to me that he was evidently not conversant with the various stages of discussion regarding the articles of the Covenant.

I referred to the entire omission in the second draft of the section respecting civil and religious liberty and the protection of minorities, which was contained in the tentative draft, but was finally omitted because Japan had insisted that the equality of races be included, whereupon the whole subject had been omitted. I suggested that the entire subject, which was in fact a Bill of Rights, now that it had been excluded from the Covenant, should be incorporated in the treaties to be made with each of the new nations. Lansing agreed with me that that should be done and would, under the circumstances, be the best plan.

THE JERICHO ROAD

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

IN the big, bare inn at the top of the Jericho Road three travelers were sitting around an open fire, for the night was cold. They were persons of some importance in their time, being rich, and their many followers—servants, guards, horses, and beasts of burden—crowded the alcoves around the courtyard of the khân.

One of the three was a Roman tax-gatherer from Jerusalem; the second was a Persian silk merchant from Ecbatana; the third was a Greek theater director from the rich city of Gerasa, beyond the Jordan. They had often met before at the same khân, for their business frequently called them to traverse this dangerous road. They were always glad of a meeting and a friendly talk over a cup of mulled wine, no religion having yet been discovered to forbid such cheerful and warming fellowship. So they rested and told their stories, as travelers like to do.

"But where is our old companion, the good man from Samaria?" asked the Roman. "He is usually on the road at this season, with his sacks of corn from Dothan and his skins of wine from Jezreel. There is a good market for them in Jerusalem now."

"Perhaps he is waiting," said the Persian, "for the market to rise a little more. He understands his business, that Samaritan. But he is kind, very kind—the blessing of Ahura-Mazda is upon him."

The Greek smiled.

"It is so," he said, "excessively so. He never loses a chance to perform a work

of mercy, to bind up the wounded, to pour out money for the distressed. And I never knew a man to have so many chances. I will wager that even now he is picking up some poor wretch on the Jericho Road and taking care of him. That is what delays him. It has become a habit."

At that moment, as if a bell had called him, the Good Samaritan entered. He was dusty and a little out of breath, but he made the Oriental salutations of politeness as usual, and sat down with his friends by the fire.

"Another?" asked the Roman.

"Yes," replied the Samaritan, "another—in truth, several others."

"How many does that make," asked the Greek, "since we first met here?"

The Samaritan threw up his hands.

"I do not know. I have lost the count. Since I began to travel this road, some thirty years ago, it has been the same thing every year, sometimes twice a year. Always robbery, outrage, murder—people lying in their blood by the roadside, women violated, little children cut to pieces. This time it was a poor man of the sect called Nazarenes whom they beat till they thought he was dead. His wife they stabbed to death and two girl children they abused into madness. I and my servants did what we could for them and brought them here for safety."

"Such things ought not to be in the Empire," said the Roman, gravely. "Who is guilty of these offenses against justice and the Roman peace?"

"Always the same tribe," said the Samaritan. "They call it 'taking toll.'"

They say their religion authorizes it, and after they have done it they wash their hands and say their prayers. But the name of their god must be Satan, and the blood on their souls will not wash out."

"But this tribe must be subdued," said the Roman. "They must be taught and bound to keep the peace."

"Subdued is an easy word," said the Persian; "but in my country there are tigers which cannot be changed into cats. You cannot trust them if they smell blood."

"It is so with this robber tribe," said the Samaritan. "Time and again one army after another has beaten them, and they have cringed and fawned and promised to be good. But when they are forgiven and the army withdraws they break out again to rob and rape, to butcher and burn. True, they let us pass because we are strong and well armed. But for the weak and helpless they have no mercy but torture and no compassion but the grave. Year after year the same brutality, the same horror! My gorge rises at the bloodiness of the Jericho Road."

"But why," asked the Greek, very softly, "just why do you not go around by some other way? You would escape these sights that trouble you so deeply and cost you so much money in charity. It is none of your affair, after all. What are the Jews to you, except as customers? Why not abandon the Jericho Road?"

The Samaritan looked at him, and then answered, sharply and firmly, -

if he had often thought of the question and had the answer ready.

"For two reasons. The first is the same that brings you here. We all need that road in our business. It is the shortest and best way to Jerusalem. The second reason is one that perhaps you may not share. To avoid the Jericho Road would not deliver me from its horrors. I should still see them in my heart—the wounded, the outraged, the slaughtered—they would haunt me and cry for help. Are they not of the same flesh and blood as we are? God knows they have cost me enough. But I

give it willingly. I only wish I could do more for them."

"You can," said a deep voice close behind the travelers. They looked up in surprise, and saw a man clothed in rough garments of camel's hair, with a leathern girdle round his loins. He had come in quietly and stood leaning on his long staff, gazing sternly into their faces.

"You can do much more, all of you. You must do more if you would meet your duty. You are rich. You have power. Put a strong guard on this path-way of blood and shame. Make this

tribe of robbers and murderers afraid, since they understand no other argument. It is even more merciful to prevent cruelty than to heal the wounded. It is even more righteous to protect the helpless than to comfort them in their misery. This ought ye to do, and not to leave the other undone. I charge you in the name of God. Patrol the Jericho Road!"

The four travelers looked at one another with wondering eyes, for the stranger spoke with authority. When they turned around again to question him, he was gone into the night.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

BY EDWARD CORSI



International

FASCISTI LEADERS HONORING THE "UNKNOWN HERO"

Premier Mussolini is at the right, followed by General Diaz, Admiral de Reval, and other officials, as they proceeded to the tomb of the "Unknown Hero," where allegiance to the King was sworn by the new government

BACK in 1892 a group of enthusiastic radicals met at Genoa and ushered the Italian Socialist party into existence. In the same year, and practically at the same time, the Silesian Convent at Faenza opened its huge iron door to admit a wild-eyed lad into the service of the Church. "He seems quite vivacious," remarked the rector to the hopeful mother of the lad, "but I reckon he'll do."

A number of years later a mass of workmen were conducting a strike in an industrial section of Romagna. The strikers were alone in their fight, abandoned by their leaders, disowned by a hostile Camera del Lavoro. There had been plenty of mass-meetings, plenty of agitation. Demands were made and rejected. Hopes of victory were fast vanishing. At the eleventh hour out of the mob comes a youth with fire in his eyes

and hatred in his heart. He must speak. "Comrades," he shouts, "you have had enough words, enough speeches, enough demonstrations, enough nonsense! You have the strength of numbers and the force of arms! You have no head! Here, take mine! This is the hour of revolution—revolution at once!" The discouraged mob stood aghast in the presence of this mere youth who dared to speak of revolution. But his words had penetrated. The mob reacted in all its fury. The passion of revolution took hold of the abandoned strikers. "To the railway! To the railway! Revolution!" shouted the frenzied men and women. But they had hardly advanced when a troop of cavalry compelled them to disperse. They fled to their homes. The revolution was blocked. The youthful agitator, beaten by superior force, downed in his plan of battle, was led away by a

kindly hand, disillusioned but not discouraged. He would try again. He was born for the revolution.

The wild-eyed lad at the Silesian convent and the youthful revolutionist urging the mob to action were one and the same. To-day, after thirty-odd years of agitation and leadership, Benito Mussolini is at the head of the Italian Government, realizing the aspirations of his youth.

Millions of newspaper readers the world over are asking, Who is this Mussolini? What kind of a man is he?

Not excepting the romantic d'Annunzio, this *enfant terrible* is the most picturesque figure in all Italy. If I could find his prototype in America, I would engage in comparisons. But, fortunately, or unfortunately if you will, America breeds no Mussolinis. Men of his type are to be found in Latin countries, where temperament and impulse abound. As a man he is unique, *swi generis*. As a leader he is not to be compared. At this time of writing he has his country in the palm of his hand, to crush it if he pleases, to save it if he so wills. He is the organizer and the builder of the Fasci. He is also their master mind.

He comes from the soil, and he hates democracy. He speaks with provincial pride of the little Roman town of Varano de Costa, where, forty years ago, he first saw the light of day. His father, an iron worker, was an ardent Internationalist who suffered imprisonment for his loyalty to Marx. His mother, not unlike many Italian mothers of her day, hoped to have her Benito a priest of the Church. But, as destiny would have it, Benito was a rebel from the day of his birth, a rebel against the clergy, against society, against law and order. The Silesian fathers got rid of the vivacious lad with a sigh of relief, and he later took to teaching. He did not teach for long. The atmosphere of the schoolroom, like that of the chapel, bored him. He craved for action, for adventure, for life. He abandoned the schoolroom and set out for Switzerland. The news of

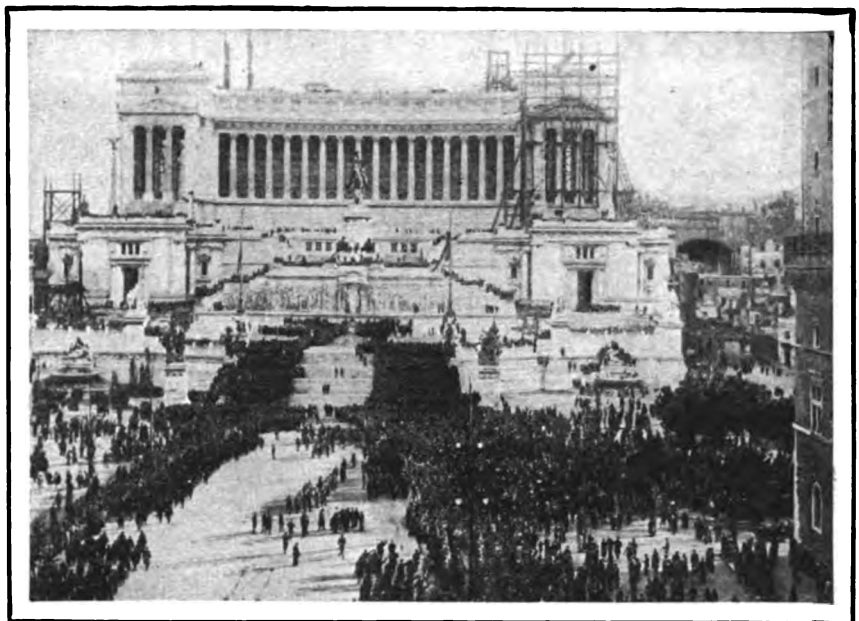
his father's arrest on the day of his departure failed to hold him back. He is not a man who will hold back. He went right ahead to Yverdon, arriving there with two lire in his pockets. After roaming for days from job to job, he was finally arrested and imprisoned on a charge of vagrancy. He returned to Italy, determined to "upset the world and everybody in it." He did.

Mussolini was born for the pen, and he followed his inclination. As a boy he had written many articles and much bad poetry. In Switzerland he had worked as a mason. He would be a journalist. In Trento he joined the martyr Cesare Battista and wrote for "Il Popolo." He gave himself to the cause of Italian irredentism, employing his pen, which was also his sword, with fierce hatred against Austria and the Austrians. He left Battista and founded "La Lotta di Classe" in Forlì. His articles and editorials were so bitter, so venomous, so belligerent, that all Italy came to know Mussolini, the merciless revolutionist. He demanded the leadership of the Socialist party, as he has demanded the Government, and the party surrendered. He assumed the editorship of the "Avanti," the official organ of the Socialist movement, and, fearing "neither Rome nor hell," set out to "put blood, nerves, and iron in a huge empty body." Under his leadership the Socialist party assumed a belligerent attitude in Italian politics. Mussolini was the bitterest agitator and the most aggressive propagandist the Italian Socialists had ever seen. He was not for the class struggle. He was for class war.

Then the World War came. A deep love of country, slumbering for years in the heart of the revolutionary, came to life with the first booming of the guns. Mussolini could not resist its magnetism. He was a born fighter, a man for the trenches, a dynamic human force. The policy of neutrality decided upon by his party was not for him. He would not be a pacifist. He could not be. He cried out for war, and he ceased to be a Socialist. "Traitor!" shouted his comrades. "Scoundrels, cowards!" thundered Mussolini.

On November 15, 1914, the first issue of "Il Popolo d'Italia," the bitterest anti-Socialist organ in Italy, appeared on the news-stands of Milan. Through its columns Mussolini cried out for war—for war against Austria and Germany, for war against the Socialist and Communist parties, against all the enemies of Italy. He fought for and in the war. All Italy listened to the emotional, dramatic, inspiring war speeches of Mussolini, the redeemed. Four years later he began the organization of the Fasci. The first to respond to his call were the Arditi.

What has happened since then is practically a matter of common knowledge. With his million Fascisti, who compose the most remarkable movement of youth in the history of any nation, he has brought the Socialist and Com-



Wide World Photos

THE FASCISTI MARCHING INTO ROME—A SCENE AT THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT AS MUSSOLINI'S FOLLOWERS TOOK POSSESSION OF THE CITY

munist parties to their knees. He has assumed absolute control of the Italian Government. It may truly be said that in the hands of this man lies the fate of Italy.

Mussolini is an eccentric man of remarkable force and initiative. Though he betrays a childish sentimentalism in his acceptance of political ideas, he is inclined to be egotistical, cruel, and unscrupulous. He is not a cultured man. He abhors the academic mind and hates the doctrinaire. His articles are superficial, his speeches abound in adjectives. But he is as aggressive with his pen as with his tongue. The editorials in "Il Popolo d'Italia" are venomous, menacing, and always polemical. One of the editors of the Fascista organ gives this picture of Mussolini at work in his office:

In the editorial offices there is complete silence. Mussolini is at work. Facing him, on the wall, hangs the black flag of the Arditi, with its prominent skull and dagger; on the table, between the barricade of books and the mass of manuscripts, rests his revolver; a bit further, on a volume of Carducci, a hunting knife, with its blade of steel, glitters in the sunlight; close to his inkwell is another revolver, a smaller one of feminine elegance. On the bookcase—rather, on a mass of manuscripts never to be published—are boxes of bullets; near by rests his Fascista cane. In this formidable armory, standing out in perfect contrast to the black flag, Mussolini loads, murmurs, shrieks, threatens, and explodes. He hammers out his thoughts. His pen cuts deep into the paper. He works like a workman. He glories in his work.

"Clemenceau," says Nitti, "has been throughout his whole life a formidable man of destruction." Mussolini differs from Clemenceau only in that he can

also build. He is a doer of things. He believes in accomplishment, in achievement, and has no patience with men who will not act. In his large, protruding eyes there is bitter determination and much iron. He built up the Socialist party and then abandoned it. He followed with the building of the Fasci. He will now build an iron government.

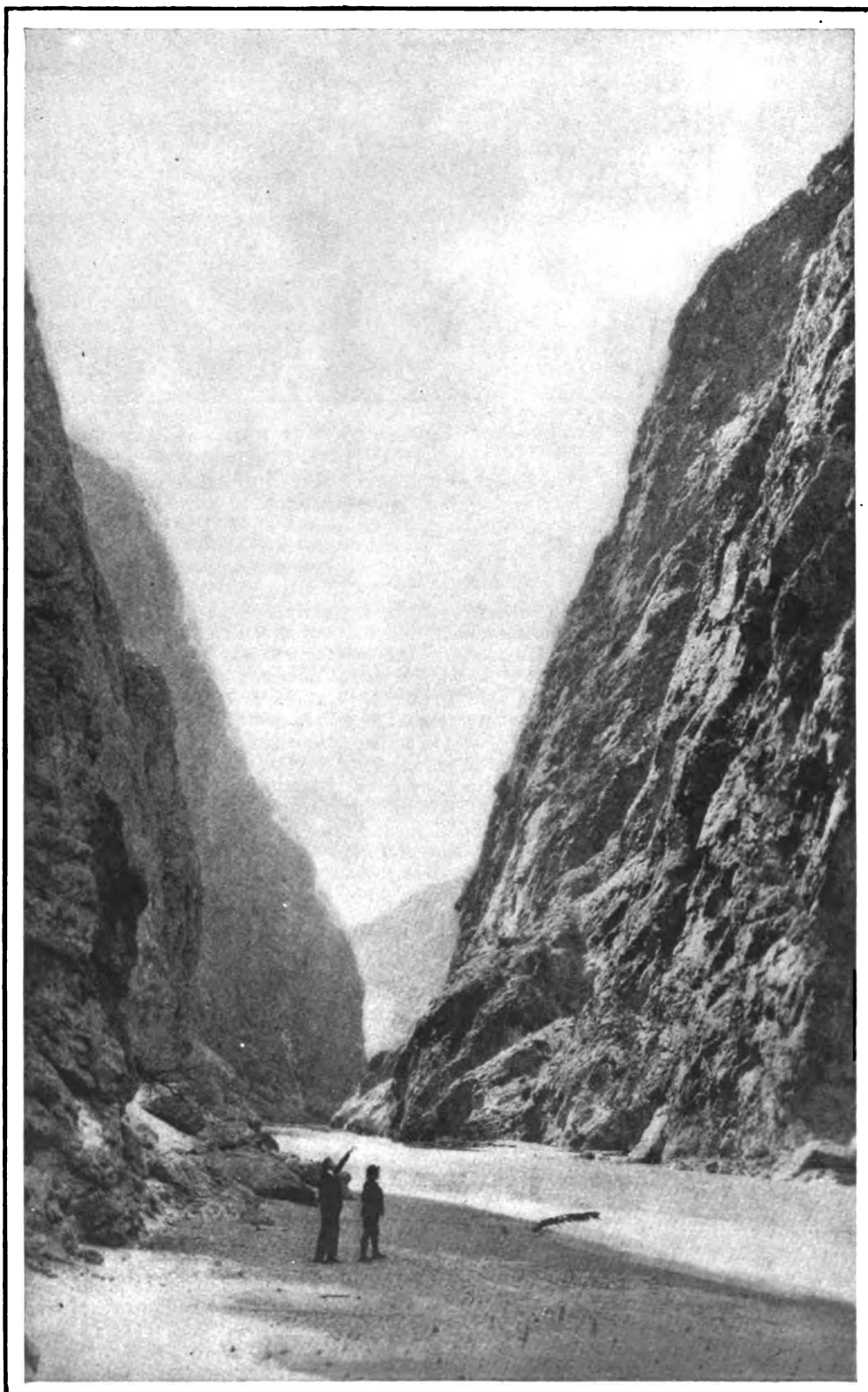
Mussolini, unlike many of the party leaders in Italy, cannot be credited with firm political convictions. He is continuously in a state of political change. Even to-day the public opinion of the country is hopelessly divided on what Mussolini actually believes and desires. He has been a Socialist and a Socialist leader for many years. But was he truly a Socialist? Did he fully grasp the Marxian theories of government? It is difficult to answer the question. I am inclined to believe that he was lured by the romanticism of the Socialist movement. He loved to fight, and the Socialist party, the class struggle, offered him the opportunity to fight. He has never believed in reform through the ballot. He believed and believes in the right of might. As a youth he believed in industrial and political revolution. As a leader of the Socialists he believed in *settimane rosse* and *la guerra di classe*. In the war he was a soldier of the trenches. In peace he guided his Fascisti through civil war.

To-day, with the reins of government in his hands, this man, ferocious as a tyrant and human as a child, promises to restore law and order. "Democracy," he has said, "has failed in Italy. This is the day of the dictatorship."

Will he restore the Government to all the people of Italy or will he continue to dominate single-handedly, as he has dominated from that day in Romagna when he urged the striking workmen to revolution? The nation awaits breathlessly the next move of Benito Mussolini.

WHERE THE COLORADO AWAITS ITS YOKE

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



**BOULDER
CANYON
ON THE
COLORADO
RIVER,
ABOUT
200 MILES
BELOW
GRAND CANYON**

The walls of the canyon on the right are in Nevada, on the left in Arizona. They rise to a height of about 1,500 feet. Here the Government proposes to build a dam rising 600 feet above the river, creating the largest reservoir of the kind in the world. It will have a three-fold utility—flood control, irrigation, and power development. Secretary Fall and Secretary Hoover are reported to be officially behind this great project, and bills to carry it through are now in Congress

Photograph by John Anson Ford, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE BOOK TABLE

TWO EXPERIMENTS

BY C. HARLOW RAYMOND

"YOU ought to write something about that," said the head of the English Department in a big preparatory school. "Those are two unusually interesting experiments."

The two other English teachers completing our group, talking shop after a full day of reading for the College Entrance Board examinations, urged the same thing. And so I have done so. There is nothing new about the experiments, but perhaps my writing about them may help to encourage some of us teachers who in the routine of the daily task may have become tired, discouraged, or mired.

So much for introduction, except—they really aren't experiments; they are proved facts.

Four years ago I wished to demonstrate to myself the truth or falsity of certain theories of my own as to a boy's liking for poetry. For years, in classes corresponding to eighth grade or a little higher, I had had some very interesting results in getting boys not only to read poetry, but also to compose verse. I wanted to see what could be done, while carrying the regular work of the course, with a class a year older, corresponding roughly to first-year high school boys, in which there should be no picked boys except such as the alphabet in its natural order dropped into my lap. Accordingly, I took a class of youngsters from thirteen to fifteen years old.

Now I believed that the supposition, held by many, that boys as a rule dislike or hate poetry is absolutely false. I held, and still hold, that almost all boys have within them a genuine fondness for poetry. If a teacher believes that they have not and proceeds to teach with that view-point, he will not discover their liking, and beyond question he will arouse in most boys so great an aversion to poetry that he may shut the door to their enjoyment of it, not only during the period of adolescence, but possibly for all time. On the other hand, if a teacher really loves poetry and takes the standpoint that men are but boys grown up and have in common an inherent love for that which is clean and true, strong and brave, and fine and beautiful, he will find, if he shows any wisdom in his teaching, that there will be a ready response to his love for poetry on the part of the boys. This response will of course vary with the boy, but rare indeed is he who does not care for some kind of poetry.

In my experimental class, besides our work in grammar, composition, and prose reading, we read Thompson's "British Verse" from the beginning. After we had discovered that Dan Chaucer used a form of simplified spelling and got away with it when we

couldn't, worse luck!—and had a deliciously humorous way of picturing the people of his day, who were remarkably like ourselves in spite of their queer clothes and manners, we raced through the ballads and found that, naive and crude, exaggerated and absurd, though they might be in places, they had swing and sincerity, incident and plot, and appeal in every case. Then we came to the lyric poetry of Elizabeth's age and of Shakespeare. One week I read to the boys in the class the four or five of Shakespeare's sonnets included in the "British Verse," taking up one or two a day and explaining them very carefully. After that I asked each member of the class to choose the sonnet he liked best, and to bring in for the next recitation a carefully written paraphrase of it. When that was done, I told the boys I wished each one to memorize the sonnet of his choice. They of course found that they were able to learn it in no time. Shortly after that they studied Milton's sonnets. It was simple then to compare the Shakespearean and the Italian types of sonnets.

It was now some time after Christmas, and I was ready for the experiment, of which the boys had no inkling. One Monday morning I said, "Now, boys, we'll try something new to-day. We'll all write a sonnet. I think most of you can do it in the forty-five minutes."

The expression of surprise and incredulity on the faces of some of the youngsters was most amusing. Most of them had never tried to write verse. What was there that they could write upon? I told them that the subject-matter was simple. They had been reading a good deal of love poetry. They, being experienced in all such matters, could easily write a love sonnet. They could write the octave on a description

of "her," though who "she" was I did not know except in the case of Jack. The sestet could begin with "but," though what the "but" would lead to, I had no idea. What more did they, being intelligent boys, need? Keep quiet and get busy.

Their imagination was tickled. The competitions they had had in rhyming words and in synonyms and the training they had had in the rhythm of verse now stood them in good stead, and they tackled the new game in earnest. I had asked them to write a sonnet in forty-five minutes if they could. I knew well enough that I could not have done such a thing at their age, and I question whether many of my day and generation could have. Could any of these boys do it? Quietly and eagerly they worked—no sound in the room except once in a while a boy tipped to me to ask for advice. By thirty-five minutes one boy was through; by forty, three more; by forty-five, eight out of the class of sixteen. All but two had more than eight lines. The work of all of them was in true sonnet form with correct versification. The boys who had not finished were allowed two or three days extra, but were asked to get their sonnets in as soon as possible. They did.

When we discussed the sonnets, some of which were humorous, some serious, all better than I had dared hope for, we realized that writing verse was not so difficult, after all. We next decided to write ballads. Accordingly, we took twenty minutes of a recitation for each one to think out plots for ballads. These were read in class and criticised by the boys. Then I asked that they try to get their ballads in within a week. Well, we had some great ballads. They ran the gamut of mystery, disguise, and the supernatural, lily-white maids, damsels with golden hair, true love triumphant, tragic death. There were flaws in the meter at times—as there should be in all true ballads!—and in diction and in plot it was still possible, if one desired, to criticise; but, as in the case of the sonnets, I was able to congratulate the boys heartily for the fine work they had done.

We had great fun one recitation with limericks. Then a little later I told the boys I wished to try another experiment. I wanted them to put either the First or the Twenty-third Psalm into verse. And I told them why I thought such an exercise would be helpful. Again I gave them plenty of time. They found this versification harder, as I expected; but I was astonished at the results they obtained. Most of the boys chose the Twenty-third Psalm, and they used all kinds of meter. One boy, I remember, used an anapestic trimeter for the First Psalm. When we read and discussed the verse, mixed in with the boys' versions, I gave them a number of poetic (?) paraphrases from an old

Food for many minds awaits the readers of The Outlook's "Book Table." There is Lloyd Morris's review of "Ariel," by José Enrique Rodó, entitled "A Philosopher from the Plate." There is interesting biographical material in Henry C. Shelley's "Centenary of Thomas Hughes." Herbert Gorman has given us an article which might be called "Confessions of a Book Reviewer," and Hubert V. Coryell continues his previous essays on boys and books by an article giving the boys' point of view of "What Makes a Book Worth Reading."

metrical version of the Psalms, printed about 1800. At the end of this joint reading up popped the hand of one of the boys. "Mr. R—, I think some of our verse is better than some of that in the Psalms." I agreed with him.

Every year we give a prize for the best verse written by any boy in the form. By this time my boys were ready for the contest. I told them I hoped a member of the class would win it, but the one thing I really cared for was that each boy should give the best of himself in the contest. Each member of the class I asked to write at least one piece of verse on any subject he pleased. Most of the class wrote more than one. In fact, boys were bringing verse right along for me to look over. There was war verse and love verse, humorous, reflective, serious and tragic verse, narrative, lyric—all verse; and it ran from limerick length to that of many stanzas. The prize poem of our section, according to the judgment of the boys, gave the experiences of a Buddy in the war; it had at least forty quatrains. It was an unusual product for a boy of fifteen or so. It won the prize for the form.

At the suggestion of the class, we collected our best work, which I handed in to the head master to read. We were very proud of our collection.

Now of course the youngsters had not written great poetry, and probably never will. But, according to their age and their ability, they had done their best. Moreover, they had gained much more that is valuable. They had learned by their own failures and successes to appreciate the right word in the right place, the beauty of the perfect line, the lilt and rhythm or mighty swing of it, the appeal of apt and lovely figures of speech, the charm and magic of all true poetry. Poetry to practically every one of them is for all time an open book, and many of them have read already much in its golden pages.

Since then I have not had an opportunity to teach a group of young boys in the same way. What teaching I did with younger boys the next year was necessarily along different lines. Practically all my time since then I have had to devote to classes preparing strictly for the College Board examinations.

Now our school believes in preparing for the restricted examination in English, on the ground that the drill and training of a definite prescribed course can be given in such a way as to implant a better knowledge of the essentials of English than can the comprehensive plan, and at the same time can be made interesting. A criticism of the restricted plan often heard is that it compels the study of books that the boys hate. "We still teach Burke's 'Speech' and Milton's minor poems," said a teacher in English last June to me. "Why the head makes us, I don't see, for every boy hates Burke and Milton. I wish the head would let us teach the easier books prescribed under the restricted plan or else the comprehensive. It's absurd to make boys study stuff they

To answer all of which in the reverse order—a thing I was not so foolish as to attempt in any form or order with the teacher in question, for inevitably there is a great gulf between us regarding essentials—I would say in passing: (1) that it is very difficult, to put it mildly, to teach boys or anybody what they hate; (2) that the question arises why boys should hate those books—is it the book, the boy, or the teacher that is at fault? (3) that the fact that other books may be easier does not necessarily prove their greater value or more abiding interest—indeed, probably proves the reverse. On all this I could write at length, but that is another matter.

Personally I have not found that boys hate Milton's minor poems or Burke's "Speech on Conciliation." When the poems and the "Speech" are made clear to them, almost all boys like them very much. Boys with imagination prefer the poems; those with a logical mind, the "Speech." Last year I assigned for memory work any passages of twelve lines each in "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." Practically nine boys out of ten learned twenty lines or more from each poem, and one boy memorized all of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and between sixty and seventy lines of "Comus." They liked the poems, especially the two shorter ones. All of which goes to prove that boys do not necessarily hate poetry, and leads to the other experiment I wish to write of here.

To prepare for the restricted examination there is so much work assigned that we have practically no time allowed to ask boys to do such things as to write original verse. However, I care for poetry, and poetry in relation to life, so much that I am not content merely to keep to the prescribed list. All the time I am attempting to lead the boys' thoughts into life, and at all times I am holding to the tried and proved, and seeking to add the new. This past year, led by certain results I had gained beforehand, I experimented in one direction in earnest. I wished to see what fruit we were obtaining from the two anthologies of British verse we use in our lower forms, and to see how far a liking for verse would carry boys. One day I copied on the board before class Gilder's exquisitely beautiful sonnet "The Sonnet." At the opening of each of my recitations I read the sonnet with comment on its author, form, and content. It took about two minutes in each of my four classes. After that the regular recitation proceeded as usual. I noticed, however, that two or three boys copied the sonnet while the recitation was going on. I said nothing; neither did they.

The next recitation there was Oppenheim's "The Slave," the next Kilmer's "Trees," then Carolyn Wells's "The Spelling Lesson"—I was running the gamut of variety to reach all types. At least one boy copied the poem of the day in every case. As I was embarked on a voyage of adventure and discovery, I

tried all sorts—Emily Dickinson's "A Prairie," Knowles's "A Thanksgiving," Father Tabb's "Influence," Newbold's "Messmates," Hovey's "The Sea Gypsy," and so on and so on. And in every case at least one boy copied the poem. I expected the boys to enjoy the beauty of Fred Knowles's "On a Fly-leaf of Burns's Poetry," or Thompson's "Gifts," but I questioned what the response would be to Alice Meynell's "The Lady of the Lambs;" for my boys are no goody-goodies, but simply wholesome American boys. To my surprise, when I read her poem in each of my sections, a silence fell of such a sort as comes only when every boy is held. One fellow, as I finished reading, exclaimed: "Not much like the modern girl!" I noticed that many boys copied the poem.

I selected my poems, not merely from various volumes of poetry, but also from clippings I have gathered through many years from friends, and from current magazines and newspapers. "The Lie," for example, written on the board on the day it appeared in the New York "Times," made a hit. Soon I found that boys from my own sections and also from those of other masters' were making collections of verse too. They also wished to look over my collections and to copy what they liked. Boys have spent a whole afternoon in my study reading and copying. Others were sending the verses home. One boy knew that dad would chuckle over a bit of verse on golf. I found that I was being asked, "I did not think the poem in the 'Times' yesterday very good; did you?" Boys began to bring to me verse that had appealed to them. Some very good verse they brought. I was almost always glad, if it was not too long, to copy it on the board, or, at any rate, to read it to the class. Naturally, all this led to many a talk about verse and poetry.

Don't tell me that boys don't like poetry; most of them do. Give them a chance, and you'll find the truth of my statement. And often the love is where you least expect it. Three years ago I received a letter from a boy who had been a member of my house for three years and had then gone to college. He had been in the English class of one of my associates. It was a homesick letter from a boy in entirely new surroundings. In it he wrote:

"Among some of the things that come back to me are some of the poems in the 'British Verse.' They are so fastened in my mind that they, like L—, can never be forgotten. I would like it very much if you would have the — Company send me one of those books C. O. D. It is a book I do not feel I can do without, and do not want to try to."

When he had first appeared at school, he had seemed simply a rough, uncouth fellow, absolutely undisciplined, and far below the ordinary boy in ability and capacity. Realizing, however, that he was greatly handicapped, he had plugged and plugged, and had become more amenable to discipline. By the time he left school he was entering into his

ve for poetry. I am persuaded that there re countless boys who in the drill of very-day recitations, when a teacher hows that he loves poetry, are obtaining, perhaps unconsciously, that glimpse f the glory of English poetry that akes for truer, finer living in the sight f God and man.

THE NEW BOOKS

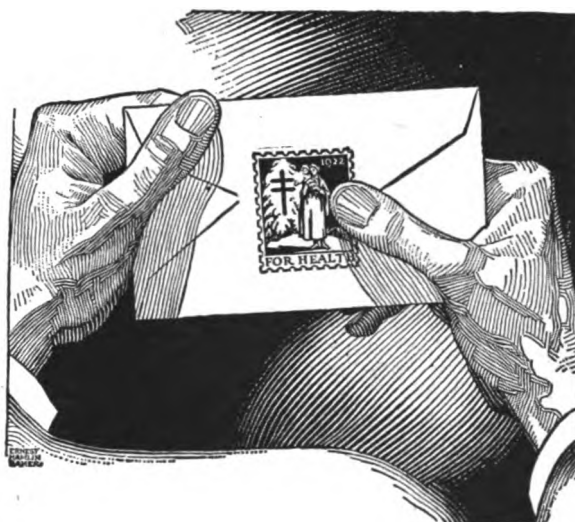
SPORT

FOOTBALL AND HOW TO WATCH IT. By Percy Duncan Haughton. Illustrated. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. \$3.

If football were as simple a thing to explain as squads right, we should need o Percy Haughton to compile an illustrated and animated imitation of the Infantry Drill Regulations, which would begin at the beginning with a photograph of a football and continue till all ad been said that might be said. The fact is that football is far too complex o be explained for the average spectator in one volume. Moreover, Mr. Haughton realizes that many of his readers will fall a that class of spectator which watches he game "in blissful ignorance of the simplest rudiments;" which leads us to wonder why the author did not follow the Infantry Drill method long enough o begin nearer the beginning. Surely among the blissfully ignorant will be ome who, if they appreciate the object f the game, are not able to tell a quarterback from a tackle. On the whole, however, the author wisely keeps a mind his readers' capabilities while ntroducing them to some of the finer oints that distinguish good football rom bad. He never becomes so technical as to become involved.

Mr. Haughton's course of instruction ncludes, besides the chapters we might xpect on attack and defense, several hat touch on the historical, medical, ental, and moral aspects of the game. he more one knows, the more one will ee, seems to be his guiding principle. All this information is tied up in a neat undie ready to take home, in Chapter X, wherein Mr. Haughton himself goes o a football game and describes what he ees. The public should congratulate itself that the author has such a whole-ome fear of boring his readers with old facts, for his book is brightened by n easy, straightforward manner, by a ongenial acquaintanceship with human ature, and by a remarkable array of otographs from a collection used at larvard for coaching purposes. Mr. laughton will accomplish his first object, which was to add materially to the njoyment of those who like to watch otball.

He will perhaps accomplish a second bject. Football, like other sports, has uffered from too zealous sport writers a fact for which Heywood Broun half pologizes in his hearty Introduction). he spectacular and the physical have een over-emphasized. By placing em-atically the mental before the phys-ial, by seeing the fifty-yard run only as he accomplishment of eleven men, by



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THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

game, Mr. Haughton has made a notable contribution towards restoring a proper balance between football and the public. We agree with him that the sport is distinctly worth while; and we should like to see it remain so.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

GARDEN COLOR. By Mrs. C. W. Earle and Others. Illustrated by Margaret Warfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$8.

This beautiful book was first published some fifteen years ago and thoroughly deserves republication. The four chapters not only furnish information for lovers of carefully planned gardens but show affectionate interest and love for the flower world. The color sketches by Margaret Warfield are charming; especially is this true of those which set forth the brilliant and rich colors of the autumn garden.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALICE MORSE EARLE BOOKS (THE). The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50 each.

We are glad to note the republication in uniform edition of the readable and curiously interesting volumes by Alice Morse Earle and to know that there is evidently a steady demand among readers for them. The list includes "Old Time Gardens," "Home Life in Colonial Days," "Child Life in Colonial Days," "Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday," and "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," and we believe that what is to many the most entertaining of the whole series, namely, "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," has been, or will be, included in the set. Mrs. Earle has remarkable zest and skill in collecting queer or romantic material about such subjects as those indicated by the titles. She is fortunate enough also to have her books adequately and pleasantly illustrated.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. By Edward Edson Lee. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75.

ANNE THORNTON WETAMOO. By Lotta Rowe Anthony. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

BEAUTIFUL JOE. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

DANCING FAKIR (THE), AND OTHER STORIES. By John Eyton. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.

DRIVER (THE). By Garret Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By Henry van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS. By Alexander Woolcott. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT (THE). By Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ALONE. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$3.

CHARM OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM (THE). By James Rold Marsh. Illustrated. Little.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MAN AND THE COSMOS. By Joseph Alexander Leighton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$4.50.

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATION ON THE DALTON PLAN. By Helen Parkhurst. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

SCIENCE

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. By A. Frederick Collins. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.80.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

RICHARD BARRY is a newspaper man who was war correspondent for "Collier's Weekly," "Century Magazine," and "Westminster Gazette" during the Russo-Japanese War, and correspondent with the Atlantic Fleet in the cruise around the world in 1908. He has been in newspaper work in Milwaukee, New York, and California, and is at present on the staff of the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine. He has numerous books to his credit, among them "The Fruit of the Desert," "Petroleum Prince," and "The Bauble."

HENRY VAN DYKE has a record of accomplishments too varied and too lengthy to begin to enumerate here. Angler, author, pastor, lecturer, ex-Minister to the Netherlands from the United States, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and Professor of English Literature at Princeton University—these are some of the titles and occupations to which he can lay claim.

ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE and **CHARLES HODGES** undertake the task of discussing the situation in Tsingtau. Miss Scidmore is a much-traveled lady, with an eye that sees keenly and a pen that writes vividly. She is the foreign secretary of the National Geographic Society and the author of several books. Mr. Hodges was out in the Far East during the latter part of the Great War, making an investigation of the political and business conditions underlying world politics. In the course of this work he examined the circumstances surrounding the Japanese occupation of Shantung, discussing the situation with Chinese, foreign, and Japanese residents along the railway and in the leasehold of Tsingtau. Part of this work was of a semi-official character for the United States Government.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS is a poet who has just moved from California to New York. Some of his poems have previously appeared in The Outlook.

EDWARD CORSI, the educational director of the Harlem Community House, contributes an article on the leader of the Fascists, Benito Mussolini, with whom he is personally acquainted. Mr. Corsi has just returned from a three-months' study of political conditions in Italy, where he was special correspondent for "La Follia," the leading Italian

THE MAGIC OF MODERN BUSINESS

WE live in the age of the machine. Practically every article that the hand touches or the eye rests upon is the product of a machine. Our food, our clothing, and the materials from which our homes are built are all put into consumable form by machinery. And now we are employing machines to run our business offices for us—human fingers and brains are being replaced by metal keys and whirling wheels and levers.

Picture the counting-room of Charles Dickens's day, with its ancient gray-haired bookkeeper, perched on a high stool, laboriously making entries in a huge dog-eared ledger with a quill pen. Picture him again adding up long columns of figures over and over to arrive finally at the correct result. Once again, picture the junior apprentice busily transcribing copies of the office correspondence into an antiquated letterpress which gradually grew fat and unwieldy with old age. The efficient office manager of to-day smiles at these visions of a bygone business age and asks how anything was ever accomplished under such conditions. Modern business demands speed and accuracy. The development of business machines has not only met, but has anticipated, these demands and has completely revolutionized accounting and office management.

The recent Business Show held in New York City offered a most interesting demonstration of these new methods. The casual visitor at this show was visibly impressed with the magic of modern business and the speed and accuracy with which the old laborious tasks are now performed. The invention of the typewriter was acclaimed as a tremendous step forward in the handling of correspondence and business records. But we now have machines that are a whole bookkeeping staff in themselves. The latest accounting machines now manufactured by the leading typewriter companies actually perform all kinds of bookkeeping operations. They make the necessary entries and by the necessary addition and subtraction which they perform the books can be kept in proper balance at all times with the least possibility of error. The latest calculating machines not only add and subtract, but can also be used for the purpose of multiplication and division with a little practice. Thus the fallibility of the human brain in calculation is supplanted by the infallibility of the machine.

The portable style of typewriter has become very popular because of the convenience with which it can be carried from place to place. It is widely used by writers and newspaper men as well as business men who travel and who can thus carry their typewriter with them.

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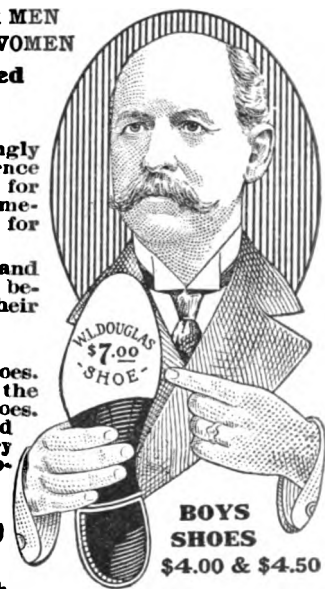
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In connection with the preparation of circulars of all kinds, we might mention the various duplicating and printing machines which print and fold circulars of all the usual sizes and are in effect small printing plants in themselves. The latest machines of this type can even handle color printing with very effective results. The use of addressing machines with properly kept stencils expedites the addressing operation and is the best method of keeping a thoroughly up-to-date mailing list.

The use of cash registers in retail stores is now too familiar to require particular comment. They offer the very best possible means for the retailer to keep an accurate check on his daily sales and on his cash. The cash register has a wide variety of uses in proper retail accounting. Charge making, re-

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We recently published an announcement headed "Have you a Rare Book, a Carved Chest, or a Personal Talent to Sell?" and that announcement led many of our subscribers to use the Department of Classified Advertising for the first time.

Another announcement entitled "Inquiries at 7 Cents Each" led many others to the door of opportunity.

The present announcement will lead still others to profit by the machinery of this department.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?

Other advertisements urge you to buy. But this one invites you to sell.

Those of you who have read The Outlook regularly for years without having made use of this classified advertising service have overlooked a practical opportunity of unusual possibilities.

If you are in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant, you will probably find that a small advertisement in this department will bring prompt and gratifying results.

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Decide now what you need or what you want to sell, and then send us your advertisement before you forget about it.

**Department of Classified
Advertising**

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

THE MAGIC OF MODERN BUSINESS (Continued)

chines are another very valuable aid where a large volume of daily cash sales necessitates the frequent changing of currency.

In plant management and cost accounting machines now have their place as well.

Automatic registers are employed in stockkeeping and perpetual inventory systems; cost systems, production control systems; planning, routine, and despatch systems; tool checks and tool inventory systems; and for keeping all forms of records in manufacturing plants.

Time recorders are used for making proper time studies in manufacturing operations. The starting time, stopping time, and actual elapsed time of an operation is thus checked for detailed study. The use of the ordinary time clock is familiar to every one. Time records are employed for many purposes, particularly in checking clerical and factory time work. Recording door locks are made which show the day, hour, and minute a door is opened or locked. Time machines can control all factory costs in the process of manufacturing.

We might describe many other new methods for simplifying and rendering more efficient the work of the business office. Manufacturers of office appliances have also developed the "service idea" to a high degree. They maintain staffs of experts who are prepared to study the equipment needs of a business and to then specify the particular machine in their line which will best accomplish the desired work. An investigation of present developments in business equipment will frequently result in tremendous savings in time, labor, and general all-round efficiency.

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THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

The Outlook can also use good amateur photographs of interesting and timely scenes or events. We pay \$3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; \$5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use.

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in spare time

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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New York City

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So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

IN the "Stag Cook Book," which is described as "a man's cook book for men," several well-known personages tell how to cook their favorite dishes. President Harding, it seems, likes waffles better than almost anything else; Secretary Hughes says, "My favorite dish is corn bread and honey," and gives a recipe for the first-named delicacy; Charlie Chaplin likes steak and kidney pie and knows how it should be made; Dr. Frank Crane tells how to cook round steak so it will be as tender as fried chicken; Stewart Edward White confesses that a camp dish called "Mulligan" is exactly to his taste; Chick Evans likes tomato soup best if you cook it his way; Charles W. Eliot has a "favorite menu" consisting of clam soup, corned beef hash, and baked Indian pudding; Basil King likes lobster à la king (or King), but adds this curiously archaic note: "Unless brandy or sherry can be added it is useless to attempt this dish."

William J. Bryan contributes to the above list of recipes one for French-fried onions, saying that he has introduced the dish on dining cars and into many private homes; Will Irwin likes ham and eggs, and in his recipe says, "Cook the ham until it is cooked enough;" W. T. Benda tells of a Polish soup called "Barshck with Ushka;" Walter Prichard Eaton won't tell about his favorite dish because it is a family secret, but gives a recipe for mince pie; Montague Glass prefers bouillabaisse to anything else in the eating line, and takes two pages to tell how it should be made; Charles P. Steinmetz admits that he has never before been consulted about gastronomic matters, but says he likes meat loaf best and gives careful directions for making it; Judge Lindsey likes bran muffins and Otis Skinner "Artichokes, Mister Antonio" style, which he says enables you to "understand why an artichoke need not taste as flat as boiled hay."

Here is a variation on an old theme, as worked up by the "Annapolis Log:"

Peter Piper played a pot of poker,
A pretty pot of poker Peter Piper
picked.
But a piker with a poker picked on
Peter Piper,
And pocketed the poker-pot that
Peter Piper picked!

The Sanford, Florida, "Herald" is credited with an announcement that must have been cheerful reading to the local undertaker at least. It is headed, "Looking Forward to a Pleasant Time Being Had by All:" "— & Son have a new hearse and as far as hearses go it is a beauty, being finished in the very latest design of burnished silver called 'molten silver.' . . . — & Son are well equipped to take care of all the funerals in this section of the country having two fine funeral cars with the prospects of the old car being turned into an ambulance. Like everything else on wheels hearses with the horses and other

equipment have given way to the new motorized funeral cars and if one must ride in this car it will certainly be satisfactory."

"Two years ago," a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" says, "the little seaport of La Paz, in Lower California, had more dollars per wagon-load of population, perhaps, than any other town in the western part of the world." La Paz, it seems, is one of the most important pearling ports in the world, and the price of pearls had climbed high. "In the crown jewels of the Emperor of the dissolved Austria-Hungary," the writer goes on, "there was—and no doubt the pearl specialists know where it is to-day—a great black pearl. That gem was found in the careless hands of an Indian baby playing on the beach at La Paz."

Among the few things that were left undestroyed in or near Smyrna after the entry of the Turks were the remains of the great aqueduct of Alexander, so called. These majestic ruins really date from the Roman occupation, and the massive piers and great arches (a triple arcade, like those of the Pont du Gard in France) are said to have the characteristics of the best work of the Imperial epoch, Great buttresses added to strengthen the arches are believed to be by the engineers of Marcus Aurelius.

Signs of improving industrial conditions are seen in the numerous labor agencies on the Bowery in New York City. One of these has a placard in its window calling for "Coal miners—Hungarians, Liths, Russ, Poles, Slavs, Spaniards." The spelling out of the first-named nationality instead of using the familiar abbreviation "Huns" is doubtless due to war-time memories. "Liths" of course stands for Lithuanians.

Salvage remuneration to the owners, officers, and crew of a rescuing vessel, amounting to \$25,000 in all, as awarded by a Canadian Admiralty Court, was apportioned as follows: Owners, \$17,000; captain, \$1,500; first officer, \$700; second officer, \$550; chief engineer, \$800; second engineer, \$500; wireless operator, \$500; divided among members of the crew, \$3,500. The case got into the courts because the owners of the rescued vessel thought just one-half of these amounts was proper compensation for the service rendered.

In the new Senate, to convene next year, there will be two physicians—Dr. Copeland, of New York, and Dr. Ball, of Delaware. Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, is a dentist by profession. Two college presidents are included in the Senate's personnel—Fess, of Ohio, and Ladd, of North Dakota. Senator Norbeck, of South Dakota, is described as a "well-digger." "In matters of grave public policy," the New York "Evening Post" remarks dryly, "he should have no difficulty in getting down to the bottom of things."

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

J. M. KILE is the author of "The Farm Bureau Movement" and a regular contributor to the leading agricultural publications. He was formerly associated with the American Farm Bureau Federation and has investigated the farm problem thoroughly.

MONTROSE J. MOSES is a New York editor and dramatic critic of distinction. He was for two years on the editorial staff of the "Literary Digest," and has been a dramatic critic for the Reader Magazine, the "Independent," and the "Book News Monthly," and has contributed on the drama to the Encyclopedia Americana and the "Cambridge History of American Literature." He has edited numerous volumes of collected plays, such as "Representative Plays by American Dramatists," "A Treasury of Plays for Children," and has himself written "Famous Actor-Families in America," "Henrik Ibsen, the Man and his Plays," "The American Dramatist," etc.

FROM Paris, where he is chaplain of Saint Luke's Chapel, Dr. Frederick V. Clappett sends us a delightful sketch of London with the intriguing title of "Sad Optimists."

HAROLD VINAL, editor of "Voices," a journal of verse, is author of "White April," which was published last spring, and of "Sea Windows," which will be brought out shortly.

WITH Chapter XIV, "Final Scenes in a World Drama," published in this issue, end The Outlook installments of the Straus autobiography which are included in the volume "Under Four Administrations." This issue also contains the first of a series of articles by Sherman Rogers, equally absorbing, although entirely different. These papers were written after Mr. Rogers had spent the summer in Alaska, studying its needs, and they have a vital bearing upon the future of that great Territory.

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 6, 1922

THE PUEBLO INDIANS WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL

IN a population of over a hundred million a mere eight thousand is a paltry number. It is hardly enough for more than a good-sized village or a tiny city. In a community like New York or Chicago eight thousand could disappear and hardly be missed. And when the eight thousand are not white people with votes, but merely Indians, their number seems the more insignificant.

There is a bill now before Congress affecting the property rights of eight thousand Pueblo Indians in the State of New Mexico. It is not surprising that this bill received practically no attention in the Senate. It was brought before the Senate by Mr. Bursum, of New Mexico, on September 11. He explained that it affected the titles to about five thousand homes in his State. Some of these titles were granted by authorities under the Spanish Government, others by authorities under the Mexican Government. Some of the claimants to lands which the Indians also claim base their right to the land on peaceable pos-

session for twenty years. On assurance that the bill simply provided a method for quieting these titles by suits at law, and that it was recommended by the Interior Department and by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and also agreed to by the parties to the controversy, it was, in the most casual manner possible, "reported to the Senate without amendment, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, read the third time, and passed."

Now it appears that the Pueblo Indians are very much disturbed at the passage of this bill. Representatives of twenty pueblos have appealed to the people of the United States against this bill, which, they declare, "will destroy our common life and will rob us of everything which we hold dear—our lands, our customs, our traditions."

Evidently the bill is not at all agreed to by the Indians themselves. Nor is it agreed to by certain white friends of these Indians. It is true that the bill provides chiefly for a legal method of settling disputes as to the titles of these lands; but that does not at all tell the whole story. There are two features which seem to us on their face certainly doubtful and probably objectionable. One feature is the transfer of jurisdiction. This transfer is twofold. It transfers the jurisdiction over some of the administrative questions from the Bureau of Indian Affairs to a court of law which by its very nature is not suited to settle administrative questions; and it transfers jurisdiction over some of the most important questions from Federal courts, which are removed from prejudice, to State courts, which are much less able to deal with local Indian questions without prejudice. The other

feature is that of establishing ownership of land by virtue of possession without color of title. If this bill is passed, undoubtedly Indians will be deprived of land, and even of the right of proving superior title.

The Pueblo Indians are not nomadic. The lands they possess are not like other Indian reservations. As their name indicates, they inhabit pueblos, or villages, and have a kind of civilization of their own.

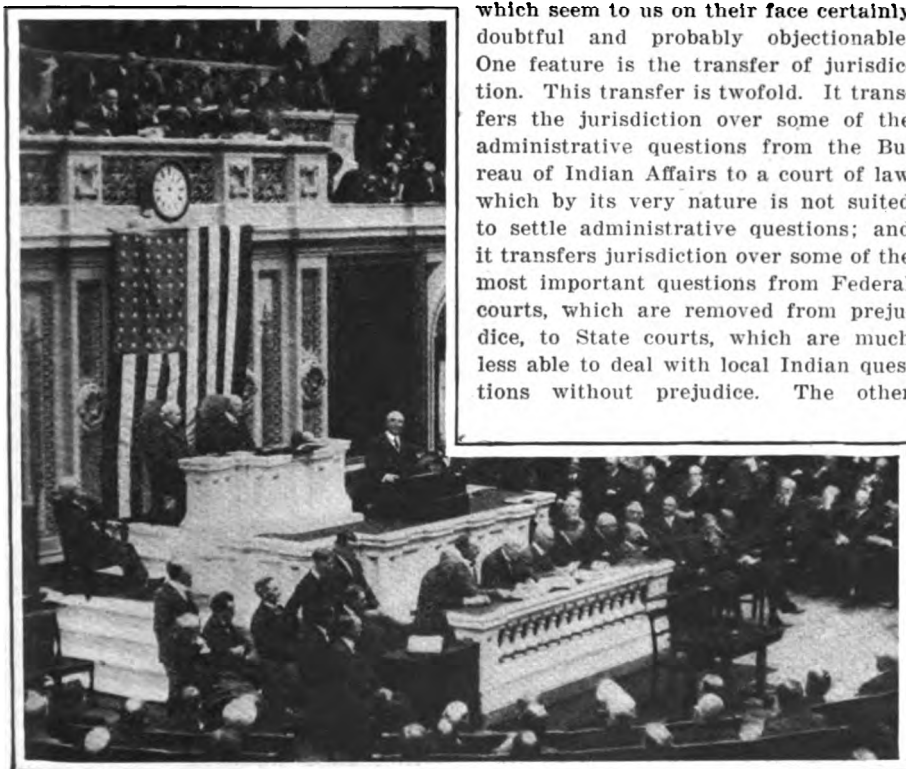
Certainly the House of Representatives should not pass this bill.

It is not merely the rights of these few Indians that are at stake; it is the honor and good faith of the United States.

IN AID OF AMERICAN COMMERCE

THE President, in his address to Congress on the measure commonly called the Ship Subsidy Bill, described it correctly as an attempt to promote our merchant marine, and with it our National welfare. The aid proposed is not strictly a subsidy, because it is not a bounty or gift, but an advance to be paid back. The method of the bill's operation is this: Create a fund by taking out ten per cent of all import duties paid in. Call it the Merchant Marine Fund. From the fund advance money to American built and operated ships on a sliding scale as to speed and tonnage. Do this for not longer than ten years. Let all accounts be open to Government inspection. Wherever a ship begins to earn more than ten per cent on the investment, stop the advances and demand back yearly half of that ship's profits over ten per cent until the whole amount is repaid. Let these ships carry our mails free.

The financial argument for this bill which President Harding has so much at heart is, as he believes, that it would stop waste and thus save money. It may cost \$40,000,000 a year for ten years, but we are now losing \$50,000,000 a year above receipts in order to keep up our foreign trade in America. Why should we do this? The reason is thus put by one advocate of the bill: "We must sell our surplus products of the farm, mine, and factory in the same competitive markets in which the owners of the foreign ships are trying to sell similar surplus products of their own. A swell chance



(C) Keystone

PRESIDENT HARDING ADDRESSING CONGRESS IN JOINT SESSION NOVEMBER 21 ON THE SHIP SUBSIDY BILL

we will have to sell our goods from our rivals' delivery wagon!"

The general situation as the President views it is tersely described by him in a few compact paragraphs:

Three courses of action are possible, and the choice among them is no longer to be avoided.

The first is constructive—enact the pending bill, under which, I firmly believe, an American merchant marine, privately owned and privately operated, but serving all the people and always available to the Government in any emergency, may be established and maintained.

The second is obstructive—continue Government operations and attending Government losses and discourage private enterprise by Government competition, under which losses are met by the public Treasury, and witness the continued losses and deterioration until the colossal failure ends in sheer exhaustion.

The third is destructive—involving the sacrifice of our ships abroad or the scrapping of them at home, the surrender of our aspirations, and the confession of our impotence to the world in general, and our humiliation before the competing world in particular.

A choice among the three is inevitable. It is unbelievable that the American people or the Congress which expresses their power will consent to surrender and destruction. It is equally unbelievable that our people and the Congress which translates their wishes into action will longer sustain a programme of obstruction and attending losses to the Treasury.

The bill is, as we write, under consideration and has the right of way in Congress. It is evident that there will be many attempts to amend it or to substitute another measure in its place.

LUKE WRIGHT: SOLDIER, ADMINISTRATOR, AMBASSADOR, SECRETARY OF WAR

THAT a Southerner, as a boy a private soldier in the Confederate army, and later a Democratic leader, should become the first American Ambassador to Japan and Secretary of War under a Republican Administration (that of Roosevelt) is an indication that sectional issues have become a thing of the past and also that party considerations may occasionally be waived with public advantage.

Luke E. Wright, who died in Memphis on November 17, at the age of seventy-seven, was a native of Tennessee and did valuable service in that State as Attorney-General, as a criminal judge, and particularly in organizing the fight against the yellow-fever epidemic in 1878.

When the free silver issue came to a

crisis in 1896, he found himself unable to vote for Bryan and became an adherent of the Democratic Palmer-Buckner hard money party. It was not his political activity but his vigor, and even severity, as an administrator that led to his appointment by President McKinley in 1900 as a member of the Philippine Commission. During the absence of Mr. Taft, who was Governor-General at the time, General Wright acted in his place and carried out with ability the policy of the United States as already firmly established by Mr. Taft. When the latter became Secretary of War, General Wright was his natural successor as Governor-General, and in that capacity served with distinction. Finally, in 1908, President Roosevelt appointed General Wright Secretary of War upon the resignation of Secretary Taft.

Few Americans have given to their country more arduous service or have accomplished more of solid and substantial importance in administrative work.

FOOTBALL.

DESPITE the activities of some of the sport writers, the football season has come to a successful conclusion. The game to-day has a greater hold upon the popular mind than ever before. Even the Yale Bowl, holding nearly 80,000, was this year twice filled to capacity. At the game with Harvard, applications for seats came in in such floods that graduates of the two universities were limited to two seats each. When the Bowl was built, it was supposed to provide accommodation for the "sisters, the cous-

ins, and the aunts" of the graduates. Possibly some graduates may look forward to the time when their social problems can be simplified by the excuse, "You know, we are only allowed to apply for one ticket this year."

Of the old Big Three, Princeton alone has been uniformly victorious. The schedule included a dramatic game with the University of Chicago, which Princeton won by a score of 21 to 18. The three-point margin represented three goals after touchdowns. The new rule that the additional point must be made from a scrimmage has added another touch of interest and uncertainty to the game. On the whole, this change in the rules seems to have been a successful innovation.

Yale in the course of the season lost to Iowa, Princeton, and Harvard. Harvard succumbed to Brown and Princeton.

The hard-fought contest between West Point and Annapolis went this year to the cadets. The Army won all its games except two tie games with Yale and Notre Dame. The Navy, in addition to defeat at the hands and feet of its service rivals, lost to the University of Pennsylvania.

Other teams with notable records of success are: Syracuse, defeated only by Pittsburgh; Lafayette, which was beaten by Washington and Jefferson; Iowa, with a clean slate; Michigan, with a similar record except for one tie with Vanderbilt; the University of Pennsylvania, which lost close games with Alabama and Pittsburgh and was awaiting, as we went to press, its annual game with



Paul Thompson

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME—CONROY, CAPTAIN OF NAVY, THROWING BREIDSTER, CAPTAIN OF ARMY, AND MAKING A FIVE-YARD GAIN

Cornell; Cornell, which had the same test after a triumphal progress through a comparatively easy schedule; Notre Dame, victorious save for one tie already mentioned; and the University of California, which has rolled up 410 points against 34 by its opponents.

Now, from the mass of conflicting statistics and verbal reports, the sport writers will proceed to construct championship teams of players, some of whom they have never seen in action, and to award supreme honors or supreme ignominy to colleges which care little for either so long as they beat their best-beloved enemies. It has been a good season except for football dopesters, but we have no hope that this fact will prevent them from prophecies and *ex post facto* explanations when October comes again.

PAINTING WITH SUNLIGHT

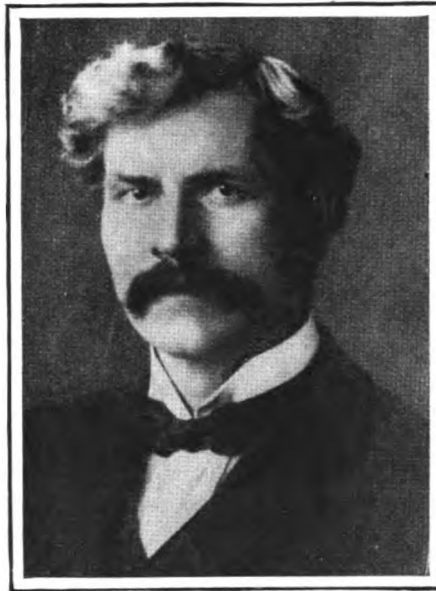
THE progress of American photography finds its best representation in the annual volumes published by the society of Pictorial Photographers of America. This society has now for three years published a volume containing the best work of its members and other photographers. We print two representative pictures from this book on pages 602 and 603 of this issue.

The latest volume of the series is the best which has been published and shows a much more general understanding of the essentials of pattern and form than the two previous collections. Fuzziness is not the only quality which nowadays distinguishes the artistic photographer from his more commercial-minded brother of the news agency. Nor is the artistic photographer satisfied any longer with the conventional and easy composition of landscape framed by the trunk and the overhanging branch of a tree. The best of the modern photographers are boldly attempting to solve the same problems of shadow, light, and balance which have excited the interest and attention of modern painters.

THE MOVIES IN COLORS

MOVIE fans take notice! A revolution has broken out in the art and industry of screen plays.

A great defect of moving pictures has been the lack of color. The staring black and white of the ordinary photographic film is tiresome to the taste and fatiguing to the eye. Various experiments have been made in coloring moving-picture films, but none have been very satisfactory until the problem was



P. & A. Photos

RAMSAY MACDONALD, ENGLISH LABOR LEADER

taken up by Dr. Daniel F. Comstock, of the Department of Physics and Optics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In association with Dr. Herbert Kalms, an electrochemist of distinction, Dr. Comstock has perfected a process, based upon the chromatic optics of color photography, by which the colors of nature are reproduced in the film and may be thrown on the screen by any projecting lantern. The inventors call their process "Technicolor," and a technicolor film play is now running at the Rialto Theater in New York and attracting the attention of artists as well as of the general public.

The producers have chosen a Chinese setting and characters for this play, perhaps because of the variety of colors which Chinese fabrics and embroideries afford. They have found a young Chinese lady to take the part of the heroine or tragedienne of the play, a Miss Wong, about whom we should like to know more than is given in the scanty information of the programme. She is both charming and gifted—a genuine artist.

In this respect the play, called "The Toll of the Sea" and based on John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly," has an international appeal. But its chief interest lies in its revelation of what may be done to make the moving picture a thing of beauty by the reproduction of the natural colors of flowers, landscapes, fabrics, and the human face. Those who can should see this picture, not only because of its human and æsthetic interest, but because it is likely to prove to be a historical episode in the development of what is now a great industry and may become a great art.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND

THE execution of Erskine Childers occurred just as the British Parliament took up for action and probable approval the Irish Free State Constitution. To such approval the Conservative majority and Prime Minister are positively committed.

What effect will the execution have on the fortunes of the Free State? There are many who think that it may fan the flame of hostility, increase the activity of the irregular forces of the De Valera faction, and possibly make it necessary for the Free State to call in British aid to quell the so-called Republican army. On the other hand, those who maintain that the De Valera forces are little better than brigands, with no mandate from the Irish people, while the Free State Government and its army have been authorized by a majority of Irish voters to act for them, declare that the execution was just, and also expedient, and that the time has come when the Free State proclamation that insurgent killings would be punished as murders, and not as acts of war, should be enforced and respected.

Erskine Childers was an Englishman and a Protestant; it is said that his wife was an American and an ardent advocate of the Irish Republic. Childers served with credit in the Great War; he was converted to the Sinn Féin cause; he was an admirer and colleague of Griffith and Collins, but sided against them when the division came between those Sinn Féiners who accepted a Dominion form of government and those who chose to fight to the bitter end for complete independence.

Childers was tried on the charge of carrying arms without permission, an offense now legally punishable with death. It is admitted by every one that he has been a leading executive in the plans of the insurgents, and he is often called "the brains of the movement." It was not shown, so far as the reports state, that he ordered the killing of Michael Collins or other specific acts of lawless violence. If it had been so proved, there would be less feeling that the death penalty was excessive and that a better course might have been banishment or imprisonment. The fact that English papers denounced Childers as a renegade may have influenced the decision, and doubtless there was a feeling in the Free State that Michael Collins's assassination should be avenged. One writer describes Childers as an Englishman by birth, an Irishman by conviction, and a fanatic irreconcilable and relentless.

Apart from the emphasis laid on the

¹Pictorial Photography in America, 1922. Published by the Pictorial Photographers of America, Art Center, New York. \$3.

Irish question, and the fact that the Lloyd George Liberals voted to a man with the Conservatives in the first division of the house, the opening of the British Parliament was chiefly marked by the exuberance and unparliamentary manners of the members of the greatly enlarged Labor Party. The unemployment question came promptly to the front. One new member, Mr. Newbold, pointed out that he was the first elected member of the Communist Internationale who had stood at the foot of the throne, and added that it would not be the last by a long chalk. Another remarked:

In the House of Lords to-day I witnessed a scene that made my blood boil. I saw all the pomp and splendor of this country, and I had just come fresh from the law courts of Glasgow, where I have been trying to prevent workmen, women, and children from being ejected from their homes, not because they had committed a crime, but because there is no work for them.

The present system is responsible for the murder of tens of thousands of people, and I am sent here on the distinct understanding that I do all in my power to overturn this system.

The new leader of the Labor Party and leader also of the Opposition is Ramsay Macdonald, a brilliant speaker, a bitter opponent of the war, but also now an avowed opponent of Communism. He is a theoretical and intellectual Socialist; his chief aide is the economist, Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Macdonald at the outset declared his intention to carry on political action through constitutional methods.

NEAR EAST QUESTIONS AT LAUSANNE

In the early sessions of the Lausanne Conference the two most notable sensations have centered round the utterances of two nations not formally represented at the Conference, the United States and Russia.

If there were any belief that the American "observers" at the Conference were to confine themselves to listening, it was dissipated when Mr. Richard Washburn Child, our Ambassador to Italy and the head of our delegation at Lausanne, made a statement as to American rights in the Near East. He made it clear that the United States has strong views for an open door to all nations in commercial matters, for the continuance of extraterritorial rights in Turkey, against any bargaining for special economic privilege as between nations formally represented at the Conference to the exclusion of American interests, and against secret treaties.

this is really but a repetition of Secretary Hughes said in his reply

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

author of "Shandygaff," "Parnassus on Wheels," and "Songs for a Little House," and of a thousand delightful whimsicalities in his daily column in the New York "Evening Post," once wrote of The Outlook: "From time to time I have offered one-act plays to various magazine editors; usually they are greatly shocked and reply that a one-act play is quite outside their province. I have a ridiculous feeling that The Outlook would publish even a one-act play if it thought it amusing or for any reason at all worth ink."

Whether or not Mr. Morley had any ulterior motive in thus complimenting the broad-mindedness of The Outlook we do not know. We only know that shortly after the publication of the letter he sent us a one-act play entitled "Bedroom Suite" and that this play is soon to appear in The Outlook. With the finesse of this editorial approach in mind we are thinking of recommending Mr. Morley's name to the President when the next vacancy occurs in the diplomatic corps.

to the invitation for American representation at Lausanne.

This American declaration has brought out important comments from interested nations. Thus Great Britain has positively indicated its approval of these American ideas. Its chief representative at Lausanne, Lord Curzon, has spoken definitely in approval of the principle of the open door and against any unfair compact as regards the valuable oil interests in Mosul. On the other hand, Ismet Pasha, the Turkish delegate, has been stirred by Mr. Child's utterance to make extreme claims as to the future of Turkey. He asserts that Turkey under the Nationalist Government must be treated as entirely independent and self-governing.

Russia, through recognized representatives, backs this Turkish position, and is especially peremptory in its demand that foreign navies should enter the Dardanelles and the waters to the east only as all naval vessels are admitted to the waters controlled by another government. Soviet Russia also maintains with Turkey that mandates over former Turkish territory are null and void and that Turkey itself should control the Mosul area. In fact, Russia seems now set upon supporting Turkey's most extreme attitude, including the abolition

of the capitulations and, as Mr. Rakovsky, the principal Russian representative in Lausanne, puts it, "the liberty of the Straits from foreign domination."

All this discussion has brought out the fact that there are important American interests in Turkey about which we have a right to be heard. For instance, Dr. Gates, for many years the President of Robert College, in Constantinople, which is the largest educational institution in the Near East, declares that the Kemalists Turks for the future will not tolerate any minority population, and that the Christian minorities have already practically been driven out, so that the twenty-five thousand pupils who were in American-managed schools have disappeared and the schools are closed. Naturally, Dr. Gates, Dr. J. L. Barton, of the American Board, who is also in Lausanne, and others interested in American institutions think that those institutions, as well as the Christian minorities and the extraterritorial rights, should be protected in so far as they are American by separate treaty with the United States.

Secretary Hughes and Ambassador Child between them have certainly cleared away the foggy state of mind which has seemed to prevail among a good many Americans and has led them to believe that because we could not take part in the Sèvres Treaty, as we had not been at war with Turkey, and because we did not wish to take part in any territorial divisions or scrambling for advantages, therefore we had no rights at all in the Near East. As a matter of course we have precisely the same rights we have always had, and we may properly use all diplomatic means to protect those rights.

CLEMENCEAU

THE visit of Georges Clemenceau to this country is an international event of the first importance. It may have no direct political effect; at this writing the indications are that it will not. But it is sure to have a social, educational, and moral effect, and sooner or later social, intellectual, and moral forces find expression in political policies.

Mr. Clemenceau must not expect that the remarkable tokens of popular admiration and affection which he has received are any indication that Congress or the Administration will modify their attitude on German reparations, the cancellation of foreign war debts, or the protection of France by alliances or agreements. Or that it will disarm American criticism of the French Government for its pro-Turk and anti-Armenian policy. What he may rightly

THE ACTION OF THE TIGER

(Henry V, Act 3, Scene 1)



Drawn for The Outlook by Usa Gombarg

This is the way the 'Tiger' appeared to Usa Gombarg, a Russian cartoonist who was driven from his native land by the Revolution. He has caught Clemenceau in the most eloquent and emphatic moments of his address at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York City. The sure draughtsmanship of such a cartoonist as Usa Gombarg permits him to take liberties with his subject which the average American newspaper artist could not indulge in without appearing malicious. The Continental cartoonists seize upon the characteristics of expression and action with uncanny quickness and certainty. Other drawings by Ma. Gombarg await publication in The Outlook

morally, and materially. In other words, some method must be found for mobilizing the moral forces of the world.

LYNCHING A NATIONAL EVIL

LYNCHING is a stain on the Nation. Americans denounce Turkey for the massacre of Armenians. Americans have counted it a reproach against Russia and against Poland that those two countries in the past have tolerated Jewish pogroms. In holding Turkey and Poland and Russia guilty Americans have not made any allowance for the fact that there are undoubtedly Turks and Poles and Russians who have deplored such wholesale crimes. The reason why we in America have held these nations responsible for such forms of murder is that in each case Governmental authority has either been exercised to promote the crime or has deliberately refrained from suppressing it.

When, on the other hand, critics of America have charged this Nation with the guilt of lynching, Americans have resented the accusation. It is not pleasant for a free and liberty-loving people to be classed with those whom they have denounced. In a measure the resentment on the part of Americans at the attempt of foreign critics to hold the whole Nation guilty of lynching is justified. There has never been any evidence that the Government of the United States has been a direct accomplice in any lynching as the Czar's Government was an accomplice in pogroms or the Turkish Government has been an accomplice in massacres. Nevertheless the American people are not free from blame for the evil of lynching; for lynching is not merely a local evil. So long as the Government of the United States fails to exercise all the power at its command to prevent such lawlessness, so long will other peoples have the moral right to hold the whole Nation in some measure responsible for every mob that attempts to work its vengeance upon its victim.

If the National Government were so feeble that it could not do anything to eradicate the evils of lynching, there might be some ground for asserting that all that Americans could do to remove the stain of lynching from the Nation would be to explain to foreigners that the Nation was powerless to do anything of itself. The Nation, however, is not powerless. Again and again it has been established that there is Federal police power. That power, it is true, cannot be exercised except to enforce authority granted by the Constitution to the Federal Government. The Constitution,



P. & A. Photos

CLEMENCEAU REVIEWING A GUARD OF HONOR AT THE NEW YORK CITY HALL

expect is that the American people, as the result of his visit, will have a finer and more sympathetic appreciation of French civilization, the French intellect, the French temperament, and French virility. The picture which Clemenceau presents in his own personal bearing, of a combination of courage, frankness, faith, persistence, and indomitable vigor, is truly a splendid one. In this respect he is not only doing a service to France, but a service to the moral qualities of the human race.

We have just seen a letter from a young New York matron, who heard Clemenceau two weeks ago give his notable extemporaneous speech at the Metropolitan Opera House. It so confirms our own judgment of the real mission of Clemenceau that we desire to pass it along to our readers:

Last night I heard the message that Clemenceau came over to America to give to us, and it was a stirring and impressive occasion, even though one did not agree with all of his point of view. The Metropolitan was filled with a brilliant audience which waited in eager expectancy for the "Tiger" to appear. Suddenly he came briskly across the stage, and the whole audience rose to greet him with hearty enthusiasm. From the dress circle we wondered whether that rather small, frail man could make himself heard in the great opera house, but when he rose to speak our doubts vanished as the strength of his voice filled the house. He spoke with great simplicity, and yet with real

dramatic power, and through it all was the charm and delightful humor that no one knows how to use better than a Frenchman. As he stood there, alone, speaking for France, Clemenceau seemed a lovable and yet pathetic figure, although his vigor and the fire of his eloquence filled us with admiration. Perhaps the most dramatic moment was when he suddenly turned toward a box above the stage, and with outstretched arm appealed to Paderewski as a witness to what he was saying about the making of history at the time of the armistice. With those two world figures who had taken so large a part in the history of the war a picture of that time seemed to be brought vividly before our eyes. The audience was most responsive to Clemenceau's message, even when he scored America frankly as a "quitter," and the crowd as a whole seemed to agree with him and to receive his points with enthusiasm. His courage and sincerity were inspiring, and when he ended, after an hour and thirty-five minutes in which his vigor never flagged, we felt that we had heard a truly great man.

A civilization which can produce such a character and personality is truly a great civilization. The day of armed political alliances seems to have passed. It certainly has so far as the United States is concerned. What must be hoped and worked for is an effective combination of those in every country who believe, as Clemenceau believes, in a system of international justice that shall give every man an opportunity to make the best of himself mentally,

however, has granted the Federal Government authority to deal with this very thing. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution provides that no State shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and that "Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article."

It is obvious that when an officer of a State fails to employ the resources at his command to protect a person under his care from a lynching mob, the State, through its agent, is denying to that person the equal protection of the laws.

Congress, representing the people of the whole Nation, has therefore the right to enact legislation to hold the States severally responsible for protecting people against lynching.

It is for the purpose of exercising this right of Congress that the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill was introduced into Congress. It has passed the House of Representatives and is now before the Senate. It provides that any State or municipal officer who neglects or refuses to make all reasonable efforts to prevent the lynching of a person in his charge is guilty of a felony punishable by imprisonment not exceeding five years or by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by both fine and imprisonment; that any such officer who conspires with the mob shall be guilty of felony, punishable by imprisonment for not less than five years or even for life; that the trial of the accused in these cases shall be by Federal court; that any county in which a lynching occurs shall be subject to a forfeit of ten thousand dollars to be used for the benefit of the victim's family or other dependents, or otherwise for the use of the United States; and that if the victim is taken from one county to another both the county in which he was seized and the county in which he was put to death shall be liable to pay the forfeiture.

There is strong legal authority for holding that such a law would be Constitutional. The American Bar Association in its meeting in San Francisco last August resolved that "further legislation should be enacted by the Congress to punish and prevent lynching and mob violence." Whether all the provisions of the Dyer Bill would be upheld by the Supreme Court no one can be certain; but it is by no means certain that they would not be upheld.

In spite of what Mr. Miller says in his article on another page, this bill is not aimed at any section or at the defense of any race. It is aimed at an evil that has disgraced practically every section of the Nation and that has brought disrepute upon the Nation without respect

to section. Mr. Miller says the States can and should stop lynching, and that if they do not the Nation should and must do it. We believe that in this Mr. Miller speaks, not only for the South, but for the whole country. It is not enough for those who object to the Dyer Bill to point out its defects; they must prove that there is a better, a more effectual way to stop this evil. So far no better way has been found.

THE SPIRIT OF OBSTRUCTION

WRECKING houses is a necessary business, but it is subordinate to house building. Opposition to what is wrong or stupid is often needed, but not so often as promoting what is intelligent and right. We suppose that the men who engage in the business of pulling down old buildings derive much satisfaction from the rather dramatic display of power. Here, for instance, is a massive structure that is in the way of some new improvement. The man who undertakes to pull that building down must find some delight in directing the force that is overthrowing those solid walls of brick and stone. The very speed with which destruction takes place is a stimulant. Similarly, there is some pleasure undoubtedly to be derived in setting one's self against a powerful political or social movement and impeding it or diverting it from its natural course. It is much easier and much more dramatic to withstand than to plod along, to pull down than to build up.

In the last four years it has seemed as if the country and its political representatives had formed the habit of obstruction. We have been very wise perhaps in deciding what should not be done. There have been a score of intelligent discussions of the faults of the Treaty of Versailles to one intelligent suggestion as to how it could have been bettered. There have been scores of critical comments upon the shortcomings of Europe to one intelligent and practical suggestion as to what Europe can do to make the shortcomings up.

This obstructionist spirit has seemed to become almost habitual with the American people. The election in November was not an election for; it was an election against. Most of the talk as to what the new Congress will be consists in estimating the power of this group or that to impede some proposed legislation. Perhaps we may even come to spelling bloc b-l-o-o-k.

Here, for example, is the bill for aid to the American Merchant Marine. No one doubts that there is a task before the country that ought to be done. The

Nation needs carriers for its manufactured goods, just as a department store needs delivery cars. If we are going to sell our goods in the markets of the world, we cannot depend upon hiring messenger boys from other countries if we are going to sell on even terms. We must provide our own messenger service, or else give up competing on equal terms with other manufacturing nations, such as Japan and England, and even, in time, nascent Germany. At the same time we have an enormous fleet of vessels lying idle. For the Government to operate these vessels itself has proved impracticable. There is a definite proposal now before the country that the Government should get out of the business of operating ships and turn it over to private owners on an understanding that in return for certain benefits they will put their vessels to certain public service. All the opposition has so far consisted in denouncing that bill. Virtually none of it—certainly none that has made any public impression—has consisted in any intelligent alternative proposal. The people who are against what they call a ship subsidy do not seem to be united for anything.

Here, for another example, comes our good friend Georges Clemenceau to tell us what France thinks. Of course he is greeted with a warm and affectionate demonstration. Public discussion, however, of his interpretation of the needs of France consists mainly in informing M. Clemenceau of the view of American Senators and others concerning the mistakes France has made, or concerning what the United States will not do. Within the memory of people scarcely beyond middle age France has been invaded twice. It is easy to tell France what she should not do about it and what we will not do about it; but who among all American critics are giving France any sensible and plausible suggestion as to what she or we can and should do?

And here, to cite the most familiar and persistent example, we have prohibition. Nothing is easier than to point out certain defects in the law and in its enforcement. Foreign visitors seem to think that Americans are engaged in doing nothing else. When these critics of prohibition are asked, "Do you want the return of the saloon, the bar-room, the grog-shop?" they are very nearly unanimous in protesting, "Of course not." They do not like prohibition. What, then, will they have in its stead? If there has been any consistent reply from any of the large body of these numerous critics, we have yet to hear it. The dispensary? Ask South Carolina. Beers and light wines? What kind of beer? How light wine? Who will sell them?

Should they be taxed? How are you going to have any trade in liquor without reviving the liquor trade? It is much easier to tear down the Volstead

Act and the Eighteenth Amendment than it is to design and erect any decent, durable structure in their place.

Apparently every now and then the

American people need to have somebody ask them, even if it has to be a Tweed: "What are you going to do about it?" with the emphasis on the "do."

WHAT SOUTHERNERS THINK OF THE DYER BILL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY E. E. MILLER

EDITOR OF THE "SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST"

THE Federal Child Labor Law, lately declared unconstitutional, was passed to meet an alleged delinquency of the South in the protection of its children. It was passed by the votes of other sections over the protest of the South, and whatever rejoicing greeted the Supreme Court's decision came from the South.

The proposed Federal law against lynching is also—when one frankly faces the facts—aimed at the South, and at the lynching of Negroes in the South in particular. While it is opposed by representative citizens of all sections, the most vigorous and concerted opposition comes from the South. The fight against its enactment is largely a fight of Southern sentiment against the sentiment of other sections. Southern opposition has been intensified and strengthened by the decision against the Child Labor Law.

Because Southern votes in Congress and Southern newspaper utterances were strongly against the one measure when it was being debated and are now strongly against the other, it should not be inferred, therefore, that Southern sentiment is unanimous in either case. In the 1921 report of the Tennessee Bureau of Workshop and Factory Inspection I find this sentence, "The Federal Child Labor Tax Law has helped materially in the enforcement of the Child Labor Law." Most Southern people, I am persuaded, while naturally feeling that child labor should be regulated by the States rather than by the Federal Government, recognized that some States were not doing their duty, and would have been quite content to see the Federal law remain in force.

So an increasing number of Southerners are coming to look with tolerance on the idea of a Federal law against lynching. This does not mean that there is any acceptance of the provisions of the Dyer Bill. A few Southern Congressmen voted for that measure, but the ablest Southern Republicans opposed it. I have yet to hear any Southerner in private conversation approve its provisions. So general is this condemnation, so strongly voiced has it been from all sections of the country, so manifestly unfair are some of the provisions of the bill, that one does not have to venture far into the realms of prophecy to say that it is not going to become a law without being materially modified. Nor

does one have to assume much legal lore to doubt its constitutionality. Disregarding this particular bill, then—as one well may—there remain some important questions it has raised for the South to consider—the question of whether the prevention of lynchings should be left entirely to the States, even when they fail to take adequate steps of prevention, for one thing; for another, the question of whether a Federal law, even though undesirable, may not become necessary; the question of whether the public sentiment of the

do not mend our ways very decidedly, Federal legislation will be had."

These men, because of their interest in the welfare of the colored race, might be expected to take the view that the protection of the individual in his rights as a citizen and the promotion of racial harmony could become of more importance than the preservation to the States of their right to the exclusive use of the police power. Yet I found a Southerner of the truest type, Dr. T. N. Ivey, editor of the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, taking practically the same view. "The States should suppress lynchings and punish lynch-ers," Dr. Ivey said in effect. "If they will not, public sentiment will force the Nation to take a hand, and it should. Whether the States have already sinned away their day of grace I do not know."

A former professor in the University of Tennessee, long in the South, but of Northern birth and Republican ancestry, was firmly of the opinion that the Nation had both the right and the reason to act if lynching became a National problem. Yet this man put more stress than any educated Southerner I have talked to in a long time on the naturalness of the feeling that leads to lynchings and the incentive to the use of force—even illegal force—that exists wherever there is a large population that understands and respects no law but the law of force.

Both contrasting with and complementing these views are those of a thoughtful Negro leader, Professor Isaac Fisher, of Fisk University. He favors a Federal law and pleads with Southern lawmakers to welcome, not oppose, "Federal assistance—not interference"—in the stamping out of a great evil. Only an awakened public opinion can stop lynchings, he says; a Federal law will be but the beginning of the work necessary to be done. "Any one who imagines that habits of thought can be changed by legislative enactments needs to turn back and read again the history of civilization." Federal law is needed, not because it will stop lynching all at once, but because it will strengthen public sentiment against it, make the task of State and local officials in protecting the weak and ignorant easier, and give hope and courage to the Negro race.

This call for immediate Federal action voices the feeling of Negroes generally. The Negro mind—so far as one outside

THERE is a river longer than the Mississippi which flows northward from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean. One can only hazard a guess at the future of this vast region which Stefansson declares may some day be the seat of a great civilization. Last summer

FULLERTON WALDO

journeyed the length of the Mackenzie and back again. He has given us a series of colorful sketches of the manners and the men of this north country. They will begin in next week's issue of The Outlook.

South will be against a Federal law for all time and under all circumstances.

Having definite views of my own on the first two questions, I have lately been trying to find out just what representative Southerners who have studied the subject of lynchings think of the ultimate possibility and desirability of a Federal anti-lynching law.

Three men of Tennessee who have given much thought to racial relationships and have done much to create a sentiment against mob violence are Dr. Edward Mims of Vanderbilt University, former Governor A. H. Roberts, and Mr. Bolton Smith. These men are agreed that Federal action should come only as a last resort—that is, only when the States have made it clear that they will not take adequate measures to prevent lynchings and to punish the members of lynching mobs. Yet Dr. Mims says, "If local and State government cannot stop lynching, then the Nation must and will." Or, as Mr. Smith puts it, "If we

the race can judge—is filled with the horror of lynchings. The race fears the lynching mob and resents with intense bitterness the thought and feeling that tolerate mobs and their unholy deeds. Without Professor Fisher's understanding of the limited results that Federal legislation can achieve, the Negroes generally see in it their only hope and long for it with an intensity not generally appreciated.

The Negro view can be taken* for granted. That the views of the men I have been quoting are the views of the majority of Southern whites I very much doubt. I am inclined to think that the majority view was presented by the business man who said that he was opposed to both lynchings and a Federal law against lynching. "I do not believe the Federal Government ought to interfere with matters that can be handled locally. I believe its interference would provoke resentment in the South and do more harm than good. No community is going to take kindly to the exercise by an outside authority of powers it has been itself exercising. The Governors of the States are the men who can do most to prevent lynchings. A State police force in every State would be a great help. Only the development of a general feeling against lynching can finally end it. This feeling is steadily being developed. A Federal law would check rather than aid its development."

A young man with an interest in things political expressed similar opinions: "The Federal Government is interfering in too many things now. What is needed is not more laws, but better enforcement of the law we have. Even if things go on as they have been going, I am opposed to a Federal law. It will be better for a few lynchings to go unpunished than for the National Government further to weaken the power of the States."

This is the view taken by most Southern politicians and newspapers, the view probably yet held by the majority of our people. I think there is no doubt, however, that the majority holding this view is all the time becoming smaller. The conviction that lynchings must be stopped—by the Nation if the States cannot or will not do it—steadily deepens. The people of the South are coming to feel a sense of shame for their long endurance of this crime against democracy and humanity, and most Southern States are now making an honest effort to put an end to it. If the three or four States that yet seem indifferent remain so, they will find themselves before long without the support or the sympathy of the States that are trying to erase the blot that now clings to the whole South.

Thoughtful Southerners are coming, too, I think, to realize that it is finally by public sentiment rather than by law that lynchings will be stopped. Much can be done, beyond doubt, by the speedier trial of persons accused of crime, but this could be carried too far in individual cases. Much can be done by prompt, energetic action that will make evident the purpose of public officials to enforce the law against mobs and mob members. Too much can scarcely be done along this line. In some States, at least, public sentiment is even now with the official who is not afraid to put down mob violence with a strong hand if necessary, and officials are showing a determination along this line they did not so fully display a few years ago.

"Any Governor can enforce the law," said Governor Taylor, of Tennessee. "It is all nonsense for a man in office to say that he cannot. If he is willing to act and not afraid, he can do it, and public sentiment will back him up in it." Governor Taylor has shown commendable

energy in law enforcement and has unquestionably had the backing of the public. In some instances and in some sections an official might not have this public support, and with public sentiment against him the most vigilant and active of officials might not be able in extreme cases to prevent a lynching. It is seldom, however, if the proper effort were made, that the leaders of a mob could not be apprehended and put to trial.

Personally, I believe that lynching must be stopped—in the South and elsewhere. The States can and should stop it. If they do not, the Nation should and must do it. National legislation can be prevented, and should be prevented, only by the earnest effort of the States to protect their citizenship. If National legislation becomes necessary, and is wisely conceived and fairly administered, it will commend itself to the thoughtful Southerner, just as the Federal Child Labor Law, despite his objections to its passage, was coming to commend itself.

Right now what is most needed is not more laws, either State or Federal, but a quickened sense of public duty and individual responsibility in the matter. The people who would end the crime of lynching can do most to accomplish their desire by bringing home to the public mind the horror, the futility, and the danger to our whole fabric of government of such lawlessness. Similarly, the men who are concerned to preserve to the States their ancient rights can do most to accomplish that end by bringing to the citizens and the officials of the States in which lynchings most frequently occur a realization of the fact that civilization will not much longer tolerate the repeated and unpunished murder of men—black or white, guilty or innocent—by excited and passionate mobs.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY M. C. HOLLIS

SECRETARY OF THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY

THERE is an old tradition of some two years' standing that any Englishman who visits America (and, he who reads might almost suspect, many who do not) must necessarily write his impressions of how prohibition does not work and how American universities do, and generally, from a perhaps three weeks' experience, tell Americans how they ought to manage their country. As I write Professor Stephen Leacock's "Discovery of England" lies before me. I have, I hope, learned its lesson. The tradition will by me be more honored in the breach than in the observance. My Discovery of America is that it is a land whose hospitality is almost staggering. My impression of my first visit to America is that it will

not be my last. Beyond that I will not commit myself. I am an original Englishman, who believes that the problems of America, educational or otherwise, must be solved by Americans.

My task is less ambitious, and perhaps less impertinent. I have had the good fortune to be a member of a debating team from Oxford University which has been touring a few of the Eastern American universities, and I have been asked to write of the differences between Oxford and these universities. How far the universities which I have visited are typical of American universities, and how far, therefore, my remarks are capable of generalization, I simply do not know. I should imagine that there is no such thing as an American uni-

versity and that Harvard is a great deal more like Oxford than it is like one of the big State universities of the Middle West. I can write only of what I have seen, and I have seen these seven universities—Bates College in Maine, Swarthmore, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania.

And of the other term of my comparisons and contrasts. I am comparing, not with "the English university"—which is a phrase that means nothing at all—but with Oxford. And whatever the English university would be like, it would certainly not be like Oxford and Cambridge.

Between Oxford and the Eastern universities the first difference by which every one must be struck is the funda-

mental difference of system. I was told by a professor at Columbia that he often used to be asked how it was possible to enter "Oxford College." The phrase is natural to an American and extremely amusing to an Englishman. For in America, as I understand it, the words "college" and "university" are used more or less indifferently. A man "goes to college" and he means merely by that that he goes to a university. It is therefore natural to speak of going to "Oxford College." For the constitution of a university in the United States is not like the Constitution of the United States. The only universities whose constitutions are like the Constitution of the United States are Oxford and Cambridge.

Just as the United States consists of united States, so Oxford University consists of united colleges. There are, I think, twenty-six colleges at Oxford, to one or other of which practically every undergraduate belongs. He will live and eat and sleep in the college buildings when he first comes, as we say, "into residence." Even when, after two years, owing to overcrowding, he is turned out of college and has to find lodgings for himself in the town he is still a member of his college. He may still dine in the college hall any night that he wishes to do so, and it is to the college authorities that he is responsible for the work that he does (or does not). At Oxford we are Democrats rather than Republicans. The college rights are very jealously guarded. It is the college which is responsible for all internal discipline, and, as recent experience has shown, it is practically impossible for the University authorities to touch an undergraduate if the college authorities see fit to take his side.

There are two very prominent features of American university life of the development of which, owing to this college system, Oxford has never felt any need—the class and the fraternity. Take first the class. Some ten days ago I watched at Columbia the tug-of-war between the freshmen and the sophomores, and I heard and partly saw its preliminary processions. Those repetitions of "One-Nine-Two-Four" and "One-Nine-Two-Five" were the most curious things that I heard in all America. What was the reason for this violence of loyalty? Why should a man feel any community to another man simply because, if all went well (and, after having heard of the psychological tests which Columbia imposes, that in itself was almost inconceivable), they would both graduate on the same vague day some two or three years hence? It is impossible to understand a loyalty without feeling it, and no doubt I am wrong in thinking that this class loyalty must be a very artificial thing, perhaps even a non-existent thing, as a genuine emotion, like another class loyalty, that very empty "solidarity of the proletariat" of which we hear so much.

or at Oxford we do not have class

loyalty because we do not need class loyalty. The college system supplies us with our lesser loyalty, our hated friend and ever-present enemy, whom we meet and to whom we talk every day of our lives and whose existence is so essential to the existence of a university. All the athletic contests that are not inter-university are inter-collegiate. The colleges, varying as they do considerably, are still nearly enough equal in numbers to make this possible. And this college loyalty is certainly no artificial thing. By 1936 the class of 1926 can exist only, I suppose, as a memory. But a college is a lasting thing, a building, perhaps half a thousand years old. It is something substantial to which the old graduate can return, and he need not find a contemporary in order to find a sharer of his loyalty and his love. It is only in an arithmetical sense that this college loyalty can be called a lesser loyalty, for if two old friends were to meet they would soon forget that they were Oxonians in their remembrance that they were at Balliol or at Christ Church together.

The complete absence of this consciousness of year makes almost unintelligible to us the system of "hazing," which still survives in some American universities. There, too, it seems to be dying. At Oxford we never hazed. Before the war there was a certain formality of intercourse between a freshman and a senior (a senior is with us any one who is an undergraduate and not a freshman). The freshman would not speak to the senior until the senior had first called and left his card. But after the war we found that freedom had rather abruptly ceased to broaden down from precedent to precedent. An ex-colonel of forty-three might be a freshman and an ex-schoolboy of nineteen a senior. Our English sense of humor, even if, as Americans say, it does not exist, was sufficient to kill Oxford's last relics of class consciousness.

American friends often used to ask me whether at Oxford we have "fraternities." But fraternities, like classes, supply in American university life a need which Oxford, because of her college system, does not have. The object of a fraternity is, as I understand, to give the student somewhere to live. With us the college is above all things the place of residence. The difference is, first, that a college is, as I have tried to show, much more besides; and, secondly, that admission to a college comes, not through the election of those who already belong to it, but the passing of certain tests and examinations which the college authorities ordain.

We thus ought by rights to be free from the main charge against American fraternities—that they encourage the clique—but we are not. The fraternities, limited as they are, still survive at Yale, satisfying, as far as I could make out, no want whatsoever of their members. So at Oxford. I have shown that

we have no need for fraternities, but that is a different thing from showing that they do not exist. We can eat, we can even entertain in our private rooms, but still we must needs have our clubs. And there at least we jealously and uselessly reserve to ourselves the privileges of cliquishness. The Oxford Club is more like the Eating Club of Princeton than anything else that I saw in America, only it is more an addition to and less a part of our life than the Princeton Eating Club seemed to be.

There is, or has been, a very close parallel in England to the American fraternity, but it was not at Oxford or Cambridge, but at the English public school. The English public school is not, like the American public school, public. It is the most exclusive and expensive private, or, as you would say, preparatory, school in the country. It was, it is true, stolen from the public and only the name now remains as record of the theft. Eton, for instance, was founded by King Henry VI to provide an education "for seventy poor scholars." For these seventy scholars accommodation was provided in the college. As time went on, the reputation of Eton's education grew and people would come from afar to share it. Where were they to live? They formed themselves into groups and took lodgings with landladies about in the town. These landladies were called *dames* and the houses *dames' houses*. The *dames' houses* at Eton a hundred years ago were, so far as I can discover, very like the American fraternities of to-day. The difference (and the downfall) was that their inmates were younger, and therefore noisier, than the university students. The noise defeated the *dame*. The evolution of the last hundred years has been that the *dames* have paid the penalty of their incompetence, which was to change their sex. They have been replaced by the house master—teacher and housekeeper in one—and fraternity has become *paternity*, with the house master as a very paternal autocrat. The self-determination of the organization has been regularized out of existence. Is not this almost what ex-President Wilson wished to see happen at Princeton, and will history repeat itself?

There was one side of Oxford life about which Americans seemed everywhere much better informed than I was. It was the Oxford tutorial system. I confess that it had never occurred to me before that Oxford had a tutorial system, but, on thinking it over, I suppose that it has. To use a tutor in order to teach I had always thought too obvious a device to be dignified by the name of system. But it has apparently been accepted as such in America, and even rejected as such and opposed as such. But acceptance and rejection and opposition are none of them really acceptance or rejection or opposition to the Oxford system. For the Oxford system of teach-



Courtesy of Swarthmore College

SENIOR CLASS OF MEN AND WOMEN AT SWARTHMORE COLLEGE—CO-EDUCATION AT SWARTHMORE SURPRISED MR. HOLLIS AND SWARTHMORE WAS SURPRISED AT HIS SURPRISE

ing implies the Oxford system of getting a degree, and that is a system which does not exist in America.

In America degrees are gained by taking a certain number of courses, and to take a course means, as it seems, to go through a certain prescribed ritual. Whether the Oxford system is or is not popular depends on whether it is or is not a part of the ritual. Thus at Princeton I found that it was, and was therefore accepted. At Harvard it was not. It was therefore looked on as a mere extra, and very properly disliked. But at Oxford it is neither a part of a ritual nor an extra. It is a convenience.

The confusion comes from a failure to realize the difference between the Oxford lecturer and the American lecturer. The Oxford lecturer is like a porter. Just as a porter is a person who offers to carry your grip for you, and if you prefer to carry it yourself it is your business, so a lecturer at Oxford is a person who offers to help you to get a degree, but if you prefer to get it without his assistance it is your business. And it would not be unfair to add that with some lecturers it is very much easier to get it without assistance.

Oxford University requires a student, before it will give him a degree, to have slept for forty-two nights during each of the three terms of three years within three miles of Carfax (a crossroads in the center of Oxford) and to have passed two public examinations—that is to say, to have written two series of papers which convince the appointed examiners that he knows as much about

his subject as he ought to know. How he acquires that requisite knowledge is his own business. If he is one who learns easily from lectures, there are lectures and there is a tutor to advise him to which lectures to go. But, if not, let him shut himself up with his books and never enter a lecture-room.

At Yale and at Swarthmore I was allowed to attend classes. At Swarthmore I am sorry to say that I was noticed and the ordinary course of study was interrupted in order that the class might enjoy the much more highly educative experience of laughing at my complete ignorance of the history of British foreign policy. But Yale was made of sterner stuff. The subject was the growth of trades unions. What I may call the lecture part of the class might well have been a lecture delivered at Oxford, except that the Oxford lecturer would not have known so many facts. What was very un-Oxonian was the preliminary written questions to see if the students had read what they were told to read. An Oxford lecturer, like Gallio, would have cared for none of these things, and, if he had, his class would have told him to mind his own business.

I saw much else that was new and wonderful. I found that universities in America have publicity agents. In England we still pretend, having first taken care not to succeed, that we wish to keep out of the papers. At Harvard I was shown the mysteries of your university journalism, and, as a harassed university journalist myself, wondered at the free-

dom and energy and imagination which could find facts enough to fill a daily newspaper. At Columbia I tripped even more badly, and joined the great lost army of contributors. But Swarthmore was perhaps our most interesting experience. There we found—what does not exist in England—honest co-education in working. It was so honest that I even had to debate against a lady. The co-education of Oxford means that men and women, as a concession, are allowed to live in the same town and, when they have finished doing that, to write the same letters after the name. Oxford's interpretation of the equality of the sexes is to call its women students Bachelors of Arts. Cambridge has women students, but no interpretation of the equality of the sexes. It is therefore the more praised of Professor Leacock. But it was a novelty to go into a university dinner and sit down between two ladies. I was surprised, and perhaps the test of co-education's success at Swarthmore is that everybody else present was surprised that I was surprised. But of that I cannot say.

The trouble everywhere was the shortness of time. I had never time to judge. I was whirled into a university life that was very different from any that I had ever known. I told it to join the League of Nations, and then I was whirled out of it. Nothing was left but a remembrance of wonderful friendship and hospitality and a great longing to come again and learn more truly what manner of men and women they are who give these great gifts.



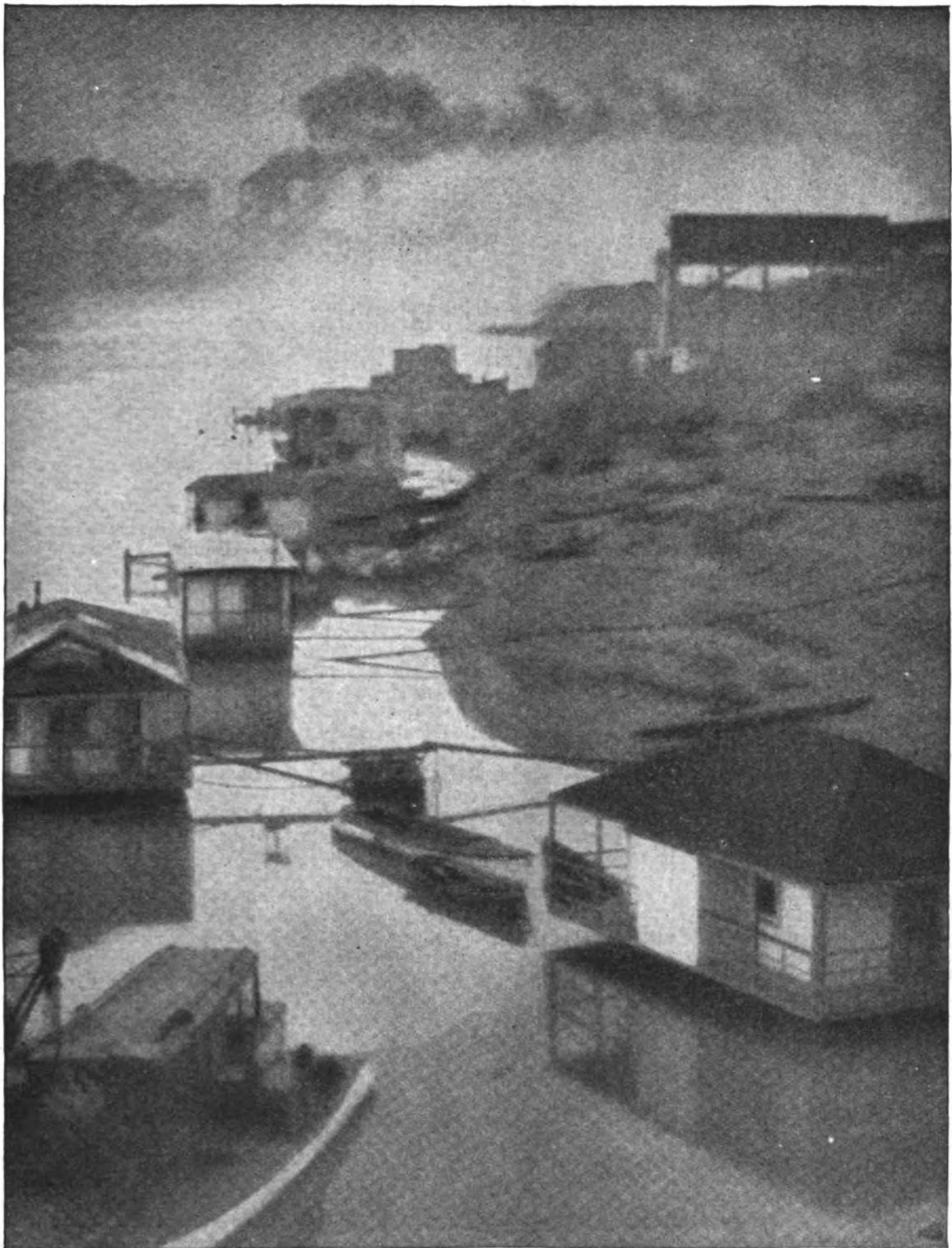
Courtesy of the Pictorial Photographers of America

UZERCHES: "IL FAIT UN BON SOLEIL"

By Dr. A. D. Chaffee, of New York

See editorial notice on page 598

WITH SUNLIGHT



Courtesy of the Pictorial Photographers of America

HOUSE-BOATS

By Ernest M. Pratt, of Los Angeles, California

See editorial notice on page 503

PLUM TREES

BY HAROLD VINAL

I THOUGHT that beauty was forever dead
Until I saw wild plum trees in the night,
Beyond a ruined wall, a garden bed,
Blown into moonlight, shivering and white.
I thought I was too young for May and spring,
Too new to tears and country lanes and grass;
Then suddenly I saw this lovely thing.
Now where dead kings went do I move and pass.

Wild plum I will remember till I die,
How on an April night I saw it first.
Here in this windy city do I cry
For olden loveliness to quench my thirst.
There is a crumbling wall I used to know
Where on a night like this the plum trees blow.

SAD HOPTIMISTS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT

IS London filled with gloom?
The question is not original. In point of fact, it has been so often asked of late as to become almost commonplace.

The crowds of tourists entering Paris from London do not hesitate to speak their minds. To the average Parisian such sentiments as the following are quite familiar: "The atmosphere of London is positively depressing!" "What a burst of sunshine here compared with London!" "How glad I am to escape from that grim, gloomy city!"

The Paris press, too, has dwelt upon this drab theme. Nor is the London press silent. There is an almost brutal frankness about the editorials of the English press. Papers like the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Morning Post" have alluded again and again to the strange depression that seems to have gripped the heart of the Empire. Indeed, it is said to have spread throughout the country, like the insidious germ of "walking typhoid."

One London daily actually offered a prize of ten pounds to be handed by its agent to the man or woman who might be heard to utter the heartiest laugh. If Dr. Samuel Johnson were only living!

A laugh bribe is a new species of graft, and England is serious enough to make it possible. The prize has yet to be won.

Then there is the "Brighter London Movement," in which the Church and State have combined with grim determination.

The two most talked-about men in England to-day seem bent on winning that prize. Between the royal smile of the youthful Prince of Wales and the subtle smile beneath the stubby moustache of Lloyd George it would be hard to make the award.

Now, assuming that the press and the public both express the truth, there is

presented a most fascinating study. The very mystery that beclouds it makes it much more interesting than the somber diagnosis of sleeping sickness.

As an earnest student of the signs of the times, I confess that the subject laid strong hold upon me. But the climax was reached when an old friend of mine—a noted Baltimore physician—introduced the matter as we chatted over a cup of tea in the Hotel Crillon in Paris.

"How I wish," said he, earnestly, "that I could prolong my stay that I might examine into this London gloom from a purely psychological angle!"

That remark, casually made, brought into instant play a plan that had long lodged in my sub-conscious mind.

Then and there I confided to my friend the physician and alienist my determination to cross the Channel, visit prominent men in London, tackle the man in the street, and learn the facts at first hand. Above all, to watch and to listen.

The enthusiasm of my friend was a source of the greatest inspiration. He prepared for me with much care a plan of campaign which I promised to carry out to the letter.

In this spirit I entrained in the Gare du Nord for Calais, *en route* to London, and the story that follows is a faithful and impartial chronicle of events.

The channel between Calais and Dover, it must be confessed, is not conducive to serenity of mind. High speed in a heavy sea has a disturbing influence over mind and matter.

So must have thought the eight men who filled a first-class compartment in a Dover-to-London express. We looked one another over in caustic silence. As the minutes flew by I began to realize that my mission had already begun on English soil.

It was a clear case of one American in the midst of a bunch of Englishmen. Alpine sticks, rubber coats, and plumpy

kits heaped high in the racks suggested Switzerland.

After the first hour the silence became painful.

We were like an order of monks, octave in number, observing the vow. There we were, passing through the rich fields of Kent, amid a golden harvest that seemed to reflect God's sunshine, and as glum as a group of sightseers in the devastated regions of France.

Three of the men at length took out their pipes and gazed vacantly into the unfilled bowls. The fourth opened out the "Morning Post"—a paper larger than the French roll of bread called *baguette*, and almost as crusty. Unopened magazines rested on the knees of the two men in front of me, while the seventh, a heavy-set, ruddy-faced man, slowly uncovered a sandwich.

Its contents broke the silence. The man at his side turned away his head with an angry look, and I heard him mutter, or rather whisper, a word that rhymes with ham.

That was the only word spoken in the space of three hours. There was real solid comfort to me in the screech of the engine's whistle.

My mind recalled the language of the good Book, and I could not help comparing my state with that of the angels when "there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

How to break the intolerable silence was the problem.

Finally, I made a feint, to use the language of the prize ring, to get an opening. Taking a cigar from my case, I slowly searched in every pocket for a match; and, failing, reopened the case with a well-heaved sigh in order to replace the cigar.

The feint worked like a charm. The gentleman at my side, who had broken that long silence with the word that rhymes with ham, struck a wax match

and, with a courteous bow, handed me the light.

I broke the silence sure enough; but, alas! the breakage soon closed in under such frigid conditions.

"Tickets, please," sounded good. Victoria Station looked still better, and I stepped on the platform with a feeling that I had emerged from a retreat of Dominican Friars.

Save for the "Good day, sir," of my friend who had already spoken one word, we made our exit in silence.

Thus the four words spoken came to one word per hour, which was a great disappointment to me, as the determination to listen was the chief object of my journey.

So pronounced a silence must have had a strong underlying cause, thought I as I was being driven to my hotel.

Might it possibly be the British way of qualifying for membership in the "English-Speaking Union" of two great nations?

My friend the alienist had advised me to "be sure and see a humorous film in one of the London theaters," so that I might study the effects.

"Shoulder Arms," by Charlie Chaplin, was at Terry's, and I knew it was a "topper," as the English would say. I found a full house, but I likewise found that every funny hit—and the play is saturated with humor—was received with a strange kind of suppressed chuckle.

Once in a native theater in Peking, China, filled with half-naked, perspiring Chinese, I had heard that same peculiar sound.

The risible organ seemed to emit a groan, like a laugh strangled in its birth.

At a cinema in the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, a few evenings before, roars of laughter greeted a film far inferior to the sparkling humor of "Shoulder Arms."

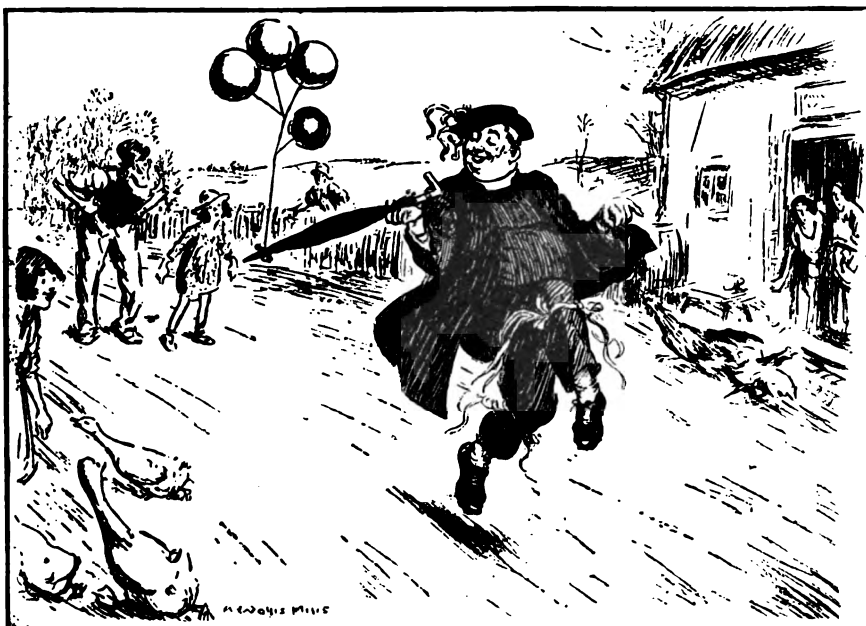
Even in dear old Dublin, amid the tragedy of civil war, where life is positively insecure, I witnessed a remarkable outburst of humor in the Galety Theater, in spite of the sharp crack of rifle shots heard between parts.

It was late that night when I was fortunate enough to pick up a taxi on the Strand and escape from that seductive "red-light life" that leaves misery and death in its trail.

Bright and early next morning I drove to London Bridge. Dismissing the driver, I took my place on the north corner, where I planned to remain some hours, as congested toiling humanity was passing by—an after-breakfast scene of man "going forth to his work and to his labor until the evening!"

It was indeed wonderful, both sight and sound, as the hour of nine struck—the strange, low rumble as thousands of men and women passed over that bridge, like the distant sound of great waves out of "the homeless sea" breaking on the shore.

But it was a truly awe-inspiring sight, just like the old-time march of the shell-makers of the war—grim, sullen, unresponsive.



From "Punch" (London)

The Rev. Septimus Jolliboy, having read of efforts for a brighter London, tries to introduce a little gaiety into his parish visiting

PUNCH POKES FUN AT ARTIFICIAL HILARITY

It reminded me, on an immense scale, of a painting in the Grand Palais of Paris, depicting a procession of New England Puritans on their way to church.

Leaning against a pillar, after his all-night beat, was a policeman, giant in stature. As I stood by his side I looked up into his strong, honest, tired face as he yawned for sleep. Then I touched his breast, where a war badge illumined his tunic, at which he touched my American Legion button with a smile, and we shook hands as comrades.

After a long chat I asked him: "Why the mischief, sergeant, are the people so serious, so gloomy, at this hour of the morning?"

He looked at me for a few moments, bit off the end of the Havana I had given him, spat into the Thames, and said, slowly: "Tgh taxes, sir, small wages, 'ightpenny drinks;" and after a few moments he added, "and Lud George, sir."

It was easy to see that the same question had already entered his mind.

The rest of the day was spent in tramping through the great highways of the city. Along the Strand, from Leicester Square to Piccadilly Circus, in the great arteries between Knightsbridge and the Thames, I made my way. Beggars everywhere! Ex-service men, crippled, in worn-out uniforms, passing the hat while their brass instruments made discord more discordant. Women with outstretched hands and the old cry or moan, "For God's sake, sir." London's beggars would form an army larger than the regiments behind Coxey on the march to Washington.

Now I realized the need for the "Brighter London Movement." Sober, overserious faces, groups of unemployed muttering to one another around Trafalgar Square. Not a smile, not a laugh

anywhere! Dark houses, dim in the mist, drab as 10 Downing Street.

Said my friend the alienist to me, as we were parting in Paris: "Above all things, be sure and attend a sitting in the House of Commons; there you are sure to find the pulse-beat of the nation."

All my plans had been carefully laid.

Having entered the lobby of that historic House, I sent in my card by one of the officials to T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Presently he appeared in his quick, short stride, with his kindly smile and hearty way, so well known to his host of friends. We had not met in many years.

"Tay Pay," as his friends love to call him, is a brilliant son of old Erin, statesman, journalist, nationalist, gentleman.

He is the venerable "Father of the House" by length of service, and as a debater has few equals.

Our meeting was happy, congenial, reminiscent.

Drawing from his vest pocket a little inlaid snuff box, he took a pinch or two, with the evident relish of an old toper sipping his port. But no man may indulge in his *prise de tabac*, as the French say, without penalty. Small clots of brown powder, like finely ground coffee, darkened his gray mustache and made strange streaks down his double-breasted coat.

He smiled when I explained my mission in London.

"Well, now, just look over there," he said. "Surely you don't see anything gloomy in Lady Astor." Glancing round, I saw a slight, graceful woman of charming countenance, dressed in a dark, tight-fitting gown, commanding the close attention of three members who seemed to hang on her words.

Lady Astor was wreathed in smiles, as if crowned with a garland of roses.

"True, Mr. O'Connor," I replied; "but, after all, this is a case of one Irishman

pointing out to another Irishman a typical American lady with English citizenship."

As he was about to reply an usher approached and handed him a card. Transferring it to me, he said, lowering his voice, "Remain for Lloyd George—he'll surely speak," and we shook hands.

The galleries were packed, but the House was half empty. Dense and heavy was the atmosphere. Unsettled weather, with storms, was registered by the House barometer.

Soon I saw that the members were in an ugly mood.

Naturally, my first keen desire was to get a glimpse of Lloyd George, whom I had not seen for many years. Seated next to Winston Churchill, with his feet propped against the Treasury bench and his body at an angle as if reclining on a "davenport," the eyes of the Prime Minister were closed in a kind of parliamentary sleep, and his snow-white hair fell in clusters on his collar. The Milky Way of the war!

This peculiar state of somnolence is the unique inheritance of the great leaders in British politics.

In that same spot, historic and sacred, such men as Pitt and Gladstone, Disraeli and Balfour, had, in their day, passed into this camouflaged trance while undergoing the baptism of fire.

As a matter of fact, in this self-imposed psychic state intuition and imagination, memory and strategy, are keenly at work. And they were all needed on this memorable day, for Lloyd George was the target of attack from every quarter of the House.

The members were sullen grim, aggressively hostile.

Not a single sally of wit to strike a note of brightness.

The Irish, who in the days gone by were like a freshly opened bottle of dry Pommery, were gone, never to return.

There was a fierce growling sound, such as one hears before feeding time in a zoo.

The difference between the Parliament of Gladstone and the last Parliament of Lloyd George is the difference between an iron clipper homeward bound, with full sails set in a spanking breeze, and a battered ship, with every sail rent, scudding before the storm.

Clynes, the Labor leader, struck home with almost brutal force, without mincing words. Several members, including Lord Percy of Hastings, spoke with a studied impediment—a most painful hemming and hawing—a style which is supposed to preserve the traditions of the British Parliament, and at the same time stamp the aristocratic dignity of the speaker.

One Labor member, bearing the historic name of Jones, was offensively personal and bitterly crude. One of his most finished periods closed with scathing reference to "those Union jacks and jackasses." His was "the effort of an owl blinking at an eagle."

Throughout this vulgar harangue the

Prime Minister, against whom the attacks were hurled, remained absolutely in repose. Yet I had no doubt his mental dynamics were in abnormal activity.

Finally, as if to cap the climax, Lord Robert Cecil rose from the Opposition bench and in deep, labored tones of bitter criticism brought the Prime Minister severely to task.

The instant he concluded Lloyd George rose quickly to his feet, like a giant refreshed with sleep.

As, if by magic, the members came rushing in from every entrance, and in less time than it takes to tell the House was packed.

With a smile of perfect confidence Lloyd George faced that hostile House.

Culture, ease, and perfect poise marked the language and delivery of that master of assemblies. With a rich tenor tone, without taint of accent, he might easily pass for a cultured New Yorker. For fifty minutes he compelled absolute attention when, without a single note, he tore to shreds the weak parts of his opponents' arguments and disposed of the smaller fry with stinging invectives.

The Coalition was like a ship in the vortex of a typhoon stormed by huge seas from every angle, and Lloyd George like Captain McWhirter, of Conrad's creation, masterfully alone on the bridge.

Like the late Theodore Roosevelt, he is a perfect master of terse sentences, simple in structure, pregnant with meaning, logical in sequence, delivered with a punch.

But there is one striking difference.

Roosevelt's invectives were accompanied by a certain fierceness of facial expression that laid his victim low.

The sting of Lloyd George's sarcasm, though deadly as the "poison of asps," is driven home with a smile sweeter than that of the coyest maiden and a gentleness of speech softer than the purring of a cat.

While the member bearing the historic name of Jones wilted visibly beneath the venom of his sting I forgot all about the Sermon on the Mount and gloated over his well-deserved spasms of torture.

As it turned out, this happened to be Lloyd George's last speech as Prime Minister in the British House of Commons, and it was worthy the place, the theme, and the man.

My mind was strangely agitated as I walked out of that historic House and imaged the strife, the outbursts of anger, the ingratitude to which I had been a witness there. The pulse-beat of the nation registered a high blood pressure, telling the story of a great unrest, a near upheaval, explaining the psychology of London's gloom.

A few days after it was my good fortune to spend a week with a man who was singularly competent to cast what Lord Bacon calls "dry light" upon the subject.

In the American colony of London there is a merchant who has amassed a

large fortune in the export and import trade. For the past fifteen years he has resided in London, representing his firm. Though an American, he worked hard for Britain during the war, and is now identified with the British efforts for reconstruction.

From this man, a friend of twenty years' standing, I looked for a clear, lucid explanation at first hand. Nor was I disappointed.

On my way to his office I found myself one hour ahead of my appointment, so I entered St. Paul's Cathedral to while away the time.

My ramblings brought me to the world-renowned whispering gallery. At the courteous invitation of an official who waxed eloquent over its marvelous acoustics, I crossed to the other side of the gallery that we might give it a test.

Placing my mouth close to the wall, I first asked him if he heard me distinctly, and he replied, "Distinctly, sir."

Then I whispered: "Will you please explain to me why Dean Inge is called the 'gloomy Dean of St. Paul's'?"

There came back this clear and suggestive reply: "'E ain't gloomy, sir; 'e is what they call 'ere a sad hoptimist."

London is filled with sad hoptimists.

The visit with my friend, as I had hoped for, struck at the root of all the trouble.

The result of many conferences might thus be summarized.

True, the gloom of London was never more pronounced. There's a pall over the city. Was it to be surprised at? England was hard hit. England is now hard hit. Well-nigh one million of the flower of her manhood "gone west," for London is England. Half as many maimed, blinded, helpless. Homes broken up. Taxes sky-high. Industrial unrest. Unemployed exceeding 1,400,000. Socialism steadily advancing. War on private enterprise. Bolshevism in disguise. Society in transition. Foodstuffs soaring in price. Pensions overweighted. State Church weakening. Irreligion rife. England in her dismal isolation. Alone in Europe, without a single ally. Ireland in rebellion. India a slumbering volcano. Egypt divorced. The Moslem world at enmity. Debts staggering. One thousand million dollars due to the United States. The pride of England crushed.

Will she recover? Surely.

But when?

"After fifteen years of business dealing with Britain, I have yet to meet the crook."

"Painfully reserved, absurdly undemonstrative, strangely proud, the British, who discarded mourning during the war, have bled internally."

"Peace of soul, tranquillity of mind—that's her need."

"Gare du Nord."

The shout was welcome. Hailing a taxi, I stepped in, and Paris—gay, volatile, laughing Paris—looked good. As Dr. Coué, of Nantes, well said, Why worry?

A FLAPPER'S APPEAL TO PARENTS

BY ELLEN WELLES PAGE

IF one judges by appearances, I suppose I am a flapper. I am within the age limit. I wear bobbed hair, the badge of flapperhood. (And, oh, what a comfort it is!) I powder my nose. I wear fringed skirts and bright-colored sweaters, and scarfs, and waists with Peter Pan collars, and low-heeled "finale hopper" shoes. I *adore* to dance. I spend a large amount of time in automobiles. I attend hops, and proms, and ball-games, and crew races, and other affairs at men's colleges. But none the less some of the most thoroughbred superflappers might blush to claim sisterhood or even remote relationship with such as I. I don't use rouge, or lipstick, or pluck my eyebrows. I don't smoke (I've tried it, and don't like it), or drink, or tell "peppy stories." I don't pet. And, most unpardonable infringement of all the rules and regulations of Flapperdom, I haven't a line! But then—there are many degrees of flapper. There is the semi-flapper; the flapper; the superflapper. Each of these three main general divisions has its degrees of variation. I might possibly be placed somewhere in the middle of the first class.

I think every one realizes by this time that there has been a marked change in our much-discussed tactics. Jazz has been modified, and probably will continue to be until it has become obsolete. Petting is gradually growing out of fashion through being overworked. Yes, undoubtedly our hopeless condition is improving. But it was not for discussing these aspects of the case that I began this article.

I want to beg all you parents, and grandparents, and friends, and teachers, and preachers—you who constitute the "older generation"—to overlook our shortcomings, at least for the present, and to appreciate our virtues. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of you that it required *brains* to become and remain a successful flapper? Indeed it does! It requires an enormous amount of cleverness and energy to keep going at the proper pace. It requires self-knowledge and self-analysis. We must know our capabilities and limitations. We must be constantly on the alert. Attainment of flapperhood is a big and serious undertaking!

"Brains?" you repeat, skeptically. "Then why aren't they used to better advantage?" That is exactly it! And do you know who is largely responsible for all this energy's being spent in the wrong directions? You! You parents, and grandparents, and friends, and teachers, and preachers—all of you! "The war!" you cry. "It is the effect of the war!" And then you blame prohibition. Yes! Yet it is you who set the example there! But this is my

point: Instead of helping us work out our problems with constructive, sympathetic thinking and acting, you have muddled them for us more hopelessly with destructive public condemnation and denunciation.

Think back to the time when you were struggling through the teens. Remember how spontaneous and deep were the joys, how serious and penetrating the sorrows. Most of us, under the present system of modern education, are further advanced and more thoroughly developed mentally, physically, and vocationally than were our parents at our age. We hold the infinite possibilities of the myriads of new inventions within our grasp. We have learned to take for granted conveniences, and many luxuries, which not so many years ago were as yet undreamed of. We are in touch with the whole universe. We have a tremendous problem on our hands. You must help us. Give us confidence—not distrust. Give us practical aid and advice—not criticism. Praise us when praise is merited. Be patient and understanding when we make mistakes.

We are the Younger Generation. The war tore away our spiritual foundations and challenged our faith. We are struggling to regain our equilibrium. The times have made us older and more experienced than you were at our age. It must be so with each succeeding generation if it is to keep pace with the rapidly advancing and mighty tide of civilization. Help us to put our knowledge to the best advantage. Work with us! That is the way! Outlets for this surplus knowledge and energy must be opened. Give us a helping hand.

Youth has many disillusionments. Spiritual forces begin to be felt. The emotions are frequently in a state of upheaval, struggling with one another for supremacy. And Youth does not understand. There is no one to turn to—no one but the rest of Youth, which is as perplexed and troubled with its problems as ourselves. Everywhere we read and hear the criticism and distrust of older people toward us. It forms an insurmountable barrier between us. How can we turn to them?

In every person there is a desire, an innate longing, toward some special goal of achievement. Each of us has his place to fill. Each of us has his talent—be it ever so humble. And our hidden longing is usually for that for which nature equipped us. Any one will do best and be happiest doing that which he really likes and for which he is fitted. In this "age of specialists," as it has been called, there is less excuse than ever for persons being shoved into niches in which they do not belong and cannot be made to fit. The lives of such

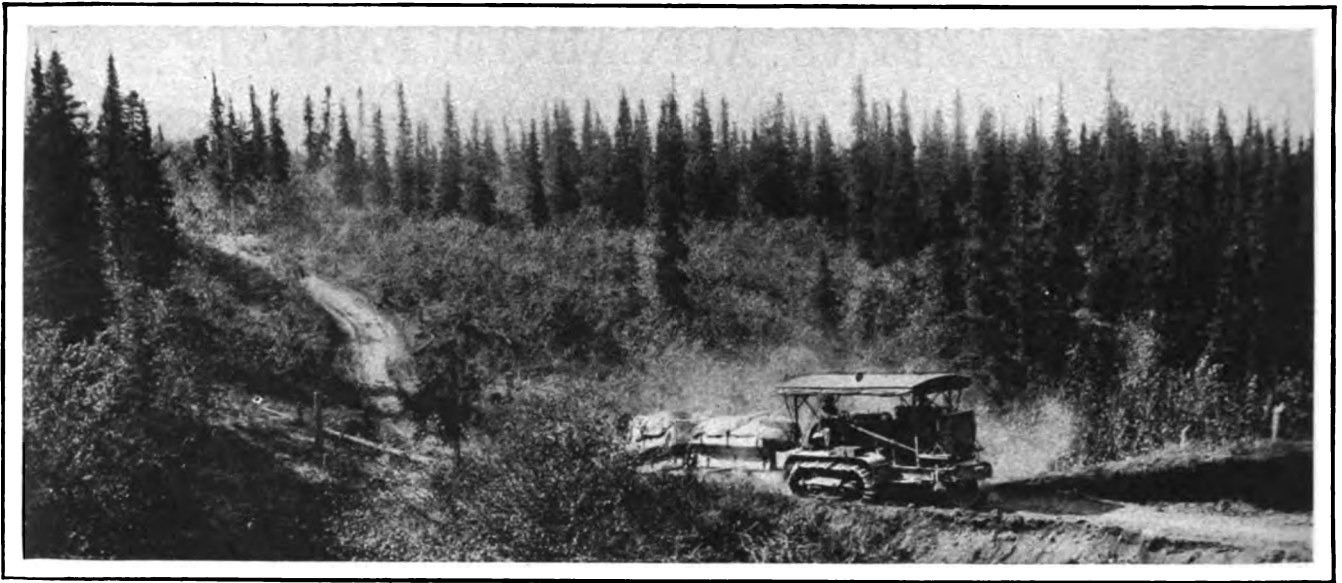
people are great tragedies. That is why it is up to you who have the supervision of us of less ripe experience to guide us sympathetically, and to help us find, encourage, and develop our special abilities and talents. Study us. Make us realize that you respect us as fellow human beings, that you have confidence in us, and, above all, that you expect us to live up to the highest ideals, and to the best that is in us.

It must begin with individuals. Parents, study your children. Talk to them more intimately. Respect their right to a point of view. Be so understanding and sympathetic that they will turn to you naturally and trustfully with their glowing joys or with their heartaches and tragedies. Youth has many of the latter because Youth takes itself so seriously. And so often the wounds go unconfessed, and, instead of gradually healing, become more and more gnawing through suppression until of necessity relief is sought in some way which is not always for the best.

Mothers, become acquainted with your children. Be the understanding, loving, happy comrade of your daughter. Become her ideal. And strive to live up to the ideal you set for the woman who is to become your son's wife. Be his chum. Be young with him. Oh, what a powerful and wonderful influence you are capable of exerting if you only will!

Fathers, find out what is within the minds and hearts and souls of your children. There is a wonderful, an interesting, and a sacred treasure-house there if you will take the time and pains to explore. The key is yours in return for patient understanding, sympathetic encouragement, and kindly wisdom. Make love to your daughter if necessary! Make her realize the depth of your love and make her feel that you have confidence in her ability to live up to your standards of upright womanhood. Be your son's best pal. Make his interests your interests. Encourage him to formulate a workable philosophy of life. And remember this: A little merited praise means so much! A little encouragement goes such a long way!

Oh, parents, parents everywhere, point out to us the ideals of truly glorious and upright living! Believe in us, that we may learn to believe in ourselves, in humanity, in God! Be the living examples of your teachings, that you may inspire us with hope and courage, understanding and truth, love and faith. Remember that we are the parents of the future. Help us to be worthy of the sacred trust that will be ours. Make your lives such an inspiration to us that we in our turn will strive to become an inspiration to our children and to the ages! Is it too much to ask?



ALASKAN TRANSPORTATION BEYOND THE END OF THE RAILWAY. THE METHOD IS MODERN THOUGH THE ROAD IS DIRT

ALASKA, THE MISUNDERSTOOD

THE STORY OF THE BAD ROADS AND ADMINISTRATIVE FETTERS
THAT ARE TYING UP ALASKA'S BURIED MILLIONS, AND SOME
PROPOSALS FOR THE CORRECTION OF THE DEFECTS

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

ON a scorching hot day in July, while strolling through Fairbanks, Alaska, at noonday, I suddenly noticed a sight so ludicrous as actually to bring tears to my eyes. Behind a barn, in the blazing sun, stood three tourists wearing heavy parkas. They were furred from head to foot, as if for a final dash to the Pole, and were standing alongside a dog-sled; perspiration was rolling down their faces in streams, as the grinning camera man took another picture of the "frozen North." The thermometer, right at that moment, must have registered fully 90°. I could scarcely believe my eyes; and then it suddenly dawned on me how Alaska tourists obtain the photographs that flood the States.

"What's the big idea?" I asked one of the gentlemen who had just removed his Arctic costume.

He fairly sputtered with anger.

"I live in Boston," he snapped, "and for many years I have wanted to make a trip to Alaska. I wanted to see Eskimos in their igloos. I wanted to see snow-covered wilderness in summer. I wanted to see some wild Alaskan life. And here I am in Fairbanks, five hundred miles in the Alaskan interior, and it's hotter than it was in Boston; cowbells wake me up at night, and I'm nearly chloroformed by the aroma of strawberry patches, flower gardens, hay meadows, and grain fields. Do you see any Eskimos around here? Why, the only time these interior and southeast-

ern Alaskans see Eskimos is when they take a trip to the States and go to the circus. And, to cap the climax, at dinner last night, in a café just as modern as the cafés in Boston, I found Fairbanks-grown tomatoes and Fairbanks-raised strawberries on my bill of fare; and this where fur-coated Eskimos are supposed to be chasing polar bears over fields of ice."

"Well," I finally managed to interrupt, "does that disappoint you?"

"It certainly does," he answered heatedly. Then he added: "I am *delightfully* disappointed. But the folks back East won't ever know it. I'll send them this photograph, and they'll think I am standing abaft an igloo, and I guess that's the way everybody else that has come up here has been 'kidding' his friends back home for the past fifteen years."

The Bostonian was right. I don't suppose there is a tourist visiting Alaska who is not *delightfully* disappointed when he encounters the same B.V.D. and outing-flannel climate he left back in the States. Certainly the Alaska immortalized in novels is an entirely different country from the land we still call, in some parts of the States, "Seward's Folly."

JUNEAU CLIMATE A PARADISE COMPARED WITH THE MIDDLE WEST'S

Back in 1849 California was supposed to be wild, and I suppose Alaska was about the same kind of a frontier

twenty-five years ago; but there is nothing within the Territory to-day to substantiate the wild stories written about the early days of the gold rush. As for night life in Alaska, it compares favorably with that of the most strait-laced New England towns. There is certainly no place in the United States where there is better order, or, rather, where there is less disorder, than in this Territory.

In considering Alaska we must bear in mind that it is really composed of three empires—southeastern, the interior, and northern. Northern Alaska has Eskimos, polar bears, walruses, and other Arctic life that we have read so much about. The only trouble has been that most people in the States have not been able to discriminate between Arctic Alaska and temperate Alaska. Point Barrow, where Arctic life exists, is as far removed from Fairbanks, Anchorage, Seward, Ketchikan, or Juneau as Labrador is removed from Miami, Florida, both climatically and geographically. An Eskimo walking down the streets of Fairbanks would cause a riot. If he appeared in Juneau, he would be a seven-day wonder.

I met a family in Juneau that had formerly resided in Cleveland. I asked the lady of the house if it wasn't somewhat difficult to stand the rigors of the northern climate. She laughed outright.

"Well," she answered, "we endured Cleveland winters, and Juneau is certainly a paradise compared with Cleve-

land either in winter or summer. We have been North eight years in all; spent five winters here, and three back home; the five years we have lived here during the winter months the thermometer has never reached zero. Do you imagine it takes a rigorous person to stand such a climate?"

This was followed by peals of laughter and further remarks about the silly ideas of people in the States regarding the climate of Alaska.

Southeastern Alaska has an Oregon-Washington climate, due to the Japanese Current, which has the same effect from Ketchikan to Cape Spencer as it has on Puget Sound, resulting in very mild winters and extremely delightful summers. Very seldom, in the last twenty years, has the thermometer reached zero in this entire section.

The interior of Alaska, made famous by exaggerating novelists, has a climate closely duplicating Minnesota in the winter, and Maine or Oregon in summer.

ALASKA'S IMMENSE RESOURCES

Alaskan towns are as modern as any towns of their size in most modern sections of the Central West. Tourists will find accommodations like those in their own cities; they will find as good, and more reasonably priced, hotels in Ketchikan, Juneau, Seward, Anchorage, and Fairbanks as in any average city of fifty thousand population in the United States. They will find that they can purchase any article in Alaska at about the same price that they can in the most modern department or drug

store in the average Central Western city. They will find as many automobiles in Juneau, Seward, Anchorage, and Fairbanks as in any modern Western town of similar size.

Resources? The tremendous resources of our northern empire have of course sometimes been unintentionally exaggerated. Alaska is not an Aladdin's Lamp. But its resources will compare favorably with those of any State in the Union. However, until the proper development has taken place it is impossible to estimate even approximately the probable value of Alaska's natural resources. They are varied and immense. Of that there is no question. Coal, oil, copper, gold, silver, lead, marble, timber, fish, fur, agriculture. No single State in the Union can boast of the great variety of assets that Alaska contains; yet the Territory is in the same position that California, Oregon, Washington, or Montana was in the early days. It takes money to develop progressively—lots of money.

By this time the reader undoubtedly has in mind the question that is in the minds of one hundred million Americans, which is, substantially: If Alaska has all of these resources, why doesn't more "big capital" go up there? That's easily explained. I will first draw a picture of Alaska in 1909, when the Territory was on the highroad to tremendous development. Railway financiers were feverishly endeavoring to build railways from Valdez, Cordova, and Katalla through the Copper River section to Fairbanks. Men from all over the

States were putting up capital to drill oil wells and develop coal fields, and were becoming interested in many other enterprises. Then, all of a sudden, practically overnight, through the influence of Gifford Pinchot, all the coal lands, oil fields, and timber lands of Alaska were withdrawn from public entry and placed in a National reserve. This act dealt a staggering blow to the fifty thousand white residents of the Territory, whose only chance to prosper lay in the natural development of the resources of the North, just as the original pioneers of our Western States prospered when capital began to develop resources that were of absolutely no benefit to any one until outside money was brought in.

WHEN ALASKA FLOUNDERED HELPLESSLY

An enthusiastic backer of the Pinchot conservation plan in Alaska frankly stated that because of the way the conservation plan was handled by Congress Alaska has been put back at least twenty-five years. "There is no question at all that, despite whatever merit there is to the conservation plan—and I am in favor of it—it remains a matter of fact that the moral rights of fifty thousand people in Alaska were utterly ignored, as the rights of no other people have ever been ignored under the American flag. Not only were the Alaskan resources withdrawn, but those who invested money were branded as criminals, prosecuted as such, and fortunes were expended in clearing their names," continued my informant.

I do not care personally to go into the



(C) 1917 E. Andrews, Douglas, Alaska

JUNEAU, THE CAPITAL OF ALASKA. THE VIEW IS TAKEN LOOKING DOWN THE GASTINEAU CHANNEL TOWARDS THE PACIFIC

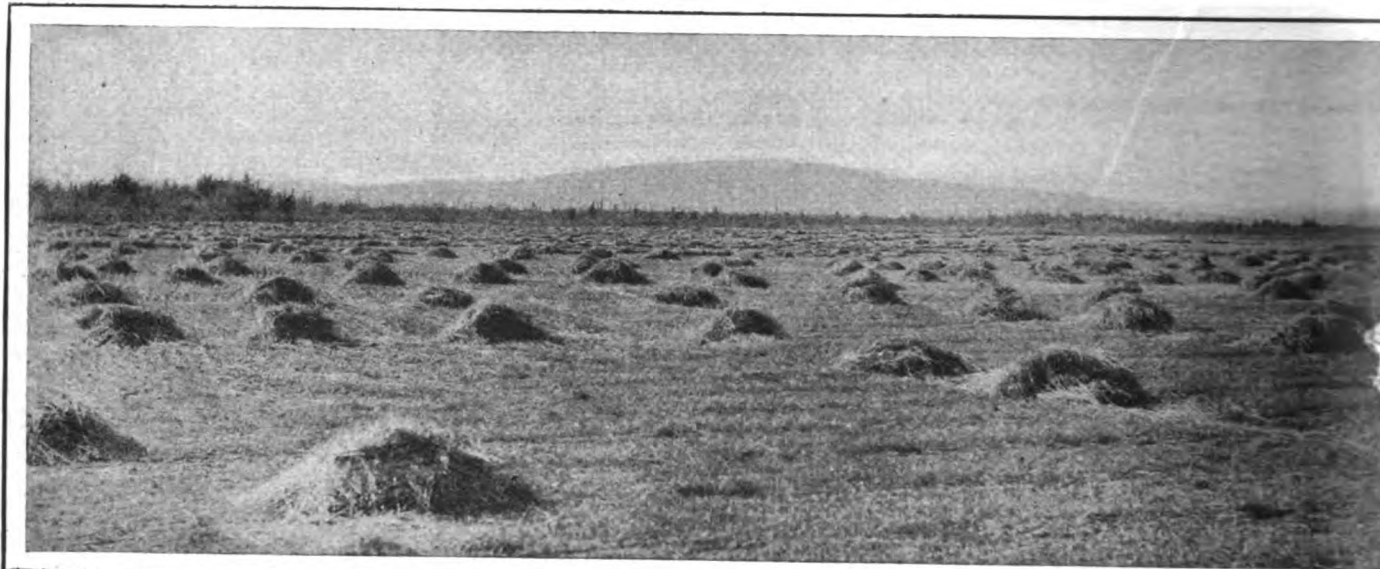


Photo by A. J. Johnson

AN ALASKAN FARM SCENE

Pinchot-Ballinger, or Wickersham-Guggenheim, quarrels of thirteen years ago. It will do no good to revive old animosities; especially when hatchets have been long since buried and onerous conditions entirely changed; but I do want to say that I am firmly convinced that a majority of those persecuted in Alaska in 1909 had intentions that were every bit as honorable toward the Territory as those who were concerned in the persecution.

Alaska floundered helplessly for years; not because the lands were withdrawn, for Alaskans are not bitterly antagonistic to the conservation plan, but because for years after the conservation ruling took effect there was no system established by Congress that would permit rational, legitimate development of timber, coal, or oil lands. As a direct result, thousands of people left the Territory because the farmer had no place to sell his goods, therefore there was no necessity of clearing a farm; and every other line of industry dependent upon the development of natural resources steered clear of the North.

DOORS NOW WIDE OPEN TO NEW CAPITAL

These years of heartbreaking inertia on the part of Congress have resulted in inexcusable hardships to the Alaskan pioneers. And, while the people of the United States, as a rule, still believe that the same oppressive conditions exist, that idea is almost wholly groundless.

The present leases governing the manufacture of timber, the mining of coal, and the drilling of oil are, in the main, liberal and just. Whereas ten years ago a man with capital was viewed with suspicion the moment he set foot in Alaska, to-day he is met with open arms. He may be screamed at by Territorial politicians, but he will be warmly welcomed by every solid citizen from Ketchikan to Nome. He will be eagerly given every possible co-operation by

various bureau chiefs. He will find that a major part of red tape has been removed. He will find also that the onerous restrictions of the past have been almost completely eliminated. He will be treated as a desirable neighbor and a gentleman. It will be immediately apparent to the possible investor that the Government is not only friendly, but extremely desirous of rendering every possible aid to operators in a sincere effort to bring about the progressive development of the Territory's latent resources. The successful business man will find that the old animosity toward men of money and enterprise has been totally forgotten. That is the great difference between Alaska to-day and thirteen years ago.

"GIVE 'EM ROADS"

This being true, although hardly known in the United States, the natural question comes up: What is to be done now to promote the development of Alaska? I can give my opinion in very few words. First, a wholesale, thorough construction of roads and pack trails; second, centralization, on Alaskan soil, of the many bureaus that govern the resources of the Territory.

The construction of good roads is by far and wide the most cardinal necessity for the upbuilding of Alaskan prosperity and the development of its agricultural and mineral resources. Give Alaska everything that her enthusiasts have proposed, but omit a sweeping programme of road construction, and the Alaskan interior will be in about the same stage of retarded development twenty years hence as now. Waive everything else, if necessary, but give Alaska roads—good roads, lots of roads—and it will come into its own more suddenly than even its own people ever dreamed possible.

I would like to write the words "give 'em roads" in every sentence of my Alaska articles; I would like to have the

phrase "lots of roads" so indelibly branded into the minds of Senators and Congressmen that the mere mention of Alaskan road appropriations would place unstinted support behind every request of the Alaska Road Commission. Roads developed every pioneer section of the United States—they will magically develop Alaska.

Let me say to the Appropriations Committee of Congress that every dollar spent on good roads in Alaska for commercial purposes will create one hundred dollars of extra wealth; while every needed road-building dollar refused will bring hardship to struggling pioneers and stagnation to proper development.

The Alaska Road Commission is the one bureau in the North that is absolutely free from red tape. Colonel James H. Steese and Major John C. Gottwals, president and engineer officer, respectively, of this Commission, are two wonderfully efficient, rugged, "red-tapeless" men. They are not of the arm-chair variety, but have traveled thousands of miles by dog-team in winter and pack-train in summer over the various mineral and agricultural districts of Alaska. They know where roads ought to go; they know where trails should be built; they know every district where construction is most urgently needed.

SINGLE COUNTIES SPEND MORE ON ROADS THAN ALL ALASKA SPENDS

This Commission has performed wonders with the meager money that has been available, but the moneys given it have been a mere pittance of the amount absolutely necessary. This Commission requested a \$10,000,000 road-building appropriation of Congress to cover a period of ten years, which was half of what it should have called for; yet Congress granted a 1922 appropriation of less than \$500,000 for the Alaska Road Commission. It is scarce.



JST OUTSIDE OF FAIRBANKS

enough to take care of the upkeep of some of the most necessary roads already built. This action of Congress resulted in the elimination of new road construction at a time when it was most sorely needed.

Alaska covers an area nearly twice as great as the original thirteen colonies, and yet all moneys expended within the Territory for roads and trails during the past twenty-five years are less than the sums that small Western counties have individually spent in the same period.

What a travesty of Congressional liberality!

Long before I reached Fairbanks I was heartsick at the deplorable infrequency of passable roads or trails. Moneys that had been spent on roads in these districts had been well spent, but the amounts available had been pitifully small. Everywhere I rushed in mining districts and agricultural sections lack of roads overshadowed every other necessity as Mount McKinley would overshadow a molehill.

The immediate development of interior Alaska depends almost entirely on the prospector, and the ability of the prospector to spend the summer out in the hills depends upon transportation. In the wake of the prospector will follow general development. Mining camps and industrial enterprises will spring up where lode mines are uncovered and development takes place. Farms will be cleared up when local demand is created; but the farms will not be cleared and worked until other development does take place.

NOT A MOUNTAIN FULLY PROSPECTED

An old grizzled prospector in the Willow Creek district said to me: "There are few prospectors in the hills of Alaska to-day, because of transportation conditions. There isn't a mountain in Alaska fully prospected. Three-quarters of the mineral-bearing area of the Territory has never had a prospec-

tor's pick in it. A prospector must earn a grubstake during the winter, and he cannot do this when he has to spend the winter taking supplies by dog-team into the country he wants to work, because during the winter he should be somewhere on a pay-roll making a grubstake. Pack-trails to use during prospecting stages and good roads built when promising mines have been opened up would immediately result in thousands of prospectors heading for Alaska. The Alaskan interior can't progress without the prospector, then the small operator, and finally the large operator. No prospector, no small operator, no major development."

Alaska needs not less than a \$15,000,000 road-building programme, covering a period of eight or ten years. The Territory being a difficult country in which to construct roads, those in charge of road-building must know several years ahead exactly the amount of money they can spend. Road work could then be efficiently planned and executed.

UNCLE SAM OWNS OVER NINETY-NINE PER CENT OF ALASKA

The reader must realize, in considering northern development, that the United States Government owns ninety-nine and a fraction per cent of the lands of Alaska. If, therefore, the Government that owns these millions of acres of agricultural, coal, oil and timber lands will pay a fraction of the taxes it would expect private owners to pay, and will expend this money on roads and other development within the Territory, Alaska will come into its own and will not only cease to be a liability to the United States Treasury, but will be such a tremendous asset as actually to pay more than its proportionate share of National obligations for all time.

Regarding the Alaskan bureaus, four or five bureaus, operated by experts, are necessary to proper administration of Alaskan affairs from a Terri-

torial standpoint. I found the major bureaus in Alaska administered by efficient men who knew their business. But there are too many minor bureaus befogged with petty jealousies. It has been suggested in many quarters that Alaska be put under the control of one man, but I don't agree with that view. Alaskan resources are too varied and too great for any one man to become thoroughly familiar with them all; but there isn't the slightest necessity for the present five-thousand-mile red-tape correspondence over minor details. Most of the troubles with the Alaskan bureaus are due to overlapping functions and long-distance correspondence.

HOW TO REMOVE THE NIGHTMARE OF THREE ADMINISTRATIONS

In my opinion, however, the great controversy of centralized administration, on which reams and reams of articles have been written, animosities aroused in nearly every locality in the Territory, and storms of passion raised in both Washington and Juneau, can be easily settled to the entire satisfaction of the people of Alaska, the Government of the United States, and the citizens residing below the 54th meridian.

I believe that the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Postmaster-General should appoint assistant secretaries who would reside in Alaska during their tenure of office, and that this board of four men, empowered to settle *Alaskan affairs in Alaska* without five thousand miles of red tape and its attendant misunderstandings, should meet at least one week out of every month in order expeditiously to handle all overlapping questions and all business within the Territory.

The Governor of Alaska, in my opinion, should be the chairman of this board, with a voting power equal to that of each of the four assistant secretaries.

Such an administration would imme-

diately establish confidence all over the United States. It would be enthusiastically received and confided in by the pioneers of Alaska, and it would result, in my opinion, in the immediate elimination of a vexatious question that has been a nightmare to three Administrations.

ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM A PERIL

These five men, due to the importance of their position, would naturally be the highest type that could be selected by the Cabinet Secretaries. The Governor, selected by the President, would be a man of great ability. The present Governor, Scott C. Bone, is just such a man. With a stroke of a pen the cry of absentee landlordism—a highly justifiable expression—would cease to be heard. Autocratic individual power and so-called bureaucracy would be eliminated. And I may add with emphasis that autocratic individual power—or rather, bureaucratic control—is the bugaboo that has kept industries out of Alaska, from a psychological standpoint, if nothing else. The idea of risking their all on the fairness or judgment of one man or one bureau has not appealed to either large or small American investors and operators.

The work of the bureaus would not be restricted, nor their efficiency impaired; questions and contentions could be set-

tled in days or weeks, where it now takes months, or even years. In short, red tape, the bane of the North, would be decisively cut. Alaskans would be jubilant, the Government and all people protected, and the investor and operator encouraged by the establishment of a Cabinet *on the ground* that would act as a final board of review and adjustment. Order would dethrone chaos, confidence and action transplant doubt and inaction.

My next week's article will deal almost solely with the forests of Alaska. However, I want to say here that Southeastern Alaska has 70,000,000,000 feet of the most accessible and cheapest logging pulp timber in America, which, contrary to popular opinion, is within easy transportation of American paper markets. The Forestry Bureau is quite free of red tape and long-distance correspondence, and administered with highly merited efficiency. At least a dozen pulp and paper manufacturers have assured me that they would like to engage in business in Southeastern Alaska; they are satisfied with the Government Timber Contract with the exception of one clause—the readjustment of stumpage rates every five years is left to the sole decision of the chief Forester, with appeal only to the Secretary of Agriculture, who would naturally favor the Forester—therefore these operators were

not interested. The first pulp manufacturer I submitted my "cabinet" plan to pounded his fist on the table and said: "Under such a régime I would have a paper mill in Alaska inside of a year. No reasonable man asks more than a fair deal, and such an arrangement would guarantee a fair deal. It would clear up the whole thing."

The Alaskan forests will supply 2,000,000 cords of pulp wood perpetually, due to the forestry regulations, which prevent the cutting of small timber, resulting in rapid reforestation due to the tremendous rainfall and absence of fire danger. There is a large amount of overripe timber in Southeastern Alaska, and every year of procrastination means that much of a total loss.

I found the Alaskans were not narrow-minded regarding Alaskan administration; they do not desire what is not justly due them; they realize the relative position as to Alaska and the United States Government, but they are very bitter against absentee landlordism.

Wonders have been accomplished in eliminating red tape in Alaskan affairs during the last two years. Give Alaska roads—lots of roads; give her an authoritative administration *on Alaska soil*, and the northern Territory will come into its own.

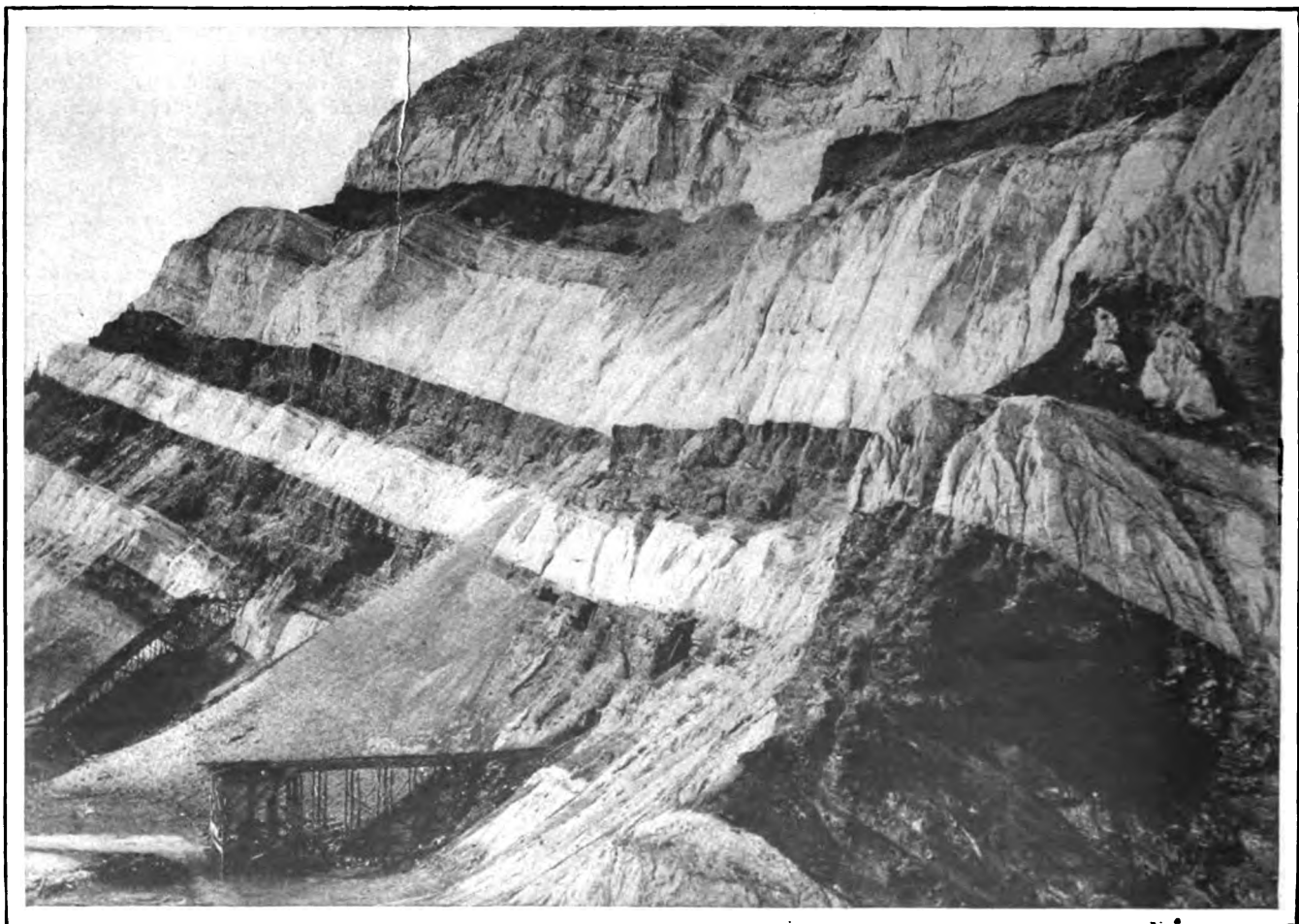


Photo by Johnson & Tyler, Anchorage, Alaska

COAL MINES AT HEALEY FORKS, ALASKA. THESE VEINS OF COAL ARE IN DRAMATIC CONTRAST TO THE SANDSTONE IN WHICH THEY ARE IMBEDDED

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XIV—FINAL SCENES IN A WORLD DRAMA



Paul Thompson

Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard, with whom Ambassador Straus was closely associated in the effort to secure the ratification of the Treaty of Peace

FROM time to time representatives of the Balkan and East European nations came to my apartment to confer with me, doubtless because of my diplomatic experiences in that part of the world, and because of my relationship with Colonel House and our official Commission. Venizelos came to discuss the claims of Greece to additional territory to the north, and on the western littoral of Asia Minor, and to the islands adjacent. He explained, as an ethnological basis for such a claim, that the Greek race was purer and less mixed in that part of Asia Minor and in the islands than in Greece proper.

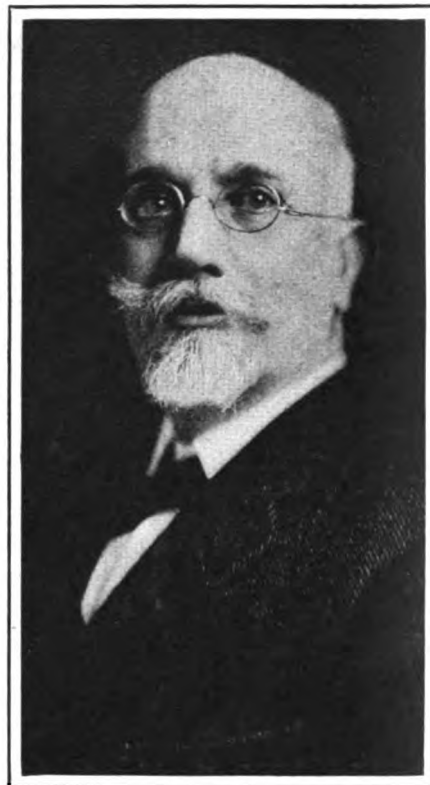
The day after the Plenary Session of the Conference and the preliminary adoption of the Covenant President Wilson returned to America. I talked with M. Bourgeois, M. Venizelos, and several of the chairmen of the allied societies for a League of Nations, and we agreed to hold a conference of the delegates of the various societies. Chiefly because of our desire of having with us Sir Edward Grey, who was the chairman of the British Society, and Lord Bryce, both of

whom at that time were not entirely well, we decided to hold the conference in London instead of in Paris. It was subsequently decided to hold it March 11 to 13, 1919, to discuss the draft of the Covenant as preliminarily adopted, and to consider such changes and amendments as might be deemed advisable, which, when acted upon and adopted, were to be presented to our respective official delegates prior to the next meeting of the Plenary Conference, to be held after President Wilson's return.

Accordingly, on March 11, the delegates representing America, Great Britain, France, Greece, China, Yugoslavia, and Rumania assembled in London—in all, about fifty in number. I was chairman of the American delegation.

At the first meeting of the Conference, held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Lord Shaw was elected chairman, and W. J. T. Griffith secretary. The various articles of the Covenant were discussed, together with the amendments and changes proposed by the delegates from the several countries. On behalf of our delegation, I offered a resolution regarding the free exercise of religion as well as freedom from civil and political discrimination because of religion, which resolution, after discussion, was unanimously adopted. The resolutions that were adopted M. Bourgeois was authorized to present to the Allied Prime Ministers.

After adjournment I returned to Paris,



(C) Harris & Ewing

Eleutherios Venizelos, with whom Mr. Straus was in frequent conference regarding the claims of Greece to additional territory

WITH this chapter The Outlook's serial publication of Mr. Straus's reminiscences is concluded.

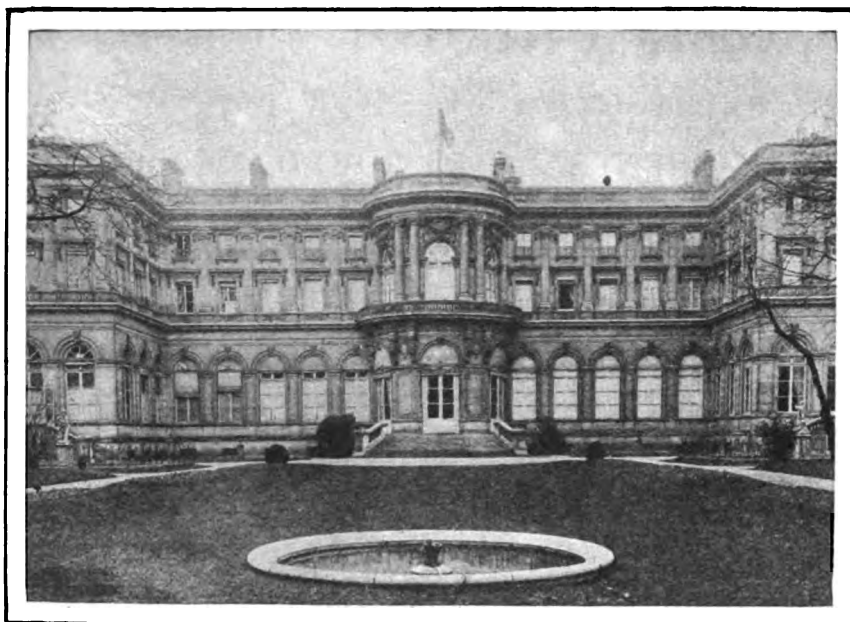
These chapters, amplified and with much additional material which has not appeared here, are being published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston, in book form. The book is entitled

“UNDER FOUR
ADMINISTRATIONS”

and on March 24 made a report to President Wilson, who a few days before had returned from America, and sent him the resolution proposed by the American delegates, namely, to add a new article to the Covenant as follows:

The High Contracting Parties, realizing that religious discriminations give rise to internal dissatisfaction and unrest which militate against international concord, agree to secure and maintain in their respective countries, as well as in states and territories under the tutelage of other states acting as mandatories on behalf of the League, the free exercise of religion as well as freedom from civil and political discrimination because of adherence to any creed, religion or belief not inconsistent with public order or with public morals.

To this proposal President Wilson replied, saying: “I am indeed interested in a religious liberty article in the Covenant, but am trying to reach the matter in another way.” He doubtless had in mind to cover it in treaties with the new nations for the protection of minorities, as was subsequently provided



Keystone

The imposing edifice at the Quai d'Orsay in which the Plenary Session of the Paris Peace Conference, attended by Mr. Straus, was held

in the treaty with Poland and with the Balkan States.

RUSSIAN REFUGEE STATESMEN

At a luncheon with the Russian group of refugee statesmen in Paris, I again met M. Sazonoff; M. de Giers, formerly Ambassador at Constantinople; M. Bark, formerly Minister of Finance under the Government of the late Czar; and M. Boris Bakhmeteff, the Russian Ambassador to the United States. They all spoke most disparagingly of Russian conditions at the time. M. Sazonoff criticised and complained of the Peace Conference, which, as he stated, had in no way condemned Russian Bolshevism, and its failure in so doing had encouraged the Bolsheviks. He said that had the Allies taken Petrograd, which could have been done with very little sacrifice, that would have been the beginning of the end of Bolshevism and would have rallied the Russian people, who would themselves have destroyed the Bolsheviks. He added that Russia's cruel treatment of the Jews under the Czar's Government was an indefensible wrong, and doubtless contributed to driving some of those who had suffered most into the ranks of the Bolsheviks.

While Sazonoff was talking I wondered why he and some of his colleagues in the Ministry had not prevented the outrages against defenseless Jews which resulted in the horrible pogroms which shocked the moral sensibility of the world.

It is true that Sazonoff belonged to the so-called liberals of Russia, and they did not have the courage to stand up for the basic principles of humanity when in office, which they now, doubtless, sincerely proclaim. Such is the withering and dispiriting effect of auto-

cratic government upon its own highest officials, who often lack the courage, even if they have the vision, to correct abuses; and because of this moral cowardice they prepare the way and supply the motive that sooner or later expresses itself in revolution.

Napoleon is reputed to have said that the treatment of the Jews in every country is the thermometer of that country's civilization.

Several times a week during this period conferences occurred in my apartment with representatives of the Eastern and Balkan States. Information had reached Paris that serious persecution of Jews was threatened in Prague and throughout Czechoslovakia; and on March 25 a conference was arranged between M. Edouard Bénès, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovakia Republic, and several gentlemen representing the American Jewish Committee and the American Jewish and Zionist Committee, consisting of Julian W. Mack, Judge of the United States Circuit Court; Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard University; Aaron Aaronson, head of the Agricultural Experiment Station of Palestine; Lewis L. Strauss, the assistant of Herbert Hoover; and myself.

Letters from Prague from two of the Food Administration officials reported that a press propaganda was carried on against Jews, and that several attacks upon them had been made; that a movement was on foot to deport a number of them to Pressburg, the hotbed of Bolshevism.

M. Bénès pointed out that if any pogroms occurred, which these reports foreshadowed, it would seriously prejudice his country and would alienate American sympathy, which in turn might result in discontinuing food ship-

ments to his country. He stated that he was a disciple of President Masaryk and always shared his liberal social and political views; he said he would at once telegraph President Masaryk, who, he knew, would do everything in his power to suppress the anti-Semitic agitation. We were impressed with the enlightened statesmanship of M. Bénès, who since then has shown himself to be one of the foremost statesmen in middle Europe. He assured us that any persecution of minorities in his country would be contrary to its organic laws and in direct violation of the principles and policies upon which it had been determined to organize the state, and that we could rely on it that no efforts would be spared in securing equal justice for all without regard to race or religion.

From Sir Robert L. Borden, the Premier of Canada and one of the delegates of the British Empire to the Peace Conference, I received on March 21 a copy of his memorandum on the several articles of the Covenant. I found them well conceived and in the main admirable. He opposed Article X as drafted. He wanted it either stricken out or clarified. I sent him a copy of a speech of Mr. Taft's of March 5 referring to the same subject.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE CAUSES COMPLICATIONS

At the request of Colonel House, on April 11 I had another conference with M. Bourgeois. The Commission on the League of Nations of the fourteen nations, under the chairmanship of President Wilson, had the night before held a protracted session discussing the revision of the Covenant, at which President Wilson offered the revised Article XXI containing the special provision regarding the Monroe Doctrine, as follows:

ARTICLE XXI

Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

M. Larnaud and M. Bourgeois, the French representatives, both objected to specific reference to the Monroe Doctrine, and made long speeches in support of such objection. Colonel House desired me to impress upon M. Bourgeois the reasons for this amendment and why it was necessary specifically to mention the Monroe Doctrine, because without it it would not be possible to have the Covenant confirmed by the Senate. As I did not know M. Larnaud, I thought it best to discuss the subject with M. Bourgeois, so that he might confer with his colleague. In company with Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, I called on M. Bourgeois at his residence. I soon learned that M. Bourgeois did not object to specific reference to the Monroe Doctrine, but he desired, in return for his assent, to obtain President Wilson's

assent to the amendments Bourgeois had offered respecting a general staff and control or supervision of the military force that each of the states was to supply to support the League. As the Commission was to meet again to finish the consideration of the Covenant, he agreed to confer with M. Clemenceau, saying he would have to learn the other's views. He further said it must be determined how best to formulate the article especially referring to the Monroe Doctrine so as not to conflict with the general provisions.

At the session of the Commission that evening at the Crillon Hotel, which lasted until after midnight, the article as quoted above, specifically mentioning the Monroe Doctrine, was adopted. Colonel House gave me the exact wording of the article, which I at once cabled to the League to Enforce Peace in New York, with the request that Mr. Taft be informed. The same day I received a cable from Mr. Taft and Dr. Lowell, forwarded by Acting Secretary of State Frank L. Polk, to the effect that, in the opinion of the Executive Committee of the League, specific reference to the exclusion of the Monroe Doctrine from the jurisdiction of the Covenant of the League was absolutely necessary to secure confirmation by the Senate. On the following day Taft cabled me that the Monroe Doctrine amendment was "eminently satisfactory."

I immediately advised President Wilson, sending him a copy of the cable. The next day I received the following letter from him:

18 April, 1919.

My dear Mr. Straus:

I have been very much cheered by your kind letter of yesterday, with the message which it quotes from the League to Enforce Peace and from Mr. Taft personally, and I want to thank you very warmly for your own kind personal assurances of satisfaction with the results of our work on the Covenant.

Cordially and sincerely yours
WOODROW WILSON.

MY ADDRESS AT THE SORBONNE

On April 23, on the invitation of Professor Stephen Hayes Bush, of the State University of Iowa, who was in charge of the Free Lecture Course of the American Expeditionary Force, I delivered an address in the Grand Amphitheater of the Sorbonne. The great hall was filled with about one thousand of our officers and men who were taking courses at this ancient institution of learning.

I took as my subject "America and the League of Nations," and showed in what respect the Covenant provided definite sanctions to make peace decisions effective. I pointed out that following the war, for the first time in history, the dominant power of the world rested in democratically governed nations, and that theirs was the opportunity and the responsibility to make provisions that such a war shall never happen again;

and that now it was the duty of statesmanship to translate the victory won in war into greater security for the future peace and happiness of the world. I quoted from the speech of President Poincaré in welcoming the Peace Delegates, in which he had described the reasons why America entered the World War. He had said: "It was a supreme judgment passed at the bar of history by the lofty conscience of a free people to



International

Alexander Kerensky, former Premier of Russia—"he looked more like a student than like a leader who had stood in the storm center of political turmoil"

rescue her mother from the humiliation of thralldom and to save civilization."

That same evening, M. Nicolas W. Tchalkovsky, President of the Archangel Government of Northern Russia, called at my apartment to discuss with me conditions in Russia. I had met him before when he was in Washington in 1907, after his escape from prison in Siberia. During several periods before that time he had lived in Western United States, where he had engaged in farming. He had formerly belonged to the group of social revolutionists. I spoke with him about the Hoover plan of sending food into Russia, to which he replied that if an armed force could be sent there it would be better, but that without an armed force the Bolsheviks would use the provisions for their own Red Guard. I explained to him that that could not be done, since the agents of the Food Administration would themselves supervise the distribution, just as was done in Belgium during the German occupation.

He did not seem to think well of the whole plan, and considered that it would be of advantage to the Bolsheviks politically, and would make the people believe it was a recognition of their régime. He seemed to think that the Bolshevik authorities could not stop fighting in Russia even if they wanted to, as their several generals acted independently.

He spoke of Lenine as an honest, strong-headed, misguided fanatic, who he believed would in time discover his error and would have the moral courage and honesty to throw up his hands. Trotsky, he said, was quite another sort—an ambitious adventurer.

WILSON ADDRESSES THE PLENARY SESSION

The Plenary Session of the Conference was called to order at the Quai d'Orsay on April 28, at 3 p.m. I again attended with our official delegate, former Ambassador Henry White. The representatives of the thirty nations were seated as before. I was given a seat just behind the American Commission. The Session was presided over by M. Clemenceau, who showed no signs of the effects of his recent wound by an assassin's bullet. He opened the session with a few words, then called on President Wilson, who declared in a matter-of-fact way that, since he had read the articles of the Covenant to the Conference at the previous session (February 14), and since all the delegates had the Covenant as amended before them, he would confine himself to pointing out the amendments and the reasons therefor.

The immense hall was packed, as on previous occasions. After President Wilson had made his statement, which was rendered into French by the official interpreter, he moved several resolutions, one nominating Sir James Eric Drummond as Secretary-General of the League, and one that Belgium, Brazil, Greece, and Spain should be members of the Council pending the selection by the Assembly of the League.

As Chairman of the League to Enforce Peace, I wrote a letter to the President on the following day offering my congratulations upon the adoption of the Covenant. To this I received the following reply:

Paris, 1 May, 1919.

My dear Mr. Straus:

Thank you with all my heart for your generous letter of the 29th. It has given me the greatest pleasure and encouragement, and I want to take the opportunity to say how valuable in every way your own support of and enthusiasm for the League of Nations has been. It is a real pleasure to receive your unqualified approbation.

Cordially and sincerely yours
WOODROW WILSON.

After the Plenary Session and the adoption of the Covenant of the League of Nations, I felt that my duties in Paris were at an end. The winter had been very strenuous, and the weather had been very inclement—much rain and

very little sunshine. I decided to take a rest, and was advised, because of some slight ailment in my left leg due to impeded circulation, to take the baths at Bagnoles de l'Orne. The usual régime there is to take twenty-one baths. After I had taken eight, I received a letter from Colonel House saying that he would regard it most helpful if I would return to America at as early a date as possible. He informed me that the counsel for the American Commission, David Hunter Miller, was also returning; that passage had been secured for both of us on the U. S. S. Mount Vernon, which was sailing from Brest on June 2. He stated that it would be rendering a valuable service if I would confer with some of the Senators, so that they might be fully informed regarding the discussions and details of the negotiations as they progressed.

I accordingly returned to Paris, and on May 27 had a conference with Colonel House, who again impressed upon me the services I might render in returning to the United States, since no one was more familiar than Mr. Miller and I with the meaning and significance of the articles of the Covenant, nor therefore better qualified to answer the criticisms and objections that had been made.

In the course of conversation, he said that, in his opinion, Woodrow Wilson would not become a candidate again for President unless the Treaty were rejected, which might force him to run against his will in order to save the Treaty; but should the Treaty, however, be ratified, there would be no occasion for him to become a candidate.

THE STUDIOUS KERENSKY

The day before this, while I was paying a visit at the Hotel Continental, I met Jane Addams and Lillian Wald, and with them was Alexander Kerensky, the former Premier of Russia. They asked me to meet Kerensky, which I did. He proved to be not at all the kind of man in appearance that I had pictured. He did not resemble the Russian type. He was clean-shaven, rather spare, a little above medium height, and seemed about forty years of age. He looked more like a student than like a leader who had stood in the storm-center of political turmoil.

Kerensky told me that he did not believe in Kolchak, principally because he regarded him as a tool of the British and Russian nobility. Kerensky expressed himself as opposed to having the Allies recognize Kolchak unless it was conditioned on definite guaranties that a free democratic election be held so that the people might decide what form of government they desired.

We left Paris for Brest on May 30. The Mount Vernon carried some five thousand officers and men of the Sixth Division. We were all very comfortably provided for on the ship, and it was most interesting to observe the system and order with which the five thousand

officers and men were taken care of. They were a jolly lot, happy to return home, and without exception conducted themselves in a correct and orderly manner. We had a delightful crossing; the weather was fine and the sea was calm.

"HONEST BROKERS" FOR THE LEAGUE

Shortly after my return to the United States the League to Enforce Peace called a meeting of the Executive Council to determine what action it could best take to further the ratification of the Treaty, which was now being vigorously debated in the Senate. It was decided that Mr. Vance McCormick and I should be a committee to confer with the President. We subsequently desired to add Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, to our number, provided it would be agreeable to the President, which Mr. McCormick was to ascertain when arranging for the appointment. The President designated August 6 as the day on which he would see us, and accordingly Dr. Lowell, Mr. McCormick, the Secretary of the League, Dr. Short, and I went to the White House.

President Wilson assured us that, while he was somewhat tired, he felt in good condition. He said he had had a number of conferences with individual Senators who had objected to the ratification of the Treaty, and that he had given them explanations regarding the main points in dispute, namely, Article X, guaranteeing against external aggression; Article XXI, providing that nothing in the Covenant should be deemed to affect the validity of the Monroe Doctrine; and Article I, providing that any member of the League may, after two years' notice, withdraw from the League. These were the main subjects covered by the reservations formulated by the moderate group headed by Senators Kellogg and McCumber.

We suggested that it might be of good result if the President could in some public and formal way make his explanations and interpretations regarding these points. The question was how this could best be done. The President believed it would be preferable if one of the Senators of the opposition addressed to him a letter of inquiry, so framed as to enable the President to give his views.

After our conference with the President we went to the Senate, and found the Committee on Foreign Relations in session, examining Secretary of State Lansing. Senator Hitchcock suggested that we call on Senator McCumber, but, as he was not then in Washington, Dr. Lowell and I called on Senator Kellogg. The latter told us what we already knew, namely, that he was in favor of the League and was scheduled to make his speech in the Senate advocating the ratification of the Treaty with the reservations his group had formulated, which reservations he felt confident were not in the nature of amendments, but interpretative only, and therefore would

not require resubmission either to the Plenary Session or to Germany.

Dr. Lowell and I outlined our plan regarding the letter to the President, asking for his interpretation of the articles above referred to. While Senator Kellogg personally favored this plan, he said he would first have to confer with the members of his group, and he believed they would be favorably inclined. We then inquired whether the President's interpretations and clarifications might not serve the purpose of making the reservations unnecessary. The Senator said "no," but that the reservations could recite the fact that they were based upon the President's interpretations. We arranged that Senators Kellogg and Hitchcock should confer upon the subject with a view of preparing such a tentative letter of inquiry, which might be shown to the President in advance, and to which the President could reply, giving his interpretations.

In all of these conferences between the Senators of the various groups we acted as the "honest brokers" for the League. Senator Hitchcock thought very favorably of our plan, and believed it would work out advantageously. Dr. Lowell and I felt gratified with our day's work, though, as matters developed, nothing came of this plan.

In this connection I cannot refrain from quoting a story which Dr. Lowell told apropos of the problem. The story, as I recall it, was that a noted colored preacher was holding a service in which he read a chapter from Isaiah referring to the seraphim. After the service one of the colored brethren asked the preacher what was "the difference between a seraphim and a terrapin." The latter, rubbing his head, replied: "My son, I grant you there is a difference, but they have made it up."

Unfortunately, while there was, in words at least, if not in context, a difference between the reservations offered by the Administration group, the group of mild reservationists, and the majority group, yet, for reasons that I need not enter into here, they did not "make it up."

THE WORLD'S COMMON NEEDS

In concluding this chapter and in closing these memoirs I cannot resist reflecting how much wiser the Allied Powers and America were in the conduct of the war than in the making of peace, and afterwards. In war they finally pooled their strength and won; in the peace-terms they again drew measurably apart. The men who framed the peace terms subordinated world policies to home politics. The United States, by reason of a contest between the Administration and the majority group in the Senate, allowed its sense of world responsibility to be negated by partisan differences. Reconstruction is being halted. And why? Because the leading statesmen of the Entente Powers still lack the economic wisdom, or, what is

the equivalent, the courage, to shape their international policies along world economic lines. My own country, in withholding its co-operation, is equally culpable. The result is tension and derangement in the relationship of nations.

As the malady from which this and

other countries are suffering is world-wide, so must the remedy be world-wide. And America cannot free herself from the responsibility by isolating herself and refusing to do her part in applying the remedial measures necessary to restore normal conditions. The remedy does not consist in the lessening or

weakening of sovereignty by individual states. It consists in the enlargement of their sovereign functions in concert with and in just relations to other states for the administration of common interests. It requires no surrender of sovereignty for individual states to conform their policies to the world's common needs.

A WORD FROM THE FELLOW WHO GROWS YOUR BREAD AND MEAT

BY O. M. KILE

I'M the fellow who plows the ground, plants the seed, keeps the weeds down and the tilth up, harvests the crop, and starts it on its way to your dinner table.

I put in two or sometimes three years in raising a steer that you and your neighbors eat up in the form of sirloin steaks or roasts at a single meal.

My wife, five children, and myself live on a 160-acre farm in a Midwestern State. The tax assessor says that my farm is worth \$25,000, and the man who holds the mortgage thought it was worth \$30,000 when he sold it to me several years ago.

I've been farming now for nearly twenty years, and it seems to take about the full time of myself, my wife, and my two oldest children from before sunup to after sundown to make things go. During the summer I have to hire extra help.

We had a couple of fairly good years during the war, but didn't make anything near what the high prices might lead you to believe. The trouble was that the things we had to buy—labor, fertilizers, implements, groceries, shoes, and clothes—all went up more than farm crops did.

And then two years ago our crop prices dropped with a thud. The only way we could get along was to stop buying and save what cash we had to pay taxes. Most of the interest on the mortgage went unpaid that year.

But we went ahead, thinking that it would be only a little while until the prices of the things we must buy would get down to our level again or else that our crop price level would go up somewhat. You folks in the cities can't get along for any great while, you know, unless we farmers keep on buying the things you make. I'm told we buy about forty per cent of all the merchandise sold.

But we were doomed to disappointment. We went ahead and raised nearly as big crops as we did under war-time pressure—and our prices have sagged on down. Your prices, on the other hand, have gone up. You had the organization—both to set prices for your labor and to price your finished products—and you did not permit your prices to drop to our level.

As a result of these two trends—your prices upward and ours downward—our crops haven't much purchasing power to-day. Experts of the United States Department of Agriculture tell me the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar in September was only 64 cents—only two points above what it was in 1920 when agriculture struck bottom, and the whole country soon felt the effects.

What I am wondering is, why can't you folks and we farmers get together

a little better in regulating these matters?

You can't prosper when we can't buy; and we can't prosper unless you have the money to buy our products. It does seem as though we ought to be able to manage things a little better and not continually seesaw back and forth, to our mutual loss.

Then there is another thing I want to mention. You go to the store and pay 60 or 70 cents a pound for steak or for lamb chops, and 10 to 12 cents a loaf for bread. You say to yourself, "Gee, the farmer must be getting rich these days!"

Would you believe it if I told you that I got only 9 cents per pound for that meat and 2.8 cents for the wheat that went into that loaf of bread? Well, that's what I got, according to figures worked out by marketing officials.

Of course I know that my steer was not all sirloin steak, and that wheat had to be ground into flour, baked into bread, and delivered to your kitchen door; but some of our experts have been looking into this matter, and it is perfectly plain that the costs of distribution are excessive.

You see, we farmers have been organizing a bit ourselves. You may have noticed some of our activities in Washington during the last session of Congress. But our chief aim is to find a way to distribute our products more economically. Of course we are going to try to get more for our crops. That is very natural. Yet we want to see that you get them for less. We know you would buy more if you could get things cheaper. And there are lots of folks who go hungry because foods are so high by the time they get them. Now the only possible way for us to get more at the same time you pay less is to cut down the costs of distribution.

So here, again, is a place we must work together. We farmers are forming co-operative selling organizations to reach out as far toward your table as we can. Isn't it about time that you did something to reach out and meet us? In England and Scotland half the population buys through co-operative purchasing societies. Maybe co-operative purchasing organizations would be a good thing in American cities.

Think it over. Meet us half-way.

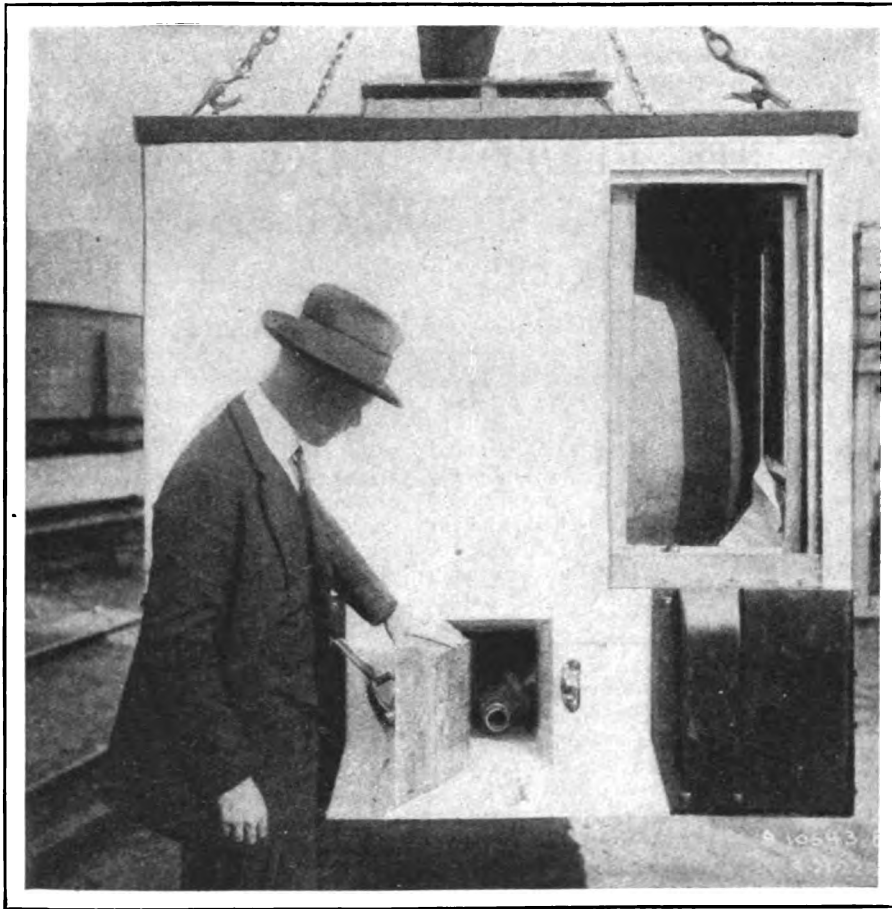
A BILLION-DOLLAR BANDIT

This is the title which the boll weevil has earned for himself by his depredations in the cotton fields of the South. The story of what this destructive pest has accomplished is told by W. H. Kirkbride in a forthcoming Outlook article.

CUTTING THE COST OF MILK DELIVERY

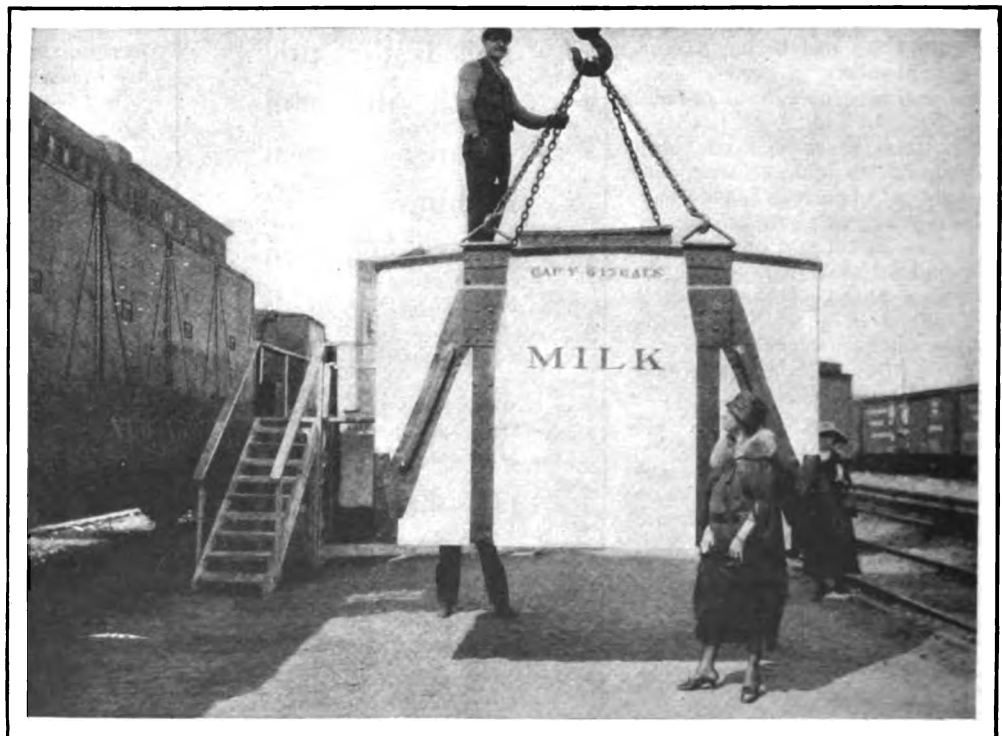
WHO WILL REAP THE BENEFIT? FARMER, MIDDLEMAN, OR CONSUMER?

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



This picture illustrates a new iceless method for shipping milk in bulk used on the New York Central Railroad. By this method the use and handling of cans is eliminated and two hours' time saved in unloading a milk car at terminal. Each container carries 645 gallons of milk, the equivalent of 60 ordinary milk cans. The containers are hoisted from car to motor truck by a crane in slightly less than two minutes. The milk is emptied by a spigot shown inside of open door. The milk is maintained at a proper temperature by heavily insulated glass-lined tanks

In this photograph Deputy Commissioner of Markets Mrs. Louis Reed Welzmler, of New York City, is seen inspecting the new milk container system, which eliminates the need for ice and the use of ordinary milk cans and achieves a greater degree of sanitation. Nine containers on a milk car will carry 5,825 gallons of milk, much more than the type of milk car using cans. The car from which the container has been hoisted is seen to the left



From E. A. Higgins, Arrochar, S. L., N. Y.

THE BOOK TABLE

THE ART OF READING PLAYS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE great difference between the play that is seen and the play that is read is the difference between direct emotional appeal and imaginative visualization. John Galsworthy's "Loyalties"¹ is an excellent illustration of this, for it is now being played in New York, and it has just come from the press in book form. The cast is an unusually long one, there are five changes of scene, and seven shifts, all in the compass of a tensely stirring three-act drama. If there is one thing about Galsworthy as a dramatist, it is that his types are always clear cut and his purposes always well defined. And, what is more, these purposes are indissolubly bound up in the web and woof of his characterization. Therefore in reading him you have to do some portraiture on your own part.

There are of course several aids that a dramatist can render, the most distinctive being the full and literary stage direction which at the entrance of a character offers you a chart of the main psychology of the human being as suggested by feature, dress, and manner. These are the novelist's elements which the playwright, since the early days of Shaw, has brought in to help the printed play. And, as in this instance of Galsworthy's "Loyalties," since the plot—which is one of an adventurous kind—hinges on the architecture of the house and the position of the characters, the first aids to reading are further drawn upon by the printing of diagrams locating the architecture and furnishing of every scene.

These are the mechanical devices which insure the ready fixing of the necessary "atmosphere" before a play is read. On the stage all this is visualized at the rise of the curtain. Some years ago it would have been impossible to interest the reading public in what might be called the shorthand script of a story where vital "talk" is set down as representing vital moments in the lives of characters. It happens that in "Loyalties" there is more external action than is usually found in this dramatist's discussion of abstract principles which govern society. You will recall that "The Silver Box" is concerned with two standards of justice; there is indelibly stamped on our minds the poignancy of "Justice" which helped to reform the prison laws in England. In these plays Galsworthy does not fail to resort to external action; that is necessary in the theater. But it strikes me that "Loyalties," which studies the tendency of man to act in groups, to stand by class strata and professional bonds of interest, is a little more the-



White Studio

DIANA BOURBON AS MABEL DANCY AND CHARLES QUARTERMAINE AS RONALD DANCY IN "LOYALTIES," AT THE GAIETY THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

Galsworthy's new play is a searching study of the loyalties of profession, affection, race, and class, and their effect upon human lives. Captain Dancy's theft of money from a Jewish fellow-guest at a house party is the pivotal point of this keen-edged piece of social analysis

atric than usual: This is not a fault; the plot calls for it. Bound up in the social fabric of English life, Galsworthy presents the play as a study which calls for the most active constructive imagination the reader has.

"Loyalties" is a success on the stage; it will be eagerly read in print. That the latter case is true brings me to the point which makes me feel that Mr. Granville-Barker is justified in enthusiastically planning for "The Exemplary Theatre."² The printing of plays and the reading of plays measure the awakened state of the public interest in the theater. If some of our most astute minds turn from the theater of triviality with well-reasoned and justified disgust, they do not turn from the drama, but rather toward it, in a form where it can be judged closely and studied as an art.

The publishing of plays is coincident with the increased study of drama in our schools and colleges and with the establishment of Little Theater groups throughout the country. When Mr. Granville-Barker came to America several years ago, this phenomenon of play-houses in the arid plains of Arizona and on the wharves of Provincetown broke over him as a revelation. Everywhere he went he found workshops, leagues for the betterment of theater audiences, amateurs crying in the wilderness—not for the vapid parlor farces of a bygone generation, but for dramas they had been reading, which probably had been rejected in managerial offices as too "highbrow." Knowing Mr. Granville-Barker's enthusiasm, which must always be converted into action, is it small wonder that he should return to London and deliver himself of a profound treatise outlining the many ways in which an Exemplary Theater might arise on

¹ Loyalties. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.

² The Exemplary Theatre. By Harley Granville-Barker. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2 net.

the foundations of a proper education, where the theater takes its proper place amid public institutions for the welfare of human kind? He had, in years gone by, written an exhaustive ledger, with William Archer, on the "Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre." In his new book his thesis in no way deserts his old love—a National Theater or a Shakespeare Memorial; it merely turns the earth to prepare the public soil for its growth. And that soil consists of all those educational values which the amateur movement has created. The book is heavy reading. Mr. Granville-Barker is very serious. But, thank goodness, there are some folks writing about the playhouse who will not take it lightly for fear of not being taken seriously.

I wish I might say, however, that the Little Theater movement in America had been of permanent effect on the theatrical situation. There are many books on the subject. The theaters have sprung up like weeds, and they have encouraged the spread and growth of the one-act form among our writers. But mostly these theaters have been pioneered by very zealous and, alas! jealous groups, which have failed to interrelate themselves. And it is only in unity of purpose and exchange of policies that such activity may permanently affect the country at large in its theater amusement. Professor Samuel Eliot launched his ambitious scheme of "Little Theatre Classics" in 1918. Since then he has issued four volumes in a series which has its excellences, though they are overtopped by limitations. To clip a classic for a small mold and in so doing to preserve the literary excellence and the dramatic force of the original is daring. In the main, Mr. Eliot has succeeded, and he has, further, the justification in so doing by the fact that many of these miniature Tom Thumb pieces have been used by colleges and Little Theaters. But what I want to call attention to is that in 1918 he began his preface with the statement that this movement of Little Theaters was one of the most important facts in the theatrical situation of that time. Yet in the fourth volume he turns his sarcasm in full force on the taste of these amateur groups. Evidently, in his previous volumes the amateur players have found the meat of the past too strong; evidently, they want romance of a different kind. But it seems as though something were wrong in the state of Little Theaters. My reaction to the "Little Theatre Classics" is that even in foreshortened form—however skillfully the pruning might be conducted—the garniture is not worth the effort unless a full-fledged performance be given in the same spirit that Ibsen's "The Pretenders" was given by the Yale Dramatic Association. Besides which, if the Little Theater movement truly helped the spread of the one-act play, and if our various drama anthologies are worth

anything, I believe, there is a sufficient one-act repertory to avoid such editing of the classics. What I do feel about the "Little Theatre Classics" is that in the four volumes which now end the series the casual reader gets a sort of extension course on the drama through significant periods, even spilling into the Persian and Indian territory, ably conducted by Mr. Eliot. He of course emphasizes that primarily his effort is to call attention to the acting possibilities of these dramas which he puts under a reducing glass.

But I turn more hopefully, in the spirit of recommendation, to Percival Wilde's "Eight Comedies for Little Theatres," written with a technical skill and with a refreshing originality which places him high in the ranks of the one-act-play exponents. The volume shows him also in another light—as a writer of children's plays, for there is no recent drama more sure of welcome in the nursery than his "The Dyspeptic Ogre," which to me is worth much more than the cleverness of "In the Net" or the other brightly etched comedies based on a twist and turn, thoroughly legitimate, but none the less contrived. The Little Theaters have reached for Mr. Wilde with avidity; it is to him, rather than to Mr. Eliot, that I would see them turn. For the refreshing thing about the Little Theater movement has been that it did not smack of the academic, even though many among the amateurs came from the colleges; it has merely been a sincere outburst of popular liking for the best in the drama, which, if it could not be had in the regular theater, must be read in print and immediately transferred to the amateur stage, provided royalties were not prohibitive.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay's name is more closely identified with the community stage and the school than with the Little Theater, though she has written a fine review of Little Theaters. "Franklin" is a long play, however, which smacks of her desire to knock at the door of the professional theater. Unlike Louis N. Parker, whose "Disraeli" is avowedly a thing of the theater, correct in its main outlines of portraiture, but shocking to the historian, Miss Mackay begins her play with a mass of historical justifications, and has an appendix which further gives her historical references. Notwithstanding, "Franklin" is an ingeniously constructed piece of work, probably a little too evident for our professional stage, but intensely instructive for the amateur, should it be given. Somewhere Miss Mackay has failed in her constructive interest; her plotting is too much a desire to get in everything which should be given for a correct portrait of Ben. But it reads well, and should have a welcome among a large class of players.

The printed play is not always intended for the amateur stage. It is likewise a measure of literary change, and

from it can be deduced the advance made among dramatists and the change in public taste. I think one reason why Owen Davis's "The Deteur" should be hailed with acclaim is that Mr. Davis once upon a time wrote such melodrama as "Convict 999." But, in addition, I welcome it as an example of sheer realism, written with sincerity and conviction, and with a minimum of external manipulation of action for stage effect. It is a quiet writing of a simple theme—the wear of New England life on the soul of a farmer's wife, and her fight to break from environment. While she loses under circumstances fraught with some dramatic effectiveness, the play ends with a shout of determination to go on. And such a note of non-defeat is strictly American. I mention this play among the isolated examples that have come to me for review, not because it is any better than the others, but because it illustrates a National characteristic liked in the American drama—the indomitable spirit that brooks no defeat. St. John Ervine's "The Ship" is strictly of the "younger generation" type. To him civilization is confronted by the problem of the new generation pointing an accusing finger at the mess in which the world finds itself. And, as in "John Ferguson," the older generation has to pay, though Ervine is fair in hinting that both sides have their claims. "Rutherford and Son," by Githa Sowerby, chants the same theme, in dissimilar plot. Arnold Bennett's "Milestones," Stanley Houghton's "The Younger Generation" are of related interest. But the *dénouement* of this drama can be guessed before the plot advances far, and that is a fault with the play which follows so closely an attitude already exploited by others.

Against these two plays I pit Andreyev's "The Waltz of the Dogs," a drama of disillusionment, of queer unsettled mentality, and of Russian pessimism which was clearly defined in "He Who Gets Slapped." It is a coloring of Andreyev's own philosophy, a dismal theme most strangely, fascinatingly developed.

The amateur might run to such a drab play; but its spiritual content can only be suggested through supreme handling. I think there is no better material to be had for the unprofessional player than is contained in the many anthologies listed below. There could be no "Treasury of Plays for Women" without the unseen protagonist, Man. The four volumes offered this season—"Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921," "Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors," "Representa-

* The Deteur. By Owen Davis. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

* The Ship. By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

* The Waltz of the Dogs: A Posthumous Play. By Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Hermann Bernstein. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

* A Treasury of Plays for Women. Edited by Frank Shay. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3 net.

* Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921—American. Edited by Frank Shay. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$3.75.

* Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3 net.

* Little Theatre Classics. Vol. IV. Adapted and Edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2 net.

* Eight Comedies for Little Theatres. By Percival Wilde. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

* Franklin. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.75.



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* * *

The du Pont Oval appears on this varied, this seemingly unrelated family of products, because of the ability of du Pont Chemical Engineers, who have been able to utilize the chemical knowledge or the basic raw materials that we need in our prime industry the making of explosives in making these articles that the du Pont Company feels are of value and service in other industries and to the public.

In the future and now we can only glimpse it the du Pont Company hopes to contribute as it has in the past, to the comfort, the security and the prosperity of the American home and American industry.



The Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the laboratory's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that has revolutionized industry in the past generation.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

HERE ARE GIFT BOOKS *Unusual!*



An Old Story Told in a New Way

Longfellow's poem, in an unusual and beautiful setting with prose version of the wanderings and sufferings of the Acadians based on research among the old documents at Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans.

Michael the Fiddler, Benedict the Farmer, Rene Leblanc, the Poormaster of Philadelphia, all contribute their share in painting a vivid picture of these peaceful yet unfortunate people. Miss Bailey's remarkable literary ability has woven a story around historical facts that arouses the deepest sympathy and interest. Young and old will enjoy this opportunity to become more closely acquainted with this romance of fact which is even stranger than fiction.

EVANGELINE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Historical Prose Version by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey
Illustrated . . . Cloth . . . Price \$3.00

This is indeed a de luxe edition of *Evangeline*. Its size is 7x9, printed on fine, clear paper from easy reading type. The jacket is a beautiful reproduction of a painting by Marion Powers. Twenty remarkable duotone illustrations from a photo play give the book an added interest and charm. The ideal gift book of the year.

Paper, printing and binding are of highest quality. A charming gift book.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Adapted for Juvenile Readers

By Carolyn S. Bailey

Illustrated in color by Harold Brett. . . . Price \$3.00

The best books for children are the old books that have been published for many years. Often, however, they dwell too much in matters of interest to the adult mind only.

In producing the de luxe edition of this wonderful old tale the editor has retained all the adventure and romance clothed in Dumas's own words and has expurgated everything the child is not interested in—and should not read.

Printed on clear white paper from generous size type with good quality binding and attractive jacket, the de luxe edition of *The Three Musketeers* is a book that any youngster—and many a grownup—will be pleased to receive as a gift.

OLD TIME TALES

By Lawton P. Evans

Illustrated in color by E. P. Ottendorff . . . Price \$2.50

An unusual book containing in story form a general résumé of world history from the earliest records to modern times. The first part of the book contains stories based on ancient mythology before the time of actual historical record. The remainder of the volume contains authentic historical stories. This book makes an exceptionally fine gift for young folks, as it not only interests but educates.

Ask your bookseller for these books. If he cannot supply you we will ship direct on receipt of price. Complete catalog free.

Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

Bradley Quality Books

THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

tive One-Act Plays by Continental Authors," and the one just referred to—offer in total seventy-seven dramas of varying lengths. Some of the authors are well known, others are new, entering the field because of the attractiveness of the dramatic form: Many of the plays are mere exercises in construction; others are mere dialogues that are bright and dexterous. At times I am tempted to say that the technique of the one-act play is not understood by more than a small percentage of those writing for the theater. Certainly, Galsworthy, for example, is not any sort of an exponent. I smile over the volatile spirit of Christopher Morley in his "Thursday Evening" and "Rehearsal;" I think that Floyd Dell is on the road to something in "Sweet and Twenty," and then when I'm through I am convinced he isn't. I read Harry Kemp's "Solomon's Song," and I realize he is a poet and somewhat of a dramatist too, and then in bulk I thank any literary movement which is strong enough to keep these writers writing until some day they may grow in the way of the theater. Even the British and Irish authors are not entirely loyal to the one-act play, not as much so as the Continental authors. But on the Continent we find sophistication which partly destroys originality of experiment. After all, I believe we in America are more likely to master the one-act form than they are abroad. Because our interest is more of a piece with the short form, and our patience has to be stimulated with action if the play is long.

So, altogether, these books that have come to me for notice are a hopeful revelation. The level is high, indicating an unusual level of public taste. The printed play is holding its own with other forms of literature.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CARNAC'S FOLLY. By Gilbert Parker. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.75.

Not, in our opinion, one of Sir Gilbert's best books. The mechanics of a good story are all here; but one fails to feel much emotion or care much for the characters. It is incredible that so intelligent a person as the hero should allow his whole life to be haunted by a mock marriage, or that even as a "fool boy" he could have lent himself so ingenuously and completely to the wiles of those who managed the fraud.

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. 6 vols. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$12 for the set.

What stands out to the eye in this new edition is the really charming colored illustration by C. E. Brock, which sets out the characters with all Mr. Brock's recognized ability to reproduce the costumes and settings of the eighteenth century. As to the novels themselves, it is not necessary to speak. Those who like them are those who

¹² Representative One-Act Plays by Continental Authors. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3 net.

Individuality and Distinction in Home Decoration



system by the employment of all modern resources in getting quickly into touch with its members.

Each member of the League ordering one of its productions receives in effect an exclusive and unduplicated design, made for him individually by the artist; as it is owned by few others or no others in his community. But, unlike the ancient method, he does not have to commit himself to accept it before the replica has been carefully examined and approved in his own home.

The League places him in practically direct touch with the creative artist. By its help it enables him to make *care and thought* do far more for the individuality and beauty of his home than mere lavish expenditure of money could do. A work of art such as the Greek-Pompeian lamp, if only one lamp like it had been made, would have cost rather more than three thousand dollars. The League can produce it for less than one-hundredth of that price or less, because its membership is so widespread, and because those who wish to subscribe for identical replicas of it can be reached so quickly.

For the same reason, of course, the League is in a position to offer to the foremost artists and designers, who would not think of selling their designs to the "trade"—payment as large, or larger, than would be paid by very wealthy collectors. Each member of the League is in a position to share in the advantage of this. He receives one opportunity to subscribe for each of the productions contemplated or offered by the League, but is under no obligation to do so.

A painter, a sculptor, and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of the lamp—Olga Popoff, Muller, painter and sculptor, a student of Rodin—Andrew P. Popoff, painter, student of the Beaux Arts—and John Muller, architect for many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty. The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace which at once distinguishes it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of "factory designing departments."

That is but one example of the art productions the Decorative Arts League is arranging for its members. The League is a most significant development in art and in the decoration of homes of culture. And the best guarantee of the permanence of the growth it has already attained, is the pleasantly business-like and entirely self-supporting basis on which it does its work.

IN every community there are a few families distinguished not so much by wealth as by taste and discrimination in the selection of all the things that surround them in their homes, and by their instinctive and consistent avoidance of the mediocre things that one sees displayed by the dozen in stores and also in most other homes, in wearying duplication.

They give some thought to the art of finding, selecting, and purchasing the right things. They know that success in doing that is not so much a matter of money as of intelligent care. These are the men and women who, in every part of the country, are welcoming a young organization (which in reality is reviving a custom that is almost as old as art itself)—who see at once the important uses they can make of it, and who are joining in the movement as soon as they hear of it. In comparatively few months the League has had an amazing growth—a growth which art collectors, a year or so ago, would have said was impossible.

The Decorative Arts League has taken the ancient system,—by which patrons of art joined in little groups and subscribed for replicas of any beautiful design that pleased them, even while the design was still in the hands of the artist,—and has vitalized that

We Lend it Gladly

WE ask the privilege of sending the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp, the Muller-Popoff design, for your own use in your own home. We lend it for your examination and comparison; for the judgment of yourself, your family, and those of your friends whose opinions in matters of beauty and art have weight.

When the carrier delivers it you hand him the small charge for postage, and \$3.85 which is the deposit, and is *returnable*.

Put a bulb in the lamp, attach it to a socket and begin using it. Two, three, or four persons can read by its light at the same time. Find, by a few experiments, the best position in the room for it. It can be moved with one hand and without rising from our easy-chair.

Note the change it makes in the whole appearance of your living-room, drawing room, library, or bedroom—the greater distinction and individuality it gives to its surroundings. View it as if you were a visitor, entering the room for the first time. Note how it harmonizes with the plan of decorations in your home, where a lamp of garish, over-accentuated or mediocre commercial design would strike a note of discord.

These are the Tests of True Art and of Real Beauty

Notice how within a few hours it no longer seems strange to have it there—and how it takes its place as part of the permanent furnishings and decorations by which your home environment expresses our individuality.

No lamp of mediocre or garish design can withstand them successfully. Then, too, besides noting the changed appearance of the room, notice the beauty and effect of the lamp itself—the exquisite fuller-Popoff Greek-Pompeian design—first, when lighted and viewed from a short distance; second, when viewed from another room or from the hall; third, when it is not lighted, and when the room is lighted by daylight. A perfect lamp-design must be beautiful in all three of these tests.

We ask you to make these tests and comparisons in your own home. Send the coupon now.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

What Better Gift—

or the Friend you hold in highest esteem? What gift can express so clearly your knowledge of your friend's good taste and discrimination, his love of rare and beautiful things, and his appreciation of exquisite *quality* in art?

And what can better express your wish that the thing you send him shall be as *permanent* a source of luxurious enjoyment and artistic pleasure, as the esteem and love of which it is a remembrance? A remembrance that is *worthy* of the sentiment or which it stands,—a thing of classic dignity and never-fading race, in whatever surroundings it may be placed.

You can order these lamps sent direct to your Friends, in your name, with the special announcement card provided by the League. You can pay for them on the same basis as if they were delivered to you.

IMPORTANT—Already, as this is written, orders are being received faster than these lamps can be made at present. We are increasing the number. But it is certain now that orders that are postponed too long will be too late. The number we have arranged to make this season cannot be increased. Act on this

A Work of Art, Sent on Approval

Total Price
\$19.85

Pay Carrier

\$3.85

(deposit)
on
approval



Compare thoroughly.
That is why this lamp is
loaned to you

VISIT the art importers, the decorators, the jewelers, the large stores, and the commercial electric show-rooms. See if you can find *any* lamp that even approaches it in beauty and artistic perfection—even at twice or five times the price at which *this* beautiful lamp can be yours (if you act promptly).

WE do not "selling" in the ordinary commercial sense. The lamp must sell itself to you—on your own judgment and comparison. If it does not . . . send it back, any time within five days. (That is all the "selling" that the Decorative Arts League relies on—all that it has ever needed for any of its productions.)

We will return your deposit at once, and in full; and you will be under no further obligations whatever.

SO you see clearly that, when you accept the loan of this lamp and hand the carrier your \$3.85 deposit, you are not risking the sum. You are not risking either money or annoyance.

On the contrary—you are accepting on the pleasantest and safest terms, an opportunity to get a lamp of superb beauty and artistic perfection—and an opportunity to prove to yourself, *before* you decide to keep it, that for a lamp of equal or nearly equal beauty and distinction, you might have to pay three times or five times as much.

IF we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions, we would do it,—but we cannot.

Works of beauty and permanence — heir-looms a century from now. A lamp design made by the Muller-Popoff group, and owned by the "D. A. L."

This low price is a test

This lamp was designed to sell for \$36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at \$19.85.

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised. Your Approval Request should be mailed at once.

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap are cast in solid Mollum. The upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations are in three colors; the top and bottom bands in deep red, the design in dark green, the background graded in brown.

Inside the shade the reflecting surface is of a delicate pink tone diffusing a warm and mellow glow. The gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Just above the bulb another pivot enables the shade and the bulb to be tilted to throw the light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is inside the shaft and arm.

The lamp is complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds. If desired you can cover the shade with silk or other fabric to match any particular surroundings.

The regular price was fixed by the League at \$36, but the introductory price, and to members of the Decorative Arts League was \$19.85 (which may have to be discontinued).

The price has not been advanced yet. You can have one of the Muller-Popoff Greek-Pompeian lamps—if you act at once—at exactly the price paid by members of the Decorative Arts League. And you can become a member without cost or obligation.

... Read the coupon.

OUTLOOK'S
Approval
COUPON

December 6, 1922

Mail this at once

No money need be sent with this coupon

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit. If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months, the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

(Cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.) Please enter my name as Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Signed.....

Address.....

For the CHRISTMAS STOCKING

One year's subscription to

ST. NICHOLAS

and one book of your own choice

All For \$5



THERE is no more helpful gift for a boy or girl than a year's subscription to St. Nicholas. For less than the cost of your morning paper, you can give delightful St. Nicholas plus one of the most interesting books ever printed for a boy or girl.

Select any one of these books:

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A book every boy should read, and will re-read. Tells of India, the land of tigers, intrigue and mystic lore—and how the son of an Irish soldier grew up in the native secret service, and foiled well-laid plans of the foreign enemy.

St. Nicholas Christmas Book

A careful selection of the most striking Christmas stories and poems that have appeared in St. Nicholas Magazine. The kind that even the "grown-ups" like to read on Christmas Day. Intensely interesting.

—or any one of these fine books:

Driftwood; a Story of the Mississippi River

Stories of Useful Inventions

The Complete Radio Book

Pretty Polly Perkins

During 1923, St. Nicholas will print the best stories of the most popular writers for boys and girls. Some of these authors are Ralph Henry Barbour, Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, George Inness Hartley and Samuel Scoville, Jr. All have the knack of telling a fascinating story about wholesome, wide-awake boys and girls.

Reading St. Nicholas makes better-informed, broader-minded girls and boys. Prize contests develop initiative and perseverance. Articles on travel, science, sports, camping, topics of the day—all make St. Nicholas a powerful force for permanent good.

Send your subscription as soon as possible, so the book, first copy of St. Nicholas, and a handsome Gift Card will arrive before Christmas Eve.

COUPON

St. Nicholas Magazine, Subscription Dept. R-22, 353 Fourth Ave., New York
For the enclosed \$5 please send St. Nicholas Magazine and the book mentioned below. (If magazine alone is wanted, enclose only \$4.)

Name.....Address.....

and (Book selected).....and Gift Card to

THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

agree with Sir Walter Scott when he said of the author: "That young lady had talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow Strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me."

ROPE. By Holworthy Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.75.

A light-weight story, but none the less amusing. Henry's rally from a life of elegant leisure to a fighting existence as the manager of a movie theater is capitally worked out. He has to make good or lose a fortune. He makes good, and has the additional satisfaction of outwitting his Puritanical aunt and her scheming and dishonest husband.

SAINT JEANNE D'ARC. By Minna Caroline Smith. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

A new semi-historical and semi-fictional narrative of this saint's life, for saint she now is. It has imagination and earnestness and leaves one filled with enthusiastic belief in Joan's personality and honesty. The author takes a more literalistic, and therefore ecclesiastical, view than most students of the psychology of spiritual sincerity would accept. The book is an addition to the literature of the subject, which is always of intense human interest.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK. The John Martin Book House, New York. \$2.50.

This is the sixth of the "Big Books" published annually, and that fact alone indicates the popularity of the idea among children. This particular volume has a picture on every page, and over sixty of the pictures are in color. Its contents are varied and include all sorts of things from fairies to bears, together with much fun and nonsense of the kind small children like. That John Martin knows what this is, his long experience and success in catering to children proves. From the same house come several small books for children, some of which have a little instruction, but all of which are primarily picture books.

BIOGRAPHY

DAVID LUBIN: A STUDY IN PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By Olivia Rossetti Agrest. Little, Brown & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Many self-made men become absorbed in the pursuit of personal success; David Lubin was of a different mold. He came to America a poor boy; "went West;" amassed a fortune; but never lost his idealistic view of life. He became an influential factor in great movements; and his life-story is told in this book by a sympathetic co-worker who imparts her admiration for Lubin's character and achievements to the reader.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

NEW PALESTINE (THE). By W. D. McCrackan. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston. \$5.

The author, while doing relief work in Jerusalem, published a daily paper



“—and just because I played good auction bridge”

A YEAR ago I hardly knew what an invitation looked like. Today I receive so many bids to house parties and bridge luncheons that sometimes I scarcely know which to accept. Of course, I always knew a lot of people in my home town, but when I moved to the city I was almost appalled to live in a community with people who want to know who your great-grandfather was.

“I am not a social climber, but I guess every girl likes to have a circle of friends—to know nice people. One day my husband and I went to a Charity Bridge. My partner, a woman who is a social leader, seemed very much impressed by my game from the start. Finally a situation came up where I had to make a sound decision or we would be set. She made trump. One of our opponents doubled, I sat there with a lot of hearts in my hand and one missing suit. What should I do?

“A year ago I should have been in a panic, but now I knew absolutely what to do and I did it. We won the hand and the rubber. This woman was my friend for life. From that time, invitations seemed to come to me out of the blue sky. I must say that I think I am one of the most sought after girls in the town. I owe it all to learning to play Auction well. And I learned almost before I realized, just by reading ‘Auction Bridge in Twelve Lessons’ and by playing the hands described with the special packs of cards that are a part of these lessons. In a week, after I received the lessons, I learned more about the game than in three years previously, just stumbling along and listening to the wrong kind of advice.”

Everyone must play Auction

THIS girl's experience in learning to play masterful Auction can be your experience, too. Auction Bridge has become one of our chief social diversions. No one loves a poor player as a partner. A good player is always welcome.

What fun is there in being a “dub”? It is so easy to play good Auction that it is foolish to blunder along, repeating

the same mistakes, trying a partner's patience—a social liability instead of an asset.

Auction Bridge is founded on definite rules of play. A few key principles can be adapted to a wide variety of hands. There is very little guess work about Auction when you really understand it. It is probably the most scientific card game in the world. It is certainly the most fascinating. The only people who think Auction is a game of luck are those who don't know how to play it.

Let a master of the game teach you sound methods

MILTON C. WORK is the leading authority on Auction Bridge in the world. His text books are the accepted standard. His opinions are the last word in Auction. The new method of teaching Auction perfected by Mr. Work called “Auction Bridge in Twelve Lessons” enables you to learn a good, sound game in an astonishingly short time.

You will find immediately when you play a hand and read the lesson relating to it that Bridge is not at all a game of luck or chance. Skill counts every time. It is easier to play good Bridge than poor Bridge—when you know how.

When playing for prizes or stakes, haven't you wished that you knew just a little bit more about the game so that you wouldn't be on the loser's end? You may be astounded at the improvement these lessons may make in your game in a single evening.

Every hand has possibilities. It is the hands where re-entry cards make it possible to take tricks or where an unexpected play upsets your opponent's calculations that the expert has an advantage.



Milton C. Work

If you are fond of Bridge, you know the thrill that comes when you have executed a masterful play. If you only play Bridge because you are obliged to, when you learn to play a sound game, you will seek opportunities rather than to avoid them.

The complete course “Auction Bridge” consists of six packs of lesson cards, containing 96 typical hands, together with twelve clearly written explanatory lessons, each lesson covering 8 hands.

Our special offer

As a SPECIAL introductory offer we will send you, for \$1.75, the first two lessons and the pack of lesson cards containing 16 typical hands. You will be amazed to find how much you can improve your game. Do not send any money in advance. Just pay the postman \$1.75 when the lessons arrive, plus postage. Then, when you have studied these lessons and have found how simply and easily you can become a master of Bridge, you may, if you desire, order the balance of the lessons, and the money you have paid will be credited.

MILTON-BRADLEY COMPANY 82 Park Street, Springfield, Mass.

I am interested in “Auction Bridge in 12 Lessons,” by Milton C. Work, which provide a short cut to masterful Auction. Please send the first two lessons and special lesson pack No. 1, containing the first sixteen hands which these lessons cover.

I understand that I am to send no money now, but merely to pay the postman \$1.75 plus postage on their arrival, and these lessons will become my absolute property.

Name

Address

City State

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By MISS MULOCK. With 12 illustrations in color by Oswald Moses and G. F. Nichols. 540 pages, 8vo. Gilt top, net \$2.50, postage extra.

Among the fine and upstanding stories of English literature, one must always include "John Halifax."

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By EDWARD BULWER-LYTON. With 12 illustrations in color by Alberto Pisa. 422 pages, 8vo. Gilt top, net \$2.50, postage extra.

Among historical novels—that class of tale charged with the task of making the dead past live again—"The Last Days of Pompeii" will always be accorded a commanding place.

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"Lorna Doone" will never lose its popularity. Merely to say that it is one of the most charming love stories ever written does not begin to describe its appeal. There is something in the adventurous spirit of John Ridd and the tenderness of his sweetheart which set this tale aside as one of the classics of romance.

Les Misérables

By VICTOR HUGO. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. Complete in one volume. With 12 illustrations in color by Bayard and Jeannot. 1,384 pages, 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, net \$3.00. Half morocco, net \$6.00. Postage extra.

When one is asked to name the supreme novels of the world, the name of Hugo's masterpiece rises at once to the lips. His "Les Misérables" is one of the three greatest and by many considered the first of all.

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COMPLETE ONE-VOLUME LARGE TYPE EDITION. With an introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D., and 20 illustrations in color by Gertrude D. Hammond. 1,112 pages, 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, net \$5.00. Postage extra.

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The story is unforgettable because of its sincerity, its masterly characterization, and fidelity to life. That a latter-day artist has caught this spirit and reflected it so faithfully in his canvases, lends added charm to the present edition.

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By CHARLES READE. With appreciation by A. C. Swinburne. With 12 illustrations in full color by Alberto Pisa, E. T. Compton, and others. 730 pages, 8vo. Gilt top, net \$3.00, postage extra.

Although Charles Reade wrote many books, his larger fame today rests upon his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth." It represents the age-long struggle between the natural desires of a man for a home and family, as against the churchly law of celibacy. But further than this the story recreates for us in a wonderful way the civilization of the Fifteenth Century.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY . Publishers . New York

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THE OUTLOOK can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay \$3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; \$5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snap-

shots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay \$1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

THE BOOK TABLE (Continued)

for several months during 1920. This fact will indicate the practical, progressive character of his book. It is full of information about present-day Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine, and is written in the concise, clear-cut way that one might expect from the author's training. Palestine will always be a center of interest to the Christian world as well as to those of Jewish faith, and this book will be of special suggestiveness to ministers and Sunday-school workers, while the student of current affairs will find it scarcely less valuable.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS, 1870-1920. Edited by Ernest Rhys. 5 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6 for the set.

This collection of essays selected from English and American literature of the last half-century is notably readable, and the reason is that the editor has been at great pains to choose essays which, if we may say so, are not "essayish." They range through all possible kinds of topics, from Edmund Gosse's "Cats" to Augustine Birrell's talk about Carlyle. The volumes are like the essays in that they are small and agreeable. At least fifty different writers are represented. We note among them only three Americans—Vida Scudder, James Russell Lowell, and Brander Matthews. Each volume has as frontispiece an attractive silhouette portrait of an essayist.

SCIENCE

OUTLINE OF SCIENCE (THE). Edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. Vol. IV. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

This is the fourth and concluding volume of this valuable work. We know not where to find so comprehensive and readable an account of the principal scientific ideas of our time. The style is lucid, the chapters are short and not overburdened with technical terminology, and the numerous illustrations are intelligently selected and well printed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ESCAPE: THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO ESCAPED. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. Thomas Seltzer, New York. \$2.

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FOOL'S HILL. By Leona Dalrymple. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$1.75.

LITTLE MAID OF VIRGINIA (A). By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

MOBY DICK. By Herman Melville. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50.

MYSTERY AT NUMBER SIX (THE). By Augusta Hulell Seaman. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

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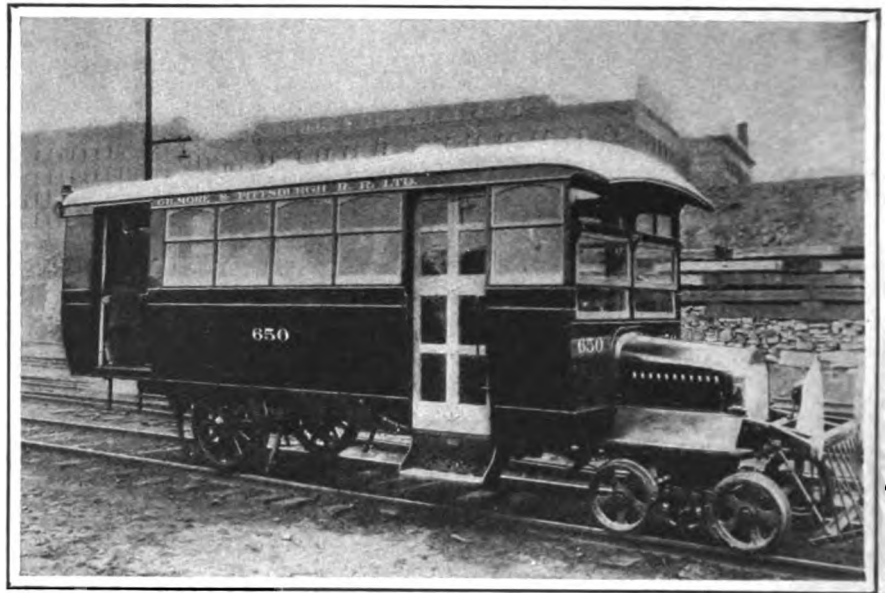


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PUTTING WHEELS UNDER INDUSTRY BY ORLINE D. FOSTER



Courtesy of Mack Trucks, Inc.

RAIL CAR USED ON SIDE-LINES FOR PASSENGER, EXPRESS, AND MAIL SERVICE.
REQUIRES ONLY ONE-MAN OPERATION

THERE is a new era dawning for America. To-day city and country are being rapidly tied together by a new link which will make it possible for us *all* to have twenty-four-hour eggs for breakfast, milk from last night's milking, vegetables still wet with the dew, and any number of things which have heretofore been the prerogative of the gentleman farmer. No longer will the individual find it necessary to wrestle with the cutworm and swap garden lore over the fence with his next-door neighbor, for his wife will be able to purchase fresh vegetables in the open market for less than he can grow them, and of a better quality.

On the other hand, the wife of the farmer is coming into her own. Up to ten years ago the life of the woman on the farm was one eternal round of petty duties. To-day the farmer's wife is part of the near-by community. She shares its interests, belongs to the Woman's Club, attends lectures, knows her neighbors, is able to talk understandingly on public questions; she joins classes in domestic science, reads the magazines, and follows along with her children in their work at school.

She shops in the near-by town and she knows values. No longer is she dependent on the itinerant peddler for sleazy calico and thin-bottomed pans. She attends bargain sales, supports local merchants with her trade, stands for better merchandising, and knows to a cent just what commodities are worth. She visits the moving-picture shows and enjoys educational films. She knows why unsanitary methods are a public menace, and she finds herself enjoying the neighborly competition which makes her butter a little better and more in demand than that of her neighbor next door.

What has brought about this change, and what is all this doing toward the making of a broader and better America?

All the way down the annals of history progress has been marked by better communication. Isolated sections cannot grow beyond a certain point. Interchange of commodities, interchange of ideas, has meant not only the upbuilding of commerce but the mental advancement of every community.

While the introduction of the automobile has meant much to the pleasure-loving members of the community, it has played a much greater part in its readjustment of social conditions. Children are carried to school by auto-bus without tying up motive power which is needed for work on the farm; small-store keepers are learning better business methods because of better touch with the outside world and increased business; and women are patronizing home markets because they are able to get there and make personal selections. Then, too, the city worker finds it possible to live in the outlying districts and still go to his work in town even if he is not the possessor of a car, for bus lines are gridironing outlying districts; the rural motor express is making short work of carrying commodities and transportation is just at the other end of the telephone.

An interesting experiment was made some little time ago by a local Chamber of Commerce in New York State. The purpose was to provide better transportation facilities for out-of-town residents and to increase local business.

A waiting station was built in a central location of the town, and in the station were placed a number of small bins, each bin being marked with the number of a motor-bus route. Packages sent to the station by merchants are deposited in the proper bin, and may be claimed by the passenger on a special ticket or are delivered at the homes by the motor-bus driver, who drops them off at the respective houses as he covers his

route. A small fee is charged, and the expense is sometimes borne by the merchant and sometimes by the customer. As the busses serve the country district for a radius of eighteen miles, this has proved not only a distinct service to country buyers but an immense stimulant to local trade. Telephone orders have increased to such an extent that telephone order desks have been installed in many of the stores and special buyers fill orders by personal selection, becoming so well acquainted with the needs of their trade that they make selections with almost unerring accuracy.

Maintenance costs, including salary of the attendant at the terminal, are covered by the profits from the news-stand, which sells the usual run of popular

magazines and candies, and by the small charge for package storage. Each bus driver carries a key to the station, and the door is unlocked by the first one who comes in the morning and is locked again by the man who covers the last route. Increase in local trade has proved remarkable even to the most enthusiastic sponsors of the plan.

Not only has the motor bus brought the outlying district into close touch with the city, but it has been a flexible means of bridging temporary gaps in transportation. In the Far West it has penetrated to those isolated sections whose inhabitants have many of them never seen a railway. Twelve thousand motor trucks are used to take children to school in this country and hundreds

of bus lines have been established with regular scheduled routes.

Not less difficult than that of the out-of-town resident has been the position of the railways in handling passenger, mail, and light express service on their side-lines. Little jerk-water railways have often been willing enough to give service, but the expense involved in providing a crew of three or four men to operate the engine and combination passenger and freight car not only ate up the profits of that branch but those of the others as well. Fare for half a dozen passengers a day, a little freight, and a few bags of mail does not offset wages, coal, and the standing charges of equipment.

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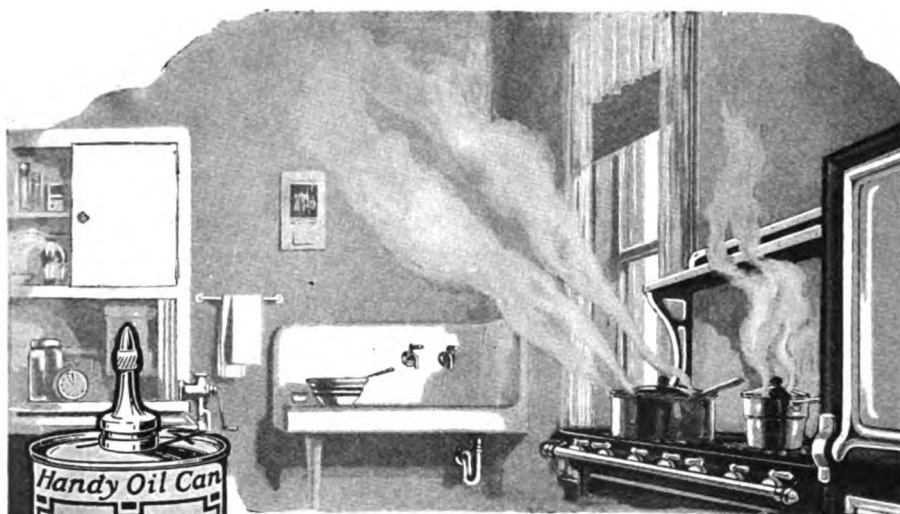
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PUTTING WHEELS UNDEP INDUSTRY (Continued)

culty, the motor-truck companies came to the rescue with the offer of a rail car which would fill all their requirements and yet permit of one-man operation. This car is fashioned much like a motor bus, except that it has flanged wheels and a place for mail or light freight. It is operated over side-lines by one man and tests have proved that it not only maintains good speed and takes the inclines as well as the ordinary train, but that it is a bear for heavy snow and plows through it like a steam-engine. A very necessary requisite for the side-line car. At the present time something over twenty roads are operating these rail cars, with excellent results.

And just as the motor bus fills a great social need, so the motor truck is giving us a quick and economical method of transporting commodities over short hauls. The truck is not only bringing in produce from the outlying farm to the city dweller, but it is carrying back to the farmer in its return loads the commodities he needs for running his farm and for the comfort of his family.

There are said to be something over a hundred concerns operating trucks on sixteen regular routes which pass through New York City and which cover the country to the south through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware to the District of Columbia, and to the north they extend all over New England. These companies not only haul produce and fruit, but also manufactured articles.

As an example of the opportunities which present themselves for motor-truck distribution, the Port of New York offers an excellent illustration. Within a trucking radius of the Port of New York 8,000,000 people are supplied with thousands of tons of food every year. The more directly and more rapidly this tonnage can be transported from shipper to consumer, the less will be the waste, the better the quality, and the lower the cost.

Throughout New England farmers have been quick to use the motor truck to reach city tables with their produce. It has been estimated that the Boston Post Road alone carries \$15,000,000 worth of commodities a year. But this does not cover merely foodstuffs and farm produce, although thousands of dozens of eggs are one of the largest individual items. Manufacturers have found that for small articles which have great intrinsic value and for transporting commodities where crating or boxing would be necessary in railway haulage, the truck offers an easy means of moving them. Farm produce is packed in baskets and no heavy packing is needed even for such breakables as eggs.

How to keep transport costs at their lowest figure is continually in the mind of every transport company. The American Railway Express, whose tonnage amounts to the millions, found that standing motors and idle drivers constituted a large share of their expense. Now

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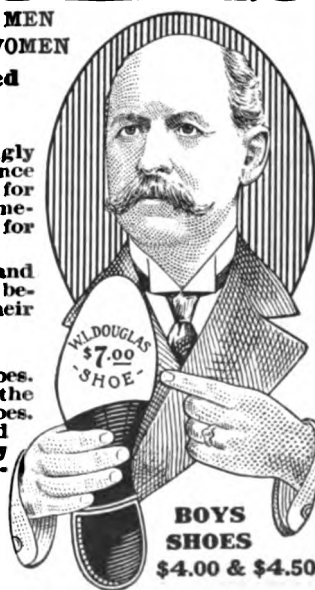
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FROM FLAT CAR TO TRUCK

they keep their drivers busy and use demountable trailers, which are backed up to the loading platforms and are loaded while the driver takes out the already waiting load, which is quickly attached to his traction chassis. In Chicago and New York terminals hundreds of these traction units are continually on the move, picking up and releasing loaded and unloaded trailers. In all, the American Railway Express operates something over 3,400 trucks.

Much this same plan has been adopted by one of the largest drug chains in the country in supplying their local stores in and around New York City. Careful analysis proved to them that at least within a radius of forty-five miles of their warehouses they could deliver more economically and satisfactorily by truck. Not the least of the considerations included the more rapid turnover of money invested, owing to the rapidity of truck delivery, which eliminated long waits on sidings and lost sales through uncertain delivery.

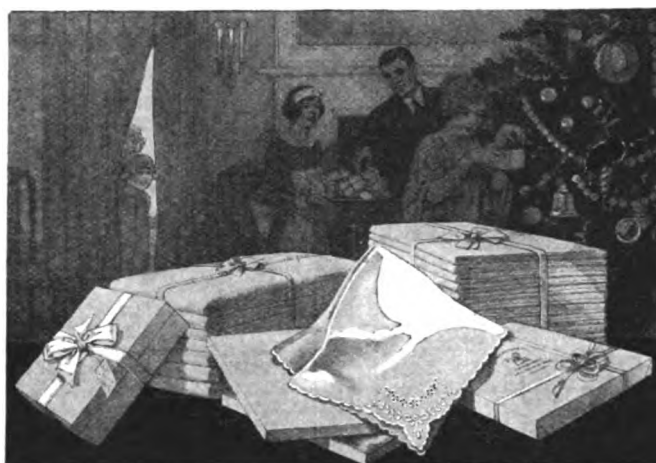
This company uses seven large cranes, which are adjusted to their shipping platform and which permit the hanging of extra auto bodies. When the truck arrives in the morning, it deposits an extra body. Within a few minutes a loaded body has been attached to the chassis and it has made way for another truck, thus materially decreasing the space necessary for loading platforms. Extra bodies are always in the process of loading and the chauffeurs are not obliged to waste any time standing around.

In the Far West, where great stretches of country are without railway transportation, motor haulage has greatly facilitated and lowered the cost of distribution. It has been estimated that not less than 4,000 motor trucks are used in California for contract hauling, and the traffic count shows an average of 286,375 truck miles a day. In the fruit belt motor transport is the ideal solution for the handling of perishable fruit, and great fleets of trucks are continually



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As a spray in nasal catarrh. A safe and fragrant deodorant in matters of personal hygiene. Delightful after shaving. Effective in combating dandruff. Useful in many skin disorders.

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PUTTING WHEELS UNDER INDUSTRY (Continued)

carrying the fruit from fields to canneries, to the railways for shipping, and to the near-by towns for quick consumption. In fact, California is gridironed with motor-transport routes.

This year the California fruit crop has exceeded all expectations, and every effort is being made to rush the fruit to the canneries to save the crop, owing to the shortage of freight cars. In talking with one of the representative bankers from the State at the recent Bankers' Convention, he stated that the raisin crop alone exceeded three hundred million pounds, which is three pounds for each man, woman, and child recorded in the Census. Regardless of the Eighteenth Amendment, the vineyards are also making an excellent showing, and wine grapes are selling for five and six times as much a ton as they were before the country went dry.

Throughout the Middle West, where great stretches of prairie make shipping difficult and where transportation by rail often necessitates from three to four transfers of freight in what might be a twelve-hour trip, local business men have seen a big field in the establishment of motorized express. With the advent of good roads express truck routes have been established through many sections of the country.

Seattle, Spokane, Portland, and Tacoma, in the Pacific Northwest, are alive with motor-truck transportation companies, as are the States of Nevada, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado, which even have their ore-carrying fleets. The recent unparalleled production of the Southwestern oil fields would have been impossible but for the motor truck, and Texas, with its 150,000 miles of roads, would stagnate but for motor transport.

A new development which is even now in an experimental stage is "logging" by motor over corduroy roads. In some sections of the Far West this logging by motor has been found more satisfactory in certain cases than the old-fashioned method of "running" the logs, especially so in the case of fine timber or for purposes of rapid delivery, and for these specific purposes it threatens to supersede the old system. It also has the advantage that on return trips supplies may be brought back to the camp and better communication maintained with the world outside.

Speaking concretely, motor transport has done much for the country's economic needs. It has facilitated transport by expediting the short haul. It renders auxiliary service to the railways; it enlarges the farmer's market, shortens the time of delivery, and reduces the spread of price between the producer and consumer. It is in no sense a competitor of the railways, for it moves in an altogether different field. Railways, waterways, and motor transport each have their place. To insure economical distribution each should be used to the full measure of its effectiveness.

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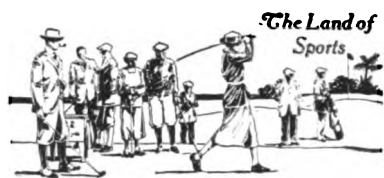
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BY THE WAY

Plantin, the famous old-time printer of Antwerp, founded a business which flourished for three hundred years. It was then bought up by the municipality of Antwerp and the establishment converted into a museum. An American tourist who visited it recently describes in the "American Printer" an incident of his visit, thus:

"An attendant was at one of the old wooden presses, and a form of type was on the bed. He was selling prints from the form for two francs each. I asked to be allowed to pull a proof. I took hold of the handle and pulled. He told me to pull harder. I pulled harder. (I don't think I'd care to have been a pressman in the old days.) He took the proof and examined it; then shook his head and pointed out that the margins were not straight. With Plantin traditions back of him he wouldn't pass the print, but made me pull another."

This interesting survival of old publishing days narrowly escaped destruction during the war, as a bomb from a Zeppelin fell near it and laid waste a large space.

Dear Mrs. McGowan across the hall was speaking of the trouble she's been having with her car, "Motor Life" reports. "But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but them using these raw materials at the factories."

"In The Outlook of October 11," a subscriber writes, "an article on 'Platinum' contains this sentence: 'Platinum is one of the heaviest things in nature, being passed only by iridium, with which that metal is always associated, and by tungsten and molybdenum.' Platinum, with a specific gravity of 21.48, is surpassed by two other metals of the platinum group — iridium and osmium. The latter, with its specific gravity of 22.48, is the heaviest substance known. Tungsten is a little lighter than gold, and molybdenum is but little heavier than iron."

Patience was the subject of the teacher's discourse, the "Argonaut" says, and to illustrate her point she drew on the blackboard a picture of a small boy sitting on the bank of a stream, fishing. "You see this lad, children," she said, beaming on her pupils. "He's fishing. Well, even the pleasure of fishing requires patience. He must be prepared to sit and wait." And she dilated on the importance of being patient. "Now, then, can any of you boys tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" she invited. Like one voice came a chorus from the class: "Bait!"

"I must say, cook," said the lady of the house, as reported by the London "Morning Post," "that of late your work has been very perfunctory." Before she could continue, cook broke in with: "Thank yer kindly, mum. I've been here three months now, and though I've tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I've had since I've been here."



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THE BIBLE IN ILLINOIS

I HAVE read with interest your editorial "The Bible in California" in The Outlook for November 15, and sympathize fully with your interpretation of the situation. This is not the only instance of the kind. The Supreme Court of Illinois handed down a similar decision a number of years ago, and on the same grounds—namely, that the Bible is a "sectarian book." In this case the decision was not with regard to any particular translation, but with regard to the Bible itself.

The new State Constitution, recently offered by the Constitutional Convention which has been working on it for several years, which is to be submitted to popular vote December 7 next, provides that it shall not be unlawful to read the Bible in any version in the public schools of the State. F. J. GURNEY.

The University of Chicago.

OUTSIDE AN EDITORIAL OFFICE LOOKING IN

OWING to some misadventure with the mails, I have only just received my copy of The Outlook for October 11, and have therefore just discovered that valiant and delightful defense of the editor as such, entitled "Inside an Editorial Office Looking Out." As a person of some experience with editors, I have no fault to find with the argument for the defense, and no more bias in favor of that miserable sinner the would-be contributor than would naturally be expected of one of the tribe. Still, I am willing to offer a little feeble testimony on his behalf.

In regard to office boys, my only objection to them is their disconcerting *hautcur*. The icy gleam in their eyes has a diminishing effect on your size, like the comparative figures in an illustrated table of statistics. But I never encountered an Outlook office boy, so we can leave him out of the discussion. The next person in line is the reader, and of that functionary I have the following experiences to relate. At an annual meeting of the Authors' League, several years ago, a young woman, a reader for a magazine, arose to bring what she evidently regarded as a serious charge against the would-be contributor. He didn't always use the right kind of clip to keep the sheets of his manuscript together; it should not be a clamp, but a removable clip. Reasonable enough, so far. But she proceeded to add that this was the cause of the rejection of many stories. The reader might be interrupted or called away, and on her return to the manuscript the sheets would have flopped over, compelling her to find the place again. Frequently, in such cases, she threw the article aside. So much for the result of a mechanical error upon the writer's labor and ambi-

tion. If you wish to have your work considered, do not inconvenience the reader; this was the case, as gravely stated by the reader herself. Personally, I was not guilty, as I always use the proper clip when one is needed; but I was angry with that reader, and so I am still.

One more instance. The editor of a certain periodical once said to me, "You haven't sent us any verse for a long time." "Haven't I?" I retorted. "I've sent several poems, but they came back like boomerangs." "That's strange," said he; "I never saw any of them, and I have entire charge of the poetry. In future address them to me personally." I did so, and had a poem accepted which had been returned by that very magazine. Is it any wonder that I continued to address that editor personally? I am absolutely sure that he is not one whose judgment could be influenced by friendship or any form of favor. The instance simply shows that readers do sometimes stand in the way. There must be readers of course, and no doubt they are mostly conscientious persons; but if the poor would-be contributor has a certain fear of them, is it altogether unreasonable?

I have another bit of testimony which suggests that the personnel of all magazine offices are not completely impervious to interested considerations. On one occasion I received an editorial request for a certain change in an accepted poem. I am not usually concerned about "the dot of an i or the crossing of a t," but I felt that this particular change would ruin the poem, so I went post-haste to the office, and asked to see one of the editors. I was met with the usual cool and suspicious politeness, until I added, "about an accepted contribution." "Oh, an *accepted* contribution," exclaimed the custodian of the outer hall, with a complete change of tone. "Certainly, madame; take a seat." I was admitted to a sanctum, and forthwith appeared, not a formal substitute, but a really-truly editor, looking as human as anything. I explained my difficulty, he agreed with my view, and the poem was saved. The point is that to the writer of an *accepted* manuscript the temperature of the place had gone up about twenty degrees. We-ell, why not? There is human nature inside the office as well as outside; and where opposing interests are frequently involved a certain amount of antagonism is apt to be developed.

The case in The Outlook editorial is ably and fairly sustained. I do not quarrel with any of its conclusions, any more than with its delightful humor. In the case of the editors of The Outlook, it would never occur to me to doubt their sincerity and good judgment. And of course editors in general are not nearly as black as they are painted. But neither is the would-be contributor. What can he do but offer his wares?

And even if experienced, he may err; and he knows that to betray inexperience is a capital crime. Editors differ on minor points; and a contributor, other than a "PROMINENT and WELL-KNOWN writer," always feels nervous. Hence his apprehensive, unreasonable attitude. As I once heard a Negro orator say, "How would *you* like to be a problem?"

One thing I know: I shouldn't like to be an editor. They can't imagine the sympathy I have for them, in these days of frenzied art and excessive production. The antagonism is accentuated by the clash of schools. Such is my own dislike to freak poetry that if I were an editor I should probably become perfectly brutal. And yet they are gentle souls, until you find out what they are thinking. Just one thing I wish they would not do—thank you so touchingly for the opportunity to see your manuscript. It is too ironical for endurance, and adds force to the gesture with which you crumple up that rejection slip and slam it into the waste-basket.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

THE CASE OF MADAME JEANNIN: THE OTHER SIDE

IN the issue of The Outlook for November 29 Mr. Arthur R. Kimball, well known to us as a responsible and patriotic American citizen, told the story of Madame Aline Jeannin in a letter to the editors. She is, the letter stated, a woman of culture and refinement, owning property here and abroad, who on her return to America from a visit abroad was detained at Ellis Island because of her failure to comply with a technical requirement as to a visé of her passport. There, the letter further stated, she "had to sleep in a hammock, without decencies or privacies, was compelled to mix with the riff-raff of Europe, and not allowed to communicate with her son-in-law, Captain Lusher, for ten days." When he did see her, he found her "in a deplorable condition," "in great distress of mind and broken down by sickness." Only by orders from Washington was she saved from being deported, and "for ten days she hovered between life and death."

It seemed proper to the editors of The Outlook to call the attention of the Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York to this matter and to offer him an opportunity to comment upon it. We print below the letter received in reply to our request. It seems to us quite inadequate as a defense of the treatment she received at Ellis Island, although it may be a good technical defense for her detention there and for the legal decision reached to deport her. The Commissioner tells us that the law allows no difference of treatment as between an alien immigrant and an alien who has lived some time in America.

gone to Europe for a short visit, and returned home here to her daughter, who is an American citizen, wife of an American officer. Well, there ought to be! The Commissioner no doubt states the law correctly; we think Congress ought to consider this when it revises the present law.—THE EDITORS.

As regards the case of Aline Burri Jeannin, I have gone into this matter thoroughly, and find that all the trouble that came to Madame Jeannin, and the inconvenience and trouble caused this office, could have been avoided by her had she paid due respect to the laws of the United States in the first instance. When she arrived here, she was not in ignorance of the fact that she had not complied with the State Department's ruling regarding passport visés, and everything that followed is due to just that fact. When she arrived here, her passport showed that she had "been warned not to proceed without visa." The Immigration Department is bound to respect the State Department's rulings, and every alien must be held until the State Department waives the visa. If the State Department declines to waive a visa, the alien *must be deported*.

As for the delay in passing upon her case, you no doubt are aware that under the present Quota Law the steamship companies are permitted to bring in twenty per cent of their yearly quota each month. This means that from July 1 until the quotas for certain countries are exhausted Ellis Island is simply swamped with immigration, and the small force of employees here are unable to cope with the situation. All during September detentions were running as high as 2,000 daily, with anywhere from 500 to 800 cases pending to be heard by Boards of Special Inquiry. This office had no alternative but to detain Madame Jeannin. From an immigration viewpoint, there was nothing else to do. As soon as it was possible to hear her case (she naturally and equitably had to take her turn with others, whose detention was not caused by any deliberate act of their own, as in the case of Madame Jeannin) she was given a hearing, her case was forwarded to Washington, and the State Department saw fit to waive the visé. If Madame Jeannin suffered in health by her detention here, it is a matter of keen regret. However, I cannot understand the attitude of disregard by foreigners for American laws. Had she followed the advice that was given her, she would in all probability never have had to come to Ellis Island at all.

As for the statement contained in Mr. Kimball's letter to you, that she was not allowed to have counsel present at her hearing, this illustrates the fact that he does not know that the immigration laws do not permit counsel present at the special inquiry hearings, nor is one necessary. Ellis Island was created by Congress as a place where aliens (and no distinction is made in the law between "immigrant aliens" and persons who are not citizens) may present their

credentials to enter the United States. The law is framed to meet a very definite and critical problem in this country, and has to be framed broad enough to apply to all aliens. While every possible comfort is given to aliens who are detained here with the appropriation Congress allots, it cannot be expected to be a hotel. I assure you that Mr. Kimball's statement of "third degree" methods is grossly exaggerated. He surely, as an American citizen, would not claim that the United States has no right to promulgate a law and state what questions aliens must answer. Nor do I understand how Mr. Kimball can state that the lady in question "had to sleep in a hammock." Such a thing is unheard of at Ellis Island. I further note that Mr. Kimball states that he was assured when in London that he needed no visa on his passport. I take it that Mr. Kimball is an American citizen. The immigration laws do not apply to him. But had he arrived here, an alien, without a visé, he would most certainly have been detained. The fact remains, however, that in Madame Jeannin's case, the Consul told her that she would require a visa, and notified us that she had sailed in spite of his warning. It seems a pity that Ellis Island is called upon to bear abuse for administering a law passed by Congress for the protection of the United States. If at any time The Outlook cares to send a representative to Ellis Island to look into conditions here and the problem that we are called upon to solve, I shall be very glad to see him, in order that The Outlook may be in a position to judge for itself when stories of this kind come to it.

ROBERT E. TOD,
Commissioner.

U. S. Department of Labor
Immigration Service
Office of the Commissioner
Ellis Island, N. Y.
November 27, 1922.

DEVASTATION IN ENGLAND —UNEMPLOYMENT

IN the issue of The Outlook for September 27, 1922, appears an article entitled "A Germanized English Policy," by Elbert Francis Baldwin, which, though it gives an excellent statement of France's present position, grossly misrepresents the point of view of Great Britain. I have no doubt that the writer himself would be the first to admit that a reconciliation of the diverging points of view of France and England is one of the most imperative needs of statesmanship to-day. No matter how misguided the policy of one country may be deemed, the true aim should be to grasp the underlying cause of that policy, and not to attempt conversion by any criticism which, however meant, appears abusive. There is a growing tendency in these countries themselves to air their differences of opinions by calling the other side names, and the inevitable result is the widening of the existing breach. All the more reason why American writers, speaking to American

audiences, should refrain from even seeming to fall into the same error.

For over two years now England has had between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 men continuously out of work. The actual number who suffer through partial or temporary employment is far greater. This is a frightful index of suffering. Hungry people and idle people are just as much indications of the aftermath of war as shattered villages. Nor can these unemployed find work again as long as the economic chaos prevails in Europe.

It is true that England must have customers, because without customers her people will starve. A reparations policy which will continue indefinitely the present state of things will be fatal to England. In the long run, it will be also fatal to France.

The reason for this is plain. Whether we like it or not, the various countries of Europe are far from being self-supporting economic units. The dislocation or unrest of one is reflected sooner or later in all of the others. Particularly is this evident in England. England manufactures and sells to the world. To do this the greater portion of her population has been drawn into factories, coal mines, shipyards, or other lines of endeavor looking to the selling or carrying of goods abroad. No dwelling on the crimes of Germany can alter the fact that she was, and is, an important and necessary element in the interdependent economic structure of Europe. For England to seek to have Germany again for a customer is not an act of misguided chivalry to a defeated foe, nor a gesture of hypocritical forgiveness; it is an act of self-preservation.

It may be open to question whether the steps which England proposes are those which in the long run will prove to be the right ones, but in criticising these steps it is unfair to be wholly blind to the stark necessities motivating England's policy. It is true that France's claim for security is too often disregarded, but no friend of France, however ardent, can expect to win sympathy, let alone suggest a working policy, who fails to take into account the needs of England, which in their way are just as imperative.

HENRY G. HOTCHKISS.

Washington, D. C.

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Oct. 12-13-22

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

FULLERTON WALDO, with his experience as a newspaper man, is probably able to observe in greater detail and then to portray more vividly and graphically to his readers the life and manners along the Mackenzie River than many another man. The first of a series of sketches of this country appears in this issue. Mr. Waldo, a former editorial writer for the "Ladies' Home Journal" and war correspondent, is now associate editor of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

"WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT" is what Herbert E. Morgan, of the United States Civil Service Commission, has been doing for the past twenty years. During that time he has had an exceptional opportunity to study the processes of government, particularly with regard to the civil branch.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. MCINTOSH shows in his article in the Financial Section of The Outlook that he is as much at home in an economic discussion of money and credit as he is in aeronautics. Lieutenant-Commander McIntosh is now in the Navy Department at Washington, after having spent some time in Pensacola, Florida, at the Naval Air Station.

TWO officers discuss the results for the United States Navy of the decision made last year at the Washington Arms Conference. Dudley W. Knox, a captain of the United States Navy, was retired last year for physical disability after more than twenty-nine years of active service, which included service on Admiral Sims's staff during the war. He is the author of a book entitled "The Eclipse of American Sea Power," and is the present naval editor of the "Army and Navy Journal."

The second half of the discussion is by B. B. Wygant, who is a Commander on the U. S. S. California, at San Francisco.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, whose signed editorial on the effect of the Conference is published in this issue, represented The Outlook at Paris and Washington.

BARON S. A. KORFF, formerly assistant Governor-General of Finland under Russia's first free Government, is now in Washington. He has just returned from a trip to Europe and is well acquainted with recent developments there. Few men have such accurate and general information and such sound judgment upon international affairs. At the Institute of National Politics at Williamstown a year ago last summer he was one of the lecturers, and next to Lord Bryce he made the greatest impression. He sends this brief account of the present German Government at our request.

HENRY BELLOWES is the managing editor of the "Northwestern Miller." He is musical critic of the Minneapolis Daily "News" and has been a colonel of the Minnesota Home Guard.

The Upward Climb

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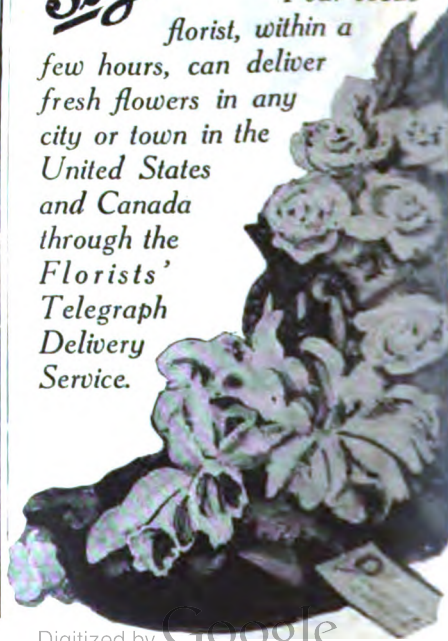
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The Outlook

DECEMBER 13, 1922

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

IF there is one thing more than another that Americans require of their political affairs, it is that they should be open, aboveboard, and discussable by all. Invisible government and secret influences form the antithesis to democracy. We have and will maintain freedom of speech and of the press, subject only to the apothegm stated the other day in these columns, "Personal liberty ends where public injury begins."

The most moderate programme put forth by defenders of the revived Ku Klux Klan shows its purpose to influence legislation, public opinion, and political elections. It has a right to do all this if it acts openly and fairly. It has no right to work secretly by underground methods to inflame racial and religious prejudice in order to bring about political or legislative action. If one says this to a defender of the Klan, he replies, "Well, the Knights of Columbus do the same thing." We have seen no evidence of this; but, if it is so, then that or any other organization so acting is subject to precisely the same criticism. Meanwhile it is notorious and self-evident that the Klan cunningly tries to twist into one cord the three hateful strands of anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic, and anti-Negro prejudice. Help yourself, in effect the Klan says, to your own special hatred! All this is distinctly un-American.

There is no objection to secret societies in themselves. Any one can name offhand several that are admirable as sources of social enjoyment, of mutual benefit, of fraternal benevolence. Ceremony and ritual are attractive to many people, and it is true that many secret societies are not merely harmless, but beneficial. Yet, in order that the worthy associations should not be confounded with the objectionable, it is at least desirable that all should be registered with the State authorities and the names of their responsible officers be available for purposes of inquiry. Emphatically this is desirable in the case of an organization like the Ku Klux Klan, founded originally as an instrument of terrorism, and lately revived in an effort to foster race and religious animosity and to throw the influence of its secretly banded members on this or that side of a political issue. We are not permitted to know when and why the Klan's influence is thus exerted, and in such a

Kirby in the New York World



THE HOODED COBRA

situation fair discussion is impossible. Just lately, for instance, one newspaper correspondent remarked:

One of the surprises of this year's election was the success of a candidate for Governor of Oregon, with Ku Klux support, and the adoption by the voters of that State of a law designed to do away with all private schools and all parochial schools at which a feature of the teaching is instruction in religious matters.

It may be that the Ku Klux Klan was influential in the election of a Governor in Oregon and in the adoption of the school law—and it may not; how can we tell what an oath-bound society has done? The same thing applies to the election of Senator Mayfield in Texas, "said to be" due to Klan efforts. We don't want "said to be" in American political life, we want open politics as well as open diplomacy.

When the present Klan revival was new, there were several acts of violence charged against local Klans. The National officers of the Klan in one or two

instances expelled the local chapter; in other cases the Klan was declared to be wrongly accused. Thus was exposed instantly one danger attached to those who ride by night "to do justice to wrong-doers;" others may imitate them from evil and personal motives. The Klan saw the light; and it is fair to say that this sort of lynching *à la masquerade* seems to have ceased. There remains to the mystery-loving "joiners" the oddly mingled delight of mask, gown, and torch, with the joy of alliteration, and the inconsistent pleasure of seeing in newspapers flashlight photographs of their midnight ceremonies.

THE CASE OF THE MILLIONAIRE COMMUNIST

WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD made a speech in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in January, 1919, in which he advocated what he called "revolutionary preparedness." It was in order to enable those who wanted a change in government or in social order, not merely to advocate

effectively their ideas, but to put them in force by violence. In the course of his speech Mr. Lloyd said:

We want to organize so if you want to put a piece of propaganda in the hands of everybody in Milwaukee you can do it in three or four hours. If you want every Socialist in Milwaukee at a certain place at a certain time with a rifle in his hand or a bad egg, he will be there. We want a mobilization plan and an organization for the revolution. You want to get rifles, machine guns, field artillery, and the ammunition for it; you want to get dynamite. . . . You want to tell off the men who are to take the dynamite to the armory doors and blow them in and capture the guns and ammunition there so that the capitalists won't have any. Dynamite the doors of the banks to get the money to finance the revolution.

This man, the son of Henry D. Lloyd, the late economist and reformer, and thirty-eight others were indicted for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the present form of government in America by violence, and to that end unlawfully and wickedly and feloniously to engage in various forms of propaganda, including selling and distributing books, aiding in the organization of the Communist Labor Party, assembling in meetings, and raising flags and banners and other insignia.

The indictment was in twelve counts and was brought under the law of the State of Illinois which makes such offenses punishable by imprisonment. That law was passed on June 28, 1919—a few days more than five months after Lloyd's speech from which we have quoted. Of course neither he nor his fellow-conspirators were indicted for this speech. They were indicted and twenty of them were arrested, tried, and convicted for acts subsequent to the passing of the law. This speech of Lloyd's, however, together with other words and evidence as to the activities of some of the accused prior to the passage of the law, was introduced as evidence to show the intent of these men in advocating the doctrines that they did advocate after the passing of the law.

The jury was satisfied that the men they convicted were guilty of a conspiracy to overthrow by violence or other unlawful means the representative form of government now secured to American citizens.

Punishment of the convicted was delayed by the elaborate technical objections of their counsel; so it was not until the latter part of November that Lloyd and some of his co-defendants began to serve their prison sentence. Almost immediately Governor Len Small, of Illinois, commuted the sentences and the men were released.

Probably this case would have gained

no such notoriety except for the fact that among those indicted was one man, Lloyd, who is reputed to be a millionaire, and another, John Reed, a Harvard graduate, who after the indictment died in Russia and is accounted as a hero by the Bolsheviks.

LEGALITY AND EXPEDIENCY

THAT these men were legally convicted there can be no doubt. Every imaginable technical objection, as well as every effort which to a non-legal mind would seem reasonable, was employed by the counsel of the accused to prevent conviction. A reading of the case might suggest to a satirist a subject for an operetta as pertinent to the complexities of the law as Gilbert's "Pinafore" was pertinent to the official red tape of the British navy. Into these technical objections it is not necessary to go. It is sufficient to say that they were for the most part overruled by the trial Court and rendered unavailing by the Supreme Court of Illinois on appeal. The counsel for the accused petitioned the United States Supreme Court to act in the case, but Justice Sutherland refused a writ of error on the ground that the matter was one for the Illinois Supreme Court to handle.

From the decision of the State Supreme Court one of the justices of that Court dissented on the ground that the so-called Overthrow Statute, which these men were convicted of violating, was "so vague and general and so clearly against the American doctrine of freedom of speech as to be held unconstitutional." In reaching this decision he was not swayed merely by Constitutional considerations, for he acknowledged that one question about which he was exercised was whether drastic penalty for these men was "the best way, from a public standpoint, to counteract the tendency of their views."

It was evidently because of doubt as to the justice and expediency of the law against the advocacy of violence that Governor Small released the prisoners. At any rate, in releasing them he said: "These men are not criminals." And he added that they had already suffered severely and that no great good could come from longer incarceration.

Very possibly in England these men would not have been imprisoned, or even tried. The length to which violent speech can go with impunity in that country often astonishes Americans. Conditions there, however, are not parallel to those here. National security in Great Britain does not rest upon loyalty to any theory of government; it rests upon the traditions of the British people. In this country loyalty is not to a tradition, but to an ideal, and to destroy that

loyalty is to destroy the substance of the Nation itself. To put a man like William Bross Lloyd in prison may not be the best way to safeguard the institutions which he attacks (and which, most illogically, he appeals to for refuge when he is caught trying to destroy them); but the instinct which frames laws against the activities of such foolish and reckless men is a sound instinct. Free governments have the right to protect themselves. The Lusk Law in New York, which puts all schools and school-teachers under the burden of proving their loyalty, is an unwise if not unjust method of exercising that right; the Overthrow Statute of Illinois is not in the same category with the Lusk Law, and is much more defensible, but we are not convinced that the Overthrow Statute is in every respect a wise method. There are some objects which can best be obtained, not by repression, but by patient and wise education.

AN INTOLERABLE FILIBUSTER

BY employing obstructive tactics a minority in the Senate has forced the majority to withdraw from consideration, and from any practical chance of passage, the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill.

We are not greatly concerned over the failure of the Anti-Lynching Bill to become a law. Even at best it would have been an experiment. We believe it is an experiment that ought to have been tried. It is a reproach to the whole American people that lynching, with the connivance of officers of the law, can continue in this country without any action on the part of the Nation itself. If the States which have tolerated lynching in the past will eradicate it without Federal action, so much the better. But they have not eradicated it. Perhaps some better measure than the Dyer Bill can be devised. Perhaps it is necessary to wait until indignation against the lynching evil becomes so overwhelming that no reasonable doubt about National legislation can remain.

What does give us concern, and we believe should give all American citizens concern, however, is that a minority in the Senate can with impunity dictate to the Senate by means of such a filibuster as was employed by the Democrats with the approval of so conservative a leader as Senator Underwood. What the Democrats did was to interpose a practically endless series of frivolous motions. One motion, for instance, was to insert the chaplain's prayer. Another was to insert in the journal the time at which the President *pro tempore* of the Senate gave up the chair to Vice-President Coolidge. Another method was to insist upon the reading of the journal in full. Motions of this sort, which were frankly

THESE DOMESTIC AND PARTICULAR BROILS

(King Lear, Act V, Scene 1)

Perry in the Portland Morning Oregonian



IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE TO HIS HEAD

From Grace E. Cooper, Corvallis, Oregon

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



THE NOVEMBER STORM

From J. Fleming, St. Louis, Missouri

*Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service
(Geneva Daily Times)*



WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW MILES MAKE!

From Mary H. Dox, Geneva, New York

Perry in the Portland (Oregon) Morning Oregonian



HIGH TIME

From Joseph P. Montag, Portland, Oregon

and obviously dilatory, were permitted. This sort of thing is outrageous. No legislative body ought to allow itself to be tied up by technical rules which can be employed for the prevention of the very purposes for which that legislative body exists—the consideration and discussion of legislative measures and action upon them.

HOW LONG?

FROM New York was drawn one-tenth of the A. E. F. Yet four years after the war not a single new Governmental hospital has been completed within the boundaries of New York State.

The Government was offered a free site for a tuberculosis hospital at Liberty, New York, a town which is equipped by climate and experience to care for patients in the best possible way. The Government refused this offer and proceeded to purchase a site for a hospital on the shores of the Hudson River at a cost of, we are told, \$100,000. After the expenditure of many thousands in the building of foundations, the work on this hospital has been stopped. No one seems to know whether the work has been permanently abandoned or not. Letters to Washington result merely in arousing to renewed vigor the well-known bureaucratic game of "passing the buck."

We cite this case of the New York hospital merely because it seems typical of the whole method by which the problem of the veteran has been handled. If the Administration is wise, it will bend its utmost efforts to end the régime of broken promises, procrastination, and ineptitude which has marked the activity of the Veterans Bureau. If the Republican leaders are not convinced that the situation should be cleaned up for humanitarian reasons, they should at least show that they are aware of the fact that the hospital situation is full of political dynamite.

A WOMAN JUDGE OF OHIO'S SUPREME COURT

ONE of the notable incidents of the recent election was the choice of Florence E. Allen as a Judge of the Ohio State Supreme Court. Judge Allen is the first woman to receive that honor in Ohio, and, so far as we know, is the first woman Supreme Court judge in any of the States. A well-informed correspondent sends us the following sketch of Judge Allen's career: "She was born in Salt Lake City, graduated from the Western Reserve University, and received her law degree from the New York University Law School; practiced law in Cleveland for five years, was ap-



Keystone

FLORENCE E. ALLEN, ELECTED JUDGE OF
THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO

pointed assistant prosecutor, and one year later was elected Common Pleas judge, in which position she has made a record for common sense, justice, and efficiency. Judge Allen did not enter the primaries, but was placed on the judicial ballot by petition as an independent candidate after Democrats and Republicans had nominated two candidates each."

In an article in the New York "Times" we are told that undoubtedly Judge Allen is the first woman judge to preside on the bench in a case of murder in the first degree and to sentence a man to the electric chair, the only death sentence pronounced in Cleveland for thirteen years. Another important and peculiar case tried before her, it is stated, was that of William H. McGannon, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Cleveland. Judge McGannon was tried for murder, acquitted, and then indicted on the charge of suborning perjury in the evidence at the first trial. He was tried for perjury before Judge Allen, toward whom he was so contemptuous during the trial that he was repeatedly reprimanded by the Judge. He was ultimately convicted, and was sentenced by Judge Allen to ten years' imprisonment, with the remark that the law applied even more to judges than to other citizens, as judges were familiar with it.

In a statement made since her election Judge Allen says: "We conducted a campaign with very limited funds, without organization, and with the definite opposition of the two political parties. The issue of my election was not important; but the fact that 490,000 voters disregarded party lines and gave us

their support marks a real advance toward an independent judiciary."

An Ohio jurist and lawyer of distinction in a private letter to a member of The Outlook's staff indicates some regret that Judge Allen should be removed from the Common Pleas Court because there is great difficulty in obtaining judges of the right qualifications for that bench and Judge Allen has there made an excellent judge and one of ability and dignity. He gives his personal impression that Judge Allen was elected to the Supreme Court rather because she was a woman than because her special qualification for this position was greater than that of her opponent, Judge Hough, but admits that others might differ as to this.

THE FREEDOM OF THE STRAITS

THE Lausanne Conference reached a critical point in its discussions when on December 4 Mr. Tchitcherin for Russia outlined the Soviet position as regards the straits of the Dardanelles and the control or freedom from control of the waters to the east, including the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea. The Turkish delegates declined on that day to state their position, and thus the matter stands as this issue of The Outlook is going to press. It seems to be an open question whether the Turks will concur completely in the Russian views or whether Turkey is beginning to be a little distrustful of Russia, perhaps a little more receptive to the ideas of the Allies as to the Straits, and may therefore show a disposition to reason and a peaceful agreement.

In all this discussion we constantly hear the phrase, "The freedom of the Straits." What does it mean? Turkey, Russia, and the Allies all agree that there should be freedom of commerce through the Straits and the waters to the eastward. Turkey has claimed, and Russia now claims in behalf of what the Soviet considers Russia's interests as well as Turkey's, that Turkey should be treated as an independent, free, and equal nation and assumes from this that Turkey should have a right to fortify any part of Turkish territory, including that adjacent to the Straits. This would mean that no warship of the Allies could pass through the Straits in peace or in war without the specific consent of the Turkish Government, and this in turn means that, in case of serious trouble in the Near East, Great Britain, France, and Italy would be halted at the Straits just as the British navy and army were halted in the Great War.

Now there is a plausible and apparently logical argument for the view just stated. If Turkey, or, for that matter,

Russia, had a trustworthy, representative government; if either nation were now a good neighbor to the nations of western Europe; if the Turks were not muttering about the exclusion of all Christians from their territory, and practically demanding with Russia's aid to control the business and the international relations of the entire Near East—in such a case the claim might be considered reasonable.

What Russia demands is not freedom of the Straits, but unbridled power for Turkey, or Turkey and Russia combined. Great Britain has controlled the Straits of Gibraltar for over two hundred years, and she has never used that control to oppress other nations. Could Turkey be trusted in the same way as regards the straits of the Dardanelles? The Allies do not think so; the only question is, how far they are willing to go to prevent what would be a menace to their interests in the Near East and to the peace of Europe.

Mr. Tchitcherin, in his speech of December 4, demanded for Russia an absolutely closed waterway to warships, and in support of his demand stated, the despatches say, that Russia had suffered five years from an open waterway, during which time her Black Sea ports were bombarded and insurrections assisted in consequence, and that Russia could not and would not permit in the future England's hand to be at her throat. Furthermore, in answer to the British representative, Lord Curzon, Tchitcherin asked whether England "was at the table as arbiter of the world's destinies." Russia, he said, demanded that she be recognized as one of the great Powers, in complete equality with England, and did not recognize England as arbiter.

One hopeful sign for the Allies' contention is that Rumania and Bulgaria are adverse to the position which has, up to the date mentioned, been maintained by Turkey and Russia in regard to the Black Sea. Rumania and Bulgaria are opposed to militarizing the Black Sea and in favor of every possible extension there of the freedom of commerce.

The attitude of the Turks toward the peoples of western Europe is shown in their treatment of Christians in territory claimed by Turkey. The newspaper despatches say that the Turks have ordered out of their territory every Greek now living in it; that this, if completely carried out, will result in the banishment from Turkish territory of nearly two million Greeks since the beginning of the war; that between five hundred thousand and six hundred thousand Greeks now in Asia Minor were ordered to get out by November 30, and

that when this order was extended so as to date December 15 Ismet Pasha said that if Greeks stayed after that date he could not be responsible for their safety—which, coming from a Turk as regards Greeks, is practically a threat of wholesale slaughter. The Turks even asked that the three hundred thousand Greeks in Constantinople should be compelled to move, but they may reconsider that demand.

All this, taken in connection with the wholesale migration of Greeks and other Christians from Western Thrace, has flooded nearby regions with great masses of people, mostly poor, many of them in distress and without any apparent economic future.

A country which will do this is not one to be treated as an equal by the great nations of western Europe.

THE VENGEANCE OF GREECE

THE high political and military positions of the six men executed on November 28 in Athens, the inhumane circumstances of at least one of the executions, and the fact that the men were condemned by a court martial instead of a civil court stirred and startled readers the world over. Three of these men had been Premier (Gounaris, Protopapadakis, and Stratos), two others had been Cabinet Ministers (Theotokis and Baltazis), and the sixth, General Hadjaneftis, was in command of the Greek army so disgracefully routed by Kemal. Gounaris was seriously ill when condemned; he was taken in an ambulance to the scene of execution and there was put upon his feet and shot, together with the other five.

Essentially, these executions were an act of vengeance. They represented anger and shame endured by the people and army of Greece for being led into a trap. So far as the political culprits were concerned it is charged that they led Greece into this trap, not to restore peace or to defend Greece, but to save themselves from political downfall. Gou-

naris, whose illness made his execution so revolting, was perhaps the worst offender, for it was he who, more than any other man, was responsible for the driving out of Venizelos, the restoration of Constantine, and even for the vacillating, treacherous conduct of Greek policy which so long delayed the country from joining the Allies in the Great War. His fellow-Ministers who were shot were sharers in this tortuous and base political conduct.

For a time it seemed more than probable that Prince Andrew, a brother of ex-King Constantine, would share the fate of these six men. He was saved from death and allowed to go into exile only because of his humiliating plea that as a general he was a mere figure-head, knew practically nothing of military affairs, and did what he was told.

The Greek Revolutionary Committee, which ordered the courts martial and the executions, is now the only existing government of any real power in Athens. Great Britain promptly showed its disapproval of the bloodthirsty character of the act by breaking off diplomatic relations through the withdrawal of its Minister from Athens. It is intimated in London that it is expected that the Revolutionary Committee will soon give way to a more responsible government and that relations may then be resumed. The executions were denounced fiercely in the British Parliament. The new Labor leader, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, is quoted as saying: "The executions represent acts that must shock the whole world. If these men were guilty of acts that would justify such punishment, the highest, most deliberate formalities should have been observed before the sentences were carried out." The Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, said that the Greek Government had been previously warned that if the men were executed Great Britain would withdraw its representative. When this was done, he declared that "in taking this action his Majesty's Government was actuated by the general consideration that it is contrary to the practice of civilized governments to put to death outgoing Ministers on account of the failure of their policy."

Of course it was something more than failure of a policy that these men were charged with; but the trial and executions smack more of the Middle Ages than of the Twentieth Century.

TWO POETS DIE

THE world of letters is the poorer by the death of Alice Meynell and of Josephine Preston Peabody.

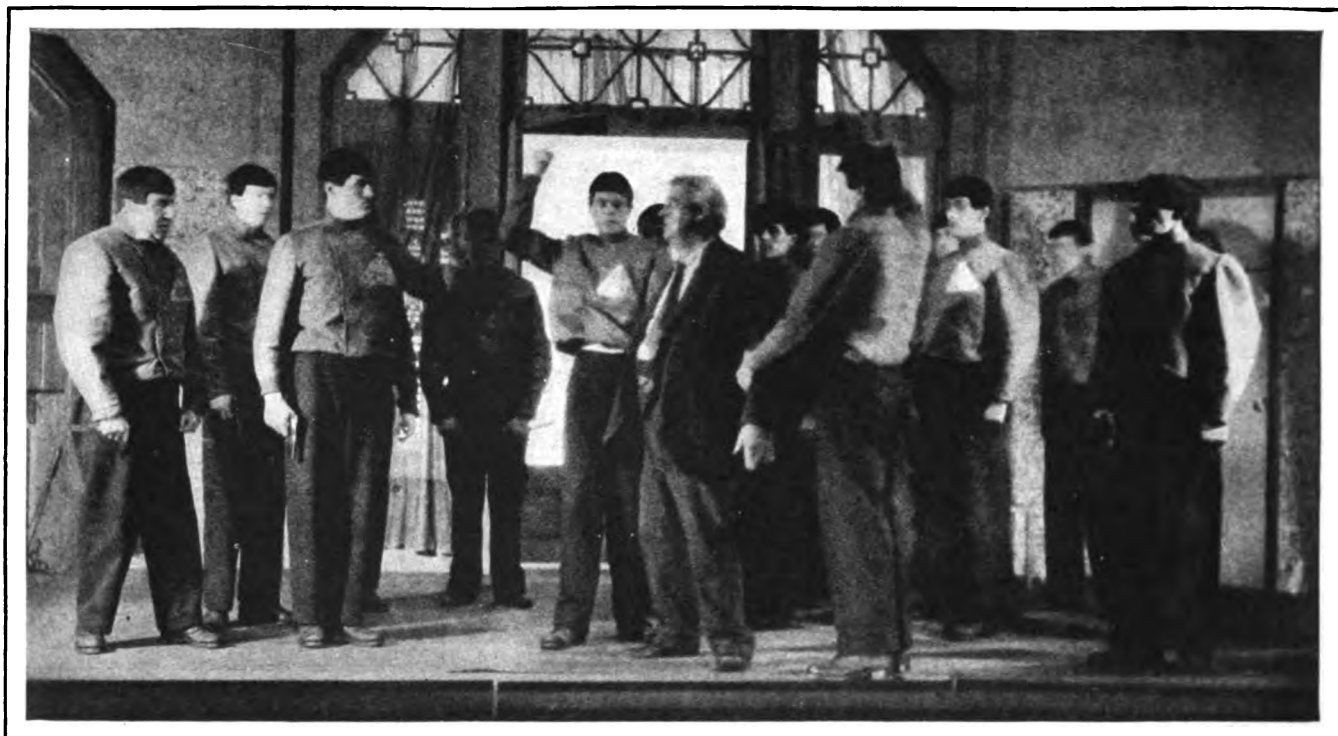
Alice Meynell and her husband, Wilfred Meynell, laid the world under a

The First of

MR. W. J. HENDERSON'S

articles on the enjoyment of music will be published before the end of the year. It is entitled

"WHAT IS GOOD PIANO-PLAYING?"



Photograph by Francis Brugulere

A SCENE IN "R.U.R.," A THEATER GUILD PRODUCTION NOW PLAYING AT THE FRAZEE THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

The Robots have wiped out mankind with the exception of Louis Calvert, who they believed possessed the secret of manufacturing Robots. They spared his life in the hope that he might be able to teach them how to perpetuate their kind

large debt by their discovery and protection of one of the truest poets of the last century. The friendship which the Meynells gave to Francis Thompson was one of the most fruitful gifts which the history of letters records.

Guests who entered the Meynell home in Portman Square for the first time soon discerned that fundamental beauty of Mrs. Meynell's character which made such a gift possible. There are many people who can give things; there are few who can give of themselves abundantly and understandingly.

To sit at the Meynell table, to see in the flesh the children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, of whom Francis Thompson sang, was an experience worth crossing the ocean for. Mrs. Meynell of course will be remembered, not only for her personality, her hospitality, and her friendship with Francis Thompson, but also for a slender body of authentic poetry. Her work was instinct with faith in beauty and faith in humanity.

In the same week in which Mrs. Meynell died America lost a younger writer of high accomplishment. Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks) gave to the American stage its most successful poetic drama. "The Piper" won the Stratford-on-Avon prize in 1910 and was successfully produced both in London and New York. Its New York

production was perhaps the greatest achievement of the ambitious National Theater.

She will be remembered, however, for more than this one successful play. Two of her earlier volumes, "The Singing Leaves" and the "Book of the Little Past," should be found in every library. Her last work, a drama of high literary distinction, was published just a few months ago. It is called "Portrait of Mrs. W." It is yet to receive the test of stage presentation.

THREE PLAYS

THE Theater Guild opened its season with one of the most striking plays recently produced in New York—"R. U. R.," a drama from Czechoslovakia, by Capek. Its title stands for Rossum's Universal Robots, a chemically produced race of servants and laborers, created by Rossum and his successors with the purpose of eliminating the curse of Adam from the human race. These curious creatures, resembling men and women in almost everything but the power of emotional experience, are shipped out from the factory in thousands. They work, fight, and die for their masters in stolid submission. It is only when the sentimental wife of the factory manager persuades the chief chemist to labor to give these manikins souls that the Robots revolt. Led by a few of the

super-manikins, they succeed in exterminating the human race save for a single man.

The play, as its plot would indicate, is melodramatic in character, but it is a melodrama shot through with flashes of brilliant satire. The play is produced in a manner fully up to the best Theater Guild tradition. It is now playing at the Frazee Theater.

For its second play the Theater Guild produced a drama of personality by A. A. Milne called "The Lucky One." It deals with the jealousies of two brothers. In the hands of Galsworthy the theme might have been interesting. Mr. Milne, however, does not treat it even with his usual deftness of dramatic technique. The first act is all exposition, and so much happens off stage between the first and the second acts that half of the latter is also used up in explaining the situation.

Very much more skillfully handled is Mr. Milne's "The Romantic Age," now playing at the Comedy Theater. The play is clean and sweet, yet not too sweet to limit its appeal to matinee audiences of schoolgirls. The heroine, played by Miss Margalo Gillmore, searches longingly for a fairy prince. She finds him, but not exactly in the form which she expects. The dénouement of the play is the thing that saves it from treaciness.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE A YEAR AFTER

SCENE—*Anywhere in the United States.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN and a PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Public-Spirited Citizen—There ought to be a "blue sky law" against you fellows.

Press Correspondent—What have I done now?

P. S. C.—It's not what you've done now, but what you did a year ago.

P. C.—A year ago? That was when I was in Washington.

P. S. C.—Exactly. That was when you were boosting the stock of the Washington Conference on Disarmament. Now see what's become of the concern. Bankrupt!

P. C.—I deny both allegations. There wasn't any Conference on Disarmament; and it isn't bankrupt.

P. S. C.—No Conference on Disarmament? Tell that to the Marines. And, as for its being bankrupt, just look at any newspaper. Instead of scrapping battleships by the wholesale, the big naval Powers are standing pat. Here's a headline for you: "British Stop Junking Ships Under Treaty. Will Disregard Washington Pact Until France and Italy Sign, Commons Told." Here's another: "British Call Halt in Ship Scrapping. Washington Says No U. S. Vessel Will Be Scrapped Until Treaty Is Effective." And you don't need to be told that France is holding up the naval treaty and is showing no intention of ratifying it. So there you are. That whole grand Conference of yours gone to wreck. Instead of scrapping battleships they've scrapped the treaty. When a fellow gets caught promoting a get-rich-quick scheme, he's lucky if he keeps out of jail. I think you're lucky to be at large after promoting this get-peace-quick scheme. Anyway, you can't fool me again.

P. C.—I suppose I oughtn't to be surprised; but I am. How long did that Conference last, do you remember?

P. S. C.—A couple of months or so.

P. C.—Yes; almost exactly three. And you read a good deal about it?

P. S. C.—Oh, yes; till I was tired of it.

P. C.—And that's the impression you got—a Conference on Disarmament which resulted in a treaty for scrapping the big navies of the world. And you are an especially intelligent representative of the Intelligent Public. It can't be your fault that you got that idea. It must be ours, whose duty it was to tell

you about it. Naturally, with that impression of the Conference you think it has proved a failure. Certainly there hasn't been any disarmament, and the big navies are as big as ever. That, however, doesn't show that the Conference was a failure; because it wasn't a Conference on Disarmament and there wasn't any proposal to scrap or even reduce a single navy. It wasn't chiefly a Conference about navies at all.

P. S. C.—What's the joke?

P. C.—No joke about it. That's the time I expected you to be surprised; and that is just where most of us press correspondents failed in our job. Naturally, naval men think of it as chiefly a naval conference because it did affect the Navy. Even so good a naval officer as Captain Dudley W. Knox (Retired) says of the Conference: "America's great experiment of trying by example to bring about general reduction of naval armaments and cessation of competitive naval building appears to have failed." So perhaps it is not surprising that you, a civilian, should have a somewhat similar impression—except for the fact that you are a civilian. The Washington Conference, in fact, has already proved to be a huge success. Even from the naval point of view it is far from being a failure. Have you patience to let me try to explain?

P. S. C.—Shoot!

P. C.—Thank you—not only for your permission, but for anticipating my thought. I was about to speak of shooting. If you aim at a target and hit it, you succeed; but if a sympathetic bystander thinks you are aiming at something else, he will be disappointed. Your very success will be his disappointment. That is what happened at the Conference a year ago. A good many bystanders—you among them—thought that the Conference was aiming at disarmament and missed. In fact, it was aiming not at disarmament at all; but at two other things, and hit them both.

One thing it aimed at and hit was the limitation of naval armament.

It was not trying to destroy existing ships; it was trying to stop the building of new ones.

And it succeeded.

There were three great naval Powers racing with one another—America, Great Britain, and Japan—each trying to see how big and powerful a navy it could have in comparison with the other two. On November 12, 1921, America said to the other two: "Let us stop this race now—where we are—to-day. If we do, we shall each of us retain just as powerful a battle fleet as we have on this day, and no more. That requires some

figuring. Some of us have battleships or battle-cruisers partly built. Those will have to be figured into the total strength. Some of these partly finished vessels will have to be scrapped, and some of the old ones that are of no special use ought to be scrapped so as to make everything square. But the main thing is for each of us to stop trying to outbuild the others, and to stop now." After Great Britain and Japan had looked over America's figures, they found them substantially correct, and agreed to stop the naval race. And they have stopped it. They have all three scrapped some, if not most, of their old ships. They haven't yet scrapped their new construction, because the treaty hasn't yet been ratified by France and Italy, and until it has been the scrapping of new construction would be without any authority of law. But every one of the three has stopped the naval ship-building race. That is what I call success. This is one thing that the Conference aimed at and hit.

It is true that France has not ratified the treaty, and therefore the treaty is not technically in force. But France was not really in the naval race. Through no fault of her own, she was so far behind that she was not really a competitor. During the war she was so busy building guns for Americans and others, as well as for French soldiers, to use in resisting the Germans that she had no money or time or energy for building any battleships. And Italy, too, was not a competitor. France and Italy were included in the treaty because they were strong and friendly nations of considerable naval strength, but not because they were in the race, for they weren't.

In the meantime each of the three chief naval Powers has the right to keep its navy up to the strength it had a year ago; and every American should make himself a committee of one to see that the United States does so. I am with Captain Knox and Commander Wygant on that.¹ Each country made a real sacrifice in stopping the naval race; and each country gained enormously also in stopping it. There is no present prospect that any one of them will start it again. That alone is enough to make the Conference a success.

But that is not the most important thing the Conference aimed at.

As I have just said, it was not chiefly a naval conference.

Armament is, after all, something external and material; and limiting armament is negative. The Conference aimed at something mental and moral, and something that was positive as well. And it hit that too. That was its big-

¹ See the opening sentence in Captain Knox's article in this issue of *The Outlook*.

² Commander Wygant's article, as well as Captain Knox's, is in this issue of *The Outlook*.

gest success. You've probably overlooked it entirely.

P. S. C.—I confess I have.

P. C.—You are not to be blamed. Most people easily overlook invisible things.

P. S. C.—That's natural.

P. C.—I suppose so; but it oughtn't to be. And a press correspondent does not do his job well unless he enables people to see the invisible and to understand that it is only the invisible that is really important. Mr. Mark Sullivan is one of the ablest press correspondents in Washington. In some respects he is without an equal. I have known him to make some invisible things quite plain. But at the Washington Conference he seems to have failed to see the most important thing it was aiming at, perhaps because it was invisible. In his book "The Great Adventure at Washington," which records in most interesting fashion the doings of the Conference as he saw them," he writes: "Our minds were intent" (he means his mind was) "upon what we regarded" (that is, what he regarded) "as the great adventure of the Conference, the immense historic effort to agree upon self-imposed limitations on naval armament;" which perhaps is not surprising; but near the end of his book he adds: "The questions of the Far East were not an essential part of that great adventure. They, to a large extent, were a subject apart." That's where Mr. Sullivan missed the invisible.

If every big naval Power understood the rest of the world and was itself understood, had no suspicion of other Powers and was itself unsuspected, regarded its naval power as a means not of aggression but of police protection solely, and entertained no idea of self-aggrandizement at the expense of others, there would be no need of a campaign for limiting naval armaments. What makes big navies dangerous is suspicion, misunderstanding, selfish and shortsighted ambition. The big navies are visible; but the danger lies in what is invisible behind them. And that is where the Far East comes in. That is what made the Far East not "a subject apart" from the Conference, but the

most important and fundamental subject of all.

China and the Pacific Ocean have long been a storm center of international rivalry, a swirl of national ambitions. Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France, Japan, and even some of the smaller countries like Holland and Belgium, have contributed force to the storms in that vast region. In all these storms the chief victim, herself feeble and inert under the control of corrupt military chieftains, has been China. With such storms America at first had very little to do; but it happened that America became increasingly involved in them at the very time when the storms began blowing from the direction of Japan. Without knowing much about Far Eastern affairs, most Americans for several years were growing more and more suspicious of Japanese militarism and aggression; and at the same time the Japanese were becoming more and more unfriendly toward their old friend, America. This situation was not helped at all by the alliance between Japan and Great Britain; it was made very much worse by Japan's seizure of the German leasehold in the Chinese province of Shantung, by her imperious Twenty-one Demands upon China, and by her military occupation of Siberia when she was supposed to be acting as a partner of America in helping, and not subduing, the Russians. Under these circumstances, the talk about limiting naval armaments without removing the cause would have been frivolous. Now what has happened? Japan is out of Siberia. Did you see that in any scare heads in the newspapers?

P. S. C.—No, I missed that.

P. C.—For a very good reason. There weren't any scare heads. But Japan is out, just the same. Did you know that Japan was practically out of Shantung—not merely the port, but even out of the railway zone that runs all the way up into the interior of the province? And did you know that there has been a great internal change in Japanese government by which the old military control of Japan's foreign policies has been weakened and appears to be on the way toward removal altogether?

P. S. C.—To tell the truth, I haven't taken much interest in the internal politics in Japan.

P. C.—This isn't politics merely; it's a change in the spirit and tone of Japan in her relation to other countries. And you must have noticed the change in the feeling of Americans toward Japan. There is no such suspicion as there was a year ago last summer. And it's not Japan only. All the nations that were represented at the Washington Conference are in an entirely different relation

to China and the Far East from that of a year ago. Don't misunderstand me. There is no golden age suddenly come on the world. There is no new world order; but there is all the difference between a condition in which war was threatening and a condition in which war is, to say the least, improbable. It's not merely the treaties that were adopted at the Washington Conference so much as the invisible spirit behind them that has changed the situation.

If the things that have occurred as a result of the Washington Conference had happened as a result of a war, the papers would have been full of them.

P. S. C.—You seem to think it is still a going concern?

P. C.—Yes, sir; with its stock way above par.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

THE SPEAKABLE TURK

MUFTY-ZADE K. ZIA BEY, son of a former Turkish Ambassador and for ten years a resident of the United States, returned to Constantinople after the armistice, taking with him his American bride. As he professes, he "was anxious to show her his country, and in "Speaking of the Turks," just published by Duffield & Co., he seeks to do as much for us all.

Are Christians persecuted there? According to Zia Bey, "at the time of the conquest of Constantinople, Mehemet IV not only recognized the entire freedom of religion of the non-Turkish races, but even exempted them from all duties to the state. When it is realized that these privileges have survived nearly five long centuries, the stories of persecution will be considered as greatly exaggerated as the news of the death of Mark Twain." They are fabricated by missionaries and the Near East Relief, as "a well-managed campaign following an energetic propaganda by which Turks are represented as committing wholesale massacres and atrocities is always sure to bring substantial financial assistance for Armenians and Greeks, and incidentally to secure a longer lease of life to the jobs of all those employed in relief and missionary work."

However, the flow of money is "carefully canalized into Greek and Armenian channels alone. What difference does it make if hundreds of thousands of Turks are dying? We do not ask help. Why do not the foreigners take in their own homes their pet children, their cry-babies, and leave us alone to heal our wounds? Are they afraid that public opinion in their countries will—through direct contact—realize too soon the

¹The Great Adventure at Washington: The Story of the Conference. By Mark Sullivan. Illustrated by Joseph Cummings Chase. Doubleday, Page, & Co., New York. \$2.50.

No other book that I know of gives so coherent and vivid a picture of the Washington Conference as this. Its emphasis on the naval features of the Conference, which renders it defective as an interpretation of the Conference, is one of its virtues as a picture of it. Mr. Sullivan's book is peculiarly free from signs of prejudice. His frankness is never clever or cynical, and therefore his honest judgment is such that even those participants in whom he finds defects may read his comments with interest and profit. He has succeeded admirably, not only in recording his own observations, but in selecting for quotation the comments of other observers. This book is not merely of contemporary interest, but is valuable as a source book for the historian. It is not often that a useful historical document is as readable as this.

E. H. A.

hypocrisy of their pets? . . . An old saying states that it takes one Jew to fool two Christians, one Armenian to fool two Jews, and one Greek to fool two Armenians." In business the Turk claims to have found this true. "As commerce, finance, and industry developed, the non-Turkish elements of the country obtained a solid economic grip and used it in their endeavors to choke the Turks."

Is there polygamy in Turkey? Or slavery? Zia Bey finds neither. Says he:

This is a true narrative of Turkey and the Turks as they really are, so I have to speak the truth even at the risk of shattering many legends. I am bound, therefore, not to fall in line with the traditions established by other writers who never fail to refer to a servant in a Turkish household as being a "slave," and to the ladies of a Turkish family as being "wives." The truth is that slavery was not generally practised in Turkey even before the Civil War in America, and the "wives" referred to by most of the foreign writers either exist only in their imagination or else are the sisters, sisters-in-law, daughters, or cousins of the head of the family which foreign writers innocently or purposely represent as his wives. Of course there might be several wives in the same household—but not the wives of the same man.

Indeed, the status of women in Turkey is now all that any rational feminist could demand, for "the daily contact of Turkish women with the public during the war years resulted of course in tearing down the social walls which had so far secluded them. . . . The emancipation of Turkish women became complete."

Apparently Zia Bey has read "Haremlik," by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown), for, after paying his compliments to "the higher-class Greeks," who, though "not Venizelist enough to don a Greek uniform," maintain "a cunning and insidious propaganda," he remarks:

To obtain the sympathy and the moral support of certain nations which, like America, are imbued with the spirit of fair play, some of their women write sweet articles where the keynote is the loveliness of the Turks individually, their innocence, their dearness, and their romanticism, cunningly interwoven with stories—supposed to be personal experiences—which emphasize in descriptions, if not in words, the ignorance of the Turks, their administrative or business incapacity, how they still practice slavery and polygamy, and how they commit political murder and atrocities. The broad-minded but misinformed public believes in these camouflaged false accusations because of the hypocritical profession of love interwoven with them.

The "broad-minded but misinformed public" should instead read Pierre Loti,

he contends, and "if there is any one whose talent is equal to that of Pierre Loti and has the courage to publish his opinion, he can thoroughly count on all the help, assistance, and gratitude of the whole Turkish race, much maligned in American literature."

Confusedly broad-minded is Zia Bey himself. In his chapter on Robert College he deplores its sectarianism and tells us, "Recognizing the one Almighty God and all his prophets, I never hesitated to go into any church of any denomination and raise my thoughts in prayer."

Coming from a "terrible" Turk, this may seem a bit odd, but are Turks in reality at all terrible? Says Zia Bey:

An American lady—it being her first day in Constantinople and her imagination being full of all the horrid things she had heard about the Turks in America—was rather nervous until she met my wife, who breezed in to greet her in a perfectly American way. Needless to say that a short while after she was laughing with us at the reputation of being "terrible" which the Turks have abroad.

Queer logic this—as queer, almost, as that by which massacres become inventions of the Near East Relief, polygamy and slavery a "legend," the emancipation of Turkish women "complete," and Loti's romances a contribution to knowledge. Throughout "Speaking of the Turks" he proves too much, leaving the impression that he is aware of having his hands full and rather more. One cannot help wondering what was his sensation on again beholding Turkey after ten years' residence in America. Perhaps shame!

HOW HISTORY IS MADE

THE story I have to tell is not of any particular importance except in showing how history is made by the daily newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of modern readers get their sole impressions of political events and political characters from the daily press. They have no means of referring to original documents or state papers. There is a moral here for editors, which, however, I do not propose to draw. I merely wish to relate an incident of editorial misinformation which has come under my own observation. It is as significant, perhaps, as it is amusing.

On September 30 the New York "Times," a responsible and careful newspaper of the first class, published an editorial commenting on the surrender of the notorious Moroccan bandit, Rai-

suli. In the course of its editorial it made this positive statement, which on its face bears all the earmarks of being based on accurate and official knowledge. I have italicized the most important assertion:

President Roosevelt may be said to have introduced the humorous knave [Raisuli] to the American people. Who can fail to remember that droll gesture of Mr. Roosevelt to the Republican party in convention at Chicago, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead"?—a telegram prepared for transmission to the Sultan at Tangier, *but never sent*. It fixed attention upon the Republican Convention, it roused the country. "Just like Teddy!" was the admiring comment.

If the statement were true that President Roosevelt deliberately wrote a telegram, never intending to send it, for the purpose of bamboozling the American people in a Convention which he hoped would nominate him, the fact would automatically assign him to the most contemptible class of pot-house politicians. A friend of mine, holding a responsible official position in one of the most important financial institutions in this country, called my attention to this editorial statement of the "Times" with considerable anxiety. He is an admirer of Roosevelt's achievements and character, but if the statement by the "Times" were a historical fact he felt that it would shake his faith in a great American. I told him that I knew nothing more about the incident than was current in 1904, but that I would see what I could discover.

My first step was to go to George B. Cortelyou, now President of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, and Secretary of Commerce, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt. As a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet I thought he might remember the circumstances under which the Raisuli telegram was written. He did remember, of course, the Raisuli episode, but could not, naturally, speak definitely of dates or details after a lapse of eighteen years. He suggested seeing William Loeb, Jr. Mr. Loeb was Secretary to President Roosevelt from 1903 to 1909; was later Collector of the Port of New York; and is now an executive of the American Smelting and Refining Company. Somewhat later, at a Committee meeting of the Roosevelt National Memorial Association, of which Mr. Loeb and I are both members, I told him of my quest. He recollected the incident very well, and remembered Roosevelt's asking Mr. Hay in his presence to cable to the American Consul at Tangier, "We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." Mr. Loeb added that he always supposed the

cablegram was sent, but it might be conceivable that before it was coded and despatched *Perdicaris* was surrendered. Mr. Loeb further suggested that Mr. Adee, who has been Assistant Secretary of State since 1886, and who is probably as familiar with the historical records of the State Department as any living man, might be able to furnish exact information. In the meantime, at this Committee meeting of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, its Executive Secretary, Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, suggested that the "Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer, would undoubtedly refer to the *Perdicaris* affair. We got a copy of the "Life of Hay" from the Association's library, and found in Volume II, on page 383, the following:

One example of Secretary Hay's success in securing immediate attention to an ultimatum occurred in June, 1904, when an American citizen, Ion H. *Perdicaris*, was seized by *Raisuli*, a Moroccan bandit, and held for a ransom. After much shilly-shallying, and threats by *Raisuli* that he would kill his prisoner unless the money was speedily paid, Hay cabled to Gummeré, the American Consul at Tangier, June 22: "We want *Perdicaris* alive or *Raisuli* dead," adding that "he [Gummeré] was not to commit us about landing marines or seizing custom house."

"June 23. My telegram to Gummeré had an uncalled-for success. It is curious how a concise impropriety hits the public."

"June 24. Gummeré telegraphs that he expects *Perdicaris* to-night."

"June 27. *Perdicaris* wires his thanks."

So speedily did even a brigand, apparently safe in the depths of Morocco, recognize the note of command in the voice from overseas.

What Mr. Hay meant by a "concise impropriety" is probably an allusion to

the very undiplomatic but very delightful and effective language of the phrase, "We want *Perdicaris* alive or *Raisuli* dead."

The proof now seemed pretty complete that the telegram, which the "Times" asserts was never sent, was actually sent. But I wanted to clinch the matter. I therefore wrote to Mr. Adee on November 23, inclosing the "Times" editorial, and saying:

At Mr. Loeb's suggestion, I am writing to you to know whether there are any records to show whether the cablegram was actually despatched or not. Mr. Loeb thinks there is a very remote possibility that before the message was coded and despatched, word may have come in of the return of *Perdicaris*, which made the actual telegraphing of the message unnecessary. I hesitate to add to your burdens, but as a matter of historical accuracy I think these facts may be of some interest.

Apparently the question was considered by Mr. Adee of sufficient importance to refer to the Secretary of State, for on November 29 Mr. Hughes himself replied as follows:

"My dear Mr. Abbott:

"I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 23, 1922, enclosing a copy of an editorial article in the New York 'Times' of September 30, in which it is stated that the telegram containing the expression '*Perdicaris* alive or *Raisuli* dead' was prepared but never sent by the Department. You wish to know whether the telegram was actually despatched."

"On June 22, 1904, the following telegram was sent to the American Minister at Tangier, Morocco:

We want *Perdicaris* alive or *Raisuli* dead. Further than this we desire least possible complications with

Morocco or other powers. You will not arrange for landing marines or seizing custom house without specific directions from this Department.

(signed) HAY.

"A paraphrase of this telegram is printed in the 1904 volume of 'Foreign Relations,' page 503.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) CHARLES E. HUGHES."

Perhaps it may seem that a good deal of unnecessary detail is given in the foregoing relation, but each link of the procedure is purposely presented as an indication that even newspapers, when they try to make history, can by a little painstaking get the exact facts. It may be added that the distinguished statesman who presided at the Republican Convention of 1904, when Roosevelt was practically nominated by acclamation, said to me that the "Times" implication that the *Perdicaris* cablegram was written for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm at the Convention is grotesque. He added that not only was it unnecessary for Mr. Roosevelt to write a telegram to arouse enthusiasm in his behalf, but that no telegram from him could possibly have stopped the enthusiasm or hindered his nomination.

Since this article is written in behalf of accuracy, it should be said that if the name of the Moroccan bandit is spelled with an "s" in one place and with a "z" in another, it is not the proof-reader's fault. The State Department and the New International Encyclopedia prefer the former spelling, while Mr. Thayer prefers the latter. The "Times" version of the incident, however, is just as dead as *Raisuli* would have been if he had not heeded President Roosevelt's "droll gesture" in behalf of American rights.

L. F. A.

PIERCE BUTLER, NOMINEE FOR THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM MINNESOTA BY H. A. BELLWS

FOUR or five years ago it is probable that the entire Northwest would have regarded the appointment of Pierce Butler, of St. Paul, to the Supreme Court of the United States with the kind of satisfaction that ordinarily accompanies gratified local pride. It would have felt that in thus recognizing the Northwest's foremost lawyer the President had shown both wisdom in his choice of an able man and good judgment in acknowledging the claims of a part of the country not previously represented in the Nation's highest tribunal.

Even as little as six or eight weeks ago, it seems unlikely that the appointment would have created much active protest. November 7, however, exercised a profound influence in the Northwest, less on the thoughts of men and women than on their readiness to translate these thoughts into action. The victory of La Follette in Wisconsin, the triumph of the once-repudiated Frazier in North Dakota, and, above all, the defeat of Kellogg by Shipstead in Minnesota—these things have sharply intensified the zeal of all the elements in the Northwest opposed to conservatism.

Thus it has come about that the appointment of Pierce Butler was the signal for a double outcry in his own State—an outcry of enthusiastic applause on the part of Republican and Democratic leaders alike and on the part of the State bar and bench generally; an outcry of bitter indignation on the part of those whose votes had just elected Henrik Shipstead to the Senate.

A general Northwestern estimate of Mr. Butler would unquestionably place him in the same category with Senator Kellogg. Both are prominent corporation lawyers in St. Paul, and the agri-

cultural population of the Northwest has little love for corporations, lawyers, or the cities. Minnesota having just voted to unseat Senator Kellogg in favor of a dentist representing the Farmer-Labor party, the feeling in certain quarters regarding Mr. Butler's appointment is only a little less violent than it would have been if President Harding had appointed Senator Kellogg himself to the vacancy.

The opposition has taken specific form in many editorials in the labor press, in protests to Senators, and, above all, in a long letter to Senators Ladd and La Follette from an anonymous professor in the University of Minnesota. This letter charges Mr. Butler with unfitness for a high judicial position on the grounds of violent prejudices, high-handed and domineering methods, and what the critic regards as an excess of devotion to the cause of his clients, sometimes leading him to disregard the ethical if not the legal principles of justice.

Sifted down, these charges amount to this: that Mr. Butler has always been a man of vigorous action, absolutely fearless, and at times relentless in doing what he believed to be right, and that he is an extraordinarily able lawyer. For fifteen years he has been one of the regents of the University of Minnesota, and because he has steadfastly resisted shilly-shallying sentimentality on the one hand and political wire-pulling on the other he has won many enemies through his distinguished service to the State.

Once Mr. Butler has clearly made up his mind as to what ought to be done, he has repeatedly shown an indomitable will in bringing it to pass, and this has naturally created among his enemies a tradition as to his violent prejudices. But his whole career as a regent of the University bears testimony to his in-



Keystone

PIERCE BUTLER, NOMINATED FOR SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

variable willingness to hear all sides of every controversy and his zeal in studying it from every possible angle before making up his mind.

As a lawyer Mr. Butler has done his work well—too well, his opponents argue. He has been a shrewd and zealous advocate; does that fact unfit him for being an impartial and wise judge? Those who make such a claim challenge the whole theory of appointing lawyers to the bench. Mr. Butler's integrity has never been seriously questioned; the objection made by his enemies is simply that he has served his clients too well.

In answer to this, it may be pointed out that some of his most important clients have been the people themselves. Shortly after his admission to the bar he became assistant county attorney for

Ramsey County, in which St. Paul is situated, and two years later, in 1893, he was elected county attorney. In 1909 he was appointed Special Attorney-General for the Government by Attorney-General Wickersham in the prosecution of the bleached flour cases, and again in 1911 in connection with the criminal prosecution of the Chicago meat packers for violation of the Sherman Act. Two years ago he was retained by the Canadian Government as counsel in its proceedings to determine the price to be paid to the Grand Trunk Railroad when its properties were taken over.

On the other side, he was for some years general attorney for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railroad, and from 1913 to 1918 he was counsel for the conference committee of the railways in connection with their physical valuation. Most of his work for the past twenty-four years has been in the general practice of law.

In his own State Republicans and Democrats have united, almost without exception, in commending the appointment. They feel that he has amply proved his ability as a lawyer, and, far more than that, his sound wisdom, his courage, and his high ideals of public service. Nearly every one who knows him personally believes that he can serve the country, as for fifteen years he has served the State University, impartially, fearlessly, and wisely. A great many people throughout the Northwest, however, regard his appointment as a direct blow to those who have just succeeded in electing Frazier and Shipstead to the Senate. They object to him, not for the reasons alleged in most of the published protests, but because, as a St. Paul corporation lawyer, they link his name with that of his fellow-citizen and friend, Frank B. Kellogg.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 1, 1922.

CUNO'S CABINET

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM BARON SERGE A. KORFF

IT is a decidedly new departure for Germany to have Mr. Cuno form his Cabinet of non-partisan Ministers. Perhaps it is also a departure from the classical forms of parliamentarism. The Cabinet of Wirth was still composed on the old lines; the parties of the majority selected their representatives to make up the Government, and, as so often happens with parliamentary coalitions, they were able to keep the power in their hands for only a short period. The position of Wirth was made a trifle stronger than he really deserved only on account of Germany's international plight. The break-up, however deferred, had finally to come. Neither Wirth nor his colleagues could hold the parties together any more.

The reason is easy to find. Germany is living through a severe internal

crisis. Her social structure, put out of joint by the war, is being readjusted and reshaped, and mostly at the expense of the middle classes. The war, the painful peace that followed, recent profiteering, the fabulous drop of the mark, all that tended to produce new social elements, and this in turn increased the social struggle, intensifying the claims of the two extremes; the monarchists assiduously work for restoration and possibly vengeance, the Socialists had to revise their own programme according to the new conditions and digest the disappointment of the Russian experiment. In this last respect one can notice great progress made by the Socialist leaders of Germany, which brought about the remarkable reunion of the Socialist factions; the extreme radical elements have realized their

mistaken position, built exclusively on the hopes of being able some day to follow the example of Lenin; they have come back into the fold of their former companions-in-arms, the majority Socialists. This in turn increased enormously the power of the latter, and a clash with the *bourgeois* parties became inevitable, upsetting the weak Cabinet of Wirth.

Under these circumstances, nothing was left for President Ebert but to call in an outsider, some person who would be free from party allegiance and who would be able to form and run a government on non-partisan lines, a so-called "business" Cabinet. This promised a little more stability and it promised a better chance for tiding Germany over the crisis.

Cuno's position will be nevertheless an

extremely difficult one; he won't have many friends anywhere; he will be harassed by enemies and opponents from all sides, and probably deluged by all sorts of foolish criticism. Yet he has a good chance. He is himself a moderate business man, sufficiently experienced and cool-headed to attend to the business side of the Government work; the administration of the country will probably run smoothly, conducted on strictly non-partisan lines. This in itself is a great advantage, leaving more time for the Government to concentrate its attention on the main political problems that are now distracting Germany.

There is no doubt, however, that in this last respect Cuno is confronted with a formidable array of difficulties. First, there is the pressing French claim for reparation payments; will Cuno be able to press out of the people the necessary money? Secondly, there comes the problem of the falling mark; will the new Government be able to find means to stop it and, in particular, to curb those



P. & A. Photos

WILLIAM CUNO, THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR, LEAVING THE REICHSTAG IN BERLIN

elements that endeavor to create artificial causes for the further decline of the mark? Thirdly, Germany needs badly to revise her international relations; in this respect Cuno has an easier task; he will have to concentrate his attention on the relations to England and Russia, and a certain co-operation in both cases seems inevitable. And, fourthly, the greatest problem of the day constitutes the internal social struggle and the necessity of finding means to avoid a monarchical restoration, to restrain obstreperous Bavaria, and save the German federal union. Will Cuno succeed in this, his most difficult task? Only the future can tell; the difficulties, no doubt, are in some ways overwhelming and the present outlook rather discouraging, but certainly not hopeless. A satisfactory solution, on which, by the way, the peace of Europe depends very much, will be found only on condition that Cuno proves strong enough and sufficiently tactful. His first steps are quite promising in both respects.

Washington, D. C.

FASCISM IN ITALY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

SOME months ago, during the Cannes Conference, in this excellent Hôtel Suisse, lived one Benito Mussolini. He is now Prime Minister of Italy.

The hotel proprietor, M. Keller, has been telling me about him, as follows: "He has ambition and pride. He will go far. Those who think they see in him only a passing phase will find themselves mistaken. He knows his Italy too well for that. . . I see that he has come out for loyal support for the King. That is good. But he did not impress me as very strong on that side. Perhaps you could hardly expect it from an extreme Socialist."

Benito Mussolini, the son of a blacksmith and Socialist of the Italian Romagna, was born at Doria, in the province of Forlì, about forty years ago, and so from his earliest years he knew that Fiume lay across the Adriatic. He began his work-days as apprentice to a stonemason. In addition to being a stonemason himself, he has been a gardener, a weaver, a railway porter, a violinist, a fencer, a Socialist agitator, an editor, a soldier in the Alpini ranks, and, finally, the founder of the Fascisti.

This party takes its name from the *fascis*, or bundle of rods bound together, borne by or in front of officials of the old Roman Republic and Empire, as symbols of their power in imposing law and order.

Mussolini's early course had been rather in agitation for resistance to law and order. His professions of extreme Socialism, not to say Communism, his publication at Lugano, Switzerland, of an incendiary sheet, "L'Avvenire del Lavoratore" (the Future of the Workingman), and his alleged extra-legal course

earned for him a decree of expulsion. This was the more significant as the Swiss Government has been the most tolerant of any in affording a refuge to extremists of all sorts. From Switzerland Mussolini went to Germany and Austria, and, returning to Italy (1910), founded a weekly paper, "La Lotta di Classe" (Class Conflict).

From these vagabond years it is a relief to turn to Mussolini's more inspiring war record.

That record really began long before Italy entered the war. It dates from Mussolini's meeting in Austria with Cesare Battisti, the Italian patriot and martyr of the Trentino, then under Austrian sovereignty. Mussolini's fiery revolutionary soul now began to be awakened by a new cause—that of Nationalism, pure and simple. He even published a book (1908) about it and the Trentino.

His curiously mingled ideas of Socialism and Nationalism were seen four years later when, in Italy, he fulminated against the Tripolitan war and was imprisoned for it, while in 1914 we find him at the head of the Red Week Revolution in the Romagna, which apparently endangered the throne itself.

Later in the year the World War began. Italy was out of it, but Mussolini did not propose that she should remain out of it. He now founded his third journal, the "Popolo d'Italia," so that he might have a militant organ for combating the propaganda of the powerful Socialist "Avanti," which favored continued Italian neutrality, thus playing into Germany's hands. Mussolini, on the contrary, advocated Italian intervention on the Entente side.

In the war itself he was wounded at Cividale (1916). And when the war ended it found him as violently Nationalist as he had been Socialist before. He had not to wait long for an opportunity to show the fervor of the change which animated him.

The occasion arose in this wise. After the war the extreme Socialists rose to unprecedented power. It finally became so great that in Turin and other industrial centers they actually seized factories and workshops from their lawful proprietors and managers and themselves tried to run those factories and workshops. There could be but one end to this. It almost seemed as if Russia's tragic experiences were going to be reproduced in Italy. A long period of unrest now occurred, and it took the clever Giolitti ultimately to bring the extremists to economic reason.

But, though at the time the world did not realize it, more than economic reason was involved. Despite the brilliant Italian army triumphs at the end of the war, the social revolutionaries, not content with their ghastly disintegrating influence at the time of the Caporetto disaster, now began openly to show, not only indifference to the army, but often contempt and even hostility. If such an attitude could once have been accepted by the Communist Mussolini, it could no longer be accepted by the Nationalist Mussolini. What! was this the attitude that for one moment could be shown towards an army that by its victory at Vittorio Veneto, by the armistice it compelled Austria to sign (four years ago this very day!), had utterly vanquished its foe of centuries, had redeemed what

had too long been *Italia Irredenta*, and had bound together all Italian patriots as never before?

Such an amazing attitude was of course intolerable to these patriots. Mussolini instantly found that it was intolerable to him too. From the moment (1919) when he first observed it, his burning passion for unpatriotic, Communist, revolutionary ideas definitely capitulated before his vision of a patriotic counter-organization. The project gradually took form in his mind. It was to be a great irregular citizen army, to back up the regular army in every way, to be its friend and propagandist, and as well to back up the officers of the civil law by ruthless deeds of violence, if necessary, whenever the administration of those officers seemed weak.

At first Mussolini called his new organization the "Fascio della Vittoria," because he wanted to emphasize the army's victory and to influence respect for that victory. But as circumstances and time went on, and the new organization was itself a long way from victory, he changed its name to "Fascio di Combattimento."

The first meeting was held in a school house and was attended by hardly a hundred persons. Socialist and Communist as he had been, Mussolini had the sense nevertheless now to appeal especially to the middle classes. His instinct proved to be sound, for they received the appeal with fewer misgivings than did the lower classes. Little by little, however, Mussolini captured the imagination of increasing numbers and assured himself of their support. He also found support in a high quarter, for Premier Giolitti himself was delighted to discover some patriotic offset to unpatriotic Bolshevism.

Mussolini organized his followers like an army, and in this availed himself of the services of regular retired officers. He even organized the special services of arms, ambulance, aviation, and supply.

He had of course to contend with the "lunatic fringe" found on the skirts of every reform movement. These lunatic followers often got out of hand. They frequently made punishments worse than the original crimes. Burnings and murders by Communists were avenged by worse burnings and murders by Fascisti. Now and then there came along such a burlesque as yesterday's, when a crowd of Fascisti seized the secretary of a Communist society in Rome, shaved his head bare, painted thereon the green, white, and red of the Italian flag, and paraded him up and down the Corso.

Yet, despite all their self-assumed power and its often criminal exercise, the Fascisti grew until they numbered many hundreds of thousands and enjoyed more than proportionate power. For instance, two years have sufficed to reduce the Italian Bolsheviks, and last summer when the Socialists declared a nation-wide strike in all industries the Fascisti put it down in twenty-four

hours. They thus saved Italy at a critical time.

Dazzled by success, they began to go further. By brute force they deposed lawfully constituted civil authorities from their seats. Whole municipal administrations were then seized, as in Bolzano, Trent Pavia, three weeks ago. They entered the barracks and magazines and helped themselves to arms and ammunition with surprisingly little difficulty—the army had long regarded them with a generally benevolent eye.

Then we heard that they were going to march on Rome. Most persons doubted that they really would. But they did—thousands and thousands of them in black shirts (the emblem of rebellion), flags and banners flying, bands playing.

And when they arrived, lo! all the political parties but theirs had apparently melted away before their display of force, and even the police were noticeable by their absence, while there was the King himself asking the Fascisti chief to form a Cabinet!

Whatever his previous experiences have been, Benito Mussolini has had no experience in governmental administration. This fact, combined with his youth and his career as a revolutionary agitator, filled all law-abiding citizens with grave fears as they witnessed the astounding spectacle of a constitutional monarch handing the reins of government to such a one.

Two things have saved the situation. Victor Emmanuel is wise and courageous to a very remarkable degree, and the new Premier, still in his rebel's black shirt, showed a sudden realization of what the crisis really meant, and instantly acted in accordance with that realization. He had the acumen to see that in order to awaken complete popular confidence his Cabinet must not consist of Fascisti exclusively. Accordingly, he invited, not only some men of other parties, but some very authoritative personages. He actually dared ask Armando Diaz, the head of the army, to become Minister of War, and a great admiral, Thaon di Revel, to become Minister of the Navy. Doubtless acting under royal pressure, these men accepted. To be Minister of Public Instruction he secured Giovanni Gentile, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Rome, and those well informed concerning educational problems in Italy say that a better choice could not have been made. Perhaps the same might be said of Teofilo Rossi, whom I saw and admired at the Genoa Conference, and who now becomes Minister of the Treasury. The Mussolini Cabinet, therefore, though overwhelmingly and in some cases ridiculously Fascist, contains not only representatives from the Democratic, Liberal, Popular (Catholic), and other parties—no Socialists, however!—but, what is much more, contains some men whose names are accepted by many as sufficient pledges for the country's security and welfare.

For the present this is all very well in its way. But what of the future?

What are we to expect from Mussolini's domestic policy when he imprudently and impudently begins by seizing newspaper offices—especially that of the Milan "Corriere della Sera," the paper having deservedly the widest circulation of any in Italy, a paper whose loyalty, broad vision, and moderation have never been doubted?

And what are we to expect from Mussolini's foreign policy if, following that outlined in his own editorials in the "Popolo d'Italia," he acts aggressively against England and France in the Mediterranean? Or against Jugoslavia, as one may gather from his utterances a few days ago that Fiume and Dalmatia should not despair but confidently await their redemption? Yet Mussolini knows as well as any one that Italy by treaty has pledged herself to respect the sovereignty of the Free State of Fiume.

Let us hope that the responsibilities of high office will give Mussolini something more of an "international mind" and, above all, lessen his indifference to constitutional forms of government, so that Bolshevism, which at one time might very well have looked towards him as its potential leader in Italy, will now find in him more than ever a stern foe.

Fascism is unlike the forms of most other revolutionary movements. Certainly in our latter-day history it stands unique. As the new Premier remarked the other day at the Naples Conference of his party: "Fascism is the most interesting, the most original, and the most powerful phenomenon that has appeared in the world since the war."

Interesting? Yes.

Original? Yes.

Powerful? Yes; but will the Mussolini Cabinet last? To this question from me to-day a local banker with interests in Italy replied, "It may last six weeks." Another man declared, "It will last six months."

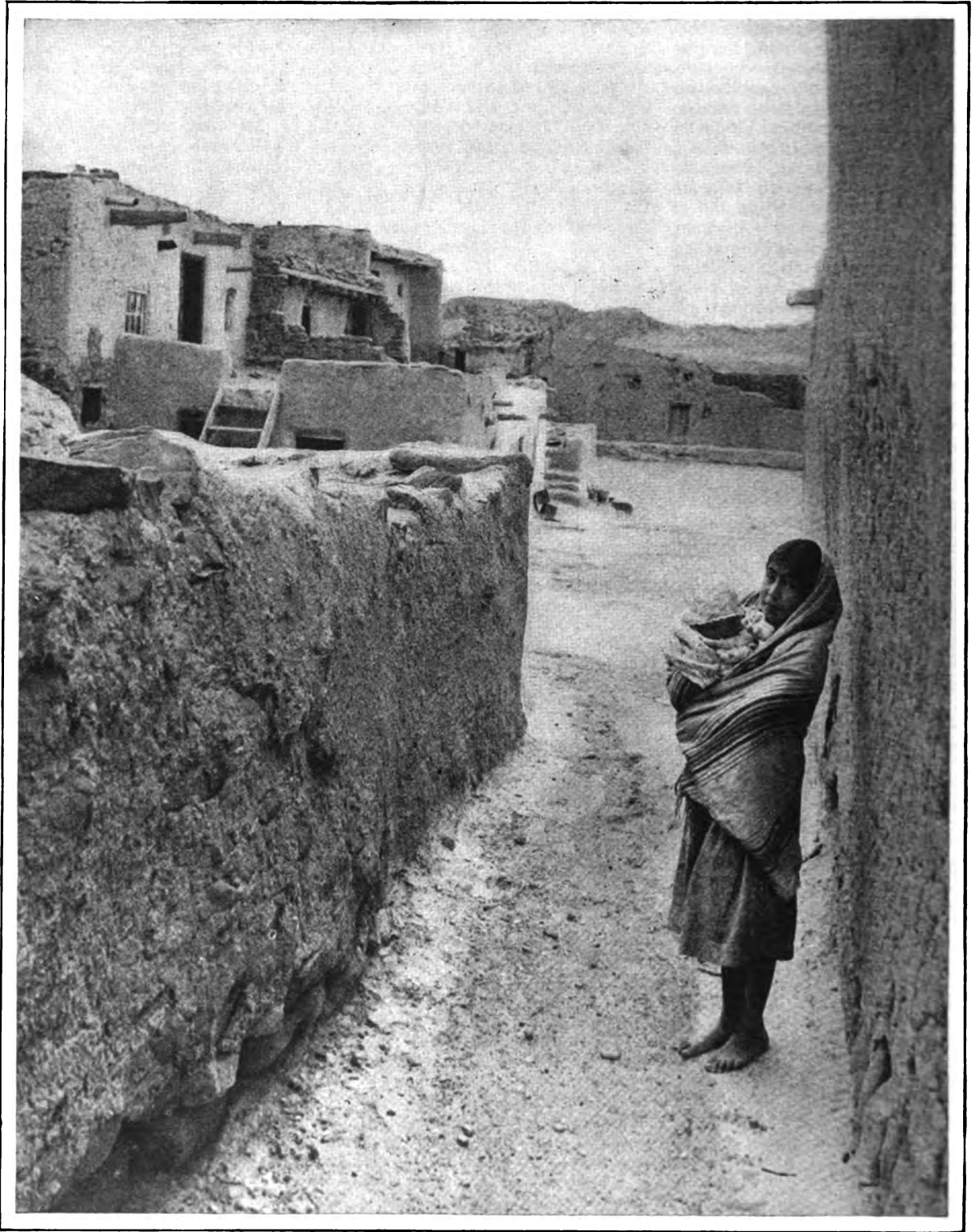
We shall see. Whether weeks or months, may no bloodshed stain its course or mark its administrative transformation into something else!

After all, the Mussolini Cabinet is but the temporary outward sign of an inward strengthening. That strengthening of determination to will and to do must remain, in the opinion of all of us who heartily join with the Italians in the cry of "Viva l'Italia!"

But to obtain this permanent result many Fascisti will have to revise a fundamental misconception; the deeds of a dictatorship imposed by force are not the deeds of a government of all the people established by law. And all Italians may remember that a revolution under the guise of ruthless enforcement of law may lead to as much ultimate tyranny and disintegration as would a revolution merely inspired by the desire for greater freedom.

Cannes, France.

INDIAN LIFE MENACED

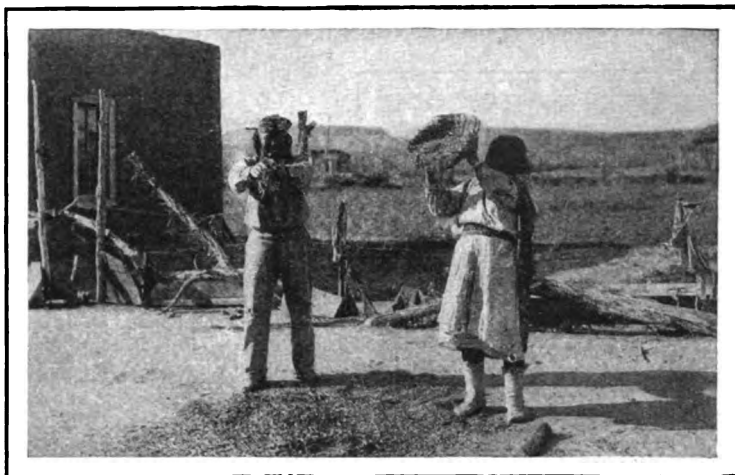


(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

A "LITTLE MOTHER" IN THE LAGUNA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

Last week The Outlook told the story of the Bursum Bill, which menaced the civilization of our Indians in the Southwest. This bill was slipped through the Senate under a misapprehension of its pur-

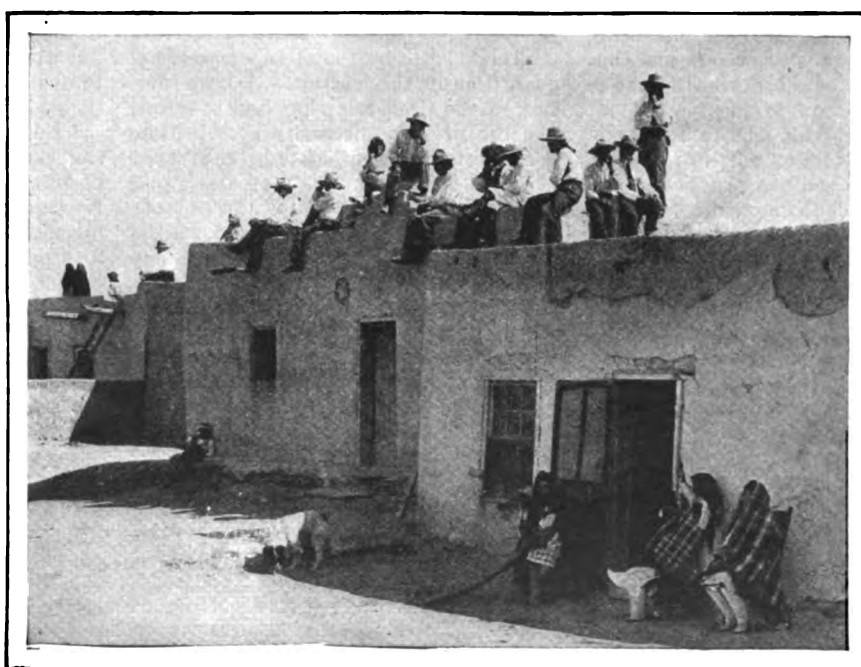
BY THE BURSUM BILL



Courtesy Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation
WINNOWER BEANS IN THE PUEBLO AT ZUNI, NEW MEXICO



Courtesy Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation
ZUNI INDIANS THRESHING WITH MODERN APPLIANCES



(C) Ewing Galloway, New York
HOPI INDIANS AT ISI.ETA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

pose. It has now, we are glad to say, been recalled from the House of Representatives, to which it had been sent, because an aroused public opinion made evident its unjust and oppressive character

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK



A STREET IN KETCHIKAN

TAKE the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, put a few mountains on them, and you have a southeastern Alaska setting. The landscape from Ketchikan to Cape Spencer, and, for that matter, to Resurrection Bay, has no equal in the world for scenic beauty. I have met several world-renowned globe-trotters who have assured me, in no uncertain terms, that the tourist can see more wonderful, matchless scenery of every description in Alaska in a three-week trip than could be seen in a year's world tour.

I want the reader to bear one thing in mind throughout this article, and that is the striking accessibility of the entire southeastern section to the markets of the world. Ketchikan, Alaska, is a trifle over six hundred miles north of Seattle, Washington, and enjoys practically the same climate. The steamships now plying the Alaskan route easily make the trip in two days. The fast Atlantic greyhounds would make it in twenty-four hours.

Southeastern Alaska is composed of numerous islands, heavily timbered with a very thick growth of spruce and hemlock, and in the extreme southern section considerable yellow cedar of excellent quality. This section of the Territory—an empire in itself—is endowed with wonderful harbors and conveniently located waterfalls, sufficient to guarantee cheap hydroelectric power for pulp and paper mills and other manufacturing.

I have, since I returned from Alaska, put the query to men in all walks of life from bank president down to newsboys, and I haven't as yet received an intelligent answer regarding the accessibility of the southeastern empire. The first man I spoke to was the president of one of the largest banks in New York.

When I told him that a thirteen-knot boat reached Ketchikan in two days from Seattle, he nearly fainted. "Why," he blurted out, "I thought Alaska was almost totally inaccessible, and that it was actually situated on top of the world!"

From Ketchikan north to Cape Spencer is about four hundred miles. The principal resources of the territory embraced are pulp timber, fish, and mines of various kinds. That doesn't mean that the resources are restricted to these three elements. Practically every natural resource of the North American Continent will be found in commercial quantities in this section. A large portion of the timber is ripe, and overripe, and the pressing necessity at this time is the establishment of pulp and paper mills to take advantage of the rapid growth. At the same time the number of mills must be restricted, and will be restricted to guarantee a perpetual supply of pulp timber. As near as has been figured out up to the present, the forests of Alaska will furnish two million cords of pulp wood a year for all time, which would amount to more than a third of the total amount of news print paper used in the United States.

There is no section of North America so practically situated for natural reforestation. The rainfall is sufficient to preclude all possibility of forest fires, and the annual growth is tremendous. The forestry laws of Alaska are regulated so as to prevent the cutting of small timber, and, as a natural result, about every fifty years the areas cut over will be entirely reforested. In fact, the cutting of large timber will enhance the growth of young trees.

The Alaskan Forestry Bureau up to May, 1920, was hopelessly tied up with red tape, when the Forestry Service

modified their Alaskan timber regulations, and on January 1, 1921, the Forestry Service established an Alaskan Division, with headquarters at Juneau. Prior to that time the Forestry Service was more or less stifled under endless red tape, due to the fact that the Forestry office in charge was situated in Portland, Oregon. At the present time fully ninety-eight per cent of forestry affairs are handled in Juneau by Charles H. Flory, Forester in charge. He has complete control of cruising, plotting, sales contracts, and is not hampered in his operations by the head office in Washington. Only major details of large contracts are referred to the Washington office, and even in that case the recommendations of the Chief Forester are adhered to. Mr. Flory is one of the most efficient timber men I have met in many a day. He knows his business, is intensely practical, cuts red tape to the bone, and his whole heart and soul are wrapped up in the securing of substantial pulp and paper mills near the great Alaskan water-power projects. There is nothing hazy about his ideas—nothing impractical about the timber development policies he advocates. He realizes, as every one familiar with Alaskan timber resources does, that the southeastern section of our northern empire is the coming Mecca of cheap paper manufacturing. He realizes, at the same time, that every year of delay in securing these mills means a heavy loss, not only to the progress and prosperity of Alaska, but also to the taxpayers of the United States, who would greatly benefit through stumpage sales.

I fully agree with Mr. Flory regarding the accessibility, quantity, and quality of pulp timber covering the islands from Ketchikan to Skagway. There is no place on the American Continent where logging operations can be carried on so cheaply, due to the remarkably short distances from timber to salt water and the proximity of all timbered areas to ample water power.

I spent ten days tramping over part of the timbered area of Admiralty Island, which doesn't contain the best Alaskan pulp timber, by any means. I was amazed at the size and quality of the spruce; trees sound as a bullet and six feet in diameter were not uncommon, and one of the main tracts I looked over contained a large area that would cruise better than one hundred thousand feet to the acre. I found the timber thicker and larger than that of the famous northern Idaho pine belt. One small tract of twelve hundred acres, situated directly on the shores of a natural harbor, contained between forty and fifty million feet of wonderful clean timber averaging about fifty per cent spruce.

and the balance hemlock. Certainly few tracts in the famous northern Idaho timbered areas, or that of northern Wisconsin, Michigan, or Minnesota, originally contained so heavy a stand of timber. To be sure, the Great Lakes and Idaho timber carry "quality" that is not encountered in Alaska, yet for paper manufacturing I do not believe that southeastern Alaska timber can be duplicated, taking into consideration easy logging, a climate permitting all-year operations, extremely cheap stumpage, large quantity, and natural cheap water power. Any doubt as to the success of pulp and paper manufacture could be quickly dispelled by crossing the narrow straits to the British Columbia side, where several large pulp and paper concerns have made a signal success, not only of paper manufacture, but of successfully competing in the world markets. Seattle newspapers, and, in fact, nearly all Pacific coast dailies, are turned out on paper purchased from British Columbia manufacturers, whose supply is identical with southeastern Alaska pulp timber, and carries the same transportation rates. In fact, an official of a British Columbia paper mill assured me that southeastern Alaska was better situated than the district he drew his supply from, from every standpoint.

It is easy for the theorist to howl that transportation eliminates Alaska from the pulp field. Statements of that kind make good copy. The only trouble is that, like all other academic theories, they don't hold water. The success of the great pulp mills on the British Columbia coast silences every argument of pessimistic theorists regarding the practicability of paper manufacture in Alaska.

I don't blame any paper manufacturer for having refused to go into southeastern Alaska under the red tape conditions existing in the Alaska Forestry Bureau up to January 1, 1921. Since that date there has been a small pulp mill established in Alaska. At the present time several large companies are negotiating for substantial areas of timber, with the intention of erecting pulp and paper mills.

During the entire year the Forestry Service has expended every effort to cruise and allocate timber in accordance with requests it has already received for desirable timber tracts.

There is one clause in the timber contract, as stated in my first article, that has proved a stumbling-block, but this clause will, in all probability, be removed shortly. However, there are desirable features in the Forestry rules and regulations that are not only reasonable, but give the operator advantages that he would not have through private purchase. In the first place, when the intended purchaser applies for a tract of pulp timber the Forestry Service picks out a water-power project, and then allocates to the intended purchaser all timber adjacent to



A GOLD-MINING COMPANY'S PLANT AT JUNEAU

the power. He is given a contract for thirty years, with fifteen more years additional, if necessary, to carry out operations. The Government really carries the burden, as the timber does not have to be paid for until ready to cut, relieving operators of tremendous outlays of money for stumpage purposes. This eliminates payment of taxes, and, although the stumpage rates are adjusted every five years, in all probability the increased stumpage will not amount to more than, if as much as, accrued taxes on privately owned timber. It gives a company the opportunity of using all its money for manufacturing purposes instead of having millions tied up in stumpage.

We will take, for example, one of the large tracts that is now being surveyed and advertised. This tract contains two billion feet, and is directly adjacent to a wonderful water-power project, with a natural harbor and excellent mill site. To purchase this amount of timber on outside sale would necessitate an outlay of at least \$2,000,000. As only a nominal deposit is required, the tremendous saving to an operating company is patent, especially when the operator is relieved of the tax burden. No taxes and no stumpage outlay for uncut timber are certainly worthy of the careful consideration of any legitimate concern.

Quite true, there is one clause that does not appeal to American pulp manufacturers. I have talked to many of them. They have frankly assured me that they were greatly interested in Alaska forest products. They were quite satisfied with the Government contract—up to the clause I described in my last article, namely, that the Chief Forester has the sole power to name the new stumpage rate every five years. Quite true, he must base the new price on sales that have actually been made during the five years of other Alaskan timber. This undoubtedly is a protection, but large operators have pointed out that it leaves ground for irritating discrimination, especially if the operating company should have in the meantime in-

curred the prejudice of the Chief Forester for either real or fancied reasons.

Proof of the pudding is generally in the eating. The radical changes in the Forestry policy in Alaska are brought to light when interviewing sawmillers and loggers engaged in the manufacture of lumber in various parts of southeastern Alaska. While the sawmills are small, they have taken care of Alaskan needs, and this year have exported several million feet of timber to foreign markets.

The remarks of the managers and owners of the mills are interesting. They assured me that under the old system, before the Forestry office was established in Juneau, the delays and red tape tied around practically every business transaction were very discouraging. I was assured, however, by every actual operator I talked with in Alaska that under the present system they could ask for no better treatment, and that they really fared as well as if they owned the timber outright. They received co-operation from the Forestry Service that was worth a great deal to them. The red tape had been almost entirely eliminated, and of course from the standpoint of small business, where thousands were invested instead of millions, they were not so deeply concerned over the arbitration clause. The lumbermen frankly declared unstinted admiration for the caliber of the men in the Alaskan Forestry Bureau from a standpoint of judgment, efficiency, promptness, and genuine friendly attitude. However, the most prominent sawmill operator in the Territory told me that if it were possible to arbitrate before a competent board real or fancied discrimination on readjustment stumpage rates there would be a dozen operators in Alaska where there is one now. "So far as I am concerned," he added, "with the present Forester, I would as soon take his judgment as that of any board, but that may not be the case with his successors."

I have talked to several operators since the plan outlined in my first arti-

cle went to press. They have assured me that if there was a cabinet established in Alaska that would act as an arbitration board, where the Chief Forester's adjustment prices could be appealed for adjudication, Alaska in a remarkably short time would find pulp mills on available tracts.

An Alaskan cabinet would act as a board of review, and would guarantee adequate protection against any possible discrimination on the part of a Bureau official. In other words, as I have already pointed out, the cry of autocratic Bureau control would be stilled forever.

Let me again impress the reader with the fact that there will be a perpetual supply of timber in southeastern Alaska, which is not alone due to the heavy rainfall, but to the peculiar nature of the soil where timber is found. "It rains here some, and then some," a prospector assured me, when I inquired about weather conditions; then the grizzled old-timer related the following story, which, in my opinion, was outrageously overdrawn.

A missionary had rounded up the natives around Ketchikan, in the early days, and, after opening up the Sunday meeting, informed his Indian congregation that he would use as his text the story of Noah and the ark. After assuring his hearers that after forty days and nights of rain the earth was flooded, the missionary was interrupted by an old wrinkled Siwash. "Did you say that it rained for forty days and nights, and the whole world was flooded?" inquired the Indian. "That's true," replied the missionary. "Heap big lie," grunted the disgusted redskin. "It's rained here both day and night for forty years and no flood yet."

Southeastern Alaska was first made famous by the Treadwell Gold Mine, which quickly established the reputation of the greatest low-grade gold producer in the world—an enviable reputation held until 1917, when a great cave-in on the shore line of Gastineau Channel flooded the principal operating unit. It is questionable if this mine will ever be pumped out because of the tremendous expense involved in erecting a coffer dam. The flooded mine, although worked for nearly thirty years, still contained enough ore for fifteen years' operations. The Treadwell Company, however, are working several other smaller properties on Gastineau Channel.

Adjacent to this property is the Alaska-Juneau, a mine containing tremendous ore bodies, but, unfortunately, of such low grade that profitable operations have only recently been effected. In bringing this great property into the profit column, a new star has been added to the firmament of the world's great mining engineers, the new star being P. R. Bradley, General Manager of the Alaska-Juneau Mine. Mr. Bradley, during the month of June, 1922, brought the total cost of mining and milling the milling gold-ore product to a fraction over 41 cents per ton. After care-

ful calculations, 3 cents per ton was added to cover all overhead, making a total cost of only 44 cents per ton. This remarkable feat practically cuts in half the cheapest methods of mining formerly known. When I was informed of the June cost sheet of the Alaska-Juneau, I pooh-poohed, as every one else was doing at the time. I had to be shown, and told Mr. Bradley so. "All right," he said; "we will go through the mine tomorrow."

We went through a great tunnel many thousand feet long to the point where the Bradley cave-in stoping system was in operation. We viewed the wonderful electrically operated car system where forty ten-ton-capacity cars were pulled by an eighteen-ton electric locomotive; then back to the mill, where the most modern mining machinery in the world was in operation. As we started through the mill I told Mr. Bradley that his system of operation was wonderful, but it didn't explain a 41-cent mining and milling achievement. "Don't get excited," he replied. "Keep your eyes open." A few minutes later I stood on a platform overlooking a great sorting belt where four men were picking off gold-bearing quartz, and the slate went over into conveyors, and thence to Gastineau Channel. I realized in a flash that I was viewing the "reason" of 41-cent operations. The great Alaska-Gastineau mill had been compelled to close down because the cost of operation exceeded by a few cents a ton the total gold recovery. This failure was attributed to the fact that the Gastineau ran three tons of barren slate through the mill to every ton of gold-bearing quartz. This heavy percentage of slate going through the mill caused a prohibitive cost of operation, and the mill—the largest and most modern in the world—closed down and is now being dismantled. Mr. Bradley's Alaska-Juneau had the same trouble. Due to the stoping systems used, about three-fourths of the rock brought to the mill from the mine was pure slate. For

several months every effort was made to invent a system that would permit a cheap segregation of the slate and quartz. Bradley solved the problem by installing great conveyor belts by which, at a trifling cost, a few men easily sort out one ton of quartz and let three tons of slate go into the channel without going through the crusher. The success achieved by this new method of cheap milling will mean much to the future of low-grade mining in Alaska.

There are several promising mines in the immediate vicinity of Juneau; especially the Ebner Mine, which lies directly northeast of the Alaska-Juneau.

Funter Bay, located on upper Admiralty Island, has every indication of becoming one of the great camps of southeastern Alaska. There are two large properties being developed close to the bay, and these, if proved, will enjoy harbor and cheap milling facilities second to none in Alaska. The Pekovich claims cover an area of twelve hundred acres, containing several large veins of low-grade free milling gold ore, with one small vein of high-grade that is now being shipped. Back on Mount Robert Barron, on the Pekovich, is located an immense vein of copper-nickel-gold ore of fair value. The owner of this property has carried on development work for many years under great difficulty, but at the present time the main tunnel, which is nearly two thousand feet long, is credited with being less than a thousand feet from two large ore bodies. If these ore bodies are tapped, showing equal values of surface ledges, Funter Bay will become a second Gastineau Channel.

Directly opposite the Pekovich mine is a group of claims known as the Nowell-Otteson group. Work has progressed in the development of these claims for the past twenty years. However, it seems that a lifetime effort of the owners will be rewarded in a short time. Recent encouraging developments tend to justify the hope that this property will soon



AN ALASKAN POTATO RANCH



THIS IS THE KIND OF ROAD THAT ALASKA NEEDS—A SAMPLE FROM THE KETCHIKAN DISTRICT

take its place among the gold producers of Alaska.

On the opposite side of Mount Robert Barron lie the Williams and Brown claims, where high-grade prospects are being developed. The greatest high-grade gold mine in Alaska is located on Chichagof Island. This mine, known as the Chichagof, located on Klag Bay, works a crew of 175 men, operates two mills, and is one of the highest dividend payers of the North. Near this wonderful property several other high-grade prospects are being developed. They include the Hirst-Chichagof, the Falcon properties, the Apex group, the Elnide, Brown Bear Gold and Copper group, and the Stag Bay claims. The Pacific Coast Gypsum Company operates a large gypsum mine near Iyoukeen Cove. Large quantities of high-grade gypsum are produced and shipped to Tacoma in barges.

In the Lynn Canal District, across Chatham Strait from Funter Bay, several ledges carrying silver and lead are being prospected on Howard Bay and William Henry Bay. The Alaska-Endicott property has a tunnel of sixteen hundred feet completed, and a mill is now being erected.

In the Hyder District, at the head of Portland Canal, many silver claims are being developed. Activity in this section has been given a tremendous impetus since the discovery of the Premier Mine, a property that is shipping large quantities of very rich silver ore to the Tacoma smelter. Mining experts declare that this is one of the richest silver properties in the world. This mine was developed after having been turned down by several noted mining engineers. Engineers had driven a tunnel to a point where discovery of ore seemed improbable. A hard-rock miner who was not an expert got a chance to carry out his theory, which conflicted with the opin-

ions of mining engineers. He drove a cross-cut only a few feet when he discovered the largest and richest silver-ore body in the North.

The new Alaska group, Riverside group, Hovland claims, Lucky Boy group, and many others are now carrying on extensive prospecting, and, according to mining men, give promise of permanence. There is probably more excitement in this district than in any other part of southeastern Alaska.

From all reports emanating from the Hyder District, this camp is rapidly taking its place as one of the greatest silver producers on the continent.

There is a remarkable story about this district of a visit of two very well known mining engineers, many years ago. In their reports they stated that the Portland Canal section would never develop paying mines. This story was very similar to that of the engineers who investigated the coal deposits in the State of Washington in the early '90s, declaring, in the first place, that the coal had little value, and, second, that there would never be enough of it found for successful operation. To-day Washington has gained National fame for both the grade of its coal and the size of its deposits.

There has been more development in the Hyder District in the last six months

SHERMAN ROGERS'
third article
on Alaska
will be published
in next week's
issue of
The Outlook

than there had been in many years before.

The marble deposits of southeastern Alaska are being developed; especially the Tonkeen quarries, although an excellent grade of marble can be found on many of the numerous islands that make up the Alexander Archipelago.

Large nickel deposits have been uncovered on Yacobi Island. There is, however, still some question as to whether the metal can be profitably mined, owing to the conflicting mineral elements the ore contains.

The mines and prospects on Prince of Wales Island known as the Ketchikan District are being developed with promise of successful operation, especially the Rush and Brown Mine, which has already produced a fair tonnage of copper ore. A large amount of development has taken place on this property, which is equipped with modern machinery and a narrow-gauge railway.

Summing up the mining possibilities of southeastern Alaska, I will quote a conservative, successful business man of Ketchikan. He said: "Every one of the myriad of islands of southeastern Alaska contains surface indications of valuable minerals—gold, copper, silver, lead, gypsum, marble, or nickel. Many promising prospects are being opened up, and several heavy producing mines in operation, which should prove to any one with common sense that this part of the Territory will always be a permanent mining country. The possible prospecting ground has scarcely been scratched over yet, and the future will undoubtedly witness the discovery of many paying properties. I have been in mining camps all my life, all over the world, but have never seen a section that can beat this. But it takes men who are willing to risk, who can afford to risk, both time and money. There will be many fortunes made. At the same time, there will be many thousands of dollars lost, as in all mining countries. I want to impress on your mind that you should not buy a single share of Alaska mining stock until after careful investigation, but if purchasers will investigate before they buy and eliminate the gold from the dross they have as good a chance of good returns here as any place on earth. But it isn't a tenderfoot country. For strong-willed, determined men southeastern Alaska ranks with the best."

From an agricultural standpoint the southeastern section of the Territory has a wonderful climate for all kinds of berries, small fruits, vegetables, and dairying. I saw as fine a herd of Holsteins near Juneau as could be found anywhere in the States. Farming will develop into a stable industry when paper mills and mining enterprises develop a local market.

Southeastern Alaska, with its fine climate, its great varied resources, and its easy accessibility, will be the great commercial center when faith and confidence in Governmental policies are firmly established by administration of Alaskan affairs on Alaskan soil.

ETCHED IN ACID

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

"**D**RINK without meat." . . . You could not draw
A truer portrait if you tried.
She lives, and though I never saw
The lady, still I'm satisfied.

Red wine undoubtedly is good,
Well racked, warm garnet in the glass;
But what is claret, lacking food?
Not thus in *vino veritas*!

Meat without salt insults the guest,
But there's no madness on the plate;
And many a table has been blest
By men who missed the salt, yet ate.

No; I'll go thirsty if I must!
Ditch water's not so mean a draught
When the contracted throat's adust,
And not so difficultly quaffed!

"Drink without meat." . . . Your sketch, complete
To the last shadow, makes me wish
For fools who bolt their liquor neat
No better than an empty dish!

"EVEN THE DOGS"—

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER COUNTRY

BY FULLERTON WALDO

THE bank of the Slave River at Fort Smith is steep as a house roof, and your shoes are filled with sand as you slide to the bottom toward the steamer, with a suit-case in each hand. If your hands were free, you would be flailing the mosquitoes and the bulldog flies beclouding you. The bulldog flies are half again as big as bumblebees; fat and greasy as they are, they do more buzzing than biting among human beings, but they drive the horses frantic and they pester the dogs.

Fort Smith is the "capital" of the Northwest Territories, and the starting-point of the Mackenzie River steamers. When you land at the bottom of the sandslide, at the gang-plank (which is all the wharf there is), the view is bounded north, south, east, and west by dogs, hungry dogs. There really isn't so very much more to be seen on the river-bank at Fort Smith, if you except Mrs. Conibear and her store, the Roman Catholic mission with its farm and hospital, and the spruce-tree gallows with an open grave at the foot. The gallows was used in 1921 for the first murderer, but he was given sepulture in the tiny cemetery, and the grave is left open to save trouble next time.

There was a wait of eleven days before the Hudson Bay Company's steamer started—twelve days later than advertised in the season's schedule. There was plenty of time to study the dogs, and the interest was reciprocal. There they stood, a score at a time, knee-deep the muddy water, their eyes fixed on door of the cook's galley. Their

Indian masters, whom they served so faithfully all winter, had turned them off to fend and find for themselves all summer long, on the beautiful Bolshevik theory that if you are not at work you do not need to eat. There is an abundance of fish in the river at the foot of the rapids; but the fish are in the river, not ashore, and the Indian does

not propose to go fishing for a dog. So the dog starves or depends on what is thrown from the steamboat; for the forest in the summer season has very little that he can catch by hunting. The bush is so thick that the advantage is all on the side of the rabbits and the squirrels, if any are there.

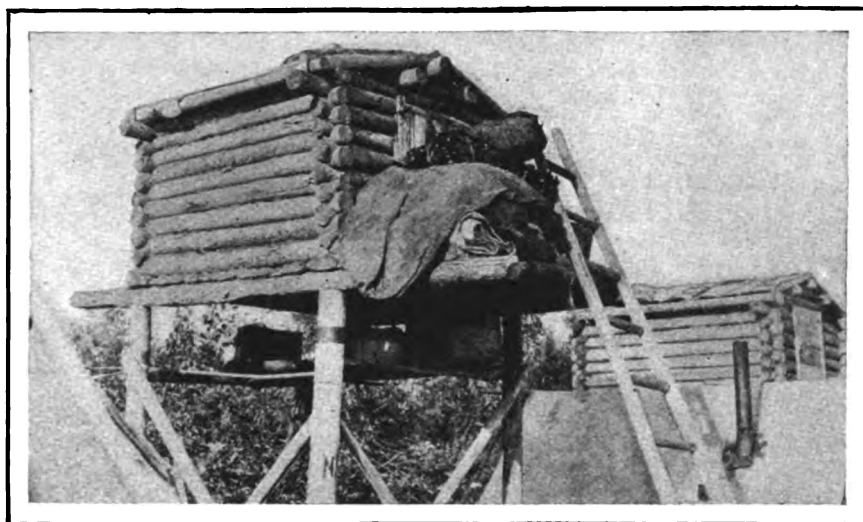
I can see Mink now, filling up the whole breadth of the gang-plank, waiting for me to appear. He was white, like a polar bear, except where he had come in contact with tar used for the boat-seams. He was only two years old, but the struggle to get enough to eat had aged him. It was hard to take his picture "close up," for he always wanted to eat the camera. He watched every motion of my hand, and hope sprang eternal. Hungry as he was, he had to learn to eat dog-biscuit from my baggage. The "husky" is accustomed to three dried whitefish a day—when he can get them—on the trail in winter; one gulp per fish, and his supper is over. Dog-biscuit makes him chew, and he fears that while he is chewing another dog may get his rightful portion.

Mink and his rivals caught flung scraps from the deck almost unerringly. They knew that if they missed there was scarcely the ghost of a second chance. One big black brute was a fiend for pouncing on the rest, and more than once the red blood showed on the white coat of the gentler Mink ere the ruffian could be driven off. I have seen the bully repeatedly drop what he was eating to snatch at another dog's meal.

There were three puppies, like young



MY FAVORITE, "MINK"—THE MOST PATIENT WAITER AND THE GENTLEST SPIRIT OF THE LOT



A TRAPPER'S CACHE FOR PROTECTION AGAINST DOGS

lion cubs, that scrimmaged about amid the legs and bushy tails of the rest to be, like Autolycus, the snappers-up of unconsidered trifles. I don't know how an Eskimo dog grows up. The other dogs seem determined he shall have nothing. Only their friendly, fawning mother was the champion of the little fellows; the other dogs took their part, it is true, but took it to eat it.

All the way to the Arctic Ocean the scene is repeated. The steamboat whistle is a signal for the starved dogs to run to the beach and stand in the water if they are free. Unhappily, in most of the few small settlements the Indian dogs are so savage from long abstinence that they must be tied or chained. Their condition moves the pity of all who see them with other than Indian eyes. The Indians, polite as they are to the white man, are endlessly cruel to their four-footed dependents, great and small.

Said one horse-loving superintendent of transport: "I sold two splendid horses to a trading company for \$600. They, in turn, sold them to an Indian. The Indian worked them so hard, in the heat, amid the mosquitoes and black flies, that in a day and a half the first horse died, and the second was dead in two days. I wouldn't have sold the horses if I'd known an Indian was to have them."

The last horse is 1,200 miles down the river; there are 450 miles of suffering dogs beyond that.

The young dogs, not yet entirely embittered and disillusioned, want to make friends. They come doubtfully, wagging a placating tail and sliding their muzzles along the ground. But if you brandish a stick or hurl a stone—well, that is only what they expect; it is the Indian way. The great game of the Indian boy is to throw stones at the dogs. A whistle of welcome mystifies them; a caress is the last thing they expect, and food at a stranger's hand is unutterable and inexplicable bliss. I used to commandeer the ship's garbage-pail, over-

flowing with vitamins and calories, and carry it along the bank to where the Indian dogs were tied. They ran about in frantic circles and tugged at their stakes as the pail drew near; the Indians laughed and thought it a great joke. The dogs that were not tied converged upon the intruder bearing gifts. Even when the last gaunt bone-bag had licked the pail till it shone they followed after, eagerly. You always felt the despair of him who said: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" And you never knew the joy of seeing a miracle of multiplication performed; it was forever depletion, never repletion.

The dogs ate everything but orange-peel. There was a single exception when a dog swam into deep water even for that. The fights were harrowing. They could not be entirely forestalled even when you strewed the repast along the beach. For a dog, as soon as he had gobbled what lay in his immediate vicinity, poached on the adjoining preserves. The best way was to throw the

food at close range directly into the jowl of the dog for whom it was intended, keeping the animals as widely scattered as you could.

"They'll never eat fried eggs!" exclaimed a dentist *en route* to the Coronation Gulf Eskimo. But the dogs proceeded to refute him. One egg fell squarely on the nose of a rampant "husky." He shook it off, instantly put a firm detaining paw upon it, and grabbed it from under his own foot ere his nearest rival could snatch it from him. Another dog swam out and retrieved by the lid a can to which flecks of butter adhered. He stood by patiently while I dumped out the water and scraped it for him, and then he licked the can till it was burnished like a heliograph and almost ate the stick. The dogs could teach us a lesson in Hooverizing. They waste nothing.

Greely, the Arctic explorer, looking over the side of the ship when Schwatka rescued him, mournfully exclaimed when he saw the refuse emitted from the kitchen: "If we'd only had a little of that, we needn't have lost our gallant men!" As you watched a poor ravenous, nervous cur with his head in your pail for the last rancid smear on the inner surface, while he kept an eye out lest you have a blow or a kick for him, you felt again acutely the maladjustment so many humans in China and Russia and Asia Minor have still more piteously known. What a crime it is to waste food, when there are so many starving on two legs and on four!

Fortunately, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are to wrestle with the problem of implanting in the Indian that providence for his dogs which the Indian



DOGS PLOWING AT FORT SMITH, CAPITAL OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

has so seldom and so slightly exhibited. If the Indians pitch their tents in a Mackenzie River settlement and let the dogs shrivel and agonize—as the dogs'

reward for enabling the Indians to live in winter—the Mounted Police are to send masters and dogs back to the bush till the dogs are fed by the hunting and

the fishing. The plan is barely begun; its consummation will be warrant for a pean of rejoicing from all dog lovers, and friends of the Indian too.

WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT

A CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE GIVES AN INSIDE VIEW

BY HERBERT E. MORGAN

“ALL hope abandon, ye who enter here,” would be an appropriate legend for the portals of all Government office buildings,” said a former member of Congress writing in a popular magazine. In his view, a young man or woman who enters the Civil Service of the United States flings away ambition at the start and is certain to prove a failure. He holds the belief that the Government service offers little incentive to initiative, is lacking in the spirit of competition, which makes for endeavor, and is devoid of the elements which tend to develop self-reliance, healthy ambition, and efficient service.

That is one story. Here is another, quite different:

Grover Cleveland was a good judge of men. Most big men are. That quality has much to do with their success.

One day, after a Cabinet meeting, President Cleveland said to the Postmaster-General: “There is a young man named Cortelyou who is serving as stenographer to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. I want him over here in the White House.”

“But, Mr. President,” replied the Postmaster-General, “we can’t get along without Cortelyou. You can’t have him.”

The President merely smiled in his well-known quiet way. The next day George B. Cortelyou, stenographer, reported at the White House.

About the first thing Cortelyou said to the President was this: “I think I ought to tell you, Mr. President, that I don’t agree with you in politics. I think you should know that before you assign me to work.”

The President told him he cared not a rap about his politics; that he himself could look after politics for the whole official family; that stenographers were expected to do stenography.

Cortelyou served as stenographer and executive clerk to Cleveland, as assistant secretary and secretary to McKinley, as secretary to Roosevelt, and as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of the Treasury. He left the public service to become President of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York.

There have been other instances of subordinate employees rising to Cabinet portfolios.

In 1878 a young man named Howard entered the Government service as an

assistant entomologist. To-day the name of Dr. Leland O. Howard is known wherever bugs are known. He knows more about bugs than bugs know about themselves.

Dr. Charles W. Stiles is a world authority on intestinal parasites. He is a development of the United States Public Health Service.

I could fill a good-sized volume with brief biographical sketches of former Government messenger boys, minor clerks, and scientific assistants who are now holding important executive and professional positions in the Federal Civil Service. I could fill another book with stories of men and women who through their training in Government offices and laboratories have achieved both fame and fortune in private industry. One may achieve fame by working for the Government, but not fortune.

Which of these two stories is a true picture of the prospects offered by Government employment? Either may be. The young man or woman who enters the Civil Service of the United States may drift along with the tide, settle in some nice, quiet eddy, and watch the stream flow past bearing craft richly laden with opportunity for service, extending an invitation to climb aboard. If he elects to be one of these leisurely onlookers, exerting himself only enough to keep from being dismissed for inefficiency, he may comfortably grow gray in the Government service. So he may in any large organization. There is always plenty of hack work for the mediocre. The Government service is not unique in that respect.

On the other hand, the Government service offers a wide field of opportunity where individual tastes may be developed and where real constructive work—big, interesting, clean work—may be done. Those who seek to amass wealth will find little opportunity for doing so in work for the Government, but the Civil Service has much to commend it. Whether one is satisfied to work for the Government depends a good deal upon his definition of success.

However, it is not because you expect sometime to work for the Government that you should be interested in the Civil Service, Mr. Business Man and Mrs. Housewife, but for the reason that every taxpayer is vitally concerned in Government employment methods; because it costs such a tremendous sum to pay the great civilian army; because

Government employment policies have a certain effect upon employment standards in private business; because Government business and private business are so closely interwoven that any lack of full efficiency in Government establishments, any delay in Government processes, must affect industry; and because the diverse things your public servants do for you have so much to do with your daily comfort and convenience.

Do you know that of all the men, women, and children earning a living in the United States, one in 85 works in the Federal Civil Service? If you add to the 550,000 Federal civil employees the Army and the Navy and the hosts of State, county, and municipal employees, and then make a further allowance for the dependents of those who actually do Government work, you will realize that Government employment is an important economic problem.

Your Federal civil servants are constantly striving to increase and improve the output of your farms. They are bringing new seeds and plants to America from all parts of the world and endeavoring to grow them profitably in American soil. They keep a watchful eye on the food you eat, that it may be free from poisons and adulteration, and safeguard your health in a hundred other ways. They collect your letters and packages from a mail-box in New York City and deliver them at the road gate on your ranch in California. They mint the coin and print the paper money you use in the transaction of your daily business. They count you and your neighbors periodically. They dig canals, and make ice-cream and cheese in food experiments. They build battleships and study the habits of bugs. They burrow into the ground and fly into the air in search of scientific knowledge for your benefit. They do ten thousand things that affect the life of every citizen and that are accepted as a matter of course.

All of these people are in the employ of every taxpayer. It is the duty of taxpayers to see that their civil servants return in service dollar for dollar for what they receive. It is no less their duty to see that the employees have just compensation for the service that they render.

This idea that Civil Service employees are the paid servants of the people is important and should be kept in mind by employees as well as employers. Some-

times the employers make strange demands upon their employees, as, for example, the woman in the Middle West who wrote to the Civil Service Commission asking for the names of the members of the United States Supreme Court, "and will you please send me one of the new buffalo nickels." Her letter was replied to with every courtesy and consideration, as it properly should have been. The employer is entitled to service; he pays for it when he pays his Federal taxes.

The Federal Civil Service has been much discussed of late in the press, in Congress, in official circles, and by the public generally. A few out-and-out spoilsmen have shown their heads. The number of intelligent American citizens who advocate the spoils system of appointments to public offices is comparatively small. Those who do are not seeking efficiency, but votes; and they are not far-sighted enough to see that patronage is a party liability, not an asset. The friends of the merit system of appointments, and they are legion, know that the present employment system has defects which exist in spite of, and not because of, the laws and rules governing the Civil Service. The friends of the merit system seek to go forward, not backward. They believe that in its employment policy the Government should not be content with striving to equal the best methods of private business, but that the Government should serve as a model for private employers.

It is a mistake to suppose that all Government business is less efficient than all private business. It is also a mistake to expect all Government business to be transacted as efficiently and as expeditiously as the best-managed private business. It can't be done. A certain amount of so-called red tape is necessary in the transaction of public business because it is public business. If you are running a grocery store of your own, you will run it pretty much to suit yourself. You will keep your books on your cuff if you want to. The profits or losses are your concern, and not your neighbor's. But if you are chairman of the board of directors of a corporation operating a country-wide chain of grocery stores, you will see to it that no shareholder has an opportunity to charge you with dishonesty or mismanagement. You will have it all down in black and white, and you will have checks on your subordinates all along the line, and you will insist upon a lot of system and formality. Congress, the board of directors for the one hundred and ten million shareholders in the great business of American government, specifies on the statute-books with particularity how the Government business shall be conducted in order that the interests of the shareholders may be conserved. This makes for "red tape." The big corporations have almost as much. Private business has this advantage, however: delay may mean money loss, and money loss means explanations to shareholders, and pos-

sibly a new directorate; or it may mean a shrinkage of your own purse if the business is yours. Therefore private business is speeded up. In the matter of finance there is no essential difference between public business and private business, but there is a human difference.

I have said that the friends of the merit system recognize the weaknesses of Government employment methods. They know that inefficient or otherwise unworthy employees sometimes are not removed when they should be, largely because of outside pressure brought to bear in the interest of employees slated for dismissal. They know that the Government service lacks a definitely planned and well-organized employment policy that follows an employee through his entire official life and sees to it that he does what he is paid to do and is paid for what he does. They know that haphazard practices in assignments of work and in promotions have brought about glaring inequalities; that the salaries paid by the Government are relatively low, and that therefore the rate of "turnover" in Government forces is abnormally high, particularly among the very classes of men and women whose retention would keep the service strong and healthy; that there are legal restrictions on transfers from one department to another that retard the fitting of square pegs into square holes; that excluded from the merit system are too many of the higher offices which should stand as a reward for meritorious service, but which, in fact, are often held as payment for service to the political party in power. They know these things, and they know that the way to correct them is not a return to anything approaching the waste and corruption of the years before the passage of the Civil Service Law of 1883.

Steps are being taken to improve the Federal Civil Service. The Retirement Law, now two years old, was an important move in the right direction. It was aimed at the evil of superannuation in Government offices. It is in no sense philanthropic, but is based upon sound

business principles. Under this law thousands of aged Federal employees have been retired with a small annuity, in no case exceeding \$720. Already there is ample evidence of the value of this law in promoting the efficiency of the service. The employees contribute 2½ per cent of their pay toward the maintenance of the retirement fund, and thus far the Federal Treasury has not been called upon to contribute; but actuaries estimate that eventually the Government must share in the expense of the fund.

A bill providing for the reclassification and readjustment of salaries and duties in the Government service has passed the House and is now being considered by the Senate. This bill is commonly known as the Sterling-Lehlbach Reclassification Bill, being sponsored in the Senate by the Hon. Thomas Sterling, Chairman of the Senate Civil Service Committee, and in the House by the Hon. Frederick R. Lehlbach, Chairman of the House Civil Service Committee. The outstanding features of this bill are a standardized system of positions, with qualifications defined and compensation fixed, applying to all departments and offices alike and taking the place of the present statutory and lump-fund positions; provision for amending the specifications or adding new positions from time to time as needed; rates of compensation more nearly adequate than those now in effect; removing present restrictions on transfers from one department to another; and efficiency ratings under central jurisdiction, upon which ratings increases or decreases in compensation and retention or dismissal will depend.

It is hoped that this bill will become a law before the present session of Congress adjourns. It has indorsements enough, including that of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, to effect a Constitutional amendment. It is regarded as a most important step toward a genuine merit system in the Federal service, a merit system that contemplates not only appointment, but promotion or reduction and retention or dismissal strictly on the worth to the Government of the individual.

In the auditorium of the National Museum at Washington, at three o'clock in the afternoon of July 11, the President and the Director of the Bureau of the Budget addressed the third semi-annual meeting of what the President calls "the business organization of the Government," expressing appreciation of economies effected during the fiscal year just closed and urging further effort in that direction throughout the new fiscal year. The gathering consisted of Cabinet officers, bureau chiefs, chief clerks of departments and independent offices, officials of the Bureau of the Budget, co-ordinating boards, Army and Navy officers, and budget officers attached to the departments and offices who were appointed to serve, in addition to their usual duties, as auxiliaries to the Bureau

Two Special Features

for our

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Published Next Week

MAR'A RAPALLO

A Story by

ELSIE SINGMASTER

"CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE PLANTATION"

by

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

of the Budget in their respective offices—about five hundred in all. The expenditure of billions of dollars is in the hands of these men and women.

Of these five hundred Federal employees, easily four hundred hold positions in the competitive classified Civil Service, or Presidential appointments through promotion from competitive classified positions. Most of the four hundred came up from the ranks; great numbers of them secured the major part of their higher education through night study in the universities of Washington. Many schools of special class or collegiate grade in Washington are practically supported by night students who work in the departments. This is the

kind of Federal employee who does not seek the nice, quiet eddy.

The Bureau of the Budget is real business. It is saving real money for taxpayers. General Charles G. Dawes resigned from the directorship of the Bureau on June 30 to engage again in the banking business in Chicago. He was succeeded by General H. M. Lord, formerly Chief of Finance of the War Department.

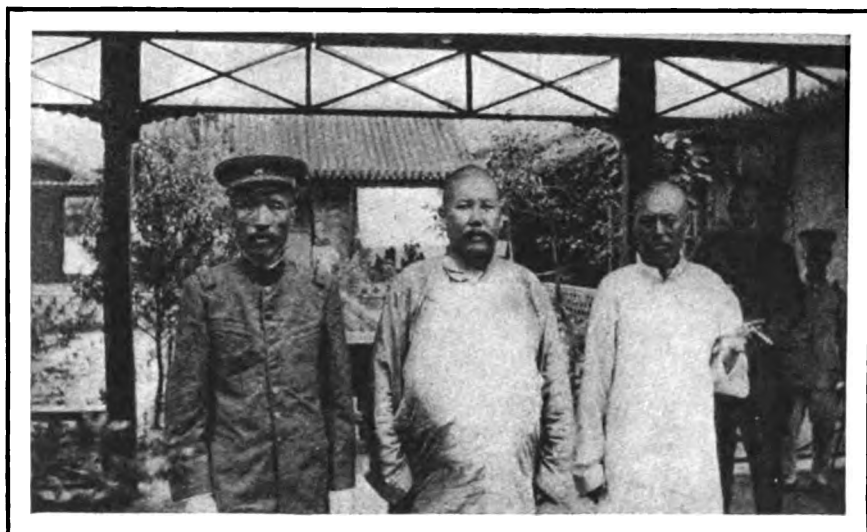
Dawes was a go-getter in the Government service, if there ever was one. A remarkable thing about General Dawes is that he writes music. I heard some of it played by Fritz Kreisler, and it is good music. When Dawes has you on the carpet shaking his finger under your nose and calling you a pinhead, you

can't imagine his writing anything sweeter than "Where do you go from here?" I have it on good authority that while in France during the war Dawes did nothing but play a piano for two days to get his nerves in shape. But that has nothing to do with the Civil Service.

I repeat, Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer, your civil servants are your concern. Keep your eye on them. If they don't return a just stewardship, raise thunder about it. But remember, they are human, and, being human, they need the most human of all incentives to good work—promise of reward for work well done. If you hold that before them, they can't kick if you fire them when they fall down.

WU PEI-FU'S PERSONALITY

BY UPTON CLOSE



Snap-shot by the Author

"GENERAL WU PEI-FU'S AFFECTIONS ARE GOLD-PLATED TEETH AND A SPORTY MANNER OF HOLDING A CIGARETTE WHICH HE PRETENDS TO SMOKE"

General Wu can be identified by his cigarette in this picture. He is overshadowed by the big Moslem General Ma Fu-hsiang, who stands next to him. This Mohammedan "caliph" of northwestern China, whom the author had known upon the borders of Tibet, happened into the Loyang General's headquarters on the same day that the author did. Next to General Ma is Hsiao Yao-nan, the Tsuchun of Hupeh, one of Wu's commanders. Wu Pei-fu became interested in the correspondent's camera and ordered a hundred of them for his Intelligence Department

GENERAL WU PEI-FU'S headquarters are reached by a trip either northward from Hankow or southward from Peking to Chengchow, the junction point of the Peking-Hankow Railway with a little Sino-Belgian line which is working its way into the heart of China. From Chengchow (just south of the Yellow River), which is a boom city of gaudy-fronted shops and hastily erected mud hovels, the road picks its way westward, sometimes on top, sometimes through, and sometimes under the hills of soft loess, which may be described as a plastic, non-sticky fertile clay that, owing to the continual action of wind and water, refuses to "stay put." Here and there, framed between the steep sides of grass-carpeted ravines, appears a pleasing picture of the almost

golden waters of the Yellow River, with the purple mountains of the northern bank in the background. Temples surrounded by pine groves are perched on top of steep hills, giving as fantastic an impression as a cloud picture. Now and then the railway plunges through a settlement of cave-dwellers whose doors open off the right-of-way to habitations hollowed out of the cliffs behind them. It was this type of snug cave-

IN a recent issue we printed by the author of this sketch an article describing Wu's career and his aims as a leader of China's unification.

dwelling which sheltered the forebears of the race of Han and which houses thousands of their descendants in the provinces of Honan, Shensi, and Kansu to-day.

Shortly before arrival at Loyang one sees out across a little plain between the railway and the river the immense stacks and buildings of the arsenal which Yuan Shi-kai planned to make the greatest in China and which Wu Pei-fu is striving to complete. Honanfu, or Loyang, itself is a straggling low-walled town of one-storied huts and wear-hollowed muddy streets, with nothing to remind the visitor of its ancient glory but the flat rock upon which may be seen the eight fundamental geometric figures said to have been carved there four thousand years ago, a bent and hoary oak tree of the Han dynasty two thousand years old, and eight miles to the south of the city the Grottos of Buddha, unparalleled for both the immensity and multiplicity of figures carved from the limestone cliffs.

One may take a Peking cart through the canal-like streets to the headquarters of General Wu, which stand on the plain four miles to the southwest of the city, and which are connected by a spur to the railway. Reaching the barracks which stand row upon row, he passes down the wide tree-lined avenues between them, and enters a building no different from its neighbors, which is distinguished as the General's headquarters only by the two flags crossed over the gateway. Here, in a style which appears to border upon hardship, Wu Pei-fu lives in a most informal manner among his staff and men. He usually begins the day by drilling before breakfast with his men on the field. This fraternization is in strong contrast to the austere isolation and armored motor cars of Chang Tso-lin, and is an important factor in Wu Pei-fu's military strength. The confidence which Wu's officers have in him and their personal devotion to him make his organization

capable of sustaining severe reverse—an unusual thing in Chinese armies.

Wu Pei-fu, now forty-seven years of age, is an exceptional Chinese in many personal characteristics. He has the golden-brown eyes occasionally found among the race of Han. He is direct in his gesture and speech, and dispenses entirely with that circumlocution which is the ordinary basis of Oriental courtesy. In his cotton Chinese gentleman's gown he looks anything but a military commander, but in uniform his features and bearing take on an austerity which borders on cruelty. His affectations are gold-plated teeth and a sporty manner of holding a cigarette, which he pretends to smoke. Nothing in the line of luxury at his headquarters is to be seen greater than a Ford car, in which he travels back and forth to the railway spur.

General Wu is a native of Shantung, which has produced so many of China's men of fame and notoriety. His parents still live as small landed proprietors in Tungchou, on the Shantung Peninsula. He was graduated with a Hsiutsai or "B.A." degree, about the time of the Manchu overthrow, from the old Chihli Military Academy. From then until he became a national figure he was engaged as an officer in the various civil wars of the past Manchu régime, it having always fallen to his lot to take part in arduous border expeditions in Shensi, Szechuan, and Hunan.

Even Wu Pei-fu's enemies admit that he is one of the few men in China who cannot be bought. Indeed, if he could, he would have proved much less troublesome to Chang Tso-lin, who accumulated in Mukden a sum of thirty million dollars in silver for buying off opposition not otherwise removable. Certain it is that if Wu Pei-fu has made money out of his power, as has every other Tuchun of recent years, he has not spent it upon personal adornment or comfort.

General Wu, in addition to being China's only military chief who is an accomplished soldier, is one of the few Tuchuns who is regarded as a classical scholar. His application of Confucian dictums to China's present political situation gives a new turn to that ancient philosophy. Here is an example:

Speaking at the reception given in his honor by the Wuchang and Hankow Chambers of Commerce, Wu Pei-fu inculcated upon the audience a basic principle of classical Chinese philosophy contained in "The Great Learning" of the Four Books. Instead of discussing general political topics in the ruling Mandarin tone, General Wu gave a scholarly discussion of the *Ta Hsioh* theory as it applies to modern politics in China.

The principle brought out from the Four Books reads: "Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their states were rightly governed. Their states being rightly governed, the

whole Kingdom was made tranquil and happy."

The above theory was propounded by Wu Pei-fu as the only panacea for salvaging China politically. He began his classical harangue by emphasizing the importance of following the *Ta Hsioh* theory and discrediting all high-sounding political theories advanced by Chinese political aspirants, who only threw the state into chaos. Let all those who claim to be anxious to save China set upon the task by beginning from the bottom up—let them make their thoughts sincere, rectify their hearts, cultivate their persons, regulate their families, rightly govern their states, and then bring the nation into a state of tranquillity and happiness. Here, again, Wu Pei-fu is in strong contrast to Chang Tso-lin, whose youthful education consists of what he could pick up as a bandit's apprentice and who is now taking lessons in conventional Chinese courtesy with a view to fitting himself for more genteel society.

General Wu is too matter-of-fact to be good company. There is one time when

he is interesting. That is when, at the end of a meal with his officers and guests about the table, he leads them in singing his version of the "Marseillaise" or the patriotic and military songs which, with some of his student soldiers, he has composed and set to music. The enthusiasm with which he takes part in these songs convinces the onlooker beyond a doubt of his sincerity. For it is easy to simulate sentiment in speech, but harder to do so in song.

I give below a rough but literal translation of a marching chant composed by Wu on the foundation of an ancient battle song. The metrical form is faultless, being the ancient 9-7-5-5-4-4 play on synonyms. An insight into the little commander's psychology can perhaps be gained through this composition of his. Certain it is that one who has seen him at the table, with his military band behind him, directing his officers and guests in the chant which varies in content from historical allusions and international relations to the war-cry of savagery, will never forget the sight. It is called:

THE ANCESTRAL LAND ENLIGHTENED

I. RECALL OUR ORIGIN

The Great Middle Kingdom boasts
four thousand years.
Hsien Yuan founded it—
He invented the compass
And suppressed Chi Yu.¹
In the dawn of enlightenment
My country was first.

II. THE PROCLAMATION

Daily the strife increases,
The tigers sharpen their teeth.
If I kill not men—
Will men therefore spare me?
Ten years I have studied my sword.
How about using it?

III. THE COUNTRY'S GLORY

Heaven impels me against the outside
aggressor.
A month—three communiqués—I
shall conquer.²
With a sword like the autumn rain
And a seven-starred blade
Shall I establish my nation in pres-
tige
Encircling the continent.

IV. THE FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE

Shall the God-enlightened Glorious
endure foreign contumely?
Death to our oppressors. Should I,
too, die,
Let me enter the Spirit Gates with
fearless integrity,
Not as a ghost which shrank at
death.
This has fate
Decreed to me, alone.

V. SELF-SACRIFICE

Man may live one hundred years.
Is it not pitiable if he lives as a reed
or a tree?
Mu Lan³ enlisted;
Should I, a male, draw back?
For country I devote my body;
Is it not my obligation?

VI. TO WAR!

I, of strength, proclaim
I will eat bran, sleep under a tent—
Let loose the battle lust,
Pluck up my courage.
Should I be made captive
I swear to return not alive.

VII. ATTACK

Blood lust upon us, we advance by
river and land.
To-day the causes of the two forces
are adjudged.
We charge through the bullet-rain,
Our countenances change not by a hair.
Here is our opportunity for victory—
Beat the drums!

VIII. ENCIRCLING

Cut off their supplies! Stop their
retreat!
Break down the defenses! Take the
city!
You are like a tiger in his lair?
I am a Feng Fu!⁴
Stick the banner on high
Ten thousand years!⁵

IX. THE TRIUMPH

Cover the smoke, suppress the war spir-
it, in obedience to orders, return.
Trumpets and drums shake the earth
with their thunder.
To-day the victors—
Yesterday the Battalion of Death!
The elders welcome
With three glasses of old wine.

X. THE COUNTRY'S ARMY

The ancients said, Will may overcome
destiny;
A thousand of the same heart can
fill in the sea.
Japan has her "Society of Welded
Spirits."
The West has its oaths of blood and
iron.
Our oath is eternal, changeless.

¹ Mythical symbol of lawlessness.

² The Chinese historical expression similar to "I came, I saw, I conquered."

³ The Chinese Jeanne d'Arc.

⁴ The Chinese Amazon who rid the land of tigers.

⁵ The Chinese "Banzai."

FIVE—FIVE—THREE

I—ONE YEAR AFTER THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

BY CAPTAIN DUDLEY W. KNOX, U. S. NAVY (RETIRED)

NAVAL EDITOR "ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL"

AMERICA'S great experiment of trying by example to bring about general reduction of naval armaments and cessation of competitive naval building appears to have failed. Both at the Washington Conference and during the nine months since its adjournment we have set an eminently fine example in these respects, but there has been no commensurate response from the other naval Powers. Consequently America's naval strength has steadily declined relative to other Powers and continues to do so. The passing of the recent elections now permits a survey of the whole question and an estimate of necessary remedies for such an unsatisfactory condition, free from any color of political bias.

Mr. Hughes's initial proposals for the scrapping of ships and the subsequent limitation of new construction was extraordinarily generous. It contained no element of selfishness. America offered to set the pace, to sacrifice relatively much more of her naval power than was suggested for any other nation.

At first the response to our unprecedented example was encouraging. All accepted the proposals "in principle." But when it came to detailed specifications, so many modifications were insisted upon by Great Britain, France, and Japan as to destroy the cardinal principle of mutual concession upon which Mr. Hughes's comprehensive plan chiefly depended. There was no appreciable tendency to follow America's lead in offering more than was asked. On the contrary, the foreign attitude appeared to be one of accepting advantages that had been offered and then of seeking to gain still more.

For several weeks Japan strove diligently to demonstrate that this *status quo* basis of limitation entitled her to a ratio of 7 to 10 instead of the proposed 3 to 5. It was finally proved to her satisfaction that by every method of calculation that could be devised her correct ratio was even less than 3 to 5. Japan then insisted upon a drastic limitation of naval bases in the western Pacific, the effect of which was greatly to enhance the strength of her navy relative to others in that region.

Great Britain strenuously sought the abolition of submarines or their limitation to small numbers and dimensions. The advantage which she would derive from such provisions, especially over France, caused the latter to interpose such vigorous objections, sustained by Italy, as to defeat the British proposals.

Thereupon Britain flatly refused to consider any limitation whatever upon cruisers, destroyers, and other auxiliary types of ships suitable for anti-submarine warfare.

Thus was America's example of unselfishness ignored. In spite of her demonstrated willingness to go even further against her own interests than the very generous initial proposals, still none would follow. The influence of a good example failed to bring about effective reduction of armaments.

It was one of the cardinal features of Mr. Hughes's original plan that the reduction and limitation was to include all naval types of ships. If this element of completeness had been retained, then, regardless of details, the final agreement would have been effective in its main purposes of reducing naval strength to a fixed limit and abolishing competitive building. The exclusion of the auxiliary types and the inclusion of only capital ships and airplane carriers in the final agreement opened the door to nullification of such purposes, which were then made dependent upon the individual future choice of the nations.

The nullifying effects of the omissions regarding auxiliary naval ships arise from the inherent possibility of substituting strength in auxiliaries for strength in capital ships. For example, a single battleship reinforced by a great number of light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine-layers, etc., may be many times stronger than two or more battleships accompanied by only a small force of such auxiliaries. The inadequacy of partial limitation by agreement is manifest, unless the nations individually should freely choose to extend such limitation to include all types of ships.

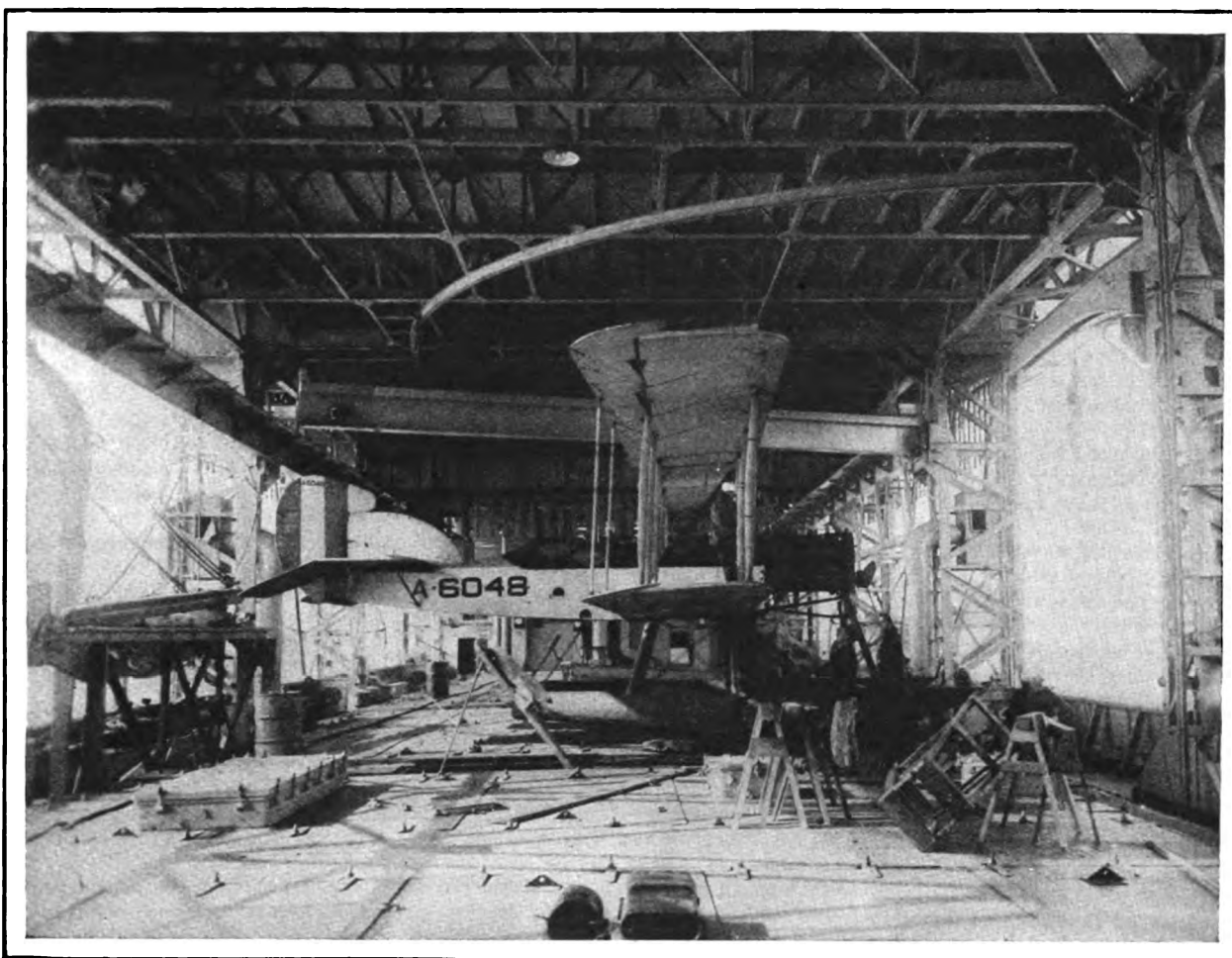
Under these circumstances of partial failure of the Conference America again set a conspicuous example of sacrifice, in the hope of giving permanence to the spirit of the limitation, even though its letter was deficient. Such hope was translated into no uncertain terms. The naval enlisted personnel was reduced almost immediately to more than thirty per cent below the minimum peace requirement for a 5-5-3 navy of all types. Out of a total of 280 first-line destroyers more than 170 were laid up out of commission, with practically no naval personnel on board, and a risk of serious deterioration thus incurred. This notwithstanding a great deficiency relative to other Powers in light cruisers, for which destroyers may serve as a partial substitute. More than seventy other

ships of various types permitted by the Treaty to be retained were also placed out of commission. The letting of contracts was suspended for a number of additional destroyers and submarines whose construction was already authorized by Congress and was not prohibited by the treaty. In spite of a complete lack of modern light cruisers in the Navy compared with 41 of this type possessed by Great Britain, 11 by Japan, 4 by France, and 5 by Italy, we refrained from undertaking or projecting the construction of any new ones. It is true that work upon 10 already in an advanced state of completion was continued, but these had their counterparts in the new construction in hand in other navies. In general substance, the United States reduced her Navy as a whole to less than seventy per cent of that allowed her by the letter and spirit of the treaties.

The hope that this impressive post-Conference example might influence other nations to extend the principle of limitation to all classes of ships, and to reduce their aggregate forces substantially below the strength fixed by the Treaty, seems to have been vain. The resumption of competition has already begun.

Five months after the Conference adjourned Japan announced a revision of her pre-Conference building programme for auxiliary naval types. To the 10 or 11 light cruisers already under construction were added 8 or 9 more. Similarly, about 24 destroyers and 24 large submarines were projected to augment nearly the same number then on the stocks. It was not made clear that the above is the maximum in these types which Japan intended to complete before 1927.

The eminent British naval authority, Mr. H. C. Bywater, states that this building programme revision was made by the Japanese with the object of rectifying the deficiency in battleships as represented by the 5-3 ratio. He states further that the characteristics of the newly projected Japanese ships preclude the assumption of purely defensive objects; that "no reasonable doubt exists as to the purpose for which all these swift Japanese cruisers and huge underwater boats are being built; . . . they are designed for attacking an enemy's communications and merchant shipping, for carrying out oversea raids, and generally for offensive operations at a great distance from their home ports." The same authority estimates that, considering



(C) P. & A. Photos

A NAVAL SEAPLANE ON THE LOWER DECK OF THE U. S. S. LANGLEY. SEAPLANES ARE CARRIED TO THE UPPER DECK BY AN ELEVATOR AND THERE LAUNCHED BY A CATAPULT

Japan's new programme, the ratio of strength in light cruisers is: Japan, 3; United States, 1; and in submarines Japan 7, compared with about $5\frac{1}{2}$ for us.

Four months after Japan's decision for new construction was published Great Britain announced a programme for two new great battleships. There is absolutely no need for such additional vessels to maintain Britain's overwhelming preponderance against any possible combination of European navies, or against any other navy except that of the United States. Even against us the building of these ships means much more than an endeavor merely to preserve an equality. The naval status under the treaties gave England a substantial superiority over us by reason of her surplus of auxiliary naval vessels, her luxury of overseas bases, her great merchant marine, her superabundance of seafaring population, and other important elements of naval strength. Yet, in spite of all this, and in addition, notwithstanding our drastic reductions of naval strength below Treaty limits, Britain now decides to maintain her full treaty quota of battleships. Like Japan, she fails to respond to our example of cutting armaments below the allowances and ceasing competitive building.

It is not alone in new construction that Britain and Japan have failed to follow our lead of downward competition. Their last naval budget, which would exclude the projected construction, was in each case roughly forty per cent greater than ours on a 5-5-3 basis. Yet, relatively speaking, they are paupers and we are rolling in wealth. The personnel question furnishes another example. Our cut to less than seventy per cent of the peace requirements of personnel for the "Treaty Navy" has not been met even approximately. Both Britain and Japan have kept practically full peace complements. The significance of this cannot be appreciated without considering that Britain's Naval Reserve is three times greater than ours, and Japan's more than twice as great. Moreover, the reservoir of maritime population of both these Powers is very much greater.

From time to time misleading headlines and statements in our press have given the impression that Japan and Britain are anticipating ratification of the Treaty in the execution of their scrapping programme. It is true that they have scrapped some obsolete vessels of no practical value, and have taken a few steps preliminary to scrapping other somewhat antiquated ships of

very doubtful value. But the United States has done likewise. None of us have substantially altered our battleship strength. Most of the preliminary work can be easily restored at small cost in case the Treaty ratifications fail to be exchanged. The evidence afforded by the scrapping situation is inconclusive as to the influence of the spirit of the treaties upon the nations that are concerned.

Now that the election is past, there is opportunity for America to review her naval situation exclusive of any political element. The question is properly National, and not partisan. Persistence in the effort towards progressive disarmament by example appears certain to result in an early reduction of our naval power out of all proportion to our National interests and welfare. Already the true ratio of naval strength, disregarding any consideration of strategic theaters of operation, stands at about United States 4, Great Britain 5, Japan 3. For operations in the western Pacific, where an effort to defend the Philippines would necessarily take our fleet, the existing ratio is about Japan 3, United States 2. Moreover, we are steadily losing aggregate strength while the others are gaining. The deterioration of our ships is much more rapid than theirs,

owing to our insufficient personnel. For the same reason our efficiency is crumbling, while theirs remains virtually con-

stant. We have no new ships projected to balance the prospective increase in the navies of Britain and Japan. Surely

the situation calls for a prompt remedy. None other than a restoration of the 5-5-3 ratio will suffice.

II—THE PROBLEM OF TO-MORROW

BY COMMANDER B. B. WYGANT, UNITED STATES NAVY

ENGLAND, by accepting the naval ratio proposed by Mr. Hughes a year ago, sacrificed her position as the foremost naval power in the world, in a manner to elicit admiration from all those whose eyes were not so covered with the film of prejudice as to blind them to the greatness of the sacrifice.

And it hurt.

Can it be supposed for an instant that it was easy to relinquish that which has been so jealously kept and guarded for centuries—no longer to boast that "Britannia rules the waves"?

Japan also made sacrifices.

After her experience following the war with China, when she was forced by aliens to give up the fruit of victory, Port Arthur, only to view in bitterness of heart its calm appropriation by rapacious Russia; and in view of the general feeling, whether justified or not, that she was outwitted at Portsmouth, is it to be wondered at that she should be apprehensive as to the results of Conferences? The decision to participate at all was taken with misgiving. Another sacrifice that Japan had to make was in the position of inferiority that she was forced to take before the world. This was translated in material terms, by the 5-5-3 ratio, and she has sworn to preserve this status of inferiority for fifteen years.

It is all very well to say that Japan's navy was actually in less proportion than that decided upon; nevertheless that proportion would not have obtained for long without a very material increase in the American Navy over that already authorized.¹

The relative status in capital ships will now obtain for at least fifteen years.

It is true to say that England is financially unable to pit herself against America in a competition of armament, but this fact does not vitiate the sacrifice.

The essential thing about a sacrifice is that it shall be thought a sacrifice, for "thinking makes it so."

And America has given most of all.

She has sacrificed the certainty of sea supremacy should she have desired it.

With a greatness of generosity that becomes her greatness of power, she has flung away three hundred millions and more of construction so as fittingly to set the example of lofty purpose. And this is far beyond what she has called for from others. Added to these are the possibly lesser sacrifices entailed by the operation of the other agreements; sacri-

fices that are inseparable from any co-operative action.

As a result of the Conference there will, for the present, be less spending of money in peace for war preparation, but the greatest gain of this meeting cannot be measured in money values.

The supreme service that the Conference has rendered mankind is in the advance made in national understanding, perhaps the greatest achievement in that direction ever accomplished.

This brief and entirely inadequate appreciation of the results of the Conference is necessary in order that what follows may not lead to the belief that the Conference as an influence for good has been underestimated.

If one talks with others about the causes of events, there will always be found a vast disparity in methods of reasoning. Ask who began the war, for instance.

"The Kaiser," says one, "with a cynical disregard for the results of his ambition."

"Prussianism and its insistence on *Deutschland über alles*," another.

"The money bags of the munition maker hungering for more fatness."

"Economics," yet another, and so on without end.

On the opposite side there is the same disagreement.

"The recalcitrance of the Slavs."

"The selfishness of England."

"The necessity of protecting the Fatherland ringed about with enemies."

Now the strange thing about it is that there is at least a grain of truth in practically all the causes that are set forth.

There were a million and more causes of the war, and the fact that one cause operated does not at all prevent the other causes from having done so.

This is a hard thing for the mind to grasp.

Just because the cause of the war lay in Germany's wish to "assure her place in the sun" does not controvert the fact that it also lay in the desire of Russia to protect Serbia from the bullying of Austria.

Just because America entered the war animated by the highest ideals of right and justice does not disprove the fact that she also entered it because American ships were being sunk.

What are the causes of war?

What drives a nail?

The hammer?

The arm that wields the hammer?

The man that builds the house?

The thought that planned the house?

Causes and effects in this world are not simple, they are infinitely complex.

The causes of war are many and complex.

Selfishness and the hate of selfishness, greed and the hate of greed, the nature of man and the desire to improve that nature—all are among the causes of past wars and will be found among the causes of future wars.

The Conference on the Limitation of Armaments has done a mighty service, but to believe that the limitation of armaments or the concluding of the Four Power Treaty or any other accomplishment of the Conference has removed the probability of war is unutterably fatuous, as fatuous as to deny that wars may not sometime cease forever.

The results achieved may, indeed probably will, lessen the probability of war, but there is no hope that the likelihood of war does not now exist.

Conflict is of the essence of nature.

Man has systematized the process, but he has not yet suppressed the tendency.

Let us consider a few of the more probable causes of war.

The habitable parts of the world are being rapidly filled up and those parts already filled are being stuffed to overflowing.

It needs no seer to predict the friction that is bound to accompany the crowding and redistribution of peoples in the near future; that is, when the present unoccupied or sparsely occupied places are comfortably filled. The Conference, being convened principally for other purposes, has only very indirectly touched upon these questions.

Another prolific present cause of friction, and consequently a potential cause of conflict, lies in the artificial obstructions, in the form of tariffs, placed in the way of the free distribution of raw materials and of manufactured products throughout the world. The business man and the workingman are at one in their demand for the levying of these taxes, seeing correctly enough their immediate interest in their exaction and not being able to visualize the eventual benefit that would universally result from their elimination.

The Conference was not concerned with the settlement of these questions save in a very minor and unimportant way.

In addition to this strong desire to restrict the amount of foreign goods that enters into one's own country there runs along parallel with it an equally strong desire to sell one's own goods in foreign countries, as shown in the struggle for the markets of the world.

In the United States, for example, the loss of foreign markets with the stop-

¹ The displacement tonnage ratio between capital ships of the United States and Japan after authorized programmes had been completed on January 1, 1923, would have been about 100 to 98.

page of certain exports would throw thousands of men out of work, with ensuing disarrangement of the industrial fabric. Suppose that the export of manufactured steel were stopped for three months. We export over three hundred million dollars' worth in that time. Not only would steel plants be shut down but all other industries would be affected, shares of other stocks would go down, there would be much selling on the exchanges, less money to be put into productive enterprise, and so much consequent loss in wages. It is imperative for the preservation of industrial contentment that markets be found.

Now, the American workingman demands, and justly demands, a standard of living that not only must be kept high, but one that must be bettering itself continually. So long as domestic demand increases sufficiently fast there is no great necessity for foreign markets in order to insure an increasing wage, but eventually a population saturation point will be reached, and just as the population must then overflow (or the increase must be stopped), so likewise must the distribution of goods overflow or else the condition of the worker becomes static.

These great forces of economics are only just beginning to be felt in their strength, owing to the comparative past sparseness of the population of the world.

The Conference did not, and probably could not, really help this situation much. The principle of the Open Door in China has been reaffirmed and other agreements have been made, but the struggle for markets in the undeveloped regions will continue.

Of the countless causes that tend to create misunderstanding and conflict, three rather important ones have been mentioned:

The pressure of population.

The artificial impediments in the way of free flow of goods.

The struggle for markets.

These causes will apply with particular force to America, fast becoming settled, apparently rooted in the habit of erecting trade barriers, and rightly jealous of the standard of living that prevails.

What does all this mean?

It means that the likelihood of war in the world is great in the rather near future.

It means that America as the greatest nation of the earth cannot escape the chance of involvement, indeed the certainty of it indirectly and the probability of it directly.

By virtue of possessing the next most powerful navy in the world, and financial and industrial strength far surpassing that of any other nation in the world, America was able to call such a conference as was held with a practical certainty that such a call would be well received, and was able to dominate this conference. We still retain numerical equality with the most powerful nation in capital ships, but have given up the possibility of such numerical superiority as would in itself have insured success in future war, which superiority could have been retained only at great expense. This was done by the expressed will of the American people and under the direction of four of the ablest statesmen in the country. It was well done, and well it is that it was done, but the voluntary reduction of our Navy was evidently made with the understanding that the agreement would be lived up to and that, in view of the dangers that confront us as set forth above, such reduction was the maximum consistent with our National safety.

Are we living up to the terms of this agreement?

The capital ship strength of our Navy was specifically defined, but that is only a part of the Navy, for "Men fight, not ships."

If we are to have a Navy, it must be clearly borne in mind that it exists for one purpose, and but for one, and that is *to win war*. Anybody can fight, but the best man wins. The Navy of the United States must be able to win in any war that we may become involved in, and, being restricted as to numbers, it can win only by superiority in efficiency.

How are we to obtain that efficiency?

It can be obtained only by sending the ships to sea. Ships laid up deteriorate rapidly, while at sea they have to be kept up to the mark. At sea any defects in construction will develop and are corrected, while in port they may exist unknown. It is only by keeping all

of our ships manned and at sea much of the time that we can be assured of that degree of efficiency in machinery, gunnery, and communications which is essential to victory.

And the officers and men, how are they to learn to make war while the ships are tied up to a dock or lying at anchor? True, much can be accomplished by study on the part of those in high command, but all the study in the world is useless without actual practice as nearly like that which will be encountered in war as is possible to obtain. Ships newly manned are practically useless for fighting until their crews have lived and worked together for some time. We have many examples of that in history. Vivid in the memory of Americans is the case of brave Lawrence, who went to his death in the Chesapeake. The French fleet blockaded for twenty-two months in Toulon by Nelson, who kept the sea during that whole period, is another. When the French ships went to sea they lost their topmasts in a gale and had to put back into port for repairs, while Nelson's ships, manned by experienced sailors, suffered not at all.

It needs salt spray to make a sailor; it needs target practice to make a gunner; it needs maneuvers to make a tactician; and these can be had only by sending our ships to sea.

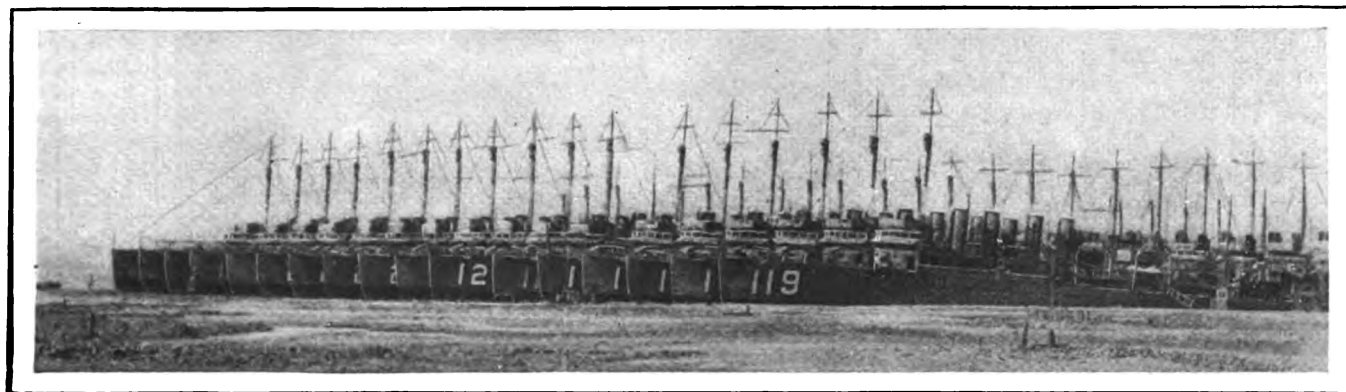
The American people are heavily burdened by debt and are sorely taxed to pay it, but they have the right to have the situation put before them clearly before making a final decision.

It has been determined that we need a Navy to use in war.

This Navy is of no use unless it can win.

The only way to insure its winning is to enable it to keep the ships in commission and send them to sea and pay the price.

If after hearing the facts the American people are content to have a moderately good Navy instead of the best Navy, that is their undoubted privilege. When war comes, the Navy, whatever there is of it, will do its level best, but if inadequately trained many a mother's son will meet his death who would have been living but for lack of a fighting chance.

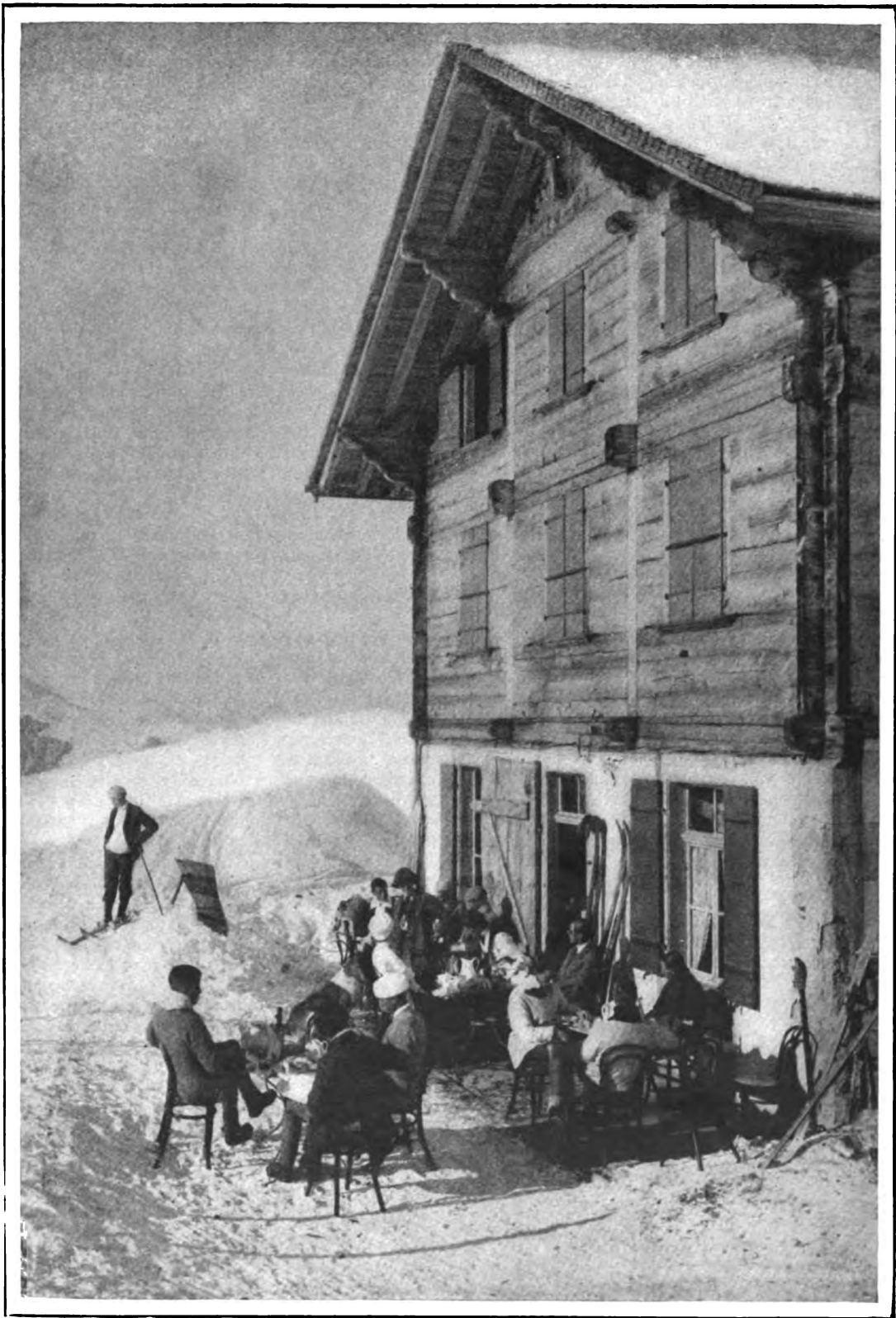


P. & A. Photos

TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS OUT OF COMMISSION IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR

HUMAN SNOWBIRDS

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Courtesy Official Information Bureau of Switzerland

A PARTY OF SKIERS ENJOYING AN OPEN-AIR LUNCHEON ON THE SUMMIT
OF THE HAHNENMOOS PASS ABOVE ADELBODEN, BERNESE OBERLAND,
SWITZERLAND

THE BOOK TABLE

A PHILOSOPHER FROM THE PLATE

BY LLOYD MORRIS

OUR acquaintance, in the United States, with the contemporary literature of Latin America is so restricted that Mr. Stimson's felicitous translation of the "Ariel" of José Enrique Rodó¹ is to be regarded as especially auspicious. For it serves to introduce to an English-speaking audience the work of a writer whose influence has extended wherever Spanish is spoken, a philosopher whose ideas found expression in unusual beauty.

Rodó was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, exactly fifty years ago. His youth was spent in an atmosphere of scholarship, and at twenty-six he was Professor of Literature in the university of his native city. Three years later he deserted academic life to enter politics, and for a considerable time was a member of the national Parliament. The sixteen years from 1901 to 1917 were compact with activities at once various and uniform; from every field touched by his interests Rodó drew nourishment for his philosophy of idealism. His personal life was remarkably of a piece with his central doctrine of perpetual and unremitting self-renovation. "*Reformase es vivir*" (to recreate one's self is to live) are the opening words of his most notable book; like Emerson, he counseled that we should "live ever in a new day." And he put his theories vigorously to the test. Parliamentary debate, miscellaneous journalism, economic investigation, and the criticism of literature and art he successively turned to account in applying his theory of life to divergent spheres of human interest; could any subject be alien to one whose ideal was the complete man? His intellectual concentration was as intense as its expression was various, for his writings reveal a familiarity with foreign literature that might well be envied by a mind devoted exclusively to scholarship. Rodó insistently advocated the necessity of travel as a means of self-renovation; ironically, he never left Montevideo until 1917, when he was appointed European correspondent by "Caras y Caretas," a Buenos Aires weekly journal of wide influence. He went to Spain, proceeded almost immediately to Italy, and after a brief illness died at Palermo in May, 1917. Three years later, with much ceremony, his body was brought back to Montevideo to be buried beneath a magnificent monument erected by the nation.

"Ariel," his earliest and in some ways his most charming book, is an excellent introduction to those central ideas which he later amplified to their full



Courtesy of the New York Times

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

philosophic implications in the "Motivos de Proteo" (Motives of Proteus). Taking the form of the imaginary valedictory of a spiritual teacher to the students who are about to leave him, it is less a statement of a theory of life than an invitation to formulate one. It is an eloquent summons to the humane life as the Greeks defined it, a poetic defense of the claims of Ariel rather than Caliban to determine the ideals of civilization. Life in Greece, he observes, was held to be noble only when it was founded upon "the concert of all human faculties, in the free and chartered liberty of all energies capable of contributing to the power and glory of mankind." Thus it was that Athens "could exalt at once the feeling for the ideal with the real, reason with instinct, the forces of the body with those of the spirit. It chiseled clear the four sides to the soul." This rational and harmonious development of the multiple forces of personality constituted for Rodó the culture of the humane life.

"The basic principle of your development," he says, "... should be to maintain the integrity of your humanity. No one function should ever prevail over that final end. No isolated force can satisfy all reasonable objects of individual existence, as it cannot alone produce the ordered concert of collective existence. And, like deformity or dwarfing to the body, is, to the soul, the result of an exclusive object imposed on individual action and a single manner of culture."

Social evolution, he points out, results in the growing complexity of civilization in a constantly increasing heterogeneity in life. As general culture increases, the field of individual activity tends to be more and more restricted to narrow specialization. But the humane life demands, not the intensive cultivation of a single aptitude, but the balanced exercise of all human capacities; how, then, is the determinism of individual vocation, the tyranny of materialism, to be circumvented? Rodó, like

¹ Ariel. By José Enrique Rodó. Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by F. J. Stimson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

Emerson, would answer, that to live the life of reason means to share nobly in as many forms of experience as we may: "Shrug not your shoulders before any noble and fecund manifestation of human nature, under the pretext that your own individuality ties you of preference to a different one. Be attentive spectators where you may not be actors." He seems here to foreshadow the theory that Croce, applying to the materials of aesthetics, has contributed toward our understanding of art; that the function of the spectator is to recreate the experience of the artist. So Rodó, counseling the enlargement of the inner life, points a way to vicarious experience.

One of Rodó's most notable contributions to the interpretation of ideas is his sense of the epic significance of the doctrine of evolution. Very largely that doctrine has served modern thought by clarifying our sense of the past, and its distinctive emphasis both in philosophy and literature has been upon the lowly origin of life. But for Rodó its implications in the future are far more valuable. If the present is the sum total, the complete consequence of an infinite past, why should not its chief value be what it portends of the future? Thus he counsels that "every one who devotes himself to propagate and preserve in contemporary America a disinterested ideal of the soul—art, science, ethics, religious belief, a political policy of ideals—should educate his belief in the persevering preparation for the future." It is to the interest of this future no less than to the satisfaction of the present that the individual shall cultivate his own capacities to the fullest extent possible. The reason for this, only hinted at in "Ariel," is stated at some length in the "Motivos" in that doctrine of perpetual self-renovation which gave to Rodó's philosophy the name of "proteanism." In every human being, he says, there is an inexhaustible reservoir of spiritual capacities, largely unknown. This reservoir enables us, if we fall in one direction, to seek a new orientation, since the frustration of one power is compensated for by the discovery of another. Every one should therefore be the Columbus of his own personality, since reality and the future, as well as the past, lie within us. Life is a perpetual becoming, and so is truth; it is therefore the duty of the individual constantly to subject his ideas and feelings to the test of new knowledge as it is created. In that way alone is it possible to insure control of experience by the spirit.

"Ariel," which is an invitation to this life of the spirit, is likewise a denunciation of the philosophy of utilitarianism. Rodó finds two causes assigned for the dominion exercised by utilitarian ideals: the tremendous discoveries of natural science and the wide diffusion of democratic ideas. To offset the conception of science as serving only through its practical applications, Rodó recalls to "minds the ideals of pure science; we could not, he warns us, confuse the

search for truth with the perfection of mechanical conveniences. Nor does he find in the ideals of democracy any inherent materialism. Can democracy, he asks, meet the tests of culture and civilization? The question is complicated by the fact that in the Western Hemisphere the first hundred years of democratic experiment were largely preoccupied with the conquest of physical nature. Like science, democracy was under the necessity of being practical. But the final test is not one of materialism: "The civilization of a country acquires its grandeur not by its manifestations of material prosperity and predominance, but by the higher order of thinking and feeling thereby made possible." Democracy begins by leveling unjust superiorities, but the spiritual world, as well as the natural, abhors an absolute equilibrium. By proclaiming the universality and equality of human rights democracy will ultimately proclaim the predominance of mere number unless it carefully maintains some conception of legitimate superiorities, such, for example, as moral excellence. In this, as in other matters, Rodó puts his faith in

science, joining to the conception of equality of opportunity the doctrine of natural selection in the moral domain. To that consecration of mediocrity which to him appears to be the most damaging perversion of democracy he opposes the ideal of a democracy that is "just and noble, impelled only by the knowledge and sense of true superiorities, in which the supremacy of intelligence and virtue, the only limits to the just equality of man, receives its authority and prestige from liberty."

The work of Rodó has very directly influenced thought both throughout South America and in Spain, not only in its expression in literature, but in the theory and practice of education as well. Like Emerson and Whitman in the United States, like Ruskin and Arnold in England, his concern was to reinterpret for his time the final values discerned by the spirit. He enunciated no definition of the truth—for him truth, like life, is in process of becoming—but rather directed his energy to sowing a disinterested desire for knowledge and beauty as the two paths upon which truth may be met.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES. By Peter B. Kyne. Illustrated. The Cosmopolitan Press, New York. \$2.

Cappy Ricks, our friend of former stories, retires, and not once but several times; and the more he retires, the more he comes back, bubbling over with energy, courage, and generosity. The first part of this book is one of the liveliest sea tales of the war ever written.

CLAIR DE LUNE. By Anthony Pryde. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

Mr. Pryde's stories always give the satisfaction of introducing the reader to people who talk and act like intelligent and cultivated persons. He always has a story situation also to which the talk and incidents lead up, so that the interest really does culminate at the climax. The present story certainly is as well written as any of his books, though his two earliest novels were tenser and more vivid.

KINGMAKERS (THE). By Burton E. Stevenson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.90.

One of the best of all the many tales that center about revolutions and plots of restoration in imaginary petty kingdoms in the east of Europe. Here the plotting itself takes place in Monte Carlo, and the poor king never does get his crown back. We won't say that this story is as charmingly written as Stevenson's "Prince Otto," but it is as good as or better than "The Prisoner of Zenda."

MYSTERIOUS OFFICE (THE). By Jeannette Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

A woman detective, who (as in a former book) unearths criminals on the condition that she shall start them in a straight line if possible, here unravels the queer theft of \$25,000 in bills from

the top of a desk. Any one of several people might have taken it; three (we believe) confessed to taking it; none of those three did take it.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY MISSISSIPPI VALLEY BEGINNINGS. By Henry E. Chambers. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

The early history of the Mississippi Valley is told in this well-printed book in a pleasant narrative style that makes easy reading. The settling of this great valley constituted one of the most important phases of America's development, and it deserves the ample and sympathetic treatment here given.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

NEIGHBORS HENCEFORTH. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Mr. Wister writes with strong feeling and an acute sense of character and human passion about American, French, and English soldiers in the Great War. He segregates individuals and makes them talk and act as real men, not like tin-hatted gods or moral idealists. Incident and talk are selected so as to throw out the reality of the fighting men who certainly should and must henceforth be neighbors.

MISCELLANEOUS

EVENING POST (THE). By Allan Nevins. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.50.

Reading the New York "Evening Post" would be an education in itself, if uneducated readers were eager to accept the "Post" as an Alma Mater. But its appeal has always been to the highly educated—to people of scholarly instincts, of fastidious tastes, of high intellectual standards. Despite, however, the limited circulation imposed by its quality, the "Evening Post" has for more

than a century of our National history been an influential factor in making that history; and the story of its career and influence is here told in a way that is highly interesting. The book is by no means merely a friendly encomium of a newspaper by one of its editorial staff; it is an independent, virile study and review. Alexander Hamilton, William Cullen Bryant, John Bigelow, and E. L. Godkin, as chiefs of the "Post," made it one of the world's great newspapers and set standards that are loyally followed by its present editors. Every newspaper man, every thoughtful newspaper reader, would be the better and wiser for becoming familiar with the contents of this book.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION
HUNTERS OF THE GREAT NORTH. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Stefansson is a first-class writing man as well as a first-class hunter and explorer, and no one, young or old, can take up this book without becoming absorbed in its accounts of Arctic life. The author has many original points of view, and when he takes the reader into his confidence as to these, his pages are most entertaining.

INCA LAND. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

Professor Bingham tells in this handsome and well-illustrated volume the story of his expeditions in Peru conducted in recent years under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society. The remarkable discovery of the Inca city of Machu Picchu receives extended treatment, and the account will prove of absorbing interest alike to the archæologist and the lover of travel books.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

EMINENT EUROPEANS. By Eugene S. Bagger. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

'INDISCRETIONS' OF LADY SUSAN. By Lady Susan Townley. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.

MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS. By Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$5.

NATHAN CLIFFORD, DEMOCRAT. By Philip Greely Clifford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

BRAZIL TODAY AND TOMORROW. By L. E. Elliott. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

POETRY

BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE (THE). By John Farrar. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

CANDIDE. By Voltaire. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES (THE). By James M. Beck. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

HORN HANDS AND HAMPERED ELBOWS. By Whiting Williams. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

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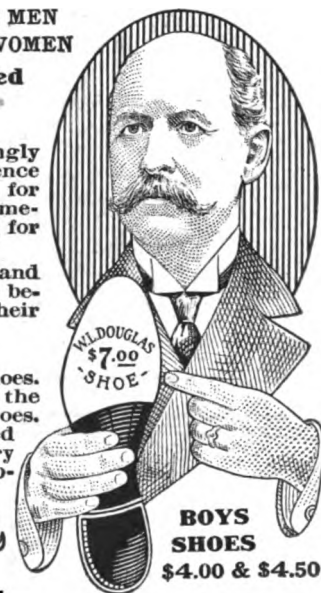
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BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH, SC., U. S. N.

FOR generations a quarrel has been carried on between economists on the subject of money and prices. The bone of contention is the so-called "quantity theory." Those who uphold it will seldom admit that there is even a subject for dispute involved—that the quantity theory is sufficiently obvious to be axiomatic. Their opponents are equally certain that to believe in the correctness of the quantity theory implies

a lack of fundamental logic—almost of good sense. Outside of the quarrel are the only persons to whom the solution is of any real import. Laws of price are everybody's business, and currency legislation is every one's concern. Our money must be dependable or we cannot get our business done.

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thing as money with a dissonance of opinion equal to that of the blind men about the elephant it is evident that they have different definitions for money.

The definitions usually given in the textbooks are in support of that statement. Does an exact definition exist in any standard text? If so, does it stand unchallenged? I believe not. Text after text, however, defines the *qualities* necessary for any commodity to possess in order to serve as Money. And four times out of five, after giving them, the same texts will later call a Federal Reserve note "money" and debate whether or not checks are "money." One chapter will be headed "Money" and the next "Credit." A succeeding chapter lumps them both and treats them alike under guise of currency or circulation or media of exchange.

In my pocketbook at present are four bills: a \$20 Federal Reserve note, a \$10 gold certificate, a \$5 note of the Series of 1890, and a \$1 silver certificate. How much *money* have I?

Starting at the only point upon which all schools of economic thought agree, each bill represents something. If that something has the *qualities necessary to serve as money*, the bill may be called a title deed to money. In other words, it proves that I have money somewhere. If, however, the something represented has not those qualities, I submit that my possession of the bill is evidence of something entirely different.

The \$20 bill is new and unworn. Presumably the 90 or 120 days of maturity of the trade acceptances or other paper behind it are incomplete. This bill, then, at a 4 per cent rediscount rate, really proves, in the last analysis, that I have a prior lien upon \$20.84 worth of, say, bolts and nuts, now being unpacked by a retailer; and that I am secured against loss through the sale of those bolts and nuts by the ample margin of about \$16 in gold. I do not own that gold. It is merely arrested temporarily and held until the Federal Reserve Bank proves to me that my \$20.84 worth of bolts and nuts will really sell for that much. Obviously, my bill does not represent anything which can be used as money except that \$16 in gold, and *I do not own that*. This bill cannot be money.

Now the \$10 bill. It states plainly that in the vaults of the Treasury there lie two hundred and thirty-two and two-tenths grains of gold; that the gold is mine; and that I can get it if I go and ask for it. This is money without a doubt.

Next, I have a green and black bill stating that the United States will pay me \$5. That is all it says. It means that this great country of ours owes me \$5 and admits it—nothing else. It is a loan without interest. Five dollars' worth of my work has been paid for with the Government's credit—nothing else. This bill is not money. It is the same sort of promissory note that you and I might issue.

Lastly, another bill offers me "One Silver Dollar"—not "One Dollar in Sil-



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(Continued)

ver." It does not state whether the dollar was coined from 60-cent pre-war silver or dollar-an-ounce Pittman Act silver; so I do not know whether my dollar is worth 40 cents or more, or 60 cents or less. Call it 50 cents, with the brassage. This bill, then, means that I own half a dollar in money and another half-dollar in promises.

This completes the inventory, and I find that I have only \$10.50 in money in my possession. I do not feel aggrieved, however, for the credit is liquid and negotiable. It is "good." I may have little money, but I have \$36 worth of power—power-in-exchange represented by currency. I do not care whether the power arises from gold, silver, promises, or bolts and nuts. It is good power, and I have it. Its source no more concerns me than the name of the chef who cooked my dinner.

Lifting a sack of wheat or a barrel of molasses requires one sort of power. Completing a business transaction, great or small, requires another kind: but whether muscle or purchase is involved, power is required. Can any one contend that the more muscle a man has, the harder he must work to shoulder a bushel of wheat? Is the amount of power necessary to do anything measured by the power one happens to have? *Does the size of the units by which power is computed change the total amount necessary to get our business done?* Of course not. The power required is regulated by the business itself, by the weight and inertia of the wheat, by the power-in-exchange of the thing we buy.

In my four bills power is represented by four different things—three of them commodities and the fourth a psychological phenomenon. The gold I am certain about. I know what it is worth the world over. I know that its power-in-exchange is not stable; but I know that it changes very slowly—more slowly than any other commodity possessing the necessary "qualities." The silver in which I have title is, I know, worth less than I gave for it; but I have the Government's word that I will not lose when I pass that bill along to another man, and I believe the Government.

The bolts and nuts are worth \$20 to me now. They may be worth \$18 or \$22 next month; but I am not interested for by that time they will have been sold and \$20.84 in gold will have been paid to the Federal Reserve Bank to cover my note. I will then have money. Right now, however, I have control of bolts and nuts.

The Government's credit is good with me for the same reason on a larger scale. When that bill was issued, the Government had no money, but it had control of future taxes and goods.

So, broadly speaking, my power arises from two things—my ownership of money metal or my mortgage upon marketable transferable goods or future supplies of money metal. Here the streams of thought divide. We are at

a beginning of both sides of the quantity theory quarrel.

The quantity theory is not a theory of money, but a theory of credit. As a hundred and ninety per cent of our "currency" "circulation," loosely called money, is credit pure and simple, it is not difficult, however, to see why it is considered a money theory. At the start, however, and they may be in their ideas, the quantity theorists stand convicted of unreason and language.

In plain English, the quantity theory states that the more units of money a country has, the less each one of them will buy, i.e., the higher will be the prices of "goods." They invoke the law of supply and demand, and some of them say that they cannot admit even the possibility of discussion.

At the start, we must rule out the blindly "anti-quantity" men who would aim absolute stability for gold and place all the fluctuation of prices upon other things. That is obviously a ridiculous assumption. If gold had never been used as money, its power-in-exchange, its relationship, would plainly depend upon comparative quantity and would rise and fall. Since gold, the most stable of commodities fit for use as money, has been chosen as money, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is still a commodity, and still subject to power fluctuation. These fluctuations, admittedly affected by quantity, have been considered as money fluctuations; but they are really fluctuations of the commodity power, not the money power. If they were not, we would find two gold prices current, as far apart as the two silver prices now obtaining in the United States, and the gold would be all coin or all bullion alternately, as these prices varied. It was only on account of its superior stability as a commodity that gold was selected in preference to other metals, like platinum and silver, as standard money. The commodity price of gold still rules, only partially enhanced by its new use as money and the consequently increased demand for gold. We use such gold as we need for Treasury reserves and coinage. We use the rest as commodity gold. If we coined it all, prices in terms of money would not be affected; we would use what coin we needed; hoard a little, and so decrease the supply; and melt the remainder down into ingots and jewelry. No matter what the supply of gold metal, there will never be more gold money in use than people want to use. Since the price of gold is its metal price, and so a worldwide price, the amount of gold money in any given country has no effect whatever on prices. In fact, in a country where only gold money was used in business and enough of it was in use to meet all currency needs, we would soon find lower prices, not higher; for the very unsoundness of all-gold-and-no-credit would pull all business into a permanent depression. An increase in the quantity of gold money would make no more difference than an increase of muscle to the heat-lifter of the first part of this arti-



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(Continued)

cle. Some of the money and some of the muscle would remain unused, for the amount of coin we possess makes no change in the amount of metal the world possesses, and nothing else counts.

However, we do not use gold exclusively as currency, nor even as a greater percentage of our currency. Nine-tenths of our normal business legally avoids the use, not only of money, but of public or Government credit. The circulating media are private credit instruments. When the rush of optimism comes, a lot of people overvalue their ability, and sellers and lenders do not care to take too much of their private credit. To get business done they now need public media of exchange, and the cry arises that "money is scarce." If their business is sound, productive, and helpful, and they are selling or moving goods, they can get these media in the form of Federal Reserve notes, which are really private credit guaranteed by the Federal Government.

In the old days the Government issued its own credit—greenbacks.

In both cases prices rose and rose and kept on rising until the crash came and depression settled down; and the quantity theorists claim this as proof of their creed. Here in this country are several instances—1855, 1870, 1883, 1892, and 1919—where the supply of credit circulation was enormously increased and prices went climbing. To make it even stronger, 1919 found an unprecedented quantity of gold in this country. The case seems to be plainly proved. And yet—

In all these years the great increase in circulating "money"—and nothing but circulation can matter much—has been credit, not gold nor gold certificates. We know that gold—and so gold certificates—derives its price from its commodity power-in-exchange. We can raise or lower the price of a gold dollar suddenly only by Professor Fisher's method, by changing the amount of gold in each dollar. In this case, not the gold, but the standard dollar has changed. Instead of saying, "Each gold dollar is worth less," it is more correct to say, "Each dollar is worth less gold."

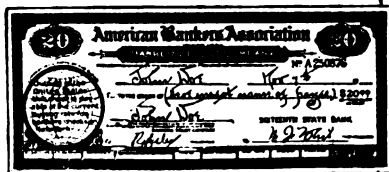
Just as the only way suddenly to change the price of a gold dollar is to change its metal content, so the only way to change the price of a credit dollar is to change its credit content. The world's supply of credit, or a country's supply, is popularly supposed to be infinite in theory; but it is not infinite nor even indeterminate. It is merely so far, undetermined in dollars and cents language. The exact total we cannot tell; but we know that it is measured by the amount of future goods under control, by the total of the manufactures and crops and imports for the next hundred and twenty days. "Hindustan" can tell us exactly what our total credit volume was last year. Records of several years past and trade barometers can tell us what it should be next year. As gold is our standard—and here is our big confusion—we must measure that



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credit in terms of gold. When we start to issue our credit dollars, however, our checks, acceptances, commercial paper, greenbacks, and Federal Reserve notes, we have, as a rule, overlooked one corner of the triangular estimate. Consequently, we have now and then got into trouble by forgetting that both credit and goods must be measured in gold, not each other. We can control supply of goods, and so affect prices; but we cannot, with a given amount of certain future production, change the price measured in gold by an abundance of credit dollars. We can change prices to you and me by too much credit money, I grant; but I submit that that has nothing to do with it, for by doing so we abandon the standard. And it is a question of standard. When the total of credit dollars exceeds the gold-dollar price of the total credit in existence, we have merely depreciated our credit standard in terms of gold. Prices are not high because a lot of credit dollars are floating about, but exactly the reverse. A lot of credit dollars appear because we have first made the gold price of credit dollars low. As soon as we do that we have two standard dollars, the gold dollar and the less valuable credit dollar. Gresham's law never fails, so we immediately have to use the bad dollars, and the good dollars drop into stockings and melting-pots. I believe that we can prove this by the same historical in-

stances cited above in alleged support of the quantity theory.

In 1855 people had an idea that the only thing necessary to prosperity was high prices. They argued that a dollar was a dollar, and that every extra dollar was a community gain. The State banks, therefore, issued credit dollars by the bale. They kept no account of the true volume of credit, and they did not even accept gold as a standard. Consequently, the more they overestimated their credit, the lower the actual power-in-exchange of their dollars, and the more of them were necessary. Prices rose of course. Prosperity did not. In a little while (1857) our creditors wanted payment, dollar for dollar; but they wanted good, gold dollars. We had only credit dollars worth about 35 cents in gold; and we crashed, and a lot of the world went down with us.

In 1870 we had been building railways at a feverish rate, working off the excess energy left adrift at the end of the Civil War. Governments and States helped these roads excessively. We needed a great deal of circulating currency, and thought we needed even more; for we again overestimated the future production which our new transportation would inspire. The National Bank Act helped a little, but it was limited by the supply of gold bonds. To make up the deficit, we again poured out credit dollars. We had learned one lesson—that private or State bank credit would not hold up its own price; so we issued Federal credit—greenbacks. The same thing happened. The total gold price of our one hundred and twenty days' production remained the same. We simply called a smaller fraction of that production a dollar's worth, depreciated the standard, raised prices and had to issue more money. The smash came on settling day, as usual, but we were still stubborn. It took three failures—1873, 1884, and 1893—to teach us that gold prices rule and that we cannot control gold prices.

The year 1919 was different. In that year the gold standard was generally accepted and was supposed to be in force. This was not true in Europe, for gold had been abandoned through dire necessity; and the countries of Europe had to mortgage, not merely one hundred and twenty days, but many years, of future production. Gold as a world-wide medium of exchange had ceased to function. Gold continued, however, to be the "common denominator," the standard, while the gold price of currency was driven down. At the same time, the production of goods fell off, lowering the credit total; and demand for goods increased violently, raising prices in terms of gold. Of course a huge volume of cheap credit francs and credit pounds and credit lire appeared. They had to; but they had nothing whatever to do with making prices. Goods were measured in gold; the use of gold had fallen off and demand was low, and the demand for goods was tremendous. That is the story of 1919.

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(Continued)

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Companions and Domestic Helpers
COMPANION—nurse or helper to semi-invalid gentleman. Refined Protestant young man. References. 3,067, Outlook.

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LADY highly recommends working housekeeper. Scotch; excellent cook, worker, mender, entire charge bachelor apartment. New York references. 3,101, Outlook.

YOUNG French lady of culture, ability, and exceptional character, experience as teacher in the best English schools, finishing governess in England and Italy, is open to engagement for the winter as traveling companion or teacher to young lady. Being at present in Rome, she is available immediately in Europe or would return to this country. Refer for further details to Mrs. R. G. Hazard, Dial House, Santa Barbara, Cal.

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GOVERNESS wants position in kind American family. French; two and a half years' experience; good musician. References. 3,063, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

To young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 367 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

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BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE Olivia Sage School of Practical Nursing offers a one year's course in bedside nursing to a limited number of women. Pupils receive maintenance, uniform, and salary. For further information apply to Director, New York Infirmary for Women and Children, Stuyvesant Square, New York.

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A Negro paper quotes Stephen Graham as reporting in "The Soul of John Brown" that a Negro minister had complained to him of the absurdity of making pictures of white angels for the children of the black race. "You surely would not like them black?" said the interviewer. "We give Sunday-school cards to our children with white angels on them. It's wrong," was the reply. "Black angels would be ugly." "No more ugly than white. . . . Isn't it absurd for us to be taught that the good are all white, and that sin itself is black?" "It does seem to leave you in the shade," Mr. Graham admitted. "Expressions such as 'black as sin' ought to be deleted from the language. One might as well say, 'white as sin,'" argued the Negro. It would be interesting to know how native Africans picture their ideals of goodness. It is well known that they look upon a white skin as unbeautiful. "You who are black!" is said to have been a form of reverential address uttered in presenting a petition to the Zulu kings in olden times.

Apropos of the above paragraph, it may be noted that a holiday display of colored (black) dolls is to be seen in a Brooklyn store window in a section where Negroes live, with the sign, "Colored Dolls Sold Here."

Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," was a keen student of current events. A letter written by him in 1776 and now offered for sale by a London bookseller reads:

"... The American Campaign has begun awkwardly. I hope, I cannot say that I expect, it will end better. England, tho' in the present times it breeds men of great professional abilities in all different ways, great lawyers, great watchmakers, clockmakers, etc., etc., seems to breed neither statesmen nor generals."

The apple, according to an exchange, is the most famous of fruits, for it has figured in at least four stories of world-wide fame—the apple of the Garden of Eden, the golden apples of Atalanta, the apple of the William Tell legend, and the falling apple which was seen by Newton and which suggested to him the law of gravitation.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college (as quoted in the "American Legion Weekly"). "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod in both hands and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," replied dad, admiringly, "what won't science discover next? Why, if that rod had straw on the other end, you'd be sweeping."

Three battles in American history, according to a recent book, left no survivors. One took place in the Powder River country, near Fort Phil Kearney, where Captain Fetterman and eighty

men met their death at the hands of Red Cloud's warriors in 1866. Another was in Montana on the Little Big Horn River, in 1876, when Custer and over two hundred men lost their lives. At the Alamo, in 1836, the followers of Bowie and Davy Crockett fell to a man beneath overwhelming forces under Santa Anna. "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; but from the three foregoing battlefields came no survivors."

An unsolicited testimonial to a Washington physician's skill, published in the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, reads in part as follows: "I had poison oak bad. I came to you and got me relief. I will sure recommend your stuff to all the boys who are here. I believe in giving the devil what is do him and am writing so you will know that I appreciate the same. Very truly ——. P. S. If I sell some of this stuff for 2 a dose can I figure on keeping the other 50c.?"

A champion girl typist told a newspaper reporter recently how she acquired her facility and endurance. "Typewriting," she said, "is like any other form of athletics. If you want to compete in speed contests you must go into training and cut out pie and coffee and other harmful things like that, and work, work, work!" Five years ago she wrote 88 words a minute. Now she can write 137 words and aims at 150.

"The brightest feature of the British railway situation is found in the happy relations between the companies and their men," according to "The Engineer" (London). "Never, during the hundred years of railways, has this aspect of the railway position been so good. There is, at present, a noticeable *esprit de corps* among the men, a greater desire to give a day's work for a day's pay, both in the operating and the manufacturing and repairing branches. . . . We believe, and will almost go as far as to affirm, that the attitude of the men is the result of the unions having been recognized and of the men themselves having been given a greater interest in the operation of the railways."

Recently, in Switzerland, according to the "Writer," a citizen was brought before a magistrate charged with failing to return a borrowed book, and sentenced to spend two days in jail and to pay a fine of forty francs, in addition to the value of the book. The magistrate in passing sentence said: "A book is a family utensil, like furniture, and is necessary to the welfare of the family." "The Writer" adds: "A practical way to secure the return of borrowed books is to put in the place of the book taken from the library shelf a piece of cardboard about the size of the book, on which is written the title of the volume, the name of the borrower, and the date when the book was lent." And, it might be added, when it is to be returned.

America's Race Heritage

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Brooklyn Citizen—"A book that has long been needed."

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This new system, which has been put into the form of an Illustrated Course, prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkably and immediate results for thousands of parents in all parts of the world, and is endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

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"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never come to your notice again. THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 112 Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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By Oscar S. Straus

[Only a portion of which has appeared in *The Outlook*]

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 20, 1922



THE NAVAL COMMISSION APPOINTED TO CONFER WITH THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT

Front row, left to right: Captain L. M. Overstreet, Captain Thomas E. Kearney, Rear-Admiral Vogelgesang, head of the Commission; Captain J. J. Cheatham, Commander V. S. Rossiter, Commander A. W. Fitch. Back row, left to right: Commodore D. G. Ellyson, Commodore A. T. Boatsgard, Lieutenant J. D. Pennington, Commodore R. S. Holmes, Lieutenant P. S. Carroll. An article by Captain Overstreet entitled "Naval Strategy as Affected by Aircraft and Battleships" will be published in an early issue of The Outlook

THE AMERICAN NAVAL MISSION TO BRAZIL

THE United States Naval Mission to Brazil sailed December 9, on the Pan-American of the Munson Line. This mission is the first of its kind ever sent out by this country. It consists of sixteen naval officers and nineteen petty officers of our Navy. It is headed by Rear-Admiral Vogelgesang, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The sending of this mission to Brazil has considerable political significance and should help our relations with Brazil and Pan-Americanism. The French Government sent a military mission of French army officers to Brazil some time ago. There has been considerable interest in naval circles throughout the world to see what country Brazil would invite to send a naval mission to assist in reorganizing the Brazilian navy.

It is significant that Brazil chose to invite America to send this mission. The officers in the mission are men who have specialized in naval strategy, the operation of submarines, destroyers, mine-laying, naval engineering, the gunnery of battleships; with an experienced aviator, a doctor, and a paymaster. The nineteen enlisted men are all the very best mechanics of our Navy and include torpedo men, radio men, engineers, turret captains, gunners' mates, machinists, aviation mechanics—in fact, skilled men

able to deal with any mechanical problem in the fleet. Our Secretary of State and the Brazilian Ambassador in Washington signed a formal agreement covering a period of four years as the life of the mission.

A Washington correspondent of The Outlook states that Brazil claims that her military expenditures to-day are forty-five per cent less than they were in 1913; that she was not able during the war to do anything to strengthen her Navy and that costs during the first few years after the war were prohibitive; so that her Navy is not sufficient even for the proper defense of her long coast-line, large area, and population. She has but two modern battleships. Brazil's delegate at the meeting of the Disarmament Commission in Geneva several months ago opposed the plan proposed for international limitation, on the ground that it would never permit Brazil to build a navy yard (she has none at present) and that it would give her insufficient national defense.

NEWS MAHAN WOULD ENJOY

THE Navy Department has announced that the Atlantic and the Pacific fleets are to be united under a single commander. This announcement should mean much to the American people.

It is essential that our fleet, now that the race in battleship construction has

been practically eliminated, should even more than ever be maintained at the highest level of efficiency. With the fleet divided and under separate commands, this ideal was impossible of attainment.

A fleet is something more than an aggregation of ships. It must function in peace time as a unit if it is to be effective in times of National crisis. Its leader must not only know the vessels under his command, but must also know the personalities and the mental attitudes of his captains. They, in turn, must be familiar with the method by which their chief approaches the problems before him.

Under Secretary Daniels all this advantage was thrown away by the adoption of a policy of division which the naval history of every nation has shown to be fallacious. The new order not only means increased naval efficiency, but it also assures the American people that politics will not govern the disposition of their first line of defense.

A FAMOUS COLLEGE OARSMAN

FIFTY years ago next summer Robert J. Cook, familiarly known to several generations of college oarsmen as Bob Cook, set himself deliberately and almost stolidly a double task. One was to pull Yale out of the slough of defeat; the other was to better the style and form of American amateur rowing. As a

freshman he had literally forced himself into the 'varsity boat by strength and persistence—a member of one of the crews he later trained, Mr. R. D. Paine, tells in a book of reminiscence a queer story of the efforts of the upper-class crew members to bluff off the freshman farm boy, and of his success through sheer might of muscle and readiness to fight at the drop of a hat. That year (1872) Yale, on the Connecticut River, came in last of a long string of boats with Amherst Agricultural College at their head. Cook, elected captain after that defeat, knew that the fault was largely in the stroke, for a stronger set of men than that crew is rarely seen.

Inquiry led Cook to believe that Oxford was the best place to study rowing scientifically. He quietly said, "I am going to England," got President Porter's permission to drop back a class (from 1875 to 1876), and borrowed moderate funds (some \$300, it is said) from those who had faith in his idea—and some undergraduates had faith enough to pawn their overcoats to help "quixotic Cook," as others called him.

The next year Yale led in the race, the "English stroke" was acclaimed, and the fast "donkey-engine" short stroke that took the heart out of a heavy man, whereas the long sweeping stroke utilized his strength to the utmost, became a thing of the past. There have been, and are, varying theories about what the "English stroke" originally was and as to how far it furnished the model for present-day rowing science. Cook always said that he believed in a combination of English and American rowing ideas. At all events, as interpreted by Bob Cook, the new stroke was a surprising advance on former practice, and it is historically true that he started a new era of college rowing. The crews he coached did not always win, but his work as coach for twenty years or so was a big asset to his college. He was, we believe, the first amateur trainer and coach of a college crew.

Bob Cook's recent death has revived many stories of his early days. One is that when he got to Oxford he at first was accorded scant attention. However, the story goes, some one did invite him to a crew supper one evening, and while there he was asked if he could wrestle. "He replied that he could—a little—and forthwith he threw every oarsman in the room. After that Oxford was his, and all its rowing secrets were revealed to him." As a matter of fact, much of his knowledge was gained from a long course of instruction from Saltus, the Oxford boatman and famous builder of shells.

Cook certainly will be remembered as a good oarsman, good coach, and good sportsman.

TRYING FOR A COMPROMISE AT LAUSANNE

RECENT sessions of the Lausanne Conference have developed a more reasonable attitude than prevailed at first. The Turks have shown no disposition to insist on the extreme demands made nominally in their behalf, but really for selfish national motives, by the Russians. A great point was gained when it was essentially agreed by all the Powers except Russia that the Dardanelles Straits should be unfortified by Turkey and open to warships for passage under conditions and agreements to be reached after discussion. An international commission may supervise the operation of such a plan. It is obvious that the whole case rests upon these conditions yet to be agreed upon. Russia, for instance, as we write, is reported to say that she would never sign an agreement which should allow each nation as many warships east of the Dardanelles as are possessed by the greatest maritime Power of the Black Sea—that is, Russia. So, too, if Turkey, as is proposed, is at liberty to fortify the coast everywhere except on the Straits themselves, and to do this without reference to the extent of the fortification, it might be that the theoretical opening of the Straits would be a farce in case of war.

The inclination to compromise shown by the Turks followed, and very possibly was influenced by, the representations of the head of the American group of observers, Ambassador Child. His statement was not as clear as it might have been, but it opposed fortification of the Straits and was willing to admit of restriction as to the use of the Straits by war-vessels. It is quite probable that an agreement will be made that will limit the size and number of war-vessels in such a way as to satisfy Russia's angry opposition to anything comparable to British control of the Black Sea, and at the same time to make it possible for the navies of the Great Powers to prevent serious trouble in the Near East.

The question of deportation of non-Turkish people in Asia Minor and Constantinople and that of the continuance or non-continuance of the extraterritorial privileges heretofore accorded to non-Turkish peoples have both been put aside during the important discussion on the Straits. Turkey probably will be open to reason on these subjects, although she has interjected an ill-timed intimation that she will not allow Christians or Jews to marry or be divorced in Turkey, or to own land there—all of which sounds as if she meant that she would have no courts in Turkey except her own, which are notoriously unfair to all outside interests or rights.

An interesting letter from Lausanne,

written by Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, of The Outlook's staff, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE EVACUATION OF TSINGTAU

As already reported in The Outlook (for example, in the article on "What Japan Is Leaving," in the issue for November 29), the date for Japan's evacuation of Tsingtau in the Chinese Province of Shantung was set for December 2. But December 2 came and went, and the Japanese remained. So much suspicion has been aroused by the Japanese occupation of that former German leasehold in China that this apparent breach of a pledge might naturally have aroused an outcry if the explanation had not been at once forthcoming. This was, in brief, that the Chinese had requested the Japanese to postpone their departure.

The reason for this was the danger threatened by Chinese bandits. In anticipation of the removal of the Japanese authorities, these bandits appeared with the prospect of easy looting. In dread of what might happen, many inhabitants of the city made preparations for flight. It is reported that trains out of the city were crowded with refugees. The Chinese officials were unprepared to give the city proper protection, and asked the Japanese to remain on guard.

The Chinese Government at Peking thereupon acted in a characteristic Chinese fashion. Instead of assuring proper police protection to the city, it paid over one hundred thousand dollars to the bandits to refrain from violence. Moreover, it is reported from Peking that a thousand of the bandits have been incorporated in the Tsingtau police force. So everything is arranged most happily.

According to a despatch from Tsingtau, the Chinese flag was raised over the Administration Building there on December 10 for the first time in twenty-four years.

Japan has shown her good faith.

IRISH AGAINST IRISH

NOTHING could be more deplorable than the hateful and tragic struggle that is going on between the Irish who uphold the Free State and the Irish who are permitting all sorts of lawless acts in the name of an ideal republic. So far as form is concerned, the Free State is now established. Its Constitution has been accepted by the Irish Provisional Parliament and by the British Parliament. Timothy M. Healy, a tried and true Irish patriot, has been appointed Governor-General, and this is said to be the first time that a Governor-General for a Dominion has not been a titled Englishman. The Free State Government is organized and in most respects is working satisfactorily. Yet

THY TONGUE A PARTY-VERDICT GAVE

(King Richard, Act I, Scene 3)

Marcus in the New York Times



TOO MANY LEGS TO GET ANYWHERE

From Mrs. E. M. Goddard, Newark, N. J.

Darling in the Kansas City Star



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THE EXTRA SESSION

From L. Richardson, Sedalla, Missouri

Dorman H. Smith in the Kendallville (Indiana) News Sun



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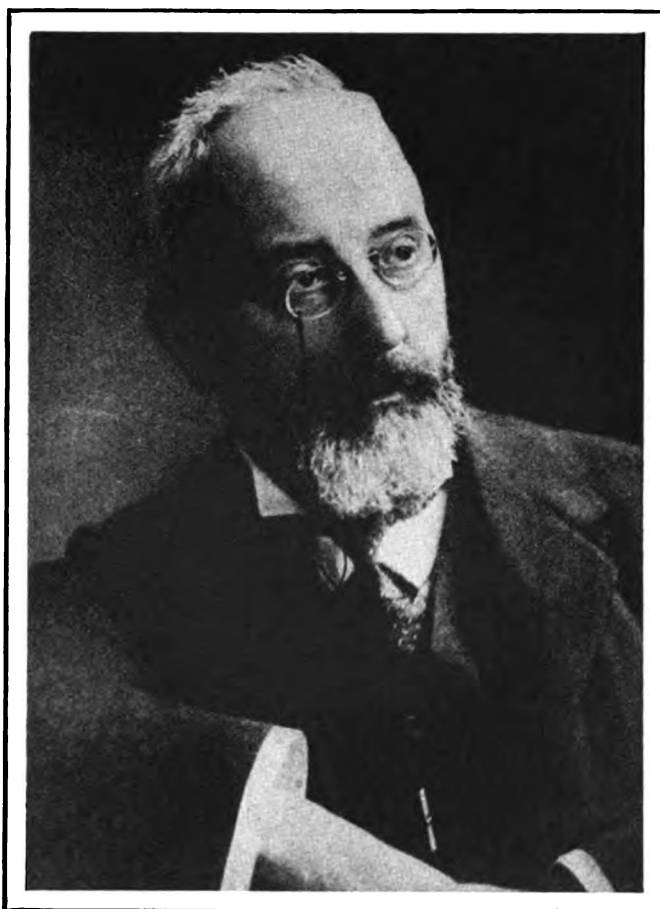
Cassel in the New York Evening World



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OUR FOREIGN POLICY!

From Henry Harrison, Brooklyn, N. Y.



International

TIMOTHY HEALY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

there is an inter-Irish, irregular, bloody combat going on, with assassination on one side and retaliation on the other. No wonder that Ulster now refuses to join the Irish Free State.

The policy of retaliation was not successful when it was half recognized by the British Government in the "black and tan" troubles; it remains to be seen whether it will work as between two factions of Irish people. The argument for it is that nine-tenths, as some say, of Irish voters are in favor of the Free State; that the small remainder do not fight in the open as in war, but kill and destroy where there is no resistance; that the only way of dealing with them is through implacable measures. On the other hand, many deprecate the official announcement that whenever political assassinations occur the Free State authorities will execute prisoners who have been found guilty of carrying arms contrary to law, and that these executions will be through courts martial. The execution of four fairly well known rebel leaders which followed the execution of Childers was of this nature. It certainly would be less repellent to humane sentiment if the men executed under the reprisal order were those who had been found guilty of some definite

act, such as plotting assassination or committing specific outrages. The executions were followed by various acts of violence, and it is still doubtful whether the new policy will help or hinder the establishment of the Free State.

The Irish Senators are generally men of recognized ability and moderation. The names include those of Sir Horace Plunkett, William Butler Yeats, George Russell, Lord Mayo, and Lord Dunraven. These and others of their colleagues certainly fill the condition of the new Constitution that the Senators should be "citizens who have done honor to the nation by reason of useful public service, or who because of special qualifications or attainments represent important aspects of the nation's life." There are to be sixty Senators, with a term of twelve years.

THE STATE OF AGRICULTURE

There is no Government report which is of greater importance than that of the Secretary of Agriculture. Secretary Wallace, one of the ablest men in the President's Cabinet, has in this year's report of his Department placed graphically before the country the condition of American farms.

For the past three years farmers, com-

prising one-third of the population, have labored under a serious disadvantage as compared with other groups of workers because of the disproportionate relationship of prices. Secretary Wallace says:

Certainly no other industry could have taken the losses agriculture has taken and maintain production, and we have no evidence to show that any other group of workers would have taken the reduction in wages in the spirit in which the farmers have taken their reduction. Many thousands of farmers have not been able to weather the storm, notwithstanding their strenuous efforts. Thousands who purchased land during the period of high prices have been obliged to give up the struggle, let their land go back, lose all the money they paid for it, and start anew. Many thousands of renters who had substantial savings invested in farm equipment and live stock have gone through the same experience and have lost everything.

Apparently the Secretary believes that the turn in the road has been reached. He continues:

It is fair to say that in general the farmers of the United States are in a better position financially now than they were a year or eighteen months ago. Farm products are selling at considerably higher prices, and it is estimated the aggregate value of the crops in the country this year is about \$1,250,000,000 more than last year.

Another reason for rejoicing he finds in the willingness of those engaged in industry, commerce, and finance to bring about a more favorable adjustment for the farmer:

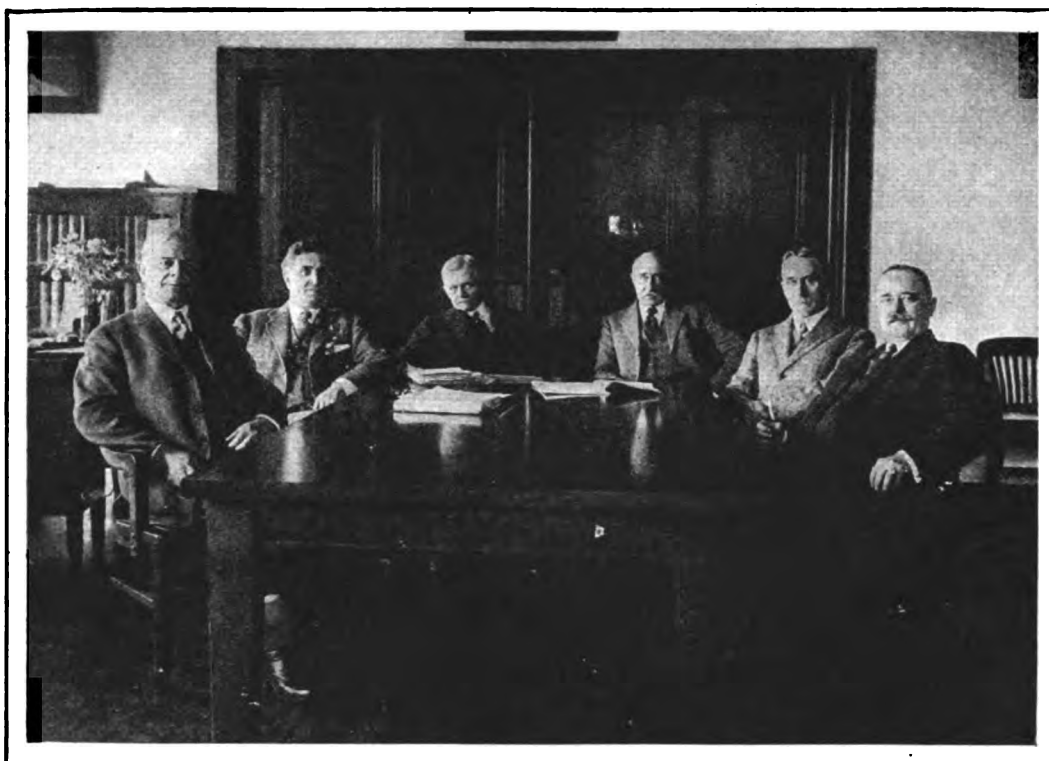
Such people are coming to realize more and more the menace to themselves in conditions so unfavorable to agriculture as those of the past three years. Their attitude towards the farmer has changed from that of a benevolent paternalism such as was so much in evidence during the ten years preceding the war. They now understand more clearly that their own future is inseparably linked up with the farmer, and that in doing what they can to help him get on his feet again they are helping themselves as well.

Rightly the Secretary says that agriculture cannot be placed upon the exact basis of which manufacturing is capable, but he believes that much can be done to improve present conditions.

It will never be possible for the farmers to relate their production to profitable demand with the nicety of the manufacturer, both because they cannot control the elements which influence production and cannot estimate demand so closely. Neither will the farmers ever be able to organize, as have the labor unions, and by rules and regulations and disciplinary measures compel obedience to policies adopted. They can, however, bring about a better adjustment of production, and especially of marketing, to the needs and purchasing ability of

THE FEDERAL FACT-FINDING COAL COMMISSION

The Commission, composed of seven members including former Vice-President Marshall, will make a thorough investigation of the bituminous and anthracite industries with a view to the prevention of strikes. In the picture, left to right, around the table, are: Judge Samuel Anshuler, of Aurora, Illinois; George Otis Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Thomas R. Marshall, of Indianapolis, Indiana; John Hays Hammond, of Washington, D. C.; Charles P. Neill, of Washington, D. C.; Clark Howell, of Atlanta, Georgia



(C) Harris & Ewing

possible customers if they will perfect their organizations and call to their aid men skilled in interpreting conditions which influence supply and demand. Better adjustment of farm production is worth striving for. Both the farmers and the consuming public would be benefited through more stable production, and therefore more stable prices.

Secretary Wallace brings to his present office the background of lifelong experience with farms and farm conditions. His words are worth listening to.

A STATE TAX ON COAL

THE United States Supreme Court's ruling that Pennsylvania is entitled to tax her output of hard coal fastens a burden upon the class of consumer least able to bear it—the householder. For, while the State will collect this ad valorem tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent from the producer, the latter will of course collect it indirectly from the consumer. Thus to successive wage boosts at the mine, which in turn increase the retail price of this necessity, is added a tax which is expected to bring the Keystone State a revenue of at least \$7,500,000 a year.

In reaching its decision the Supreme Court was concerned only with the legal aspect of the case; whether such a tax was fair to some twenty other hard-coal-consuming States did not enter into the question. The Court merely ruled that any State can impose a tax upon its products before they are put into interstate commerce, even though other States are large consumers of such prod-

ucts and do not produce them. So Pennsylvania lays the coal tax at the mouth of the mine, before it actually starts on its road to other States, and compels the people of these States to pay a special tax to help support Pennsylvania. And the higher the price of coal, the greater will be Pennsylvania's pecuniary benefit.

At present the tax is 15 cents on every \$10 ton of coal. But there is nothing in the Federal Constitution that would prevent Pennsylvania from increasing the tax to any amount she pleases. There is, however, the Pennsylvania user of domestic-size anthracite to consider, for upon him as well as upon the outsider the coal tax falls. Were it not for the fact that the voter of Pennsylvania has it in his power to rise up and smite the Legislature which passed the law should an exorbitant tax be levied, the danger of an increase in the tax might be very real, for most of the anthracite mined in Pennsylvania is burned in other States.

Pennsylvania can impose this tax without a qualm, because Pennsylvania has no competitor in the production of hard coal. Her monopoly, in fact, is more complete than that of any other State over any widely used commodity. Having such a monopoly, it can legally place a tax on the residents of other States by forcing the tax into the price the consumer must pay or go without warmth.

Since Pennsylvania is permitted to levy a tax against her sister States on a household necessity in which she has

a practical monopoly, other States may follow her example. In fact, Minnesota already taxes her output of iron ore. The possibilities in this direction are not to be disregarded.

Another dangerous possibility in the instance of Pennsylvania is that the coal operators may be permitted to fix prices and the union official the wages of miners without fear of competition. There is no practicable substitute for anthracite at this time, although the high price of the commodity and the uncertainty of its supply because of strikes have caused many consumers to seek substitutes, such as oil and soft coal. But anthracite is still considered a household necessity in some twenty States.

COAL SHORTAGE AND COAL SUBSTITUTES

SIX months ago a well-informed correspondent of The Outlook said in an article in this journal, "The people of the United States are facing a certain shortage of anthracite coal next winter." He based his belief on the fact that during the two months of strike that had then elapsed the shortage in hard-coal mining was such that it would be difficult to catch up with it. For months following the strike continued, and when it ceased there was a shortage of millions of tons of anthracite.

The people who use hard coal have for the most part taken the situation philosophically, have not shown signs of desperate alarm, and are doing their best to cope with the situation. Not

much gain has been made toward wiping out the shortage of coal. The United States official figures of production show this. It is evident that where substitutes can be used for hard coal or economy can reduce the amount of fuel used it is every one's duty to act in accordance with the pressure of the situation. Federal and State authorities have published careful and practical suggestions in this direction, and such an article was published in *The Outlook* for November 22. Soft coal of good quality, coke, and smaller sizes of anthracite than are usually regarded as desirable for furnaces may, with care, be used to advantage in this crisis.

Meanwhile the Coal Commission appointed by President Harding, commonly called the Fact-Finding Commission, is, no doubt, studying the situation carefully. We hope that it has its agents directly on the field and that it is not depending solely on printed statistics and the evidence of experts, whether union experts or operators' experts. This is the kind of situation that is best met by original investigation through skilled and reliable personal representatives.

Assuredly, the public which uses hard coal is entitled to know whether coal owners, union miners, coal-carrying railways, and distributors are all doing their best. For instance, we hope that there will be a thorough and drastic inquiry into a statement credited by the New York "Tribune" to Mr. C. J. Golden, President of District No. 9, of the United Mine Workers of America, one of the three districts in the anthracite region. Mr. Golden, according to the "Tribune," charges that the order by New York's State Coal Administrator to use for domestic purposes some of the so-called "steam size" of anthracite "will serve only to give added profit to the coal operators, who are flooding the market with the steam sizes because of the much larger profit which the sale of these grades nets them."

Mr. Golden, according to this article, asserts that "hundreds of miners who could be at work producing freshly mined domestic sizes are walking the streets without work," while at the same time the coal producers have "loaded thousands of cars with coal from the culm banks for which they knew there was no demand."

This is a very serious charge. It amounts to saying that the mining companies are deliberately refusing to do their best to get the proper sizes of domestic anthracite coal to consumers and are abusing the situation to force the sale of undesirable sizes.

The article states that Mr. Golden is to go before the Fact-Finding Commis-

sion some time in January. Certainly the Commission should lose no time in putting such a charge to the test. If it is a partisan lie, it should be exposed; if it has any truth in it, the truth should be known.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S ADVICE TO CONGRESS

A READING of President Harding's Message, which was delivered in Congress on December 8, leaves upon the mind of any one but an extreme partisan an impression of a personality rather than a policy. This is not of itself the sign of any defect. On the contrary, at a time like this, when there is evidently much unrest and confusion of mind in the people, it may be actually a virtue in the Presidential Message that there should be no appearance of an attempt to formulate for the people any policy that could be termed definitely radical or conservative. And yet the Message does not give the impression of a series of unrelated, much less of inconsistent, recommendations. There is a unity in the Message which is supplied by the personality behind it. Some of the recommendations are obviously acceptable to men considered progressive; some are in line with measures advocated by men who class themselves as radical; some of the recommendations are plainly dictated by considerations which appeal to men who are regarded as conservative. From the Message it would be hard to gather evidence that the President himself belonged to any group. The path which the President has marked out for himself seems to cut across various domains; but all the while one is impressed by the fact that the man who is following that path is a man of good will, of experience, of open mind, of conviction without excess of emotion and without obtrusive prejudices. So far as it expresses a political philosophy, the Message is that of one who apparently has taken advice from many sources and has come to his conclusions by the process of weighing in each case the counsel that he has received and accepting that which, in his judgment, turns the balance on the side of common sense and practical wisdom.

The political effect of such a Message is in some respects like that of one which might be drawn up with the design of enlisting the most varied kind of support and of dividing the opposition. How, for instance, is it conceivable that the so-called radical group can be mobilized enthusiastically in opposition to

the President because of his recommendations concerning railway labor legislation when that same group find that the President is strongly in favor of some of the things that they want, such as the extension of credits to the farmer and the adoption of a Constitutional amendment permitting a Federal child labor law? There is no indication, however, that the Message was drawn up with any such design. There is, on the contrary, every indication that it is the expression of the President's mature judgment upon the subjects with which he deals. Its spirit is such as to make any criticism of it which is purely factional or partisan seem unworthy. The Constitution provides that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." President Harding's Message makes the impression that he has been guided, not by political design, but by his judgment of what is necessary and expedient in making his recommendations.

AN OUTLINE OF THE MESSAGE

For the severest problems of government President Harding finds a single cause. It is, to use his own phrase, the "readjustment of the social and economic order" after the World War. More specifically, he finds it to be the attitude of individuals toward this readjustment—the fact that every one, to put it broadly, wants war-time compensation with pre-war expenditures, seeking readjustment for everybody except himself.

If the President could convince, not Congress, but the great majority of his fellow-countrymen of this, he would probably save Congress from a good deal of its legislative task. It is obviously impossible for the President to do this directly; but if this very simple idea (which probably is one of the ideas which called forth from a Congressional critic of the Message the scornful comment, "Latitude, longitude, platitudes") could be made the subject of editorials, and sermons, and conversations the country over for the next few months we imagine that the whole people would be saved from many of the difficulties that are ahead of them.

The President does not expect a restoration of the old order; he does not think that any one regards it as desirable; but he believes that humanity needs to be committed to "the tranquil ways of peace." In this he is not thinking primarily of international relations, but rather chiefly of the social, financial, and economic problems at home; for, as he says, "every nation must be able to carry

on for itself, else its international relationship will have scant importance."

As an example of the desire for war compensation with pre-war costs he cites the coal and railway strikes. Both of these he condemns as unjustifiable, and he holds both labor and the "heedless forces of reaction" accountable.

By the railway strike the distress of the American farmer was increased. That distress was, however, evident before the strike. So far as it was due to what the President calls "precipitate deflation" it was somewhat relieved by Congressional acts. The President believes that the Farm Loan Bureau should have its powers enlarged and that there should be created in the Federal Land Bank a division to deal with productive credits with special reference to credits for the production of live stock. In addition he urges measures for better and cheaper transportation. To avoid paralysis the President finds it easy to believe that the transportation of the country needs "complete reorganization on some new basis." Incidentally he urges a closer connection between the rail lines and the sea carriers, the utilization of our inland waterways, and the use of the motor truck, not as a competitor, but a feeder and distributor in conjunction with the railway. In securing lower costs of transportation on staple products the five per cent horizontal reduction in rates proved, the President said, futile. What the President desired last summer and proposed informally was a heavier reduction on basic commodities such as farm products and coal, leaving the other commodities untouched. The President opposes Government operation because "it was Government operation which brought us to the very order of things against which we now rebel, and we are still liquidating the costs of that supreme folly." Economies must be made out of the margin left over from the fifty to sixty per cent of railway earnings which go into wages. There should be more intercarrier co-operation, with mergers of lines into systems, interchange of freight cars, economic use of terminals, and consolidation of facilities. The President thinks well of the proposal to provide a central agency under the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission as a means of financing equipment. So much for the material side of the transportation question.

But there is a human side. The Railroad Labor Board showed a lack of power to deal with the subject. The President praises the attempt of Congress in establishing that Board, and declares that some such agency must be a guaranty against even the threat of discontinued service. He recognizes the

right of men to labor or to cease to labor as they choose; but he asserts the right of the Government, which safeguards the men's interests while they work, to insist upon their not leaving work under conditions that destroy the service of the railway itself. This view of the President has been interpreted as the advocacy of a law prohibiting strikes. This is not a statement on the part of the President; it is an inference from what he says. All he asserts is the right of the people to adopt measures to prevent strikes. He distinctly says he wishes he could bring a precise recommendation to that end, but he does not make any recommendation specifically on that point. He believes that such a tribunal as is needed should be, not one composed partly of partisans, who represent managers and wage-earners, respectively, but one wholly impartial. He goes further than this, for he thinks the Railroad Labor Board should be abolished and in its place there should be a labor division in the Inter-State Commerce Commission to decide disputes relating to wages and working conditions. It ought to be relieved of hearing minor disputes which should be left to negotiation.

Evidently in answer to criticism, though not specifically mentioning any, the President refers to the flexibility of the recently adopted Tariff Law as a means not only of safeguarding American interests but of keeping open "the paths of such liberal exchanges as do not endanger our own productivity." Internationally he wants our voice to be heard, but as "that of good counsel, not of dictation."

The President thinks it is important to meet the "recrudescence of hyphenated Americanism," and "to make the alien respect our institutions while he accepts our hospitality;" but he thinks it still more important that all in the United States respect and abide by the Nation's laws. In particular, he refers to the widespread disregard of prohibition, deplors its political effects, and urges rigorous and literal enforcement. If the prohibition statute is contrary to deliberate public opinion, which the President does not believe, the enforcement of it will direct public attention to the requisite change in the law. Since both Federal and State Governments are charged with enforcement, the President purposes to invite the Governors of States and Territories to a conference with the Federal executive authority.

For the regulation of the alien he urges the speedy passage of the Alien Registration Bill and a measure for providing examination of aliens abroad. Especially for the education of the im-

migrant he believes in co-operation of the National authority with the States.

The President urges the adoption of two Constitutional amendments—one enabling Congress to legislate against the evils of child labor, the other to provide for the restriction of the issues of tax-exempt securities.

After touching upon reclamation and irrigation, upon the fuel problem, which is now under study by a Fact Finding Commission, upon the question of prices, upon the super-power programme drawn up as a result of a recent survey, and upon the plan for drafting all the resources of the Republic in case of war, the President closes with a brief reference to international relations. Again expressing hostility to any "super-government" or "armed alliance," he makes a reference to the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan which provides for consultation in case of any dispute arising concerning the islands of the Pacific. Of this he says:

The Four-Power Pact, which abolishes every probability of war on the Pacific, has brought new confidence in a maintained peace, and I can well believe it might be made a model for like assurances wherever in the world any common interests are concerned.

This has been regarded as the most significant statement in the whole Message. We do not think it is necessarily an announcement of any plan for a similar treaty dealing with European questions or questions concerning the Atlantic area. The President hoped, as he plainly stated at the time, that out of the Washington Conference might come other conferences based on the same principle, and as a consequence of the treaties there made other treaties might later be drafted in the same spirit. Whether this statement in the Message is anything more than a reiteration of that wish we do not know; but, even if it is only that, it is significant as an indication that the American Government believes that treaty has already proved its value.

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECT

It is impossible for us to discuss all the President's recommendations here. With the purpose of them all we find ourselves in general agreement. On the most controversial subject in the whole Message, the prevention of strikes on such public utilities as the railways, the President has spoken with courage, for he must have known that it would arouse the antagonism of leaders of organized labor; but he spoke not as a representative of any group in the Nation, but as the representative of t

whole people. And his position on the subject is impregnable. No group has the moral right or ought to have the power to cripple the transportation of the country. Whether, lacking that right but trying to exercise the power, any group should be restrained by law or should be brought to a better mind by persuasion is, after all, not a question of principle but a question of means. We are of the opinion that the greatest progress toward the prevention of such strikes is by means which will bring managers and men together about a common table and to a common understanding. If in the meantime, for those who are obstinate and recalcitrant, a law making a strike on a railway a criminal conspiracy is necessary, the people have the right to enact such a law. We doubt, however, whether such a law would prove of any great avail toward a permanent solution. We expect much more from what has already proved the more efficacious—such an organization of men and managers as has been in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

With the other recommendations of the President we expect to deal as they come up for action in Congress.

CAN A POET MAKE A LIVING?

WE are gratified to discover that this important question has been answered with enthusiastic affirmation by a writer in a magazine called "The Poet and Philosopher," which drifted into The Outlook office not long since. The issue in which this answer appears is some months old, but the question and answer are eternally pertinent.

Rightly enough, the author of this important document says that the question of a living is of the greatest moment to the poet. There have been three answers, we learn, to this question. The first is that the poet will not receive reward enough to pay for his postage stamps. The second is contained in the rosy-colored picture painted by literary sharks and teachers of the trade of literature. And the third is the more modest and intermediate answer which the author himself puts forth.

He is a very cautious soul, this writer; he is frank enough to say that it will take the poetic apprentice three or four years of unremitting application before he can expect much remuneration from his efforts. In this period before the future poet bursts from his chrysalis the writer recommends stenography, printing, reporting, teaching, proof-reading, or photography as a means of sus-

tenance. Trades like that of "the butcher, the baker, and the grocer" are to be avoided "as getting away from that atmosphere of imagination and refinement in which the poetic art most flourishes." It is a pity that Mr. Masefield did not know of this before he missed his chance of success by serving as a bartender in New York. We feel, too, that there is something to be said for the trades of butchers and bakers and grocers, despite the fact that they lack the atmosphere of imagination. A surreptitious chop, a loaf of bread, or a pound of chocolate borrowed on occasion might be used as an offset to the air of materialism surrounding such trades.

The period of preparation is divided conveniently into three sections—"the first year the poet will devote all his energy to making himself a master of the art of poetry, . . . the two following years he will be solicitous mainly in making his name known." We suspect that this latter period is too short. We have seen poets solicitous over this important item long beyond the period of two years. Some of them have been more solicitous over this than over the quality of their workmanship.

The schedule for the poet during this period requires him to have one hundred poems published in some fifty magazines and newspapers and printed gratis if pay is not forthcoming. The fourth year is consumed in the preparation of a volume of poems, and full details are given as to the size of page, print, length and number of poems. One hundred pages, or 80,000 ems, is the allowance for the achievement of at least pecuniary sufficiency. This book is to sell at a profit of \$200 for the first year's sale and \$50 for each succeeding year. As a new volume of poems is thereafter to be printed each year, of course the total will soon mount to a living income. The proposition is even simpler than the minds of those readers who accept it as a gospel of success.

One thing we neglected to note. It is the subject matter of those poems upon which the poet is to mount the ladder of success. He is advised to "sing of the deeds of great men, of the deeds that they have accomplished, of their hills, dales, valleys and streams." Apparently, however, one must be careful of one's choice of great men, their hills and dales and what grows upon them. Elsewhere in this same issue of "The Poet and Philosopher" we find a sonnet submitted to the editor of this magazine in a prize contest. The poem received only a second prize, largely, it seems, because it was addressed to Luther Burbank. The explanation follows:

Luther Burbank is an American, and, in his field of Horticulture, justly

celebrated, still the cultivation of potatoes, which first brought him fame, places him rather in the ranks of commonplace personages; and poetry always eschews the commonplace. Cultivating potatoes, and vegetables, even though subsequently he turned his genius to the rose, is not a topic that is going to spur Pegasus [*sic*] to the top of Mount Parnassus.

Theocritus and Virgil please take note.

ADOPTING A VILLAGE

IN her account of "Christmas at Hattonchâtel," printed elsewhere in this issue, Miss Skinner keeps herself modestly in the background. From her story it would be impossible to derive any idea of the part that she has taken in the resurrection of that ancient and picturesque French village. The story which she tells would not have been possible except for the work that she has done.

That work started while this town in the St. Mihiel sector was still occupied by the Germans. Miss Skinner was then within the French lines. She saw the little town through a field-glass, and then and there adopted it.

At that time there was little left of it but the hill, for the village had been under bombardment for four years and a French officer told her that the Germans would probably blow that up when they left it. "Then," replied Miss Skinner, "I will rebuild what is left of it."

In the meantime she made arrangements with the French Government for finding and caring for the scattered population and for putting into proper institutions at her expense all the little children and old people until the Germans were driven out and rebuilding could begin.

As Miss Skinner has herself explained, France rebuilds her own villages and expects to refund all that has been spent by her friends in actual rebuilding. "But," adds Miss Skinner, "there are 'luxuries' that France cannot afford." Among these luxuries is a public *lavoir*. This is something that Miss Skinner has supplied, and now, instead of carrying the family wash down the six-hundred-foot hill to the little pool in the plain and up again, the women of the village can do their washing in an inclosed Gothic *lavoir* with running water at the top of the hill. There is also in the town now a dispensary. In the fields are a threshing-machine and a reaper. There are cattle and poultry and rabbits. And men and women whose homes were there are taking heart again.

Hattonchâtel is not the only village

which Miss Skinner has helped to bring back to life. At the request of the French, she has become the president of an American branch of the French committee for the liberated villages, and has been speaking and writing to Americans in behalf of the adoption of French villages, not in order to put American-made villages in their place, but to re-

build ruined French villages in the French way.

Miss Skinner is a graduate of Vassar and President of her class; and the story of what she has done is recounted in a little pamphlet which was written for the information of her classmates. She was born into an atmosphere of service, for her father devoted much of his time

and of his means for the community in which he lived—Holyoke, Massachusetts. It is true that Miss Skinner had means which she could devote to this purpose; but it is herself that has counted rather than anything that she had.

This is a story of what one American woman has done and what other Americans can help to do.

NEWBERRY'S SUCCESSOR

A STUDY OF SENATOR COUZENS

INTERVIEWED FOR THE OUTLOOK

BY RICHARD BARRY

TRUMAN NEWBERRY, ex-Senator from Michigan, has, I have been told, about three or four million dollars, only. His successor, James Couzens, late Mayor of Detroit, received in 1915 from Henry Ford a single payment of thirty million dollars for the outright sale of his stock in the Ford company. Before he received that sum he had as much money as Newberry or more. Compared to the former Senator from Michigan, the present one is a vastly richer citizen.

Yet the arrival of the two men in the United States Senate strikes exactly opposite reactions from the public. The election of Newberry through a use of money which was widely deemed improper created a scandal which cost some of his friends their political lives and eventually forced him to resign. The appointment of Couzens (into which the question of his money does not enter) is greeted with a chorus of approval from both press and public men. Henry Ford, from whom he parted in anger seven years ago, says he is the best choice that could be made. His Democratic colleague, Ferris, the first Democratic Senator ever elected from Michigan, says he is the best man the Republicans in that State have. From the dominant party there is no publicly voiced dissent.

No man could begin his career in the upper house at Washington more auspiciously than does Senator Couzens, and yet there is that millstone of thirty-odd millions around his neck. How did he do it?

To answer that question and to suggest to the readers of *The Outlook* what may be expected from Couzens in his new environment I recently spent part of an afternoon with the new Senator, and found him vividly frank and copiously willing to assist in an articulation of his energy and purpose in public life.

For several days the reporters had been striving to secure from him expressions of opinion on moot subjects likely to engage the attention of the Senate in the near future—on ship subsidy, on

prohibition, on farm credits, on railway legislation, and so on.

"I told them all," he said as we disposed first of this momentary phase of his mental attitude, "that I am refusing to commit myself on National problems until I get to Washington and have a chance to study them. I am frank to say that I don't feel certain enough of my opinion on any of these subjects to commit myself now. I am open to conviction. When the proper time comes, I will decide."

"Many are assuming, however," I objected, "that, as Governor Groesbeck appointed you to heal a sore occasioned by a so-called reactionary, and especially because of your record as the most conspicuous champion in the country of municipal ownership, that shortly you will become classified as a progressive."

"I don't want to be classified at all," was the sharp rejoinder, spoken like an executive of big business across his desk, and little like any brand of politician to whom the interviewer is accustomed. "I am not begging the issue when I say I don't know what progressivism is."

"You are familiar with the history of American politics for the past ten to twenty years?"

"Yes—and no. I have never belonged to any political organization; have never taken any active interest in National politics, have never written or spoken a word on any National issue. It may have been a mistake to appoint a man like me to the Senate. I don't know. We will see."

He said this with impersonal naïveté the sincerity of which could hardly be questioned. In fact, the whole impression taken from him was that here is a mentality of simple strength and lucid candor long accustomed to deal in materialisms, only newly adjusted to the humanities, but eager to transfer his physical yardstick to impalpable problems, and unhesitant in his certainty of the outcome.

"But when you reach Washington," I insisted, "you will immediately confront

a practical question which will require an immediate answer. The progressive bloc is organizing for tactical legislative procedure in the new Congress. Whether you desire to or not, you shortly will be compelled to declare yourself for or against it. Can't you tell me now where you will stand when that time comes?"

"No, I can't, because I don't know myself. If this bloc you call progressive is for something I believe in, then I'll be with them, but I'll not commit myself to any group for all its programme. I may be with the farm bloc on some things, but not necessarily on all things. By this I don't mean that I have figured out just how much I am with them, for I haven't. This goes for the standpatters, too. I'm likely to be with them in some things. The standpatters are not always wrong."

Which seemed to the writer in the nature of an epigram, but, as with many good epigrams, its author was unconscious of the creation of a *mot*.

"There is one National problem on which you can hardly fail to have a very important opinion," I continued; "that is concerning the railways. You are an imposing authority on city transportation. What, then, do you think of National transportation? For instance, as you are thoroughly committed to municipal ownership, do you extend that belief to include Government ownership?"

"No." The answer was decisive and inclusive as he elucidated. "The two things are radically different. The car lines of a city are a simple problem, comparatively. I mean they are a single unit, comprehensible in the view of all the citizens of the municipality. It is right, in fact inevitable, that the community should own and operate them, for then at all times it can have control of the officers and methods of operation."

"With National transportation a new element is injected. The people directly and vitally concerned cannot at all times or at any time have supervision and control. That is why I am against Government ownership of the railways. I



P. & A. Photos

JAMES COUZENS, THE NEW SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN, WITH HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, READING THE TELEGRAM FROM GOVERNOR GROESBECK OFFERING HIM THE SENATORSHIP

don't believe in absentee landlordism. Government operation has to be managed at a distance, presumably from Washington, by men who do not come in direct contact with the people and the problems they affect. Besides, it was tried and failed."

For the moment we dropped the subject there, but later we came back to it, and then it appeared that the opinions of the new Senator, on this subject at least, might be open to change. It was after he had told me of the many failures of the city of Detroit, over a period of twenty-five years, to secure municipal ownership, including the failure of several of his own early plans, that I referred to the alleged failure of Government operation of the railways during the war, and asked him if he did not see some new way in which to overcome the objections to Government ownership to be read by practical men in the lesson of experience.

"I think Government ownership is quite likely to become a fact," Couzens continued, "and I don't know that I'll oppose it; but there will have to be some change from the late war-time operation to remove it from the danger of bureaucracy. Perhaps regional opera-

tion may be this solution. Cut the country up into zones, and make each rule itself with local men, local methods. Then you might avoid absentee control, absentee ownership. The evils of either will kill any enterprise."

"Pursuing this line of thought," said I, "we come naturally to the question of ship subsidy. Ships are but an extension of land transportation. What about 'Government aid' there, to use the words of President Harding?"

"Can't say. Haven't thought of it—haven't studied it."

"You'll have to vote on it."

"There's time enough for that after I get to Washington."

Which recalled a remark Kitchener made to me in his Calcutta office many years ago in describing why he preferred American engineers to all others. "European engineers," said K., "may be more carefully trained and more certain of procedure, but I found in the Sudan that when other engineers refused to go ahead because they saw no way of operation the American was willing to start in with a whistle and then build a locomotive up to that."

Senator Couzens is starting in, as I came to the conclusion, with only a

Senatorial whistle, but quite confident that he can build a locomotive under and to fit it.

Aside from the journalistic interest inhering in Couzens just now, due to his succession to the dethroned Newberry, and the collateral question (already tentatively answered) of how far he may try to carry his theories of public ownership of public utilities, another National development or trend of development is imperatively suggested. I refer to the entrance of the big business man into the realm of practical politics, not indirectly, but as an actual executive. Mr. Couzens is a conspicuous exception to the rule that our captains of industry avoid political office. Therefore I asked him what it is that prevents business men, as a rule, from seeking or accepting political office.

"Very few of them are fitted for it at all," he replied, without the slightest hesitation, "and there is one fundamental reason which is very clear. Of course I mean men at the top, men who have made good in commerce and industry on their own, men who have had the responsibility of directing large enterprises. Men like this have become accustomed to dealing with things as things. A dollar means just a hundred cents, no more, no less. Machines mean just so much, no more, no less. Inevitably and automatically they reduce the value of men, and without ever meaning to be inhumane or inconsiderate, to one common denominator. What is worse for them if they ever get into politics, as business men, if successful in a large way—nobody ever talks back to them. They give orders, and the orders are obeyed. That is all there is to it.

"In politics you reverse this process. You take orders, and you take orders from the people, and it is pretty hard for a man who has all his life given orders and who has been taught by every one with whom he came in contact that his orders are just, and that even if unjust they have to be executed without delay or criticism; it is pretty hard for that type of man to begin all over again. He has to, or he can't succeed in politics.

"Take my own case, if you will. I don't mind telling you exactly how it has been with me. Until 1915 my whole life was concerned exclusively with business. For a long time before that Henry Ford and I had divided the responsibility of the Ford Motor Company. He had charge of manufacture; I had charge of finance, purchase, and sales. My sway in my department was the same as his in his. If he wanted to put five wheels on the Ford car, I was not consulted. If I wanted to buy ten million tires or open a branch in South Africa, I did not consult him. When he built his new factory, his office was placed in the end near the power house, mine in the end near the bank. In my department I was the Ford Company, and I never had occasion to brook interference or criticism. This went on

without one single word of inharmony between us, until one day during the war he took occasion to countermand one of my orders concerning material going into the paper he published. A quarrel resulted that lasted no more than thirty seconds, and that is the only time I ever had the slightest misunderstanding with Henry Ford. I resigned instantly, and sold out to him shortly after.

"What was I to do? Still young, barely fifty, in perfect health, with more money than I knew what to do with, my taste for business suddenly seemed satisfied. I might have founded another motor company, but that didn't appeal to me. While in this frame of mind I was appointed Police Commissioner without the slightest idea of what it might mean. Then for three years I fought thugs, prostitutes, and the press. At least I began by fighting the press. I kept that up until I learned that the thing to do is to ignore it.

"A public man is a fool if he tries to control the newspapers, and he is a bigger fool if he is controlled by them. Those first years I was very deeply hurt by things printed about me. I knew they were unjust. I was giving my time and the best of my ability to the city of Detroit, and so far as I could see was receiving only public misrepresentation. But I thought it over, and came to the conclusion that, while the experience was new for me and hurt, still nearly all public men who did their duty had to endure about the same sort of stuff. A man can't set himself up as a target if he don't want to be hit.

"I was kidded into standing for Mayor. Some of my friends said I was so unpopular I couldn't be elected dog-catcher. Indeed, it did look that way. But I was elected Mayor, and then came the practical proposition: Was I to float through that job, or was I to set myself at it the same way I had set myself at being Henry Ford's partner?

"Nobody could answer that except myself, the same as nobody could ask it except myself. Now, I have been called all sorts of things. I have been called a Socialist and I have been called crazy. But I am certainly not a Socialist and I leave you to judge as to whether or not I am crazy. I had no theories at all about municipal ownership when I first went into office. In fact, I had never given the subject any thought.

"But Detroit needed new railways and she needed to have the old ones better run. It was the biggest problem we faced. I said to myself: 'I am Mayor of all the people, so I am going to try to find out what they really want, and then I consider it is my job to discover the most economical way to give it to them.' Same mental operation I would have used at the Ford factory in contracting for a year's supply of rubber or steel. The only difference was that, instead of dealing with a single man who never questioned my judgment, I was dealing with a million people whose

ideas on the subject were open to prejudice by innumerable journalistic and other attacks.

"However, it was clear to me that the people of Detroit wanted municipal ownership. They had been trying ineffectually and half-heartedly to get it for twenty-five years. It was simply a question of having some one point the way. Somebody had to make it a practical business proposition. That seemed to be my job. The logic was so plain that I couldn't possibly have escaped it. If I remained Mayor, I had to do that or stultify my conscience.

"Yet, don't think it was easy. The people turned down proposition after proposition I put up to them. That didn't discourage me. It only made me conclude that I hadn't found the right way. Finally I got the railways to agree to a court appraisal of the existing property. This came to thirty-one and a half millions. I thought it was three or four millions too much, but, as a business man, I had learned that it is sometimes well to pay a little more than a thing is worth if you have to have it. So I recommended the purchase at the appraised figure. Again the people turned me down. Then I said to them: 'You have been crying for municipal ownership all these years, and yet you turn down every practical proposition I put up to you. Now it's time for you to put up or shut up. Give me fifteen millions, and I'll build some lines of our own.' They did, and then the fun commenced. By the time I was building a mile a day the privately owned lines capitulated and were ready to sell at any price. Finally the city bought them in for nineteen and a half millions.

"Perhaps that experience did me good. The people weren't so far wrong, after all. As a business man I'd have paid twelve millions more for those lines than we were obliged to pay for them, although I must say that the twelve millions was not clear gain, for we wasted some money building our own lines.

"The seven years has taught me that in politics it is give and take. You don't get the quick results you do in business, but in the long run they are just as, or even more, satisfactory. Moreover, a man cannot hold political office without expecting to have his every act subject to criticism and repeal. I don't mind saying it's a hard lesson for a successful man to learn."

The writer had heard two rumors concerning the motive prompting Governor Groesbeck in the appointment of Couzens to the Michigan Senatorship. One was that he had been selected as the best man to block the political aspirations of Henry Ford. Another was that the amalgamated traction interests of the country had engineered the appointment so as to remove Couzens from his (to them) dangerously successful sphere of influence in the operation of the municipally owned street railways of Detroit. The new Senator was frank in

discussing both, neither of which he credited.

"I don't see how I can block Henry Ford's political aspirations," he said. "I can never be a candidate for the Presidency, for I was born in Canada. Besides, I am confident that, if the Democratic party does not nominate Mr. Ford, he will run independently in the next campaign. He cannot see that a man must have a career in politics, just as in business. A man cannot start at the top in one any more than in the other. Mr. Ford would be the last one in the world to expect that any one should begin his business career at the head of a company, say, like his own. Yet he thinks he can begin in politics as President of the United States. If I had been appointed Senator straight from the Ford office, it would have been a foolish political blunder. I doubt if I would have been considered at all if I had not been first Police Commissioner and then Mayor of Detroit."

"Do you think the Governor was influenced, even unconsciously, by the traction interests who want you out of the Mayoralty?"

"No; but, even if so, it does not make much difference. The justness of the principle of municipal ownership is not dependent on the retention in office of any one man, or any two, or any three men. And my leaving the Mayoralty will not affect the operation of the street railways of Detroit. Municipal ownership is established there for all time to come.

"It will spread to other cities, too. I am satisfied that the people of all large cities want to own their own street railways. It is simply a question of finding out how to do it. I also believe in the municipal ownership of other public utilities, but only where that ownership can exercise an immediate supervision.

"Some people confuse this idea with that of Socialism, with which it has little in common. At lunch to-day a high official of one of the New York gas companies, who was ridiculing my ideas, said to me, 'How would you like it if some one proposed that the Government should take over the operation of the Ford company?'

"'What shallow thinking!' I replied; 'the Ford company has no monopoly unless it be one self-created by superior skill and energy and organization in a field naturally open to all. I am for the widest possible freedom of opportunity in any such class of enterprise.

"'But when you come to street railways or gas or electric or telephone companies, there is no field for competition. There is an inherent monopoly in the nature of the business itself, and the people not only have a right to own and operate it, but it is a duty they owe themselves, and one which is absolutely certain to be observed universally sooner or later.'

"My gas company friend then asked me if I didn't think private companies

secured more 'efficiency' than public ones. 'Suppose I please you by saying, "Yes" (which isn't always justified), what difference does that make?' I said. 'I'll answer the question with another: Is your home always run in the highest degree of efficiency? I'll venture to

say no. Moreover, you wouldn't allow any outsider to come and install an "efficiency" system in your home. It's your home, and it's run to please you and that's enough. The city's streets and the public utilities of a city are its "home," and the people want to run it

themselves; they want to say how it shall be run and what it costs to run it; and if there is any profit they want the benefit of it, just the same as they ought to be willing to stand for any expense that is necessary to get satisfactory service.'"

THE TURCO-BOLSHEVIST MENACE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN



(C) Keystone

ISMET PASHA, TURKISH REPRESENTATIVE
AT LAUSANNE

HERE at Lausanne, in 1912, Turkey signed a peace treaty.

Here at Lausanne, in 1922, Turkey now proposes to sign another peace treaty.

What a difference the decade has made! What a totally different and startling difference! Then the Turk, vanquished in the Tripolitan War with Italy, gave up to her the Turkish North African possessions, and humbly too. But quickly, later, the Turk was to become yet humbler, for the Balkan League, formed by the genius of Venizelos, expelled him from all his European possessions save the Constantinople district.

The Turk was to become still humbler because the World War stripped him of that district and of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. The Turk had been called a Sick Man before. He was indeed a Sick Man now.

Nevertheless here he is back again in Lausanne, not sick at all but very well, very brash—in fact, better and more of a going concern than he has been for at least two hundred years.

His resurrection has been due to three
ags:

(1) The culpable negligence of the Entente Powers.

(2) The quick-wittedness of the Bolshevik.

(3) The new direction given to the Young Turk movement by Mustapha Kemal and his associates and, in particular, by their recent victory over the Greeks and expulsion of them from Asia Minor.

In 1919, the year after the World War, had the Powers spent less time in framing a League of Nations and more time in quickly concluding peace treaties with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, we should not have had to wait until the summer of 1920 before the particular treaty with Turkey was signed. That time lost was precious time gained for the Kemalists and Bolsheviks. It gave to the Kemalists a chance to grow strong enough to resist ratification by the Turkish Parliament in Constantinople and to denounce the whole treaty by means of the new Parliament set up at Angora. It gave to the Bolsheviks just the opportunity desired of spreading their propaganda throughout the Orient by the use of Kemalist Turkey as a propagandist. They took successful advantage of this opportunity. Had the Entente Powers used ordinary prevision and had they been united, they might have prevented some of the mischief which arose between the close of the war and the present day.

Two years ago a Turco-Bolshevist treaty was signed by which Russian resources were placed at Turkey's disposal. From that time on millions of dollars' worth of rubles have come to Turkey from Russia. Arms and ammunition have come too; the Turkish troops today, it is said, are to a large extent armed with British and French rifles, originally sent to Denikin and Wrangel and captured from them by the Bolsheviks. Greece has been defeated by Turkey in war, therefore, not only by the undoubted military skill and bravery of the Ottoman troops, but also because of Bolshevik Russia's material support.

This support would have been serious enough were the Turk still a Sick Man. But a leader had arisen in Islam. He knew how to build a real civil and military government. Perhaps no single



(C) Underwood

AMBASSADOR CHILD, AMERICA'S
REPRESENTATIVE AT LAUSANNE

individual is to-day more significant of the mighty change which has occurred in Turkey than is Mustapha Kemal.

To make a long story short, the result is that the Turk comes to Lausanne not only a well man but, what is far more menacing, with the Bolshevik behind him.

Together they appear here ostensibly for peace, and many naïve negotiators of peace, meeting them, have seemed, during this first week of the Lausanne Conference, to have taken them at their face value, not at their real value.

What the Turks and the Bolsheviks are after is, not peace, but war. Under all these supposed arrangements for peace they would like to do something to involve the Powers in conflict, no matter what solemn promises may be signed.

We have but to note the history of the past two or three weeks to be sure of this. The Turk, for instance, entirely disregarding the recently signed Mudania agreement, has demanded immediate possession of Constantinople and immediate abolition of the Capitulations (the long-recognized rights of foreigners to enjoy the independence of their own

courts). And the Bolshevik, by the mouth of Vorowsky here, the other day demanded Turkish control of the Straits and added: "We oppose turning them over to the League of Nations, because it is an organization of *bourgeois* states from which we cannot get a fair deal." Doubtless Vorowsky was thinking of the special treaty between Angora and Moscow of January 5, 1922, by which the fifth article bound the two Powers to decide only after mutual agreement their policy as regards the Straits. Thus Bolshevism can prevent Kemalism from accepting terms at Lausanne which it does not approve.

Both Turk and Bolshevik, be assured, look beyond the Straits. They are thinking of the Balkans as well. Do you suppose that the Turk is satisfied with merely getting back into Europe and enjoying his old boundaries? Not he. Flushed with recent victory, he dreams of a still farther advance.

The Bolshevik, by supporting the

Turk, also dreams of a Bolshevik foothold in the Balkans.

Will this meet with opposition from the western Powers? Yes. Opposition talk, surely, and here at Lausanne a-plenty. But how about deeds instead of words? How about force, war? There, too, the Turk and the Bolshevik are ready for you. They see a possible western armed opposition—but they also see an eastern front made up of Turks, Russians, and Germans. They are not forgetful of Germany's longing for revenge. We would then see just how many soldiers and how much ammunition Germany has been secretly training and preparing during these recent years.

The Lausanne Conference has completed its first week. Thus far it has considered matters like a plebiscite for Western Thrace, or like giving Bulgaria a neutralized avenue to the Aegean Sea (our Government's announcement on a well-selected day of an open-door policy being of greater potential importance),

and has thus far but touched the fringe of the first of the four real matters in hand—the boundaries of Turkey-in-Europe, the freedom of the Straits, the Capitulations, and the protection of the Christian minorities in the Turkish Empire. From what I can ascertain here, these matters are to be presented by a diplomatic and really quite united Entente front.

Suppose they are. And suppose the Turk actually signs a fairly reasonable treaty of peace. Would it be worth the paper it is written on? Will the Turk, especially with the Bolshevik behind him, hesitate to break his promise as immediately and as cynically as he did the Mudania agreement?

The Lausanne Conference will be worth while, not because of the Lausanne treaty, but because of the impression it makes upon the Turk and the Bolshevik that under the velvet glove of peace lies the iron hand of force.

Lausanne, Switzerland, Nov. 27, 1922.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A TRIP TO EUROPE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY BARON S. A. KORFF

A TRIP to Europe in these days is no longer an unmixt pleasure. Not so much on account of physical discomforts, for traveling arrangements have been much improved lately. One does not lose trunks or miss sleeping-cars as easily as two or three years ago. Even visas, those curses of war time, are obtainable without much difficulty, though invariably with endless delays. It is the moral side of the picture that is so depressing for travelers from America; the prevailing suffering, the social and economic disorder reigning everywhere in Europe, the moral degradation, the hopeless absence of improvements, the dejection of so many people in so many countries—it is such things which create the striking contrast with the quiet and well-being in the United States. The discouraging aspect of this situation is the overwhelming evidence that there is worse still to come, that all Europe is far from being freed of her troubles and perhaps will be for a very long while.

Conditions in England I found were much worse than I had expected. England is living through a very severe crisis, both economically and socially. There is ample evidence that an economic storm is hanging over the country. The burden of taxation has reached a point which is fairly crushing some of the middle classes; although the Government has somewhat reduced the per cent (from 30 it has gone down to 25), the taxes are still exceptionally heavy.

Unemployment is the most conspicuous feature of the situation. Young men, single and in groups, walk the streets of provincial towns and patiently wait to

pick up a penny here and there. Begging was always conspicuous in London; now it is increased tenfold. Men, sometimes in military uniform, cripples and war veterans, sing and beg on all corners of the London streets, or play cheap instruments, standing or crouching on the sidewalks.

Socially there has developed in England a dangerous crisis, too. It is the necessary consequence of the war. Some time must pass before the nation can adapt itself to new conditions. Some of the former middle classes are bound to disappear, having been crushed and ground down by modern conditions. New ones are growing up, crystallizing rapidly, replacing the old ones. This naturally causes pain to the nation and accounts for much of England's present-day trouble. Only her sound finance can save England from an economic breakdown. The banking system (the City) is still healthy, helping to pull through this crisis.

In France, by the way, just the opposite has happened. While the country is sound economically and is steadily building itself up and growing in strength, the finances are in a disastrous condition and at the mercy of most unscrupulous elements, creating that unsympathetic impression abroad, and in particular in America, that French conditions are not satisfactory. France is not out of danger yet, but if one compares the situation with that of England, one can easily see the advantages France has over England. Perhaps just here we have the main reason of the disastrous opposition existing between these two countries.

Whatever one thinks of their respec-

tive grievances, when one travels in Europe at the present day one can easily see and feel everywhere that just this unfortunate opposition of France and England is at the root of all Europe's modern troubles. There will not be, and there cannot be, any peace in Europe while this lasts. This applies to every European question; to the Near East and Turkey, to the German reparations and monarchical threats, to Russia and the Balkans, and finally even to the League of Nations. The latter will certainly remain impotent and without significance or authority as long as these two great Powers are at odds. Without exaggeration, one can say that this strange antagonism is a dangerous threat to the peace of the world.

Both sides are impatient of each other in a like degree. The French papers are full of vilifying attacks on English statesmen. Last summer Lloyd George was their special target. The English heartily reciprocate and flirt with the Germans to spite the French. To an outsider there seems very little to choose between the two. And, naturally, many evil elements make capital out of this fatal quarrel; the Turk is saved by it, the Bolshevik is strengthened, the German monarchists become hopeful of vengeance and of escaping the reparations.

On the other hand, Germany seems much better off than could be expected. At least the countryside lives quite contentedly, producing the minimum necessary for each family. The Government, however well intentioned, is exceedingly weak and has no ways of pressing out of the population the surplus that it needs for reparations. Outwardly there

exists a visible improvement in the conditions of the people. Some shrewd observers have pointed that out lately; for example, the well-known English correspondent, Mr. Robert C. Long (in the November number of the "Fortnightly Review") tries to explain this fact by a willful and systematic *Puff* on the part of the Germans and by showing that the German taxes, though apparently overwhelming, really do not overwhelm, and that there exists still a wide margin for the further fall of the mark compared, for instance, with Russia.

In the cities of Germany, and especially in the larger ones, of course there is much misery. As in England, some of the middle classes are being ground down and ruined by present conditions; pensioners, professors, teachers, old men and women, living on modest incomes, are terribly hurt by these conditions, and in particular by the continuing fall of the value of the mark. But in the country, in agricultural Germany, all this is hardly felt, and an outsider gets the impression that only one thing keeps Germany from flourishing—namely, the fact that France prevents this by "sitting on the lid."

It is no longer the question of reparations that bothers the French, nor the hope of getting money, products, or services out of Germany. It is, rather, this possible regeneration and rapid improvement of their eastern competitors. True, the improvement or regeneration has not yet started, but all is ready as soon as the pressure of France disappears. And one may be quite sure that the developments in such a case will be startling. Foreseeing this, France holds Germany down, endeavoring to build up, meanwhile, her own shattered strength and to prepare herself very carefully for the inevitable moment when she will finally have to face free competition with a restored Germany. Thus the question of reparations seems to be for the moment mere camouflage for much more serious considerations. France will hold down the lid as long as she possibly can.

England knows it, too, and is very much alarmed at the gradual increase of French strength. Here we have probably the main reason for English opposition to modern France. It is an old and well-established principle of English policy to prevent by alliances or *ententes* with the weaker ones any single Continental Power from becoming predominant. This is why England was against Napoleon; why she systematically opposed the expansion of the Russian Empire; why she went into the disastrous Crimean War against Czar Nicholas I, whom she dreaded; why she fought Germany in the recent war; and why, finally, she is at present against France—because the latter country is gaining tremendously in economic strength and in political influence on the Continent of Europe. This is why England coddles Germany and why the English Government tries systematically to keep Russia weak and under Bolsh-

evik administration, whereas France speculates on a stronger Russia, in order to get back as much as possible of her capital sunk in Russian enterprises.

These strange political paradoxes and contradictions can be summed up as follows: France wants Germany to remain weak as long as possible, while she herself builds up her economic resources and political influences, and hopes for a stronger Russia, which could repay in the future the French debt; whereas England prefers to see Russia weak and impotent, to be able to exploit freely the Russian markets, and does not mind nor fear a recuperating Germany, and in some cases is even ready to co-operate with the Germans in order to secure eastern European markets, which she needs so badly.

The Bolsheviks meanwhile make good profit out of this strife between their most dangerous opponents. They are the typical *tertius gaudens*, sitting on the fence and watching France and England blindly destroying the very foundations of the Versailles Peace. Verily, this treaty is built on three main principles, and all three of them are now being diligently destroyed by the former Allies: the treaty rested, first, on the alliance and co-operation of France and England; secondly, on the absence of Russia from the political stage of 1919; and, thirdly, on the presumption of lasting weakness of Germany, vanquished and humiliated. At present we can easily see that the reverse conditions prevail: France and England are busy quarrelling and vilifying each other; Russia is unexpectedly coming back, and, in the Turkish question for example, asserting herself in a most surprising manner; and Germany too is showing unmistakable signs that her former weakness had no permanent character at all. No wonder that thoughtful men begin to wonder what will come to Europe when the Versailles pact finally crumbles to pieces.

Then there is the Polish question, too, overhanging eastern Europe that bothers modern statesmen and, not least of all, the French Government, which so recently and so unwisely helped the Poles to develop their dangerous imperialism. Poland is at present faced by great difficulties; she has the second largest army in Europe, she is militaristic, aggressive, very self-complacent, and at the same time economically one of the weakest countries of Europe and in the throes of a great social crisis. Poland with her 30,000,000 is much weaker, for instance, than Czechoslovakia with her 14,000,000 or Yugoslavia with also 14,000,000 inhabitants; Poland is surrounded by potential enemies—130,000,000 Russians on one side and 70,000,000 Germans on the other, and on both frontiers there is much feeling of hostility; Poland has a national and class problem to solve, which seems to be one of the most difficult European problems of our times; she has only shattered economic resources, imports that cannot be balanced

by exports, ruined industries that do not succeed in recuperating, and so forth. In consequence many troubles might develop in this eastern storm center of Europe.

In Scandinavia and Finland, on the contrary, conditions are very different. One can somewhat rest there from the European squabbles. It is one of the very few fortunate corners of Europe, where conditions have become normal and independent of the French, English, or German contest. Scandinavia always was more or less self-sufficient, and Finland is rapidly becoming so. These four peoples—Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finns—realize very well that all their future happiness depends on such self-sufficiency; all their recent endeavors are concentrated on securing such an independent position. On the whole they succeed very well, perhaps even too well, as in some respects self-sufficiency has led to self-complacency, which is always dangerous and in glaring contradiction with modern ideals of international co-operation.

Of the four, Finland lately has changed most. She has become very markedly independent in her economic position. Of course there always remains hanging over her the "Russian danger;" the Finns feel it very keenly. Nobody can tell yet what the future Russia will be, what surprise the psychology of the awakening Russian nation has in store for the outside world. If it ever develops imperialistic or chauvinistic tendencies, there naturally will arise a tremendous danger for the small border states, Finland among them. It is not imminent, however, and these tiny nations have ample chance of preparing for the event and trying to avoid it. In this respect the best means would seem to be to endeavor to keep the friendship of Russia and carefully to avoid national irritation. Unfortunately, not everything is satisfactory in this respect. Such irritation does not exist on both sides of the Russian frontier; this is bound to increase the dangers of the situation for the smaller nations.

One strange thing strikes the traveler in Scandinavia; namely, the fact that gold is actually at a discount. Nobody seems to want it, invariably preferring paper money; whereas silver is very much sought and valued higher than paper money. Silver is bought by silversmiths for jewel settings and ornaments, while gold is hardly ever used any more. In Copenhagen some banks actually refuse to accept for exchange English sovereigns. Before the war this would not have seemed possible, the sovereign always being considered the most welcome and reliable piece of money. Now it is of no special use to any one; while the American dollar, in bills or coin, is the most popular currency everywhere.

After having seen these European troubles and felt the mutual suspicions, jealousies, and envies everywhere, a traveler returns to the United States as to a haven of peace.



An eighty-five-year-old Jewish rabbi, who came here from a little town in Russia. After the quiet surroundings in which he had spent his life, the New York sky-scrapers filled him with a very great and deep wonder

ELLIS ISLAND THROUGH RUSSIAN EYES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY USA GOMBARG

MISERY is leveling the peoples of the world, and Ellis Island is their meeting-place. Here they weep and exchange stories, here are reached the lowest depths of despair and the most sublime heights of happiness; mistress and servant, rich and poor, they sit side by side as equals, for the only riches of which they can boast is the hope that America will permit them to land. Small wonder that this is the first subject to attract the responsive imagination and prolific pencil of Usa Gombarg, one of the most recent arrivals from—it is hard to say where; since it has taken him almost four years to cover the distance from Petrograd to New York, a journey that should be made in two weeks. But this is the fate of many.

Usa Gombarg spent many years delighting the Russian public by his spirited caricatures of great men and women and great events, adding to these a fine sense of humor, a gentle satire, and sometimes a grim warning. He was a contributor to all the leading publications,

and during the last few years he was the editor of "Art," a magazine published in Petrograd, similar to the "International Studio" in its aims and appearance.

With the Revolution Mr. Gombarg started his wanderings, and Russia lost just another man of talent. He worked his way to Kief, drawing for local publications, and finally reached Warsaw, where his versatile pencil attacked Poland's political troubles with vigor. However, Europe offers few opportunities at present, so Mr. Gombarg continued his westward course—*en route* for the United States. He reached Genoa during the Conference, and his portraits of the participants were featured in the New York "World." He arrived in the United States quite recently.

To Europeans Ellis Island is a mysterious mechanism from which emanate strange decisions, so it is natural that the first subject selected on American soil by Mr. Gombarg was this "Island of Tears." He spent a day there sketching, and, since a steamer from a northern

port had just arrived, his subjects were Jews—Jews from Poland, Jews from the Ukraine—all fleeing from persecution, civil strife, pogroms, and starvation. And while he sketched they told him of their past lives and of their future dreams, always in that dull monotone in which people speak of unspeakable horrors when the horrors have become habitual.

The Jews of the Ukraine and Poland bore the brunt of the war, for one army after another passed through the towns where they had small stores, and there is no doubt that they were victimized. Soldiers do not hesitate to pillage when they need something. With the Revolution in Russia new persecutions started up in the Ukraine and thousands of Jews poured into Poland, where conditions were already unspeakably bad. It is fortunate that relief agencies have been active in taking care of this mass of homeless and disoriented people, for there is no work for them, and their only hope lies in America.

NATALIE DE BOGORY.



The Ghettos of the Ukraine are responsible for thousands of Jews similar to the one Mr. Gombarg picked out. This man's wife was killed during a pogrom and he was stranded in Bessarabia for a whole year, picking up a precarious living, starving most of the time, before he found relatives in the United States to whom he could come



The widow of a wealthy manufacturer from the Ukraine, where he was killed during a pogrom. She lost the sight of one eye. For two years this woman has been tossed about, always living in the hope of reaching a daughter who resided in Chicago. The old woman finally reached the shores of America. But her daughter was dead. And she has been detained for the authorities to decide what disposition to make of her case



A Jew from Belarossia, a province of Russia, where he was a wealthy lumberman. His one great regret, which he voices persistently, is that he was unable to bring to America with him his two fine horses



A Jewish cab and truck driver, wearing the official cap of the izvoitchik in Poland. His great ambition is to drive an automobile, and he discusses a car in terms of the stable



A Jewish father and mother from Poland, who came here to a son, who himself was nine years old when he came over. They did not recognize the dapper youth of twenty-one in American store clothes who came to claim them



This man was the president of Ukrainian Jewish societies. What will the United States offer him?

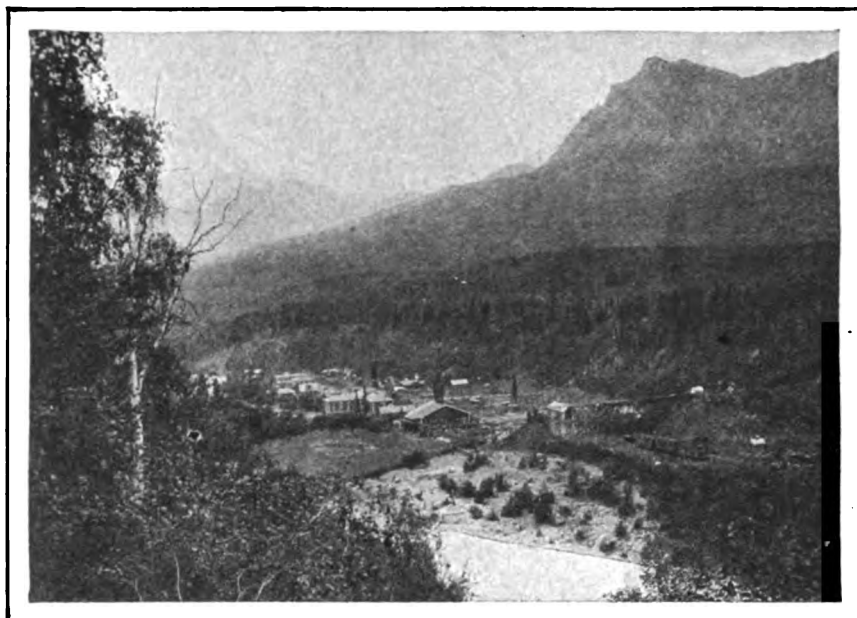


A Jewess from Russia, who arrived here with her daughter and grandson, to join the daughter's husband in this country. At Cherbourg the boy's hand became infected and he was obliged to remain behind. The grandmother fasted during the entire journey, spending her time in prayer for the recovery of the boy and his safe arrival

THE HEART OF ALASKA¹

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK



CHICKALOON COAL MINES

TRANSPORTATION being without doubt the greatest necessity of every section of Alaska, we are brought face to face with the building of the Government railway from Seward to Fairbanks—a distance of 467 miles.

Grave doubts have been expressed in some quarters regarding the necessity of constructing this road. Theorists only could offer an objection. It was every bit as necessary as the building of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern to develop the Northwest. It was the business of the Government to build this line—a bounden duty. No private operator could have built it, since ninety-nine per cent of the resources of Alaska are owned by the Government, and are therefore tax free. Without these two strips of steel from the coast to Fairbanks a few years would have witnessed the practical depopulation of the entire Alaskan interior, bounded on the west by the McKinley Range and on the east by the Richardson Trail. In this area is contained a major portion of the agricultural lands, coal districts, placer districts of the Alaskan interior, as well as several very promising lode-mining sections.

It is true beyond a doubt that this railway will not pay operating costs for several years—it may be a generation before a return will be earned on the original investment. Whatever time it takes makes very little difference so far as the principle of the construction is concerned. Beyond all doubt the road is absolutely necessary for Alaskan development.

I believe that the road was constructed in a thoroughly efficient manner. It was built during the high period of wage rates, when materials were at the highest peak. It was constructed with all possible despatch, and the scores of responsible business men I talked with from Seward to Fairbanks voiced unstinted praise for the efficient methods employed in building the line. It is an excellent railway, constructed with seventy-pound steel, and soon will be practically all ballasted. Colonel Frederick Mears, Chairman of the Alaska Engineering Commission, builders of the Government road, is a highly efficient engineer. Although in the Government service, he is not of the red-tape variety. He knows what he wants to do, knows how it should be done, and does it. Colonel Mears had a very efficient staff of assistant officers, including several men who have few equals in their line.

These men were confronted with tremendous obstacles. The work completed is a monument to their genius, and I do not believe that it would have been possible to secure better talent under private management. I have only unstinted praise for the wonderful work accomplished by these men, but I disapprove of the freight rates formerly inaugurated by ex-Secretary Lane—much lower, true, than the Copper River Railroad schedules, lower than the old long-distance river rates; but this road should, in my opinion, be for a few years purely a development project, and there should be no relativity between the rates charged and the expenses of operation. The country will never develop and the road will not pay without population.

The quickest way to *get* population is to offer, at least temporarily, the best possible inducements.

If there was ever need of a protecting subsidy anywhere on earth, it should be given in cheap rates in the Alaskan interior. James J. Hill, in early Great Northern days, established rates to pioneers that were amazingly low. One of his directors assured him that the rates charged would not pay for coal alone. Mr. Hill replied: "We have two strips of steel running through a peopleless empire. If we charge a high freight rate now, the few pioneers along our road will pull up stakes and leave. Our road will only pay when thousands of pioneer settlers improve the land, work out the timber, grow grain, and ship. Settlers mean eventual success; lack of them, failure. If we haul freight for pioneers practically free for a year or so, we will eventually get it back with a high rate of interest, because we will get increased freight every year from that time on. A discouraging freight rate will mean two streaks of rust."

Then he made a statement that, in my opinion, applies to the Alaskan railway. He said: "A railroad traversing a new country should establish a rate that will pay a fair return when the country is practically developed."

Because of this far-sighted policy the Great Northern was the only Western continental railway that never faced a receiver.

I realize the difficult position Colonel Mears occupies in regard to granting development rates. The Alaskan Engineering Commission must go before Congress for new appropriations to complete the construction work and make up deficits in operation. I quite understand the fact that the Commission desire the best balance-sheet possible in demonstrating the earning power of the entire project, knowing, as they do, that Congress is becoming restless regarding Alaskan appropriations. If Congress has any inclination to look askance at appropriations to make the Government railway a success, it is as short-sighted as a logger in Idaho who had \$6,000 worth of cedar poles piled up on skidways two miles from the railway. A buyer contracted to purchase the poles, and the logger asked bids to put a road in to haul the poles out. The lowest bid was \$1,000. The logger threw up his hands and declared he could not afford the outlay. The purchaser was stupefied. "Build the road, man; you spend \$1,000 and get \$6,000. In other words, you get back \$6 for \$1." "That may all be," replied the logger, "but I have the \$1,000 liability *before* I have the \$6,000 asset, and I don't want the liability."

Congress would be as short-sighted as

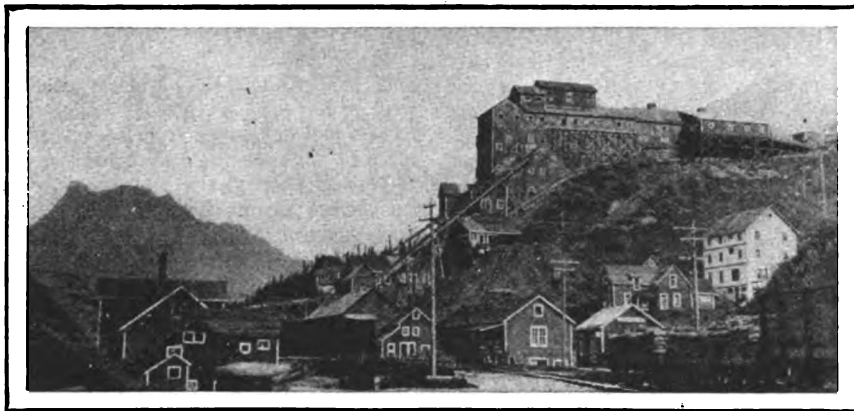
¹Two other articles on Alaska by Sherman Rogers appeared in The Outlook for December 6 and 13, 1922.

the logger if it objected to backing the Alaska railway to the limit.

When wagon roads and trail feeders have been constructed, thoroughly tapping every district adjacent to the Government road, and encouraging rates established, the interior will flourish, the railway will eventually prove a financial success, and its construction will go down in history as the turning-point of Alaskan development.

Pessimistic "foreigners" and some "checakas" going over the road declare that it traverses a barren, impossible country; that it is a white elephant now, and always will be. That is what timid philosophers said about Kansas, Oregon, Washington, and California in the early days. Arguments of this nature are childishly groundless. The 467-mile strip of steel from Seward to Fairbanks covers a country with as great possibilities as any like length of road west of the Mississippi in the early days. This road taps the Hope and Sunrise quartz and placer mining districts, where the Hirshey mine is located on Palmer Creek. A mill has been in operation on these claims for some time, and considerable gold has been taken out. Many claims are being prospected in this district and show promise. In the Sunrise district the Canyon Creek group of placer claims are being developed by the construction of a dam for hydraulic mining on a large scale. There are several large placer claims in this district that will be worked extensively when water ditches have been completed.

The Matanuska coal district embraces many thousands of acres containing deposits of high-grade and semi-bituminous coal. Several companies are operating with success, and development work is being carried on. The Chickaloon, Baxter, Evan Jones, Moose Creek, and Eska developments have been the most prominent in this field so far. The



KENNEBECOTT, ALASKA

Chickaloon prospecting has created the most attention. The work on this mine has been carried on by the Navy Department in conjunction with the Department of the Interior for developing high-grade coal deposits for Navy purposes. The coal veins being explored in this development are much smaller than other veins in this district, but are of a much higher grade than Moose Creek, Eska, Evan Jones, and Baxter. As a rule, the coal veins in the entire district dip from forty to fifty degrees and vary in thickness from three to twenty feet. However, a few veins of lignite have been discovered that lie nearly flat.

There has been a great deal of interest aroused by the now famous "Bain" statement. H. Foster Bain, Chief of the Bureau of Mines, made a flying visit to the Matanuska and Chickaloon field, and in a speech in Anchorage made some remarks that, in my opinion, were not correctly understood. At any rate, Mr. Bain did not say coal would not be found in paying quantities. He did say that the district was faulty; that extreme development would be necessary before large unfaulted deposits would be discovered. There is nothing new or

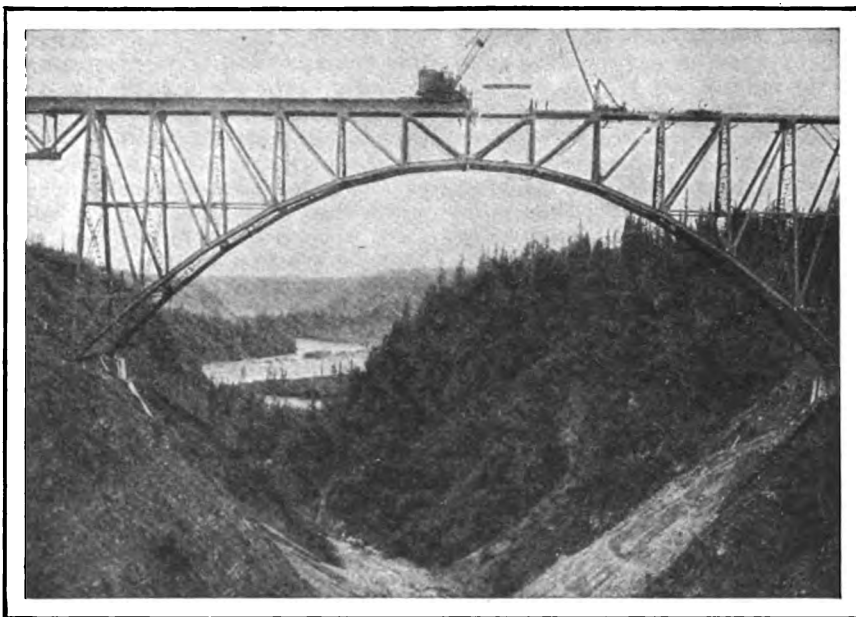
startling in this statement. Every Government geographical report issued regarding coal in this district for the last fifteen years has contained this information. Mr. Bain also stated that at present he did not believe the coal mined in this district could be handled on a competitive basis for consumption in the United States.

Experts and geologists have just as much faith in the Matanuska field now as they ever had, and that is a great deal; but if any one ever went into this district with the idea of developing large unfaulted bodies of coal with little financial outlay he displayed poor judgment and total lack of mining ability. The Matanuska district covers a very large area, with numerous outcroppings of coal, and experts who know the field and have made a study of it for years are fully convinced that extensive prospecting will open up unfaulted deposits that will eventually permit of commercial mining.

The Navy Department and the Interior Department did not engage in the Chickaloon development in a slipshod manner. The coal has been thoroughly tested and proved to be thoroughly acceptable for high-grade Navy purposes. Over a million dollars were spent on the development of this project under the direction of the Alaskan Engineering Commission. Several hundred thousand dollars were spent on a coal-washing plant, and nearly three hundred thousand dollars on buildings and other extraneous development. Prospecting was going on full blast when the Disarmament Conference decided on limitation of navies, simultaneously with General Dawes's decision to limit appropriations, and, as a result, overnight, appropriations for Alaskan development were completely cut out and work immediately suspended.

However, let me say here that naval officials and Interior Department officials have just as much faith to-day in the Matanuska and Chickaloon fields as they ever had, and, in my opinion, it is only a matter of time before this field will be developed—first to supply local purposes, and later for general commercial trade sales.

I personally know very little about



RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION IN ALASKA—THE HURRICANE GULCH BRIDGE

coal. I am simply basing this opinion on the opinion of Nationally known geologists and coal experts who are thoroughly familiar with the ground and have been watching its development closely.

A few miles farther up the line from Matanuska brings us to Wassila, gateway to the Willow Creek mining district, which is located twenty-five miles from the railway. This field is seventy miles from Anchorage. A good wagon road is completed to within from five to twelve miles to the various mines of this district. Fair roads have been constructed to the various properties. But the cost of transporting supplies and mining machinery over the last seven miles amounts to more than all water and rail charges and the haul over twenty-two miles of completed road. The lack of money to complete the last few miles has prevented at least two mills from going into the district.

The district, in the opinion of geologists and mining experts, is one of the most promising in the Alaskan interior, from the standpoint of a high-grade camp. There are about twenty-five mines and prospects in a very limited area, and the ore, which is all of the free milling gold variety, is extremely rich in gold content.

About two million dollars' worth of gold has been taken out, and extensive development work is in progress on the various properties. There are several stamp mills in operation, and the owners of the recently developed Drumheller mine, adjoining the Talkeetna mine, are building the largest mill in the district this fall. The great ore body encountered in this mine, which is extremely high grade, places the district in the "permanent" class; and the Drumheller property becomes one of the richest gold properties in the North. The principal properties in this district are the Lucky Shot, War Baby, Gold Bullion, Gold Cord, Mabel, Opal, Rae Wallace, Gold Mint, Kelley Mines, the Consolidated Gold Mines, and the Hatcher Claims.

North of and close to the Willow Creek district a wagon road is being contracted to the Cache Creek Placer mining district, where fourteen hydraulic outfits are now in profitable operation. The Cache Creek country promises to be a steady producer.

The Matanuska Valley traversed by the Government railway is one of the largest farming sections in Alaska, containing tens of thousands of acres of level and rolling highly productive soil. At the present time many homesteaders are improving ranches in this vicinity. Hay, grains, and vegetables of all kinds are grown successfully in this valley, and as mining development takes place, so that the farmers can enjoy a steady market, this district will be one of the most prosperous and permanent on the railway.

In the Talkeetna district, north of Willow Creek, very promising copper prospects are being developed that give

promise of substantial tonnage for the railway.

The Broad Pass, the McKinley Range, and the Kantishina Mining districts will, in my opinion, furnish enough tonnage when developed to make the entire railway pay. In the Broad Pass section Wells Brothers have for many years carried on prospecting operations on a large body of low-grade copper ore. The excessive expense of taking in supplies retarded any permanent development because of the prohibitive cost. The railway now traverses within eighteen miles of this copper deposit.

Back of the Wells Brothers' claim on Ohio Creek some of the most promising silver-lead veins in the interior have been encountered. These veins run from five to seven feet in thickness and are of an exceptionally high grade; and although, because of the high cost of former transportation, only two hundred feet of tunneling has been done, the prospects have the earmarks of permanence. The fact that this entire district contains base metals will mean heavy tonnage for the railway when proper development has been carried out.

The Kantishina district is too well known to take up much space in this article. This district lies within sixty miles of the Government railway, and contains some of the richest high-grade lode properties in the Territory. Silver-lead ore predominates. However, there are indications of paying deposits of gold, copper, and other metals. The ore that has been taken out of this district was taken out at a cost of over \$100 per ton, and yet, with this heavy expense, six hundred tons were taken out and shipped to the smelter in California at a profit. The cost of transportation alone was \$65 per ton.

It will cost less than \$4,000,000 to construct a railway in this district, and about \$1,000,000 to put in a first-class Government road that can be used by auto truck. High-grade galena ores have been recently discovered on Copper Mountain, which is only forty-five miles from the railway.

The Kantishina and McKinley districts contain the most extensive silver-lead ores north of Cape Spencer, and give promise to rival the Portland Canal section, where the Premier Mine is located. The principal properties being developed in the Kantishina district are those on Copper Mountain, the Quigley-Dalton property, the Red Top Mine, the galena claim, and scores of others that have recently been located and light prospecting done.

The next district tapped by the railway is the Healy River coal fields. The Healy River coal district presents one of the most wonderful coal-mining views in the world. One of the greatest engineers in the country told me that in all of his experience he had never viewed such a wonderful scene. I agree with him. Faulty, yes; but the tremendous coal deposits, although of sub-bituminous grade, can be mined more

cheaply than coal in any other section of the country. A mountain of coal lies within four miles of Healy station, which is now being tapped by railway spur; and this mountain contains 261 feet of solid coal veins. The mountain has the appearance of being cut squarely in two with a sword. It is one thousand feet high, and contains sixteen veins of coal, dipping back into the mountain at an angle of fifty-two degrees. The first vein at the base of the mountain is forty-seven feet thick, of solid coal matter. The next one contains twenty-seven feet, the third one twenty-five feet, and thirteen other veins vary from seven feet to twenty feet in thickness. This coal is being mined for one dollar per ton, and will be mined somewhat cheaper later on. The quality of the coal is between lignite and bituminous—called by several coal-mining engineers "sub-bituminous coal." It gives a terrific heat, although at the present time it shows an inclination to pulverize. It is being developed by private enterprise, and gives promise of being one of the greatest industries in the interior, even if it never supplies any more than is needed for local requirements. The interior of Alaska has been held back for lack of cheap fuel. This trouble will be eliminated when the Tanana bridge at Nenana is constructed, and coal can be shipped from Healy to Fairbanks without reloading at the Tanana River. This bridge will be completed by the first of February, 1923, and will give direct connection from Seward to Fairbanks without water transfer.

Now we come to Fairbanks, in the heart of the great Tanana Valley, at present the most highly developed agricultural area in Alaska.

Regarding the Fairbanks district, many people have gathered an erroneous idea that the various placer creeks have been thoroughly mined and all gold taken out. As a matter of fact, probably less than one-fourth has been taken out, but the high cost of placer mining in this district, together with the former excessive fuel prices, has eliminated the mining of placer ground that would have been highly profitable in other sections of the country. It is almost inconceivable that prospectors were unable to mine gravel that ran a dollar and a half a yard, whereas one dollar a yard anywhere else in the country would have caused a stampede. This field will be developed with one of two methods: The low cost of coal going into Fairbanks district from the Healy Field when the Tanana bridge is constructed will open up many properties which have heretofore been idle. At the present time, however, a substantial corporation is prospecting the entire district at an expense of half a million dollars, with the idea of putting into operation more than fifty dredges if the district proves to contain as much gold as geologists have declared remains. Seventy million dollars' worth of metal has been mined. It is estimated by Dr. Brooks

and others that there are still remaining \$350,000,000 of placer gold in the old creek beds and benches. To win the precious metal in this district on the scale anticipated will necessitate a tremendous expense. A huge volume of water will have to be carried a distance formerly prohibitive. The people now prospecting this field declare that they will know by the fall of 1923 whether they will go ahead with the project. Most of the miners I talked with expressed a firm belief that the options will be taken up, and the greatest hydraulic and dredge development ever known vigorously prosecuted.

One of the experts in charge of the prospecting assured me that the work done up to this time was more than satisfactory. Fairbanks will become the most active city in Alaska if this great project is prosecuted. However, Fairbanks does not have to obtain this project to live. The "Queen City" of the interior supplies a tremendous territory, being a distributing center for the head waters of the Tanana, the Livengood, Chandlar, Eagle Creek, Circle, Fort Yukon, and many other placer districts, and lies in the heart of the famous Tanana Valley agricultural region. This section contains many highly developed farms and dairy ranches. Hay, wheat, berries, and vegetables of all kinds are not only successfully grown in this district, but quantity production is on a par with first-class farming sections of the United States. A fine flour mill is in operation, and an excellent quality of flour is manufactured.

There are several quartz properties within thirty-five miles of Fairbanks that are being developed. These properties are on the profit side of the ledger, and small but complete mills are in operation. Two large dredges are successfully operating on Fairbanks Creek. These dredges handle about six thousand yards of gravel every day. There are several hydraulic outfits in operation around Fairbanks that are paying handsome returns. Cheap coal will give a tremendous impetus to placer mining, and many properties are preparing to open up when the Tanana bridge is completed and coal brought in from the Healy Field.

I have described the various sections along the Government railway to give the public an idea of the possibilities of heavy tonnage for the Government project. The fact that the country has scarcely been scratched should prove to any unbiased mind that the Government road was not only feasible, but an absolute necessity. When good wagon roads have been constructed to the various mining districts along the route and pack trails into the hills, Congress need not worry about this project becoming, not only self-sustaining, but profitable.

Fairbanks, at the present time, has two outlets to the coast—the Government railway and the Richardson Trail. The latter, 427 miles in length, connects the interior with Valdez, on Prince William Sound, and also with a branch road connecting with Chitina, a station on the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. Automobiles travel over this

road, making the trip in two days under forced driving, and three days for regular service. This is the longest road suitable for automobile travel in all Alaska. Fine accommodations are found for the night stops at comfortable road houses, where meals are served that the traveler will never forget.

For the distance, I think I am reasonably conservative in stating that this 427 miles of road outrivals any like distance in the world for scenery. Several Nationally known tourists have assured me of this fact, and I agree with them. I have lived in mountainous sections, around beautifully wooded lakes, and on rolling prairies practically all my life. This trail surpasses them all. A trip to Alaska is not complete without going over this road, and in a few years it will prove to be one of the greatest transportation assets of the Territory from the standpoint of tourist traffic.

A tremendous amount of work was necessary to bring the road to its present stage of development. A million dollars is required to bring the road up to the standard that it should be. Tourist travel alone will quickly reimburse this outlay.

Roads are every bit as necessary in the Prince William Sound district as in the interior. Roads will mean success to the many prospects and mines in this district. This section since 1919 has shipped 1,800,000 tons of copper ore. It has many promising properties that will be opened up when transportation facilities permit. It is the same old story—"We need roads."

CHRISTMAS AT HATTONCHÂTEL

A STORY OF VILLAGE RECONSTRUCTION IN FRANCE

BY BELLE SKINNER

IT was the Christmas of 1921, and Hattonchâtel is the dream town of the Meuse.

There have been other Christmas celebrations, many of them, in the little gray-walled village on the top of the hill. During the centuries of her history great people and famous have made memorable this Christian festival in the old fortress-château at the end of the street, and year after year the midnight mass has been chanted in the lovely Gothic church as it was in the Middle Ages and before. Even during the Great War, while the Germans were in possession of the village, there was at least one Christmas celebration, for when the French and American liberators entered Hattonchâtel they found the crypt of the ancient chapel still hung with the faded decorations of a German Christmas party.

But this celebration of Christmas, the first since the war, was a fête purely for the villagers, those peasants of France

who, undismayed by hardship and privation, are tirelessly working day after day and day after day, they and their children; toiling to restore their desolated homes and countryside. It was an effort to lighten their dull, weary hours of labor, and for a day at least the gigantic task of cleaning up gave way to the Christmas spirit of cheer and gaiety.

For a fête of any kind Hattonchâtel offers an incomparable setting. Hanging picturesquely on the highest hill of the range running from Toul to Verdun, this age-old village has for a thousand years kept watch over the lowlands, its enormously thick walls and network of subterranean passages making it all but impregnable.

The history of the village goes back to Charlemagne, one of whose towers still stands incorporated into the foundations of the more modern church, and from those early days down to the seventeenth century this proud little hamlet was a

stronghold of the princes of the blood and the prelates of the Church. Each age and each occupation left behind some mark of architectural loveliness. The underground Romanesque chapel, the arcades, the Gothic church and lace-like cloisters, the "Maison de la Voûte," all served their generations; but in the march of time the nobility withdrew from Hattonchâtel, the village lost its position of greatness and power, and its lovely buildings fell into decay.

Then the Great War swept over the hill, and all that remained of Hattonchâtel was jagged bits of its encircling walls.

It was on this height, then, amid humble ruins and ruins teeming with history and romance, that the Christmas party took place. We had hoped that the festivities might have somewhat the character of a surprise to the villagers and we thought our preparations for the day were wrapped in secrecy. But no—the postmaster at the foot of the hill had

laboriously translated into French telegrams purposely sent in English. He quite properly told the contents to his wife, who could not resist passing on the news to her neighbor, till little by little the tidings crept up the hill and the women of Hattonchâtel filling their pails at the village pump gossiped pleasantly of the fête-to-be. Even the Mayor and Town Council were caught in the wave of curiosity and excitement that swept the village, and discussed in solemn conclave the rumors running rife among the people. The curé alone assumed an air of indifference, but Monsieur le Curé, as often happens, had received direct information as to the plans, and, secure in the knowledge, could easily seem to ignore things so worldly.

Motoring through the valley of the Woëvre the evening before the holiday, we who had come from America to join in the merry-making found ourselves enveloped in a thick fog common to the Meuse at that season of the year and not unlike a London fog in denseness. It was hard to follow the road over which we were traveling, nor could the waiting villagers on their hilltop see afar off the lights of the automobile, as they had often done on clearer nights. Through the stillness, though, and the fog the regular beat of the motor engine drawing nearer and nearer told them of our approach, and quickly their eager hearts sent out the familiar greeting—the church bell ringing across the cold grayness to bid us welcome. It was like the communion of spirits—hearing what we could not see, feeling what neither they nor we were able to express in words, the triumph of faith over sight.

On we crept over the worn, rough road and up the steep hill, and the sound of the bell grew louder. At last faint lights began to glimmer here and there, more and more of them as we neared the top—the moving lights of torches carried by men of the village come out to meet us. We descended from the car. The scene was a bit of the Middle Ages—the village wrapped in thick fog, flaring torches dimly lighting the narrow street and only half revealing the weird gray figures moving in the dark shadows, the babel of voices, the sudden clatter of a horse's hoofs on the rough pavement, the *riras* of welcome—it might have been the ancestors of these peasants greeting an ancient Duc de Lorraine. We shivered in the penetrating cold. Familiar things seemed strange. It was as if the little street were peopled with the wraiths of long ago, and the illusion of their ghostly presence was not dispelled until we were indoors seated around a big log fire listening to the inevitable French speeches of welcome.

The next day dawned bright and clear. The mystery and creepiness of the night before had disappeared in a glorious winter sunshine, and as I looked out of a window in the early morning on the tiny country of Jeanne d'Arc, still

bleeding from the wounds of war, my heart beat fast and I knew why France has so many lovers. And when I stepped into the street and saw at the entrance to the village the garlands of mistletoe festooned in a welcoming arch of green, and all along the way the French and American flags crossed over the homely doorways, my pulse quickened again and I knew that France loves her lovers.

The peasants were already astir and hurried forward with morning greetings; women dressed in Sunday best and children in the holiday costume of Lorraine waiting for the coming of evening and the Christmas party, their shining eyes telling without the need of words the happiness in their hearts.

As the day wore on curiosity became acute, for in France New Year's Day eclipses Christmas as a popular holiday, and a community Christmas tree in that part of the country was a thing unknown. At noon the town crier announced very briefly the order of events; yet, in spite of this dissemination of knowledge, we were besieged with callers, from the oldest to the youngest in the village, some asking questions, some giving advice, some eager to open boxes, but all in a mood of Gallic gayety and good nature.

The fête opened in the early evening with the christening of a cinema apparatus in the new-old tavern. It was the first time that moving pictures had been shown in Hattonchâtel, and of course it was the inimitable Charlot who furnished the evening's entertainment. While the audience, forgetful alike of packages and promises, applauded his amusing antics, outside the darkness deepened, one by one the stars came out, and night enfolded the village. Then it was that we who had put the finishing touches to the tree and were waiting for the right moment to come turned on the lights.

Standing in the square in the sheltered angle of an old ruin, this real monarch of the forest towered above the red-tiled roofs of the near-by cottages. In its branches glittered gewgaws and baubles and scores of gayly colored electric birds, the brilliance culminating at the top in an amber star, big and bright and beautiful.

Tumbling out of the hall into the unlighted street, stumbling in the dark and fumbling for their lanterns, suddenly their quick eyes saw above the roofs the star of the Christmas tree, and as if in reverence those simple village folk stopped laughing, stopped talking, and quietly, wonderingly, came to where it beckoned them. They were all there—old men and old women, their backs bent with toil, *poilus* in horizon blue home on furlough, mothers with babies in arms, and lonely children whose mothers and fathers were lost in the horror of war, all were there gazing with hungry eyes at the fairy tree. At the first strains of familiar music, though (for we had brought a fiddler

from Nancy), their attitude changed; smiles broke over their bronzed faces and slowly they began to dance the almost forgotten peasant dances of the days before the war.

And the star of the Christmas tree shone bright above them.

The dancing ended, we went into one of the recently rebuilt houses, long, low, and rambling, as it was three hundred years ago, and there, amid much merriment, the distribution of gifts was made. No one of the rooms being large enough to hold the whole company, we were scattered through the house in a series of connecting rooms following the line of the ancient walls of the village, for it must be remembered that Hattonchâtel, shaped like an Indian arrow-head, is so narrow that all the houses near the point necessarily have for their foundations the undestroyed centuries-old ramparts. It was in the cellar of this very house, indeed, that Guillaume de Haraucourt was captured, that crafty Bishop of Verdun who, at the instigation of Louis XI, invented an iron cage for the torture of political prisoners, and by the irony of fate and the order of his Sovereign became himself for years an occupant of the hideous device. But he and those others whose bloody deeds made history in this old, old village on the high hill passed forgotten that night. Mirth ruled. Gifts were exhibited and exchanged, healths were proposed and drunk in the champagne of the country, a grab-bag with its sporting chances caused riotous amusement, and the children screamed with delight when the plum pudding, "on fire," as they said, was carried through the rooms on a silver salver quite in the English manner by two young men dressed as chefs.

The hours passed quickly. Too soon the hands of the clock pointed to quarter before twelve. It was Christmas Eve, and suddenly above the music and laughter the church bell rang out loud and clear, mingling, as always in France, its religious appeal with its note of joy. The moment to separate had come. Good-nights were said, good wishes were exchanged, the Christmas party of 1921 was over, but in the cold, still winter air the star of the tree shone steadily on, lighting the way to the church, and the bell, peal following peal, called us to the mass.

As we entered the church vague pictures floated before our minds of other Christmas masses said there in the days of long ago, when cardinals in red robes officiated and dukes and princes knelt in prayer and choirs of priests chanted the service. This night there was no such glory of greatness. There were only a few Lorraine peasants and two strangers worshiping together in the partially restored church of a half-forgotten village in the valley of the Woëvre. The altar with its simple bouquets of common flowers and the cheap portable organ about which was grouped the village choir bore no resemblance to the magnificence of the service in other days,

nor did the *Crèche*, poor and crude, recall the Nativity as it is represented in the churches of great cities on Christmas Eve. But the wonderful "Calvaire" by Ligier Richier was there, brought back from Metz, where the Germans had taken it, and once more in its place at the side, and the tablet to the Soldier Dead was there beneath the crossed flags of France and America, and when that group of humble peasants, their eyes uplifted, sang "Noël," a thrill went through one that comes not save when the soul is touched.

The hour passed, the service ended,

and as we went out again into the night I found myself near an old white-haired man, the *doyen* of the village, who offered to escort me to the house. The weather had changed; the sky was black and threatening, an icy wind from the north cut our faces, the lights of our lanterns flickered, and the darkness of the street seemed darker.

But the star of the Christmas tree shone on.

The old man noticed it and, turning towards me—tall, wrinkled, bronzed, looking more like an Indian chieftain than a French peasant—his ordinarily

immobile face took on an expression almost of affection as, pointing in the direction of the tree, he said, quietly, "*Cette étoile nous apporte un nouveau courage.*"

It was a pretty thought—the star of the Christmas tree at Hattonchâtel a star of hope and courage and faith. Shining brightly in the hilltop village, it shed its light on the little ruined hamlets in the wide valley below, confirming to that people whose name is courage the hope of France in America as it symbolized to us America's faith in France.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE PLANTATION

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IT is Christmas Eve, and I'm on my way home for the holidays. But I'm not on a sleeper with screaming wheels, nor on a vessel whose engines sob and pulse and heave, nor in a motor on a 25-miles-an-hour speed limit highway—skimming along blithely at forty-five. I'm driving that obsolescent creature known as a horse. We've already come forty miles; two more, and we shall be at home.

You might well suppose that my journey has been over a prairie; but it has been through wild-woods all the way. From Charleston, the road parallels the coast to Georgetown, sixty miles distant; and the only breaks in the flanking forests are certain starved clearings. It would be hazardous to say that this land is cultivated; for much of it is a mere agricultural shambles, wherein crab-grass and sheep-burs have fatally assaulted the legitimate crops of cotton,

peas, and corn. What a planter of the region once pathetically remarked to me is certainly true: "If we could only get people to eat crab-grass instead of corn, some of us here could make a living." True, one passes a few fine estates, such as the great Horlbeck pecan orchard, containing upward of a thousand acres. But most of the dwelling-houses along this road belong to poor Negroes. Of these cabins a word may be said.

They are in general of two types: either old and smoke-grimed and staggering in posture, or else painfully new, with the sap oozing out of their pine boards; often they may be so new as to be unfinished. I mean that a porch or a set of steps may be begun, but left for months and even for years in its state of hopeful beginning. I have known a family to put a roof on one side of a house, and to move in, and actually not to finish the other part of the roof

for a matter of two years. Some people laugh at this sort of thing, and they say that it is just like Negroes to plan and not to execute. My observation leads me to a different feeling and to a different conclusion: I grieve over these cabins; and I know that they are unfinished because their owners are shackled by a dull, uniform, absolute poverty, which is the mother of a fatal inertia. If, for example, a Negro knows a good trade, and can thereby make a little ready money, he will build himself a pretty home, and he will finish it inside and out. But when a man's earthly possessions consist in an acre of barren land, and when he has no market for whatever tiny yields he is able, by weary toll, to scratch out of it, then he exemplifies what Gray meant when he wrote of the power of chill penury to repress noble rage; and what our own Edwin Markham means when he shows us the



THE OLD PLANTATION HOME

Man with the Hoe—a figure destined, by the poet's genius, to pass forever, with terrible portent and implication, before the eyes and through the heart of mankind.

Of these Negro cabins that greet my eyes on my homeward journey, some are painted. Reds and blues prevail; and these are the more startling because of the loneliness of the landscape on which they flamboyantly kindle. Negroes, like all men, having in their souls the natural yearning after beauty or embellishment of some sort, essay to paint their cabins. But commonly their meager means will permit them to buy only a pint or so of paint. This, when judiciously thinned, will cover two doors and perhaps one window; hence one of the architectural oddities to startle the stranger traveling along this Southern road is the sight of a squatting dim cabin with an alarmingly red door, and two or three shutters "terrifically blue," as Florence Wilkinson says. For simple human reasons I have always been touched by these pathetic displays of a mortal longing, distinct and but faintly assuaged. Many careless observers suppose that the Negro simply quits work; but possibly this little story will show that, given a chance, he will take it about as well as the average man.

Prince had lost his house by fire, the cause of which had been a lath-and-mud chimney. One of the laths had caught fire and had set the house ablaze. In helping him plan a new house I was emphasizing the need for a good brick chimney. But he told me he had no bricks and couldn't buy them. I then bethought me of an old brick chimney, all that was left of a rice barn, standing solitary on a plantation some three miles away, and across a river, a swamp, and a creek. I told Prince that I would buy the chimney for him if he would move it. He accepted with alacrity; and for days, in his dugout-cypress canoe whose middle name was Tippy, he crossed the river and the creek. Across the swamp the bricks had to be rolled in a decrepit wheelbarrow. From the final landing they had to be hauled a half mile. Yet all the work—the tearing down of the old chimney, the transportation of the bricks, the building of the new chimney—was done with speed and gladness. They wrong the Negro who point to his poor house and say that it is a just representation of his inertia. Give him a chance, and he will show you what he can do.

And now I return to my woodland highway that runs on, straight and broad and lonely—a road across which wild turkeys are wont to step warily, marching furtively to their roost; and a road down which deer, when the twilight is come, will pace in mysterious silence, delicately roaming the dim country of the night. Though it is midwinter, there are dewy fragrances allurme from the wayside, and in the n bays smilax wreathes the tallest

trees and drops great cataracts of densest greenery almost to the forest floor. Soon the woods take on a changed aspect; I come to sparkleberry thickets, scrub-oak hills, giant live-oaks, great hollies that tower sixty feet. In one of these hollies a flock of robins is feasting; and with them are cedar-waxwings and a few silent wood-thrushes. Perhaps three hundred robins are in this one tree or else have immediate designs upon it, for the bare sweet-gums near by are thronged with them, and the holly is their objective. On the gums are massive bunches of mistletoe; and on these the birds feed also; but the pale, cold berries of this mystic parasite seem less attractive than the ruddy holly berries. The changing of the woods means that I am getting near the river; and it means that I'm getting home.

The sun, burning down into the pine crests, sends far through the happy woods shafts of mellow light which touch with tender radiance the peaceful pinelands. High overhead throng flocks of wild fowl, passing to their night feeding-grounds on the delta. On the borders of a bay branch a scattered covey of quail is calling together. Far off I hear Negroes whooping melodiously. And this country is home to me—this glamour-land; and, quoting Comus (not because I admire him), I can say:

I know each lane and every alley
green,
Dingle and bushy dell of this wild
wood,
And every bosky bourne from side to
side,
My daily walk and ancient neighbor-
hood.

Fragrant, hung with arras of tattered gold that appears marginal to gorgeous mystery—solitary, beauteous—the midwinter Southern countryside must be compared to the autumn of New England. Everywhere the evergreens prevail: in bush and tree and vine—in jasmine, in smilax, in pine, holly, cassia, oak, and laurel. Looking upon this wistful and somber aspect of eternal life, I think of Goethe's exquisite line—

*Die Myrthe still, und hoch der Lorbeer
steht.*

Of all trees at this season the water-oak is the most arresting in beauty. Although its foliage assumes the most riotous hues, this tree retains all its leaves throughout the winter. The most stately is the live-oak, with prodigious reach of limb, druid-like festooning of gray moss, endless colonies of ferns living along the far-stretched tolerant arms, and with a massive lustrous crown of glossy foliage that confers with skies and stars.

But these woods are not altogether lonely. I pass old friends. First there's a gay cavalcade of amiable deer hunters, happily trespassing on my land, who with high discreetness hail me affectionately by my first name and invite me to kill my own deer. Then there's an old

rice planter, the last of his ancient régime, slowly driving home to his far-off plantation down the river. I stop for some words with him, for he is an ancient friend of mine whom I regard with a feeling akin to reverence. This feeling is natural; for this man, now past eighty, but still actively engaged in planting, is the only one in our region who survives of all those who, like him, fought through the four years of the great Civil War. He alone in the plantation district can speak familiarly of Jackson, of Lee, of Thomas, of Custer, of Pickett. He was at Pickett's romantic wedding; he met Custer at Appomattox. Thrice he was wounded; and, though he has often told me of almost every phase of the war, I have yet to hear the first word of bitterness from him. Moreover, he is the one man to whom the Negroes can go for an understanding of matters of genealogy; he seems to know the history of every family of his region—knows it even far back into slavery times. After the planter, I meet many Negroes thronging home for the holidays. Every one has a touch of vivid color about him; it may be a necktie, or a pair of tan shoes, or a bright handkerchief, or a care-free smile. In the lone forest I hear singing and laughter and shouting, and now and then I catch the sound of a strummed guitar or banjo. Nor is there any incongruity in hearing the sounds of these instruments amid the hushed splendor of the pine-land cathedral or the dim and solemn live-oak groves; for most of the melodies are in the minor chord, as perhaps befitting the songs of those who retain in their natures something of the exile's immutable longing.

And now I'm very near home. A quarter of a mile from the house the avenue winds into a clearing. Across wide pasture lands, happy in the light of the setting sun, the white pillars gleam, the windows glimmer, the friendly great chimneys spouting smoke show that fresh fires have been kindled against the arrival of travelers. On a plantation as remote as this one every guest must needs be a traveler, as every traveler is a guest.

The old home welcomes me as I drive up the winding woody road; the old home seems like a human heart, generous, understanding, unchanged by the years, wistful, thoughtful. Not being a believer in public embraces, I forbear to describe the scene that follows. I've always had a suspicion that these effusive ones who display their affections in crowds are likely the last ones to display them at home.

It is twilight now. Suffusing the pinelands with all kinds of garlands and roses, the sun has set. Plantation sounds fill the air. High over the dreamy oaks the thin, sweet music of wild ducks' wings can be heard. From their night haunts in the shrubberies behind the house the migrated white-throats are calling. I can see tiny

warblers going to roost in the swaying gray banners of moss. From the stockade where the deerhounds are kept I hear a joyous clamor. They know very well that a hunt is afoot for to-morrow. From the stable yard come the voices of the Negroes, singing, shouting, and breaking into peals of infectious laughter. On the broad steps of home, in the dusk, I talk with many Negroes who have come to see me. Their types are interesting.

Gabriel, the hunter, wants to know how soon I can join him in the pursuit of a buck that he has been "saving" for me all year; and from under his coat he produces a marvelous otter hide as a Christmas present. This wily creature he has trapped with a skill that few even among the ranks of expert woodsmen possess. His knowledge of woodland affairs is in singular contrast to the ignorance of wild life of that great army of people, otherwise intelligent, who really wouldn't know the difference between a drumming grouse and a flying buttress.

Martha, one of the members of an elder race, and for half a century the very soul of fidelity to my family, comes to tell me how Germantown, the name of the village where she lives (it is on the borders of the plantation) has guarded its fair civic name during my absence. A strange Negro, it seems, had come to Germantown, a settlement of Negroes of the very best type. This newcomer had behaved in a very shifty manner; and, as a result, he had been strictly ostracized. Martha put the matter to me most graphically when she said: "He has no principles; so we 'hibit [prohibit] him, and we 'hibit his hog." It would not do merely to punish the man by a show of outraged decency, but he must be given to understand that, since he would not behave himself, his stock should not enjoy free range. Possibly there are several other communities in our country which would be uplifted morally if the attitude of the better people toward any brazen sinner was to "hibit him and 'hibit his hog." Martha's earnestness gave me a very lively sense of the real depth of her morality.

Prince, the wood ranger and plantation watchman, tells me in his quiet fashion how he has been trying to look out for the place, and how he has had several encounters with poachers and plunderers. He has but one remark to make about all these rapparees and land pirates. "I make them ca' sail." Possibly no expression that the Negroes use is more vivid. The trespassers were made to "crowd their canvas," as Tenyson says. Prince also tells me of the misfortune of old Cudjo, a plantation charge, whose mule had died from the effects of a slip-knot's having been tied about its neck; and Prince has the humor to suggest that creatures more intelligent than mules get into difficulties with slip-knots.

Round the corner of the house there



A NEIGHBORLY GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS

comes now a messenger on horseback. It is a Negro from a neighboring plantation, and he has brought a message from a boyhood chum, who wants to know if I cannot join him on a Christmas deer hunt, and then dine at his place. Appreciating the frailty of human nature, the messenger adds that the mint bed down at his master's place hasn't been frozen.

Suddenly our attention is attracted to the approach of a most massive figure toiling slowly down the avenue. It is a huge Negro.

"Here comes the crowd," mutters Prince, with an infectious chuckle.

Seven miles has he walked, seven sandy ones. It is Hacklus Manigo, a Negro of very singular and admirable type. Like most stout people, he has a keen mind, and he is well read. Until he became so heavy he used to be an engineer on a river steamer; and he belonged to a religious sect known as "the Sanctified Ones." Now, some people will smile at that; but, knowing Hacklus, I have never taken his religion mirthfully. By the light of a dingy lantern, in the oily and grimed cabin of a Santee River steamer, "in the dead vast and middle of the night," I have had him expound to me, with the sad penetration of naïve intelligence, the Gospel of St. John. His tiny Bible was thumbled and stained with oil. Hacklus always carried it with him; and he carried its contents in his heart. And because of that the owner of the steamer has told me that Hacklus was the best engineer on the coast; that, amid a thousand temptations to drink, he was ever sober; that, while the other boat-hands

would wander off when the steamer touched at a town, this man was ever at his post. Kipling has hymned his McAndrews; in incomparably minor tones, but with not a whit less admiration, I can hymn this thoughtful black engineer. And now he's come to talk with me a while—not of hunts and of woodcraft, not of the affairs of the day and of the hour, but of the things of the spirit. "It's all in these two things," I hear him say, toward the end of our talk: "'To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God;' and, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" I never hear those tremendous words without thinking of Hacklus Manigo; for his life has helped to teach me what they really mean.

On the plantation dinner is usually served at night; and as I go into the dining-room I can see that every one is waiting for me to hear a story. It happens to be so human and so typical that it will bear telling. Its gentle satire is as harmless as it is delicious.

"Oh, do you know," my raconteur says, launching forth eagerly, "that the old Holbrook Randolph place has been sold? But it has been bought by *such* people! They've made money in fertilizer; they came originally from Oil City. Such hideous materialism! Well, of course they had to alter everything about the fine old place. And even the approach has been changed. The avenue now winds to the *back* door, which has been remodeled and made the entrance! Of course," comes the salient comment, "people of that kind never could get used to going into the Randolphs' *front* door!"

Festive is a plantation dinner table, with a huge haunch of venison, a wild turkey, snowy pyramids of steaming rice, crisp brown corn breads, and Bahama sweet potatoes, the sugar oozing out of their loose jackets. And there's the fellowship. And there are the plans for the morrow. Merrily the firelight plays on the frieze of stags' horns circling the room; it gleams on the faded paintings; warmly it enters and is lost among the lavish festoons of holly, myrtle, cassina, mistletoe, and smilax that deck the room.

When once more I go out on the broad porch, the moon has risen, striking silver lances through the misty river fens. Far off I can hear the Negroes singing their Christmas spirituals. They rise, those humble hymns, to the Creator in his mighty fane. The night has magic about it; I think of Whitman's superb phrase, "the huge and thoughtful night." Over the earth there is the sense of some serene arrival. The stars seem aware; the world is about to commemorate the coming of Love. And here, on this lonely plantation, even the humblest heart can feel that this is God's Holy Night; even the weariest heart can feel that all shall be well for them who love the Christ, and who, like Hacklus Manigo, try to walk humbly with their God.

FUEL FOR STEAMBOATS AND HUMANS

BY FULLERTON WALDO

ONE of the few long-distance wood-fuel river trips remaining in the Western Hemisphere is the journey from Fort McMurray, Alberta, to the delta of the Mackenzie River. The distance to and fro is three thousand miles. The steamers, loaded, draw three feet or less; in the shallow places that abound in the Athabasca River and the lake, soundings must be taken by two men stationed in the prow, and serpentine progress is slow. The paddle-wheels are nineteen and sixteen feet in diameter. The sixteen-foot paddle-wheel, which is that of the steamer that does four-fifths of the journey, below the rapids, at which the larger steamer transfers its freight, makes six revolutions per minute at two miles an hour, twenty-two revolutions at nine miles an hour, twenty-seven revolutions at its extreme speed of fourteen miles an hour. As the current of the river varies from two to six miles an hour, the pace is considerably accelerated or retarded as one goes downstream or up-stream. At nine miles an hour the fires eat three-quarters of a ton of four-foot spruce logs; at fourteen miles an hour the fuel consumption is about a cord.

Men spend the winter in the forest on the edge of the great stream to cut this wood and pile it on the bank. The serviceable timber is spruce. The black poplar (also called balm of Gilead and cottonwood) is plentiful, and it bulks as large, but it lacks the pith and stamina to make good fires. The little dry logs burn fast; logs cut with the sap in them and exuding the stickiest of gum last longer. There is as great a variation in the wood and in the way it is piled as in the men who cut it and leave it for the steamboat to find. One man who works alone, with a sled which he hauls himself instead of using dogs, has reared many a perishable monument to himself at a cost of \$4 a cord to the company employing him. He saws at right angles; he piles at right angles; he builds a square bastion at each end of the pile. His work is the admiration of the rivermen. The wood-pile built by the Indian is likely to be of little old logs, too thin and too long dried, which look at the ends as if they had been chewed off by dogs or whittled the way some women sharpen a pencil.

One man last December, working alone, froze his foot. Then he amputated the toes with his jack-knife. Blood poisoning set in, and he lay helpless till he was rescued in April. Indians sent to search out his solitary hut returned to Norman and reported that there was no one in his cabin. A constable of the Mounted Police then went, found poor McCreery, with a small bag of flour beside him, scraping the snow from between the logs of his miserable shack. A doctor at Fort Norman

treated the foot, and is said to have charged \$600. Our boat two months later burned the wood McCreery had cut and piled, and found it good.

If the axman piles the logs on the verge of the river, where it is most convenient for the boats, he may lose in a moment the fruit of his long toil. When the ice goes out of the rivers in June, it has no mercy on the banks. All along the stream the turf overhangs the rich black loam, which may be frozen to within a foot and a half of the surface. There is a continuous plashing of mud lumps into the water, as if fish were leaping. Stalwart and flourishing trees still stand at the very edge, but the dead gray trunks that have fallen into the stream, that perhaps will drift to the Arctic Ocean by and by, forecast the fate of the trees that still defy the undermining of the water and the frost.

Hence the wood-pile usually stands a hundred feet or so back from the ragged rim of the waterway. Thence it must be "toted" in the arms or on the shoulders of the crew, or of restive passengers desirous of exercise. Some are two-log and some are four-log, or even five-log men. The logs are thrown one by one into a narrow chute that reaches to the deck, and if the boat cannot tie up directly under the bank it may be necessary to use the wide, long gang-plank as well as the chute. If the slant of the chute is steep, the logs come cascading down speedily and violently; if the slope is gradual, it is necessary to direct a stream of water constantly upon it to keep it slippery.

The process of getting the wood aboard is more complex and cumbersome than the description intimates. In the way of an onslaught on the wood-pile there may be *chevaux-de-frise* of logs living, dying, and dead. It takes the eye of faith sometimes to discern timbers freshly cut and piled among those that are as nature or the wrack and ruin of the mighty wind and the battering of the ice left them. If the pilot lets the boat overshoot the almost indistinguishable mark in the hundreds of miles of

serrated spruce fringe, the boat is as helpless without fuel as a man is without food.

Your steamship fueled with coal or oil may seem animate, and not an impersonal machine, but one of these wood-burning river boats is much closer to a breathing, vital, human organism. It coughs red sparks upon the river as if these were the drops of its own blood; and it is indeed a dangerous contagion that is shed abroad therewith. For its length—but one hundred and forty-five feet—this boat is a rapacious creature. It must have meals several times an hour; and no half-portions, but an Eskimo feast, to the inelastic capacity of the ribs of the fire-box. One is inclined to believe that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego would have declined to serve in the fire-pit of a Mackenzie steamer. Yet an Alberta lumberjack at \$45 a month, spectacted against the hot white glare, takes a log as the wood-passer hands it to him from every nook and cranny the freight leaves free. He yanks open the alarming jaw of Fafner with as little ceremony as if he were a traveling dentist and the furnace were the mouth of a baggy Indian squaw. As the bottom of the fire-pit is six feet below the deck, he must receive the big log at the level of his head as it is slid over the brink, and while flame breathes at him from the firing-front he may be getting a shower of dust and minute pieces of bark as he turns to take the log in his gloved hands.

He must follow the log all the way in—and the gloves are not asbestos. It often seems as if the hands were bathed in flame; even so Latimer and Ridley and the rest of the glorious book of martyrs must have approached the stake. Frequently after the monstrous morsel is lodged in the capacious maw it takes the wrong turning, and must be straightened. If it is too solidly lodged for a swift turn of the wrist to set it right, then—and only then—the fireman deigns to use an eight-foot poker of iron pipe. As he turns his sooty face up to you and smiles, he does not think he has done anything; but it is like the smile of Christian after he had discomfited the fiend Apollyon, who straddled over the whole breadth of the way and said, "Here will I spill thy soul." As the man on high in the pilot-house must, like Palinurus, keep his rudder true, even so the sweating gnome below, with oil on his burns, must keep the needle of the steam-gauge pointing to 175 pounds, or the engineer comes bustling from his piston-rods and link-heads to know why. Behind the whole rocking lumber shanty is the wheel—the great wheel throwing out small rapids that ripple clear across the river, frightening the young wild ducks that cannot fly and fairly leap out of the way and toes.

Other articles by
Mr. Waldo on the
Mackenzie River
country will be published in later issues

ing the fox-tail grasses that stand for reeds along shore. The forest turns to fire; the water is transmuted into steam to move that wheel by which men are moved—that wheel on which lives of men are broken.

Thus seen and felt, the boat is epic of the toil and passion of existence. It is ours to seek out, along the River of Life, the fuel of body, mind, and soul. What

worthless sticks we often choose! "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." We give the precious engine, not the best, but, many times, the very worst of all there is. The fuel we might take to be the spirit's nourishment is proffered from the whole rich and various demesne of science, art, and letters. The world is all before us where to choose, as it was before our parents leaving

Eden. "Man," saith the philosopher, "is an animal of noble preferences." How often, of our own motion, do we believe that utterance! "Give us this day our daily bread," our souls are crying; and instead we give them stones.

He "maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." That fire must be fed with the right fuel or it dies.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

WHAT IS GOOD PIANO PLAYING?

BY W. J. HENDERSON

WHEN you go to hear a pianist, what do you expect? If you expect what you should not and the pianist does what he should, you will be disappointed. If you expect what you should and the pianist cannot fulfill his obligations to his art, you will be disappointed; but this time with unassailable reason. Too many persons regard music and its performance as some sort of mystery, comprehensible only to those possessed of special training, whereas to a certain extent any one who has a good ear and will apply common sense to his consideration of music can determine whether he ought to enjoy it or not.

If music is an art at all, it is the art of beauty in sound. We need not tor-

ment ourselves by trying to arrive at a definition of beauty. Let us confess at once that beauty has never been successfully defined, and that it is entirely a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that among the cultivated peoples of the world there is a pretty general consensus of opinion. In regard to music the general view is that its fundamental beauty is the beauty of tone. If the sounds produced by instruments or voices are harsh, rough, impure, or, in a word, noises rather than musical tones, beauty cannot exist. For that reason we may without hesitation assert that the chief object of all musical technic is the production of euphonious tone. Probably that is what Liszt had in mind when he declared that three things were

needed to make a pianist: "First, technic; second, technic; third, technic." What he undoubtedly meant was that a perfect and inexhaustible technic is essential to good piano playing, for the reason that without it nothing can be made to sound beautiful.

Therefore let us begin with some reflections on the art of playing the piano. Nothing is more generally misunderstood than what constitutes good piano performance except what is good singing, and this is reserved for future discussion. The million amateur pianists find that their greatest difficulty is to strike the notes written in all the "hard pieces" which the masters have given us. It does not seem to occur to these amateurs that about the mechanical difficulty of fingering all those notes the composers never thought at all. They took that part of the execution for granted. So should we. A professional pianist ought to be able to strike the notes in any of the standard piano compositions, to strike them while proceeding at the correct *tempo*, and to accent them correctly. False notes are simply forbidden.

But while playing the right notes the pianist ought also to be able to make them sound beautiful. No matter how intricate the passage, how rapid the succession of thirds or octaves or other combinations, no matter how complicated the polyphony, the tone drawn from the piano must be beautiful or the performance falls of its ultimate purpose—namely, to restore to living, breathing eloquence the instrumental song which sleeps in silence on the printed page till the clinging kiss of the interpreter breaks the spell.

The piano is undeniably an instrument of percussion. Its tones are produced by the blows of hammers on metal strings. And the purposes of interpretation are often best accomplished by emphasizing the percussive nature of the piano. But the hammer of Thor or the ax of Sergei Prokofiev is not the hourly companion of the great artist of the keyboard. His chief aim is to disguise the percussive character of his instrument and to make it seem to sing. This semblance of singing is the greatest desider-



(C) Underwood

JOSEF HOFMANN

"The master of phrase and accent"



Bain

HAROLD BAUER

"The exquisite cantilena of a Bauer. . . . This is the acme of legato, as it is called, and a pure, smooth, sustained legato is the foundation of musical performance"



Bain

GUIOMAR NOVAES

"All pianists and students of piano have made an idol of Godowsky because of his extraordinary technic. But many of us would rather listen to an erratic but imaginative child like Gulomar Novaes"

atum of all musical performance. What musicians mean by a singing tone is one that has a smooth and steady flow. In a series of singing tones united in a musical phrase the vocal quality is imparted by so performing them that they seem to be organically united. One note passes into the next without a noticeable break in the continuity of sound, yet the articulation between the two tones is not blurred, as in the exquisite cantilena of a Bauer or a Gabrilowitch. This is the acme of legato, as it is called, and a pure, smooth, sustained legato is the foundation of musical performance whether vocal or instrumental. It is the first and indispensable requisite of musical beauty.

The piano of to-day is capable of a far finer legato than the early ones. We have better strings, better sounding-boards, better key actions, and better pedals. We possess sound-sustaining devices unknown to the makers of Mozart's and Beethoven's pianos. Yet the illusion of song has always been sought by pianists. Johann Sebastian Bach's son Emmanuel wrote:

Methinks music ought principally to move the heart, and in this no performer will succeed by merely thumping and drumming and by continual arpeggio playing. During the last few years my chief endeavor has been to play the pianoforte, in spite of its deficiency in sustaining sound, as much as possible in a singing manner, and to compose for it accordingly.

Mozart cherished similar ideals. He demanded of the pianist a smooth, gliding movement of the hands, so that the passages should flow like wine and oil. In order that the vocal character of piano music might be preserved, Mozart wrote continually in the cantabile style (*cantare*—to sing) and developed many of his melodic thoughts from simple successions of notes of the scale. One wonders often whether Elly Ney ever heard of the wise sayings of Emmanuel Bach and Mozart.

But, while the singing melody is the basis of piano music, as it is of all other music, it is not the whole of it. Upon this foundation is reared an artistic structure in which variety in unity shows forth in all its engaging qualities. No one would wish to forego the pleasure experienced in hearing a pianist perform rapid passages with perfect smoothness and equality, with sonorous force and sunny clarity. While the pure cantabile melody may be the trunk of a composition, the florid passages are the natural and beautiful exfoliation, and we would regard some naked trunks as comparatively wintry objects.

In the performance of brilliant passages, and also in certain types of melody, the staccato, or short, sharp touch is required. The listener is justified in demanding that when a pianist has a staccato to play he shall play it musically. Singers use the staccato, and the instrumental performer therefore can form a vocal ideal of this type of utter-

ance. What, then, is to be said about rapid passages in simultaneously sounding tones, thirds, sixths, and octaves, as the musicians would put it? Always the same: the tone must be musical. But here enters another addition. The balance must not be destroyed. The accord must consist of two or more tones, one of which usually belongs to the melody. The listener must require the player to make the melody clear at all times and to give to the accordant or discordant notes precisely the amount of force needed to make them furnish the harmonic character to the performance.

This is one of the most exacting requirements of artistic performance, for the pianist who expects to preserve the outline of his melody and the balance of his subsidiary voice parts (as they are called) at all times must possess fingers and wrists trained to the utmost pliancy and independence, and he must have them under such command that they execute his wishes automatically. The pianist cannot be thinking all the time just how hard he is to strike this or that note. His mind is rather intent on the larger matters of phrasing and the adaptation of his *tempi* and his broader dynamics to the interpretation of the composition.

We now come to the subject of rhythm. With all due regard for the brilliant liberation of their spirits by the much-liberated Cyril Scott, the untrammelled Ornstein, and other colorists of the impressionistic school, the music lover will

without doubt continue to insist on a clearly defined outline. Now in music the clarity of the outline of a composition depends not only upon a neat enunciation of the separate tones, but upon a perfect relation of their relative lengths, their varying degrees of force, and their utterance in unmistakable groupings called phrases. The phrasing of an instrumental composition is founded upon the same artistic principle as the lines of a poem, and the preservation of the identity of the line can be accomplished only by a correct treatment of the meter.

Not all the angels;
In heaven nor;
The demons down;
Under the sea;
Can ever dis sever my soul;
From the soul of;
The beautiful Annabel Lee.

If you read it that way, the rhythm is spoiled, though it is impossible altogether to destroy it, while the phrasing—supposing it for the moment to be piano and not word music—is wholly ruined. But even when the lines are correctly phrased, the rhythm will still be imperfect if just the right emphasis is not laid on every syllable. In the larger forms of musical composition the melodic phrases are often very extended and the rhythms not simple, but compound. It is therefore the business of the pianist to convey to the hearer a clear and unmistakable outline, so that he may recognize the phrases of a melody and the melody as a whole. If you hear a blurred and uncertain melody, groping, as it were, its way toward you, be sure there is something wrong with the performance. The most uncouth or vague melody can be played in such a way that the responsibility for its defects will be shown to be the composer's, not the performer's. And when one thinks of perfection in rhythm one thinks of Josef Hofmann, the master of phrase and accent.

One of the commonest faults in piano playing is underestimating the relative sonorities of the upper and lower strings. The high treble notes are sounded by short strings with short vibrations; the bass strings are long and have more enduring vibrations. Pianists often forget this and make the bass of a passage resound so that the treble is obscured and the outline of the melody lost. Obviously a composer wishes that everything shall be heard, but in proper proportion. It must be plain to the reader that good phrasing is impossible when the bass overbalances the treble, except in cases where the melody is in the bass.

Perhaps enough has been said about the office of the hands. Now a word as to the feet. The possibilities of the pedals are very great. The amateur of music, unfortunately, has been taught to call them "loud" and "soft." But a pianist can play just as loudly without using a pedal as with one. He will, how-



Bain

OSSIP GABRILOWITCH

"One note passes into the next without a noticeable break in the continuity of sound, . . . as in the exquisite cantilena of . . . a Gabrilowitch"

ever, obtain a different kind of loudness. When a pianist strikes a key, he raises a damper, and as long as he holds the key down the strings of that note will vibrate freely till their vibrations die out. When on striking the key he also depresses the "loud" pedal, he raises all the dampers in the instrument and thus permits all sympathetic strings and their overtones to vibrate.

When he depresses the soft pedal, he shuts off one of the strings of a note (in a modern grand each note has three) and causes the instrument to give forth a more veiled tone. By various combinations of pedals and the union of such combinations with the several kinds of touch pianists produce those extraordinary illusions of changing qualities of sound which we call tone colors. It is not essential to an intelligent enjoyment of piano playing that one should know all about touch and pedals, for touch is so subtle that, in the last analysis, it becomes an individual gift. But even a tyro can understand that some difference must result when you strike the key with a stiff finger or a relaxed one, with the flat surface of the extremity or with its point.

Finally, as to interpretation. This brings us to indeterminate quantities, for, while it is easy enough to decide when the interpreter is entirely wrong, it is impossible to pronounce a conclusive verdict when several admittedly

great artists disagree. The true artist assimilates the composition. It becomes a part of his own artistic organization. When he gives it back to the public, he gives himself as nourished by Beethoven, Chopin, or Schumann. But at least the thoughtful listener can study the manifestations of the performer's temperament. Intellect and emotion must each play its proportionate part. As the author of this article has said elsewhere, "Music is a glorious ship on the ocean of art; emotion is the breeze that fills the sails; intellect is the skilled hand at the wheel."

The intellect is the designing power, and without design there is no art. Piano playing which is merely a bewildering exhibition of technical "virtuosity," as it is called, is worthy of admiration for just what it is, but it is far from being the supreme achievement of the pianist. This explains the attitude of critics who demand always that a pianist shall show ability to interpret some work of high intellectual design, such as a Beethoven sonata or the Schumann fantasia, before they will accord him a seat among the gods of his art. All pianists and students of piano have made an idol of Godowsky because of his extraordinary technic. But many of us would rather listen to an erratic but imaginative child like Guilmar Novaes or a solid master of form and style like William Bachaus.

Another article on "The Enjoyment of Music" will appear in an early issue. It is called "About Good Violin Playing"

IN THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS: 1918

BY ALLAN A. HUNTER



A PALESTINE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

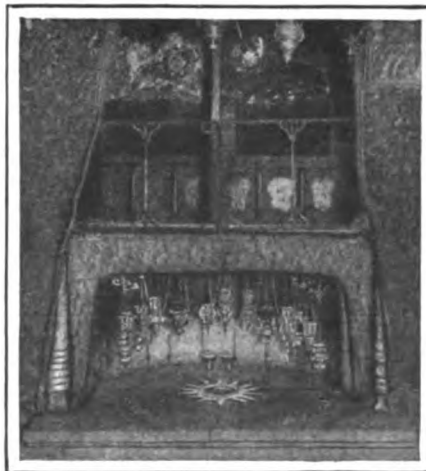
THE war was over. It was the morning of the first Christmas after the armistice, in Bethlehem. But the place where the Prince of Peace was born proved the scene of hatred and violence. Of course that hatred and violence were held in leash by the hand of the British administration. Two British Tommies were on guard beside the silver star which, according to tradition, marks the spot upon which the angels looked as they sang of good will among men. Those soldiers were on guard with bayonets fixed in their rifles and cartridges ready to see that the Greek priests did not start massacring the Armenian priests, or the Armenian priests the Roman Catholic, or the other way round.

A more ironical contradiction of the spirit of Christ would be hard to find. Here on Christmas morning, in the little cave-stable under the famous Church of the Nativity, there may have been two or three worshipping in spirit and in truth; but one noticed only the pomp, pride, and circumstance of those who had come either to show off or to see. Priests exhibited on their Orthodox bodies the crimson and purple of gold-laced robes. (These they had changed many times at a crowded ceremony the evening before.) As for the gaudy curtains and lamps, the ornate manger and the wax *dambino*, all that bric-à-brac made one think of a curio shop. What symbols there were represented, not the radiant Christ of the brotherly age that will come, but the musty past and its hopelessly stupid quarrels.

The silver star was a definite cause—

so they say—of the Crimean War. Some holy Orthodox fanatic stole it. An opposing sect called in the French to win it back. Clash! Another war! However that may be, many fights have taken place in this underground room and some have given their lives over such an issue of moment as this: Shall the Orthodox or the Armenians own such and such a nail on the wall, or shall the Catholics wash a certain window?

That crypt under the Church of the Nativity stands for the clenched fist and the incredibly grotesque. You can break your heart over it, or you can take it humorously, and rather sensibly, as did the British sergeant.



THE STAR IN THE GROTTO OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

I met him in a room adjoining. He was off duty at the time; and he cherished no delusions about the holy places. To him the salient thing in this church was the wine cellar of one of the superintending priests.

"They're a rum lot, sir," he commented on the religionists. "But the wine's good, sir. Werry good, sir."

Tommy Atkins in Palestine was a wise and weathered man. He refused to worry himself sick about the graft and bigotry of the holy places. He was there for the sole purpose of guarding them, of doing his duty.

Nor his to reason why. As I left the church I asked a sentinel (with a wound stripe and many service stripes) where the field of the shepherds was.

"I don't know, sir."

"How long have you been stationed here?"

"Six weeks, sir."

Men might crawl out of bed before the dawn and walk the six muddy miles from Jerusalem to visit the field where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, but this field of the shepherds was nothing to him.

It was something to me, however. I hadn't fought four years in the war; on Gallipoli and then across the scorching sands of Sinai. (I had come up in comparative comfort six months before on the "Milk and Honey Express.") I hadn't marched with a ninety-pound pack all the way up the Philistine plain and then through the slush and storms of the Judean hills to David's home town. So the field beyond Bethlehem was worth some walking to see.

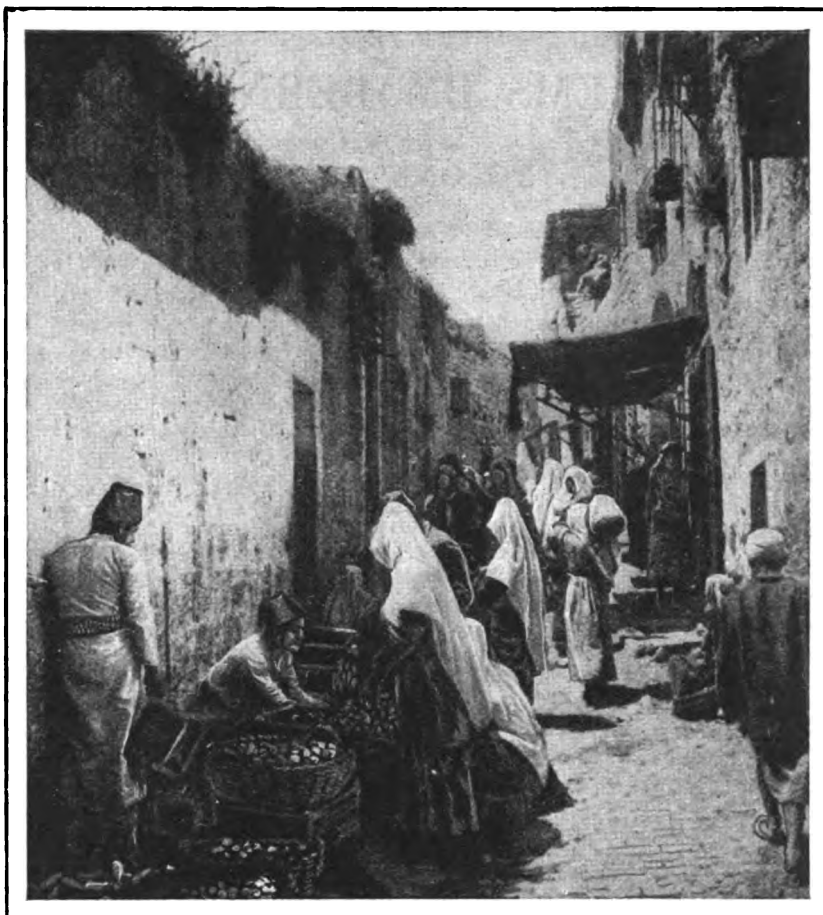
It was only half a mile from the church, over a hill and then down again. Walking up through the narrow, twisting streets, I passed a string of kneeling camels, an immense solemnity in their faces as they chewed their cud; and donkeys, the most lovable little fellows with fuzzy eyebrows and a patience in their eyes born of carrying innumerable burdens. Their backs would bend, but apparently without pain, as they twinkled down the street, half hidden under bulging sacks of grain and clover. One moment's hesitation, and "Thwack!" would come the driver's stick on the mouse-brown haunches, with the exhortation, "*Yu Hamar!*" (O donkey!) These drivers were robed in *jellabias* or glorified nightgowns, originally a brave Prussian blue, but now, thanks to many washings, the mild color of the sky. They were amiable barefoot Syrians who seemed genuinely to mean their deep-throated salutation of "*Salaam aleikum!*" (Peace be upon you!)

They are a strangely lovable people, the Syrian village folk, even if they do overload their animals. To be sure,

they have weaknesses. They do not seem to be interested in veracity; possibly they have no conception of what it is. They are not keen on what we Americans call co-operation; there is too much jealousy and distrust all round for that. They do not abound in initiative and the strenuous life. But they have a gift for quick sympathy and a dignity like the dignity of some children, that suggests the kingdom of God. Their lives are taken up pretty largely with finding sufficient grass for the family donkey and earning enough pancake-loaves of bread for the hungry mouths in the limestone box of a house where parents and little ones all literally go to bed with the chickens. Olives and occasional figs, or a special slice of impossible cheese, with grapes in summertime and a rare Jaffa orange, serve for dessert. Since this is Christmas time, they will indulge in three or four pieces of *deuclauwa*, or honeyed pastry, and the children will make piles of colored eggs on which have been etched, with a nail, the manger scene or the Wise Men. Nearly everybody will join in, for the little town of Bethlehem is mostly Christian, and the few Mohammedans are not unwilling to help the Christians keep their festival.

As I reached the top of the hill and looked back over the hollow where huddled the small white houses of the town, I saw that most of the windows were margined in spite of their lack of glass; margined with blue, in honor of the Mother of our Lord. Bethlehem from this distance was lovely to look upon, "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

What met me as I left the town behind and started eastward down the hill was even more enchanting. For there in truth was Palestine! Simplicity and peace! In front of me, across the field gleaming with barley stubble, was a yoke of slow-moving oxen, fresh brown in the sun, tugging away at a wooden plow, and followed by a peasant crooning an eery song. That plow could have been used by the servants of Boaz in this self-same field where Ruth gleaned among the harvesters. With that song Abraham may have heartened himself along the Bethlehem road as he set out with his camels for pastures new. And



A STREET IN BETHLEHEM

those watch-towers—tall cylinders of unhewn stone—that stood as sentinels among the terraced vineyards on the hillsides round about. Did not David survey this very valley from towers like these? Perhaps the fig and olive trees were thicker then, and the vines more generous; for half the trees of Palestine the Turks cut down, and blighted all her fairness.

The boy David must have loved these hills and *wadys*, that distant wall of blue whence the sun had risen, the mountains of Moab that forever haunt the Holy Land. Perhaps he led his flocks over this field to nibble grass or dewy moss among the crannies of stone walls.

Anyway, sheep were browsing on the edges of the field, and there were two or three shepherd boys; ragged young bare-

foot Arabs, as native as the oak or thorn. Possibly they had gathered here deliberately on Christmas morning in the field where the shepherds watching their sheep had heard good news from heaven.

I did not know. It was enough to admire the nine-year-old shepherdess, holding in her arms a kid with a shining jet nose, a picture of tranquillity.

After exchanging "peace" with these carers of the flocks, I climbed up the hill again toward the little town, and as I climbed I remembered:

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou camest a little baby thing,
That made a woman cry.

Nearing the crest of the hill, I noticed, stark and white, clear cut against the blue—the Cross.

THE DIFFICULT ART OF BEING A JEW

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

This frank, thoughtful, and thoroughly American article discusses the problem of racial relationship without fear or favor. Mr. Lieberman believes that the American way of approaching a problem is to bring it out in the open for discussion. He makes manifest this belief by his forthcoming Outlook article

POEMS BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

TO ONE WHO WALKS THE HIGHROAD

I

THINK no thought of her
Whatsoever,
Foolish wanderer,
If you still have hope to find
Any peace within your mind.

II

She is vain and frail
(I know her!)—
She will fade and fail;
As a bloodroot blown apart
She will scatter from your heart.

III

Go—in glades of fern
Seek cover,
Lest the sun burn—
Lest the river drown you deep
In its shadows full of sleep.

IV

Where the leaves are cool,
Dew-crested,
Near a still pool,
With the moving, watching things
Listen to their whisperings;

V

But be silent. Stand
Deep rooted.
Clasp with either hand
Saplings, tall and thin of stem;
Lean upon the strength of them.

VI

Let them bear the weight
Of your longing.
They are tall and straight . . .
In their province, green and dim,
What is any woman's whim?

SMILING WOMAN

I

HER personable countenance
Incites the mind devoid of laughter;
She is a smooth and supple lance
That, bent, retained some bending after.

II

Always the sun will flash from it,
Tracing that length that never broke—
Her lovely grace—her singing wit—
That cuts a curved and cruel stroke.

POTENTIALITIES

AND if my hand should touch you, well, what then?
Could finger-tips disclose what thought has missed,
Or wake the sleeping sorceries that twist
Your mouth almost to smiling? In all men
I doubt not there is something kept apart,
Not meant to be disturbed. (As in my breast,
Darkly, I cherish the small seed of rest.)
What curious thing is hidden in your heart?

I will not ask. I shall not wonder much,
Save at the peace that broods upon your face,
As if you dwelt secure in a far land
Remote from thoughts of me and from my touch;
And this I know is your desired safe place,
And so I will not reach to you my hand.

IMPREGNABLE

AT times I grow distrustful of repose. . . .
Have you perhaps allowed yourself to die,
Shut in behind yourself, the walls too high,
The last gate shut, and never to uncloze?
And can you not be more than what you are:
Calm, and remote? My thoughts in clamorous storm
Surge like the rains of summer, black and warm,
And move you not, and spend themselves afar.

Always you wait; and I am wordless, held
Beyond the impassable barrier, apart;
Watching your mood, too long restrained and quelled,
Strong in the dark of doubt—as strong as stone—
Shaped by your will with its most desperate art,
To keep you safe, and deathless, and alone.

MARIA RAPALLO

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

M^{R.} SPANGLER stood in the kitchen, pulling on a pair of heavy and oft-mended gloves. It was half-past three on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, and he was about to leave Plympton in his motor omnibus for Summit Hill, fifteen miles away. The kitchen, with pretty Mrs. Spangler sitting by the table, was pleasanter than the mist-enshrouded out-of-doors.

Mrs. Spangler held up her work for Spangler to see. It was a cat whose outline had been printed on muslin which she had stuffed into shape with rags. It made a safe and delightful toy for a little child.

"I've stuffed a cat and a dog and a doll to-day," she said, merrily. "And to-morrow I'll stuff a turkey."

Spangler laid his hand on the latch. Mrs. Spangler was the light of his eyes, and he never left her without a pang.

"What would you say if I didn't get back in time to help trim the tree?" he asked, ruefully.

Mrs. Spangler laid down her work.

"You won't have to make an extra trip to-night?"

"I'm afraid I will. Four college students are coming home by way of Fort Edward, and the boss told me to meet them."

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Spangler.

"It means five dollars," said Spangler. "And you may have the five."

Outside, the mist created a premature twilight through which Spangler went briskly down the street. There were wreaths in the windows and festoons over the doors and Christmas trees by dozens for sale along the curb, and the Christmas spirit was in Spangler's heart. He wished that he could give some great, priceless gift to somebody, not his family—he was able to give them everything they wanted—but some forlorn person or some child.

In the garage he was hailed with shouts. He was probably the most popular person in the community, and there was no one who more deserved popularity. He climbed at once to the driver's seat of the unwieldy omnibus, in which two passengers, afraid of not getting seats at the starting-point in the Square, had already found places. One was Mrs. Hedge, tall, black-haired, and very cross-looking. The other was Mrs. Lischey, who was short and heavy and timid, with a broad, expressionless face. Mrs. Lischey had the comfortable seat beside Spangler, and Mrs. Hedge, behind her, glared at the back of her old-fashioned bonnet. The four seats of the omnibus rose like steps, and it was only beside the driver that one was not tossed violently from side to side, as well as tipped backward and forward as

the bus climbed or descended the steep hills.

A mischievous mechanic looked at the two ladies.

"Look out going round Dead Man's Curve," he warned. "It'll be slippery."

"Slippery nothing!" rejoined Spangler, with a reassuring glance at his passengers. He blew the horn and called, "Look out there!" and guided the lumbering vehicle into the street. The engine roared like that of a powerful locomotive.

At the Square twenty passengers waited, and his car was supposed to hold fourteen. Not only were there human beings, but there was one dog, and there were baskets and suit-cases beyond computation, and one trunk. There were also the early arrivals and himself. The sum to which the human beings added seemed to have a profoundly humorous significance to Spangler, and he said, in a loud tone, "Twenty-three!" It seemed to have a humorous significance for the crowd also, because they shouted with laughter.

"I've got to get home to milk the cows, Spangler," called some one.

"I engaged a place this morning, remember, Spangler. You know I did," said another.

"I don't take up much room," said a very fat man. He was a drummer who had traveled with Spangler for ten years, and he always cast tender and entirely ineffective glances at the ladies. He looked smilingly at Mrs. Hedge, and she repaid him with an indescribably fierce scowl, exhibiting for an instant the artificial substitute which had long since replaced her canine tooth.

Spangler began to give loud directions.

"All you grown people 'll have to hold children," he commanded. "Myron and Billy, you go only a short distance—you stand on the running-boards, one on each side. This ark 'll have to be balanced. All the bundles 'll have to go on the top. Now those that go farthest, in first. Mrs. Hedge, you kindly move front with Mrs. Lischey."

Mrs. Hedge was about to say, "I'll do nothing of the sort," but she changed her mind; not because public opinion was clearly against her, but because she would rather crowd Mrs. Lischey than be herself crowded by the fat man or hold a child on her lap.

Five passengers who came running up at the last minute Spangler could not take. He drove off amid a loud clamor, shouting at the top of his voice:

"I'll make another trip at 7:30. You'll have to wait. Have patience."

Every one on the street stopped to look at the omnibus, and almost all the men wasted their breath shouting at Spangler. The last generation created a

certain nameless and admired work of art by covering a jar or jug with putty and affixing thereon a variety of small articles—buttons, jackstones, buckles, tiny unclothed dolls, wishbones, and so forth, and completing the work by gilding. The bus was not gilded, but otherwise it resembled one of these objects. The trunk was strapped on the rear, baskets and bundles were placed in a rack on the top, a man stood on each side, human heads projected occasionally from between the curtains, and the dog whined piteously on the running-board. The front of the car was decked with greens and a Christmas tree was strapped to the rear. Through the windshield could be seen the face of Spangler, kindly, bright-eyed, smiling, and a little anxious. This was the heaviest load he had ever carried. Fortunately, his passengers would begin to leave at the end of the first mile, and few would be left to carry up the steep incline at the end of the journey.

At the edge of the town he turned on the lights. The mist had thickened and the sky had darkened, and the excrescences on the bus became invisible. The vehicle looked like some enormous elephant or hippopotamus with fiery eye hastening through the night. A mile out the young man addressed as Myron stepped down, and a little beyond the young man named Billy. Every one in the bus shouted "Merry Christmas!" and the young men shouted back and waved their hats.

Still a little farther on two persons got out. One was Mrs. Hedge, who said no good-by, but went directly into her great dim house. The other was a stout woman who, with Spangler's assistance, climbed into a buggy waiting for her at the entrance to what was known as the "back road," which climbed the mountain in a zigzag direction and joined the main road miles away near Summit Hill. The passengers pitied her because of the wretched road on which she must travel. Some one expressed anxiety also for Mrs. Hedge, who lived alone and had tempting possessions, but this sympathetic person was laughed at. No burglar would attack Mrs. Hedge; if he did, said some one, he would "get his."

On the first short incline Spangler waved his hand at a dim light. In a little house close to the road lived Mrs. Graybill, a gentle old lady of whom he and his wife were very fond. He smiled into his stubby mustache and his blue eyes brightened. To-morrow morning he would take Mrs. Graybill home with him to eat her Christmas dinner.

In the village of Worleysburg the bus was almost emptied. There was a long pause here, for all the bundles were re-

moved from the roof and handed to the departing passengers or put inside, and the trunk and the tree were unfastened. The monster had now only his own grayish hide.

Beyond Worleysburg began the steep ascent of the mountain, and there were few houses. Of the passengers who remained Spangler was well acquainted only with the fat drummer, who took the place by his side and began to discourse about the mistakes of the Government. From Summit Hill he would take the trolley to Fort Edward, and there catch an express train and reach home before morning.

The lights of the car, illuminating first a little space on this side of the road and then the other, showed no more fields, but rank upon rank of bare peach and apple trees. Presently, as Spangler changed gears, the landscape changed again. The grade was steeper, and on each side were thickets of rhododendrons and the lower boughs of pines and hemlocks, which vanished upward into blackness. Though Spangler had made the journey twice a day for more than ten years, he never failed to take a profound pleasure in the woodland, and he liked to have some one beside him with whom he could share his satisfaction. The drummer was not a congenial soul.

The woodland was not entirely unbroken. Set apparently in the midst of the forest was a little farm. Here lived two young people named Filson, who, like all the people on the road except perhaps Mrs. Hedge, were Spangler's friends. Several years ago they had lost their only child, and it had seemed at first as though Mrs. Filson would never recover her health or her cheerfulness. A few months ago, however, a great happiness had come to them. They had taken a child to raise, a stranger who had been found for them by the Children's Aid Society. She was a beautiful dark-eyed little girl, about ten years old, whom they called Esther. They longed to adopt her, but the Aid Society advised against any immediate approach to her father, who had treated her cruelly. Spangler stopped each morning and took her to school at Summit Hill, and brought her back in the evening. Now he blew his horn fiercely as he passed the little farm, and he saw the light darken as Mrs. Filson pressed her face against the pane to see him go by. When he came back, she and Filson would both be at the side of the road waiting.

A little farther on he blew his horn again. Here there was a dark aperture in the wall of foliage where the back road rejoined the pike. There was no danger of running into any one—the back road was hardly used once a month. Spangler thought of its few lonely inhabitants, then of Mrs. Spangler and the children, then of the five dollars he would earn; then, with a shake of the head, of Mrs. Hedge. The

wickedness and unhappiness of some members of the human family astonished him—it was so easy to be happy and good.

At Summit Hill there was an amusement park for the citizens of Fort Edward. It had been intended originally that the trolley should run down to Plympton, but funds had given out and it was doubtful whether it would ever be continued. There were a few houses, a little store, and a schoolhouse. It was with the storekeeper's children that Esther Filson stayed until Spangler came for her.

When Spangler drew up beside the platform at the trolley station, Esther came running to meet him and scolding prettily. Her black eyes shone out of a red hood, dimples came and went in her cheeks, and her tongue ran as though its mechanism were different from that of other people's tongues. Spangler was bewitched by her. He had begged Mrs. Filson to let him take her down to play with his children, and Mrs. Filson had said, with a little hesitation, "Some time." She seemed to be afraid to have the little thing out of her sight.

As the departing passengers climbed down Esther climbed in.

"I knew you'd be on time," she said, reproachfully. "I knew it."

"Ain't I always?" asked Spangler.

"Yes, but this evening you might have been late. We thought surely you'd be late with all your passengers. We were trimming a tree, and I could have stayed to supper."

"Is that what ails you?" said Spangler. "Well, I tell you. I'm going to make another trip, and I can take you down then."

Esther clapped her hands.

"But what will my mother say?"

"I'll fix it with her," said Spangler, easily. "I'll stop and tell her."

"Oh, goody!" cried Esther, and was gone, across a dark space into the broad streak of light from the store window. Spangler heard a cry of delight, then the door opened and closed.

It was not until the trolley had come in and the passengers had been transferred and Spangler was approaching the Filson house that he began to feel that he had made a mistake. Mrs. Filson might have other plans for Esther. It was now a little after six; he would reach Summit Hill again and pick Esther up at nine. After all, that was not late!

Mrs. Filson and her husband were both at the road. Mrs. Filson gave a little cry when Esther did not spring down, but her husband laughed at her uneasiness.

"It's all right. She'll have a good time, and you can finish your presents without sitting up all night. She'll be home now for a whole week." He waved Spangler on. "We'll be watching for you."

In Plympton Spangler found the five disappointed passengers also. The recol-

lection of Mrs. Filson's distress still worried him, and he put on all possible power for the return journey to Summit Hill. He saw again the dim bulk of Mrs. Hedge's house and the lamp of Mrs. Graybill. In Worleysburg he was left alone. He blew his horn loudly as he passed the Filsons' and again as he passed the dark opening of the back road.

At Summit Hill Esther ran forward out of the darkness and the storekeeper's wife stood in the doorway until Spangler shouted, "All right." Esther clambered up beside him, a basket in her hand.

"I have popcorn and candy and a present. I can't wait till I see my mother! Do you suppose Santa Claus will bring me anything?"

Spangler turned in his seat and looked down at the little figure. He had heaped up a pile of blankets to serve as a footstool, and he was determined to have no one else share his seat. He could hear the distant rumble of the trolley car over the rough roadbed.

"Doesn't he always come to your house?" he asked. "He always does to mine."

"I hadn't any house till this year," said Esther.

"Why, what did you live in?" asked Spangler, jocosely.

"Well, it was part of a house," explained Esther. "It was a cellar."

"A cellar!" repeated Spangler.

"Yes," said Esther. "I made flowers. My name wasn't Esther Filson; it was Maria Rapallo."

"Didn't you go to school?" asked Spangler, amazed. He was destined to be still further astonished.

"No, indeed! I worked," said Esther. "From morning till night. A man used to whip me. I have marks on me."

"Oh, I guess not!"

"But I have," insisted Esther. "But now he can't find me. He's in jail."

"I should hope so!" said Spangler. The color came back to his ruddy cheeks. The child was romancing, as children did. He looked down at her as the brilliant light of the trolley car, advancing round the bend, illuminated her face. Her impossible story made him uneasy—she had always seemed like a straightforward, honest little child. Now she looked strange, with her round eyes and her rich complexion and her swift-moving tongue.

His eyes were still fixed upon her when the trolley car stopped. He stepped down, prepared to show the passengers places in the omnibus. To his astonishment there were only two—one a woman with a basket who departed in the direction of the little settlement, the other a strange man whom the conductor was directing. The college boys, after the habit of their kind, had not kept their word. As he stepped out to guide this single passenger to a place, he glanced down at his companion. Her eyes were no longer soft, they were

bright and hard. Her mouth was fixed in an open grimace, like the mouths of tragic masks—a dreadful enough expression for an adult, but hideous on the face of this little girl. Following the direction of her gaze, he saw that it rested on this single passenger, a short, heavy man standing directly in the glare of the headlight. The motorman, pausing in the act of reversing the trolley, pointed him to the Plympton bus.

"I said he'd make an extra trip, and there he is. He can tell you everything about this neighborhood."

Spangler looked from Esther to the stranger and back to Esther.

"What's the matter?"

In answer Esther slid off the seat and down upon the pile of robes.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! oh! oh!"

Spangler leaned into the car and took her arm in a firm grasp.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, sharply. "Are you afraid of this man?"

"He will take me back," cried Esther.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!"

"Lay still," he commanded, fiercely. "Whatever happens, lay still. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said little Esther.

The stranger was already at the car.

"Well, sir," said Spangler. "Where are you bound for?" His tone was truculent and his thoughts terrified and confused. He was often called upon to meet small emergencies, both mechanical and human, but no situation had ever confronted him as serious as this.

The stranger answered in a voice which was hard and which had inflections strange to Spangler's ears.

"I'm bound for Plympton."

"To-night?" said Spangler.

"Yes, to-night."

"Then step up back there," directed Spangler. He motioned the stranger in and closed the curtains; then he mounted carefully to his own place, dreading to feel some part of a little body under his foot. He started the engine and turned the great machine toward Plympton.

"I want to talk to you," said the stranger. "They say you know everybody on this road. I'll come in front with you."

"No, you won't," objected Spangler, promptly. "The oil can spilled on this seat."

"Then I'll stay here," agreed the stranger, pleasantly enough. "Now I'll tell you my business. My name is Rapallo."

"A new name to me," said Spangler, quickly. Spangler was a good man, but he believed, without analyzing his convictions, that there was at times a higher duty than truth. "I never heard that name. It ain't common in this part of the country. We have Rapps, though, and Rapples."

"You never heard of Maria Rapallo?"

"Never," said Spangler, promptly. "I never heard of Mareea Anybody." He felt something creeping round his foot—

it was the hand of little Esther Filson. It reminded him that in ten minutes, if he kept up his present speed, he would arrive at the back road, in fifteen at the Filsons' gate, and there would be Mr. and Mrs. Filson with a lantern, waiting for Esther. He seemed to hear the stranger cry, "Aha!" He slowed down.

The stranger leaned forward, his folded arms on the back of Spangler's seat.

"She's here somewhere," he said, doggedly. "I've traced her this far. I'll find her if I have to stop at every house. To-morrow I'm going to get a car and go along the road. She's my child, and she was stolen away from me. She'll never get away again!"

The back road yawned to the left. Another moment and the Filsons' lantern could be seen at the bottom of a long grade. Spangler turned into the back road, the omnibus objecting as though it had been directed into a plowed field. He did not know what he would do eventually, but this seemed to be the thing to do now. It was an enchanting road in springtime. Columbine grew thickly in all the sunny openings and crow's-foot violets lifted their violet petals, and there were great masses of dogwood and Judas-tree and wild crab-apple. Occasionally one caught a glimpse of the lowlands far away. But now all was shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

Spangler reached down and patted the little hand, which gave him an icy response. It was maddening to have to think of Esther and the Filsons and Rapallo and the abominable road all at once.

"What makes you think she's here?" he asked.

"I heard it in a roundabout way," answered Rapallo. He began to pound on the back of Spangler's seat. "I'll find her! I'll find her!"

Again the little hand grasped Spangler's ankle. Its touch seemed to set in motion the machinery of his partly paralyzed brain. He must not only keep this villain away from the Filsons; he must get rid of him altogether. He shuddered at the thought of what would have happened if Rapallo had seen Esther or had questioned some one who was smart enough to put two and two together, but not smart enough to conceal the result.

"I tell you what you do," he said. "There ain't many houses on this road. You give me a quarter extra and you can stop to-night."

"Have you got children?" asked Rapallo.

"Yes," said Spangler. "Three."

"And they're yours, I'll bet, body and soul!" said Rapallo, fiercely. He began to pour into Spangler's ears a stream of oaths, interrupted in a moment by a jerk of the car. "Why, this is an awful road!"

"It's not very good," agreed Spangler.

The stranger bent his head to look out

through the wind-shield. His elevated position prevented him from having a good view.

"We're in the midst of trees and rocks!" he cried, astonished.

"Yes," said Spangler. "We're on a mountain."

Rapallo looked out again.

"Are there any wild animals?"

A faint twinkle came into Spangler's distressed eyes.

"Not as many as there was once," he answered. "There's about a thousand hunters in these woods every fall, and they get a good many." Spangler was at this moment not offending against truth, astonishing as his statement was. The forest was part of a State game reservation on which there were many deer.

"Did any wild animals ever attack you?" asked Rapallo, hoarsely.

"Oh, they wouldn't attack a moving car!" said Spangler. He spoke jerkily. Between his thoughts of the frightened Filsons waiting for the bus, which in a dozen years had never failed to appear, and his effort to avoid the hollows and hillocks, it was all he could do to keep the car in the road.

"This is awful!" said Rapallo, clinging with both hands to the back of the seat.

Spangler did not seem to hear. Suddenly he stopped his car. There were three houses in all the extent of the back road—he was now at the first.

"Here's a house," he said. "You can get out and ask."

"You know them—you ask," said Rapallo, panting a little.

"No, indeed," said Spangler. "This is your business. I wouldn't know what to tell 'em."

Rapallo clambered down and went toward the dim front of a small house. It was a long time before any one answered his loud rapping. Spangler bent low.

"Make yourself comfortable," he whispered. "Stretch out across the car."

The little hand felt for his.

"Oh, hide me! Hide me!"

"I will," he promised. "Only lay still. Mum's the word. No matter what happens, mum's the word."

At last an upper window opened and a man put his head out, cursing. Spangler knew him; he was one who kept, as the county said, one step ahead of the law.

"Is Maria Rapallo here?" asked the stranger.

There issued a still more dreadful stream of cursing and vile insinuations, and the window was slammed down.

"They wouldn't take a child to raise," said Spangler. "Only kind people would do that."

"Well, take me to kind people then."

Spangler started his engine. He heard a little pop, the unmistakable rejoicing of a cork at its release. He frowned—it would be well to have the business over before the stranger got drunk. The car racked along, the stranger

tuated his remarks on Spangler's back, little Esther clutched an ankle. Two miles farther on, he bade the stranger get down once more. Here his pounding and calling were not answered.

"Perhaps they have moved away," suggested Spangler.

Climbing back, the stranger began to complain.

"She earned five dollars a week for me. I'll bet she's earning more now."

Spangler had decided that the less one said the better, but this he could not let pass.

"You had her working for you?" he asked in an even tone.

"Of course. What else does one bring them into the world for? Don't yours work?"

"They're a little young yet."

"Start 'em young," advised Rapallo.

Spangler gave all his thoughts to managing the car on the steep descent and to considering what his move should be when he reached the plain. The loneliness and darkness depressed Rapallo still more and the motion of the car made him uncomfortable. He took out his bottle and tipped it high.

"Where are you takin' me?" he asked with a snarl.

"Down to Plympton," answered Spangler, coolly. "But I can tell you, you'll waste your time there. I live there, and there ain't such a thing as an adopted child in town. Now here's a house, but there's no use stopping. Only an old woman and her grandson live there. I brought her out from town this afternoon. You'll waste your time."

Again the stranger drank from his bottle. The car was now running on the level, and in a moment they came upon the main road in front of Mrs. Hedge's house. Spangler was now at his wits' end. If he carried his passenger to Plympton, he would certainly learn that he had been tricked.

"Here's a place," he said, in desperation. "Ask here." He did not believe that Mrs. Hedge would answer, and he was certain that she would not be alarmed.

Rapallo staggered in the dim walk and thumped on Mrs. Hedge's door. He shouted, "Is Maria Rapallo here?" over and over and thumped again. When no one answered, he began to kick the door. Hysterical with amusement and distress, Spangler was about to call him off when the door opened and Mrs. Hedge appeared. She stood plainly outlined against a bright interior, her great height and breadth exaggerated. In her hand was a firearm. Spangler knew it for an ancient and innocuous pistol, but Rapallo did not. He backed off the porch. Falling, he picked himself up and fell again.

"Away with you!" shouted Mrs. Hedge, pursuing him. "Out of this! Begone!" She came almost to the gate, still calling. "Clear out! Begone!" She stood still, peering into the darkness, but apparently not recognizing the ancient

Rapallo leaped, missed the step, and climbed in on his hands and knees. Spangler turned and faced him.

"Now what do you want to do?"

"I'm going back to Fort Edward and then New York," Rapallo panted. It was rather a rash declaration on the Summit Hill road at 10:30 at night.

"All right," said Spangler, cheerfully. "I'll take you to Fort Edward." His offer was even more wild than Rapallo's determination. The trolley had made its last trip, and Fort Edward was ten miles beyond Summit Hill. Moreover, he would not dare to take the main road, but would have to climb the steep, rough ascent down which he had crept. But he turned and reached down and touched the little hand. A fresher air blew suddenly between the curtains, and he knew that a west wind had risen and it would be clear before morning. He thought again of Christmas trees and the children's happiness.

"Could you defend us if wild beasts did attack us?" asked Rapallo.

"Oh, they won't attack us," answered Spangler. He pitied the man, desperately wicked as he held him to be.

"I'm coming in front with you," said Rapallo. "I don't care for oil or grease."

"No, you're not," said Spangler. He could feel little Esther shake from head to foot with long tremors. "You're going to stay right where you are. No climbing about on this road."

Rapallo began to talk incoherently about his child and his foolishness. They had tricked him in sending him out here to the wilderness. Never again would he venture into the mountains. He talked of bears and tigers and even elephants. He seemed to fancy that he had been pursued by a tiger, and he muttered of teeth and claws. Presently he laid his head on Spangler's back and wept.

It was long after midnight when Summit Hill was passed, and two o'clock when the lumbering bus drew up at Fort Edward station. To Spangler's great joy the station was illuminated—that meant that the New York train was expected soon. He got out with Rapallo and, waiting, saw him on it, lingering till the steps were drawn up and the door closed. Even then he could not go, but watched the red light out of sight beyond the curve. Then he ran back to the omnibus. Little Esther was asleep; he stepped over her carefully. He spoke to her, but she answered only with a little moan. He put on all the speed he could, waking town and country as he flew.

At half-past two he passed Summit Hill. Usually he saw it twice a day—this day he had seen it five times. He coasted down the hill. When he had passed the entrance to the back road, he began to blow his horn furiously. It was not a very loud horn, but he could produce on it a peculiar, shrill squeak. He could see long before they reached the Filsons' that the house was lighted and that some one moved about the yard

with a lantern. The lantern became suddenly motionless, then moved swiftly toward the road, and the house door opened and remained open. He believed that he heard some one crying.

But when he stepped stiffly down there was at first no sound. The young people stood close together, Filson's arm round his wife. Spangler meant to say, facetiously, "Well, did you think I'd kidnapped her?" but he could only reach into the car and lift Esther out.

"What has happened to her?" asked Mrs. Filson. She did not come forward; she spoke as though she were smitten to the heart.

Spangler found Esther heavy, and he sat down on the running-board.

"Wake up, here," he said. "Wake up! You're home, Esther. Here's your mother and your father!"

Filson lifted the lantern and let the bright rays fall on Esther's face. Her eyes opened, but she did not seem to see. She put her arms round Spangler's neck and clung to him.

"He's gone," said Spangler. "Listen, Esther, he's gone."

"Who is gone?" said Mrs. Filson.

"She had a scare," explained Spangler. "A man named Rapallo came hunting her. She's been hidden in the car while we fooled him. He's gone."

Esther opened her eyes and looked about, and Spangler lifted her into Filson's arms.

"Oh, mother!" she called. "Mother! Mother!"

Spangler put one foot on the running-board and pushed back the curtain.

"I'll tell you about it to-morrow," he promised. "I'll tell you everything. Now, good-night."

"Oh, are you sure he's gone?" cried Mrs. Filson.

"Sure," said Spangler. "Positively certain. Now good-night—why, it's Merry Christmas!"

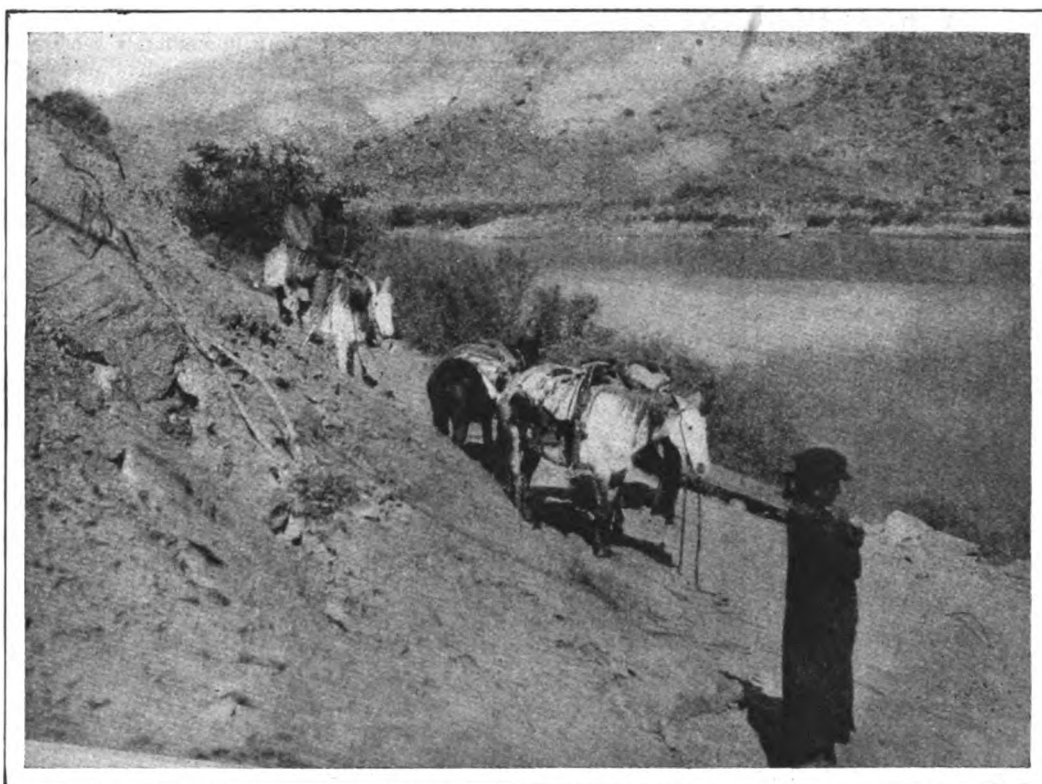
"Yes," said Mrs. Filson, crying. "It will be a merry Christmas."

Spangler coasted on down the hill. Sometimes he sang. At Mrs. Hedge's house he blew his horn furiously and said, "God bless you, old lady, for the good you done!" On the last hill he stopped the car and put his round head out between the curtains. The sky was wholly clear. The moon in its last quarter rode high in the south. Beside it and near by were three great planets which seemed to glow more brightly than the moon. The color of the sky, he noted, was a dark velvet green. He was a pious soul, and he wished suddenly that he could have been one of the shepherds and heard the angels sing. Then his mind came back to the present, to Mrs. Spangler trying not to be anxious, to the sleeping children, and to his own weary frame. He sighed in pleasant anticipation of rest. Then he remembered his wish, and he nodded his head with satisfaction.

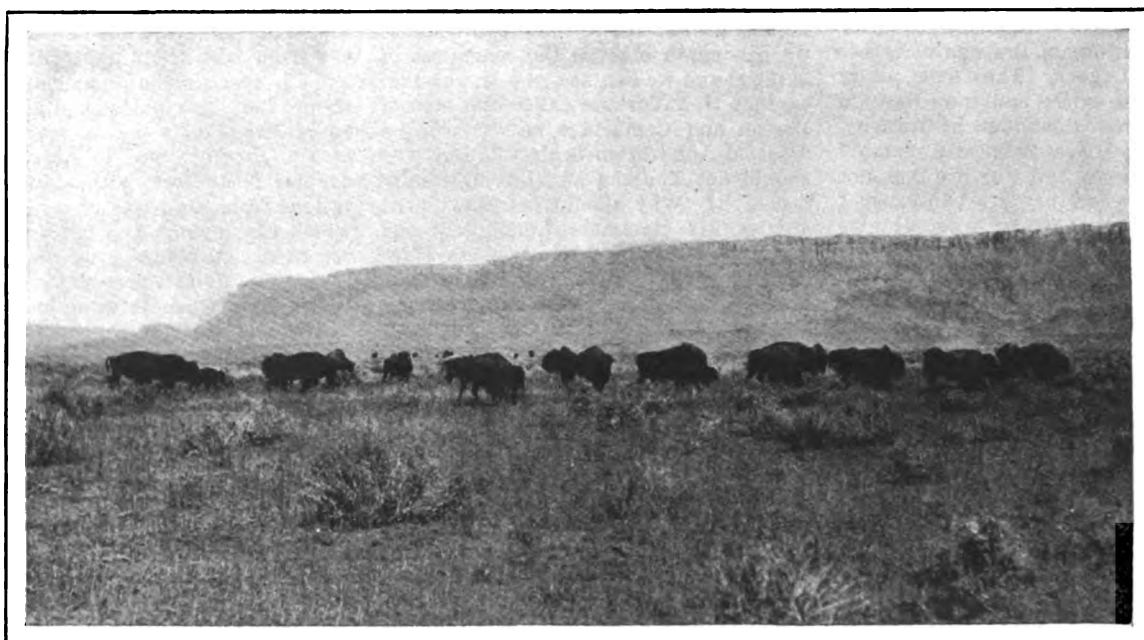
"I did give a pretty big present, after all," he said, as he roared and rumbled and rocked toward Plympton.

OUT OF THE PAST

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



NAVAHO INDIAN TRADERS WAITING TO BE FERRIED ACROSS COLORADO RIVER AT LEES FERRY ON THEIR WAY TO UTAH TOWNS, SEVENTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED OR MORE MILES AWAY, TO TRADE BLANKETS FOR HORSES



THIS HERD OF ABOUT SEVENTY BUFFALO STILL ENJOY THE FREEDOM OF THE OPEN RANGE IN THE HOUSE ROCK VALLEY, IN THAT SECTION OF ARIZONA LOCALLY KNOWN AS "THE NORTH STRIP." THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING HERDS ON OPEN RANGE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE BOOK TABLE

TWO GENERATIONS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS¹

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHETHER shall hereafter undertake the "History of Publishing in the United States" will find abundant material garnered for his use. The house of Harper and the sons of Putnam have celebrated themselves; and there are biographies of half a dozen or half a score of other publishers. For one publishing house, and not least eminent, the records are almost superabundant. This is the firm which was once Ticknor, Reed & Fields—although I think that this was not the style of the original firm. It became successively Ticknor & Fields; Fields, Osgood & Co.; James R. Osgood & Co.; and Houghton, Osgood & Co.; changing its name to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. when Osgood withdrew to set up for himself once more as James R. Osgood & Co. And when Osgood gave up to join the Harpers he was succeeded by Ticknor & Co., a new firm started by his former partner, Benjamin H. Ticknor, son of the senior member of Ticknor & Fields.

James T. Fields wrote "Yesterdays with Authors," and his widow wrote "Authors and Friends," besides a memorial of her husband. And now Mr. Howe has extracted from Mrs. Fields's journal the matter for the first of the two volumes I am to review. Miss Caroline Ticknor, daughter of the senior partner of Ticknor & Co. and granddaughter of the senior partner of Ticknor & Fields, after writing "Hawthorne and His Publisher," has now given us "Glimpses of Authors." What we are still waiting for is the publication of the reminiscences of James R. Osgood. They exist, or at least they did exist; and they were in the possession of the widow of Anthony, the engraver. Are they still extant? Where are they? And why are they not in print? If ever they are published, I think that they will be what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading." If Osgood wrote as freely as he talked, there will be a portrait of Charles Dickens not so flattering as those which have been painted by Mrs. Fields and by Miss Ticknor.

The sister volumes of these two ladies take us once again into the society of Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes and Whittier; and they give us glimpses of the immediately succeeding generation, which has in its turn passed out of sight—Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Howells and Henry James, Aldrich and Stedman, Eugene Field and Joel Chandler Harris. Of at least half of the fifteen whose names I have set down on these two lists



Courtesy Atlantic Monthly Press
MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

the popularity has waned and the reputation has shrunk. Of only three or four can it be said that their fame is unfaded because it is unfading. Of three or four others the eclipse which we may not deny is pretty certain to be as brief as eclipses usually are.

The members of the older and greater group were more friendly with one another than those of the younger and less notable group; and in these two volumes we can again observe the amenities of authors and we can see why it was that envious New Yorkers called the men of Boston and Cambridge and Concord a "Mutual Admiration Society." But why should not Thoreau and Lowell admire Emerson? Why should not Hawthorne admire his classmate Longfellow and Longfellow admire his classmate Hawthorne? Why should not Holmes and Lowell, even though they did interrupt one another at the Saturday Club, have a high regard the one for the other? Their very intimacy made this inevitable; and it supplied their appreciation with solid foundations.

But, mutual admiration society as it might be, there was almost as little log-rolling as there was backbiting, and, so far as we can judge, there was no backbiting at all, no envy, no hatred, and no malice. They dwelt together in unity and in amity, with only now and again a casual fling at one or another of the outsiders—a fling cursory but not damnable. It was a pleasant circle, and they were fortunate who were admitted within its magic ring. There is now no such group anywhere in these States. Boston is no longer the literary center that once it was; and New York is in

no better case. It must be all of thirty years since Tom Aldrich remarked that whenever a Boston author died New York immediately became a literary center. To-day that arrow would have no barb. If he were alive to-day, he might modify his epigram and say that whenever an author died either in Boston or New York Indianapolis immediately became a literary center.

Mr. Howe demands hearty commendation for his discretion, his taste, and his tact. He has selected judiciously; and with delicate self-effacement he has permitted Mrs. Fields to speak for herself; and hers is a low and gentle voice, as is becoming in a gentlewoman. She records her adventures in friendship and her admirations. She paints portraits with a caressingly feminine touch, but with no sentimentality. She looks on the bright side, and perhaps she saw no other—perhaps there was no other, for it was a blameless society in which she lived and hers was an age of innocence. So it is that her friends—our friends also, and the friends of all who love American literature and who cherish the inheritance of the forefathers—are set before us as they were in her eyes, doing their work honestly, enjoying life, enjoying their own fame, telling stories, cracking jokes, and having a good time generally. It is a cheerful book that Mr. Howe has given us; it is what Thackeray—it was Thackeray, wasn't it?—called a bedside book, as welcome in convalescence as in health.

In two preliminary chapters Mr. Howe tells us (who did not have the pleasant privilege of knowing her) about Mrs. Fields herself, about the houses in which she lived with their many literary and artistic treasures and mementoes, and about her gracious hospitality. For years Mrs. Fields was a near neighbor of Dr. Holmes; and to him the third chapter is devoted, with abundant quotations from the pages of the journal in which his sayings and his doings were recorded. Although I cannot say that I knew Dr. Holmes personally, I saw him twice—once when he came to New York to read his paper on Emerson before the Nineteenth Century Club and once again in London, during his "Hundred Days in Europe," when he was the guest of honor at a dinner of the short-lived Rabelais Club, founded by Charles Godfrey Leland and Walter Besant. And the chapter which Mr. Howe devotes to him confirms the fading image that lingers in my memory.

The fourth chapter deals with "Concord and Cambridge Visitors," and the fifth with Charles Dickens, who appears in these pages a far pleasanter personality than in the authorized biography by John Forster, that "arbitrary cove." Through Dickens the Fields came to know Charles Fechter; and the sixth chapter introduces us to "Stage Folk and Others," a chapter in which Fechter ap-

¹Members of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships. Drawn Chiefly from the files of Mrs. James T. Fields. By M. A. Wolfe Howe. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$4.
Glimpses of Authors. By Caroline Ticknor. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.50.

years to better advantage than he did to me when I came to know him (slightly) in his declining and dissipated years. In this chapter we meet also that fine old Boston gentleman William Warren, with his cousin Joseph Jefferson and with Edwin Booth. There were giants in those days; and Mrs. Fields has limned them in their habits as they lived. The final chapter of the book is given up to Sarah Orne Jewett, whose firm yet delicate etchings of New England character deserve to be better known than they are to-day. Rip Van Winkle might well ask, "Are we, then, so soon forgot?"

As I read Mr. Howe's volume I marked passage after passage for quotation—the account of Mark Twain in his own home at Hartford and his statement about the haphazard autobiography he was intending to write, that about Henry James in his own home at Rye, and a dozen more, all crying aloud for transcription in this review, if only space permitted. But I must find room for a word of praise for the illustrations, half a hundred of them—portraits, caricatures, views, and facsimiles of autograph letters, these last including part of Holmes's hitherto unprinted "Letter from the last man left by the Deluge of the year 1964 to the last woman left by the same."

Miss Ticknor's volume is also characteristically illustrated with portraits of the authoress herself and of the authors she celebrates and with facsimiles of autographs. And she also sings the praise of Dickens and of Dickens's family, whom she visited after his death. Her personal memories do not go as far back as do those of Mrs. Fields; and so it is that after chapters on Hawthorne and Longfellow and Whittier we are brought down to the more recent Mark Twain and "Uncle Remus," Howells and Henry James, Lafcadio Hearn and Eugene Field, E. C. Stedman and the Stoddards. She quotes freely from the correspondence of these authors with her father, who was their publisher, either as an associate of Osgood or as the head of Ticknor & Co.

Her quotations—especially that from a letter of Henry James about his ill-fated novel, "The Bostonians"—are welcome; and it is to be hoped that the most important of the letters in her possession will some day be printed in full; they will be invaluable for the future biographers of this interesting and important group of American men of letters. The relation of the author with his publisher is always intimate and often cordial. Very rarely, indeed, has any American writer lost self-control and boiled over into abuse as "Gail Hamilton" did when she brought out a book to berate Osgood. Even more infrequent is it that an author writes a letter as cutting as that Robert Louis Stevenson sent to a New York house which had issued certain of his writings without his authority—a missive so incisive that it has never appeared in print.

Miss Ticknor does not limit herself to



MISS CAROLINE TICKNOR

the great lights of our literature; she has interesting facts to communicate about some whose torches burned brightly for a little space and are now

quenched—to Edward Bellamy, for one, author of the once famous and now forgotten "Looking Backward." I was glad to see that she gave half a score of pages to a rushlight long since blown out—to Edgar Fawcett, an ambitious bard of forty years ago, who had more aspiration than inspiration and who was the most sadly sensitive and suspicious creature I have ever met. He wrote poems and plays and novels—and where are the snows of yesteryear? He had ability of a kind, and perseverance, and a certain felicity of phrase; and yet all these qualities and his ambition availed him nothing.

In Miss Ticknor's volume, as in Mr. Howe's, I had marked many a passage for quotation. And one of them I must tack in here at the end. Miss Ticknor records her visit to Thackeray's daughter, and she tells us that Lady Ritchie had a high admiration for Howells and deplored his antagonism to her father's writings. "I should sometime like to say to him," she remarked, "Dear Mr. Howells, I feel sure that when you get to heaven you will change your views about him." Surely that was a pious wish; and we can only wonder whether it has now been fulfilled.

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By J. Duncan Spaeth. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. \$2.

That body of autochthonous verse which existed in England between the periods of the Anglo-Saxon invasion and the Norman conquest is a closed book to many lovers of verse because of the language and spelling. The difficulties of archaic English, surmounted rather easily in the reading of Chaucer, are so great in Beowulf, Caedmon, Cynewulf, and such contemporary composition as to require the services of a specialist as interpreter. Professor Spaeth is both specialist and interpreter. He divides "Old English Poetry" into four sections, viz.: (1) epic poetry; (2) lyric poetry; (3) charms, riddles, and gnomic poetry; and (4) historic war poetry. While the field that he covers is extensive, he manages by judicious selection to give a fairly adequate idea of the charm and volume of the old alliterative verse. His translations, though scholarly, do not lift the old poetry to the authentic height where Tennyson placed "The Battle of Brunanburg," for instance; but his venture, such as it is, deserves commendation.

GARDEN OF THE WEST (THE). By Louise Driscoll. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

The faint flavor of a personality more animated by an urge to poetry than by the mastery of its expression is to be discovered in Louise Driscoll's "The Garden of the West." It is not to be inferred from this statement that she cannot turn a stanza well nor handle the proper number of feet in a line. These

things are well enough; she is always facile and often graceful. The trouble appears to be in rising properly to the occasion. There are moments when she almost reaches an authentic utterance, as in the poems called "October," "Harbury," and "Nausicaa." The last, rather neatly turned, is herewith quoted:

You will never be old!

The days and the years go by,
And centuries have rolled
Over the Phæacian sky.

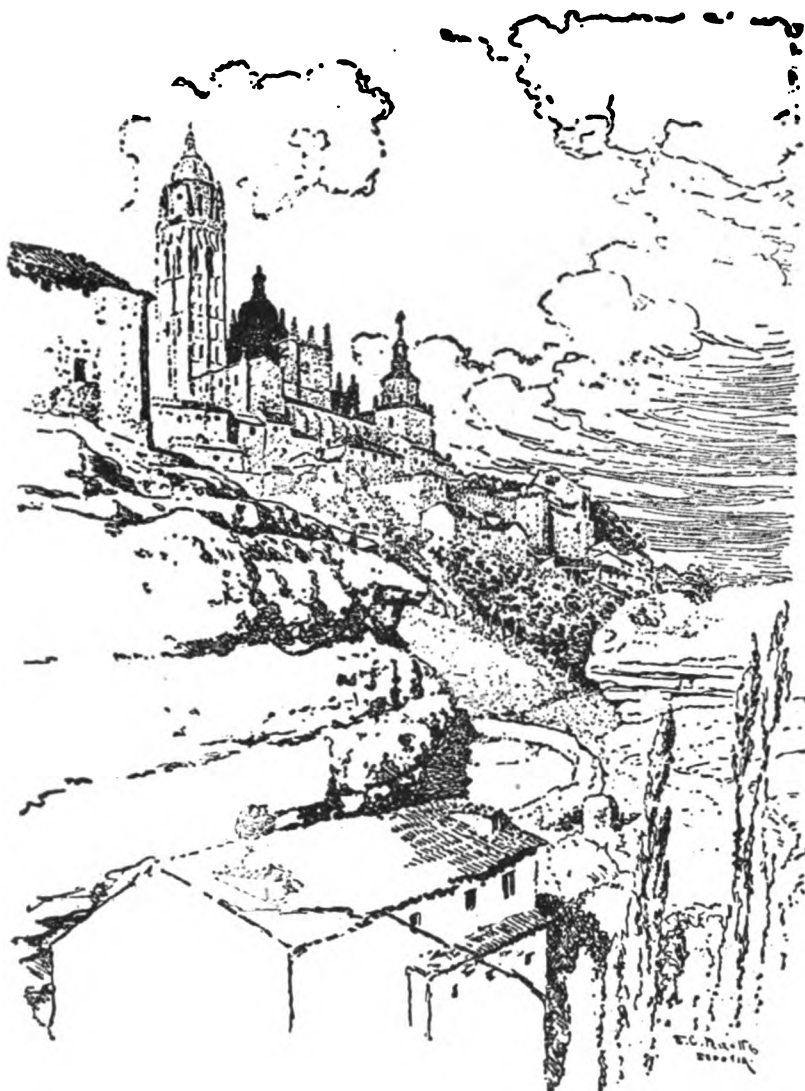
But you are a girl and run,
Fresh bathed and warm and sweet,
After the flying ball
On little sandaled feet.

And with the Wanderer
We stand for audience,
Pleased with your gayety,
Charmed by your innocence.

The women we forget
Age and die quietly,
But you are a maiden yet,
Playing beside the sea.

POEMS OF HEROISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By J. R. Howard (editor). The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.75.

Mr. Howard's anthology is an extremely comprehensive collection of patriotic verse ranging all the way from poems on Columbus to poems incident to the Great War. They have been compiled in such a fashion as to afford the reader a chronological history of the United States, and one can but admire the industry and intelligence of selection that the compiler obviously brought to his task. While it was to be expected that a certain amount of stereotyped material would be included, it is pleasurable to observe that a variety and



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

"THE CITY [SEGOVIA, SPAIN] PILES UP GRANDLY FROM THIS SIDE, TOO"

(A sketch by Ernest Peixotto, reproduced from "Through Spain and Portugal")

distinction has been attained by the inclusion of such surprises as Herman Melville's "The Surrender at Appomattox," Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Demons," and Alice Meynell's sonnet "In Honor of America." The anthology as a whole is one that may be dipped into with pleasure constantly, for it includes quite as many unexpected patriotic pieces of sound poetic value as it does old and time-honored poems.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROADS OF ADVENTURE. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.

Accustomed as Mr. Paine is to writing newspaper "stories," his biography reads like a novel. But his instinct for fact keeps him from fictionizing even his greatest adventure—the presentation of a jeweled sword from an American admirer to General Gomez during the Cuban insurrection. The book will appeal to readers who like lively, conversational accounts of stirring adventures.

THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. By Ernest Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

A rare combination of skill with both pen and pencil enables Mr. Peixotto to

present in this volume an unusually interesting account of his travels. He tells in an easy, flowing narrative about his experiences in the two countries named in the title, and succeeds in putting into the story the atmosphere of Old World seclusion and far-away self-absorption that characterizes many of the scenes he depicts, while he does not neglect the themes that tie the past glories of the Peninsula to the more commercial aspects of the present day. The book is of the kind that stirs the reader to say, "Can't we manage a trip abroad next year?"

TRAMPING WITH A POET IN THE ROCKIES. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Stephen Graham is much better in describing himself and his reactions to other people than he is in describing another person and that person's reactions to life. "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies" falls down, not so much for what is or isn't in it, but because of the way in which the material is handled. Mr. Graham apparently wrote in a deuce of a hurry; he did not stop to smooth out his style, but rushed the matter on to a daily newspaper in the form of let-

ters. The result is a book which, although it moves along in chronological order, does not hang together, is often imperfectly conceived and executed, and is frequently dull and inconsequential. This is regrettable, because it would be rather difficult to imagine a more admirable companion for a tramping trip through the Rockies to Canada than Vachel Lindsay. The affair should have culminated in an extraordinarily fascinating study of personality set against primitive life. But the Lindsay of Mr. Graham's book does not stand out, and this, it must be suspected, is the fault of the writer and not the companion.

It would be too much to say that the volume is entirely devoid of interest, for nothing in which Lindsay figures could be quite that. There are moments in the long trip that rise to a certain height of interest. Some of the anecdotes are amusing and some of the remarks of Lindsay, faithfully set down, suggest the flavor of that poet's work. But, after all, one can but wistfully surmise what would have been the result if Vachel Lindsay had written this book himself. At least we would have known Stephen Graham better.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CHURCH STREET. By Jean Carter Cochran. Illustrated. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

JIMMIE DALE AND THE PHANTOM CLUE. By Frank L. Packard. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

KEY OF DREAMS (THE). By L. Adams Beck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

HE WHO STEALS. By Alfredo Balocco. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

ISLANDS OF MAGIC (THE). By Elsie Spicer Eells. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.75.

MIGHTY MIKKO. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.25.

VEROTCHKA'S TALES. By Mamlin Siberiak. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ART IN INDUSTRY. By Charles R. Richards. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

DRAMA IN RELIGIOUS SERVICE. By Martha Candler. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

THREE PLAYS. By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

THREE WONDER PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

WINTER'S TALE (THE). Shakespeare. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$7.

BIOGRAPHY

DANTE AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

ENRICO CARUSO. By Pierre V. R. Key. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$5.

FORTY YEARS ON. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$4.

EDUCATIONAL

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH (THE). By Samuel R. Drury. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

W J. HENDERSON, formerly on the staffs of the "Times" and "Sun," is now associated as musical critic with the New York "Herald." Besides his important and authoritative books on music Mr. Henderson has also written a volume of poems and some books for boys.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, lawyer, author, and bibliophile, was born in New Orleans in 1852. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, but soon turned to literature. Since 1892 he has been at Columbia University as Professor of Literature. He is one of the founders of the Authors and Players Clubs, a member of the French Legion of Honor, Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and former President of the Modern Language Association of America. He is the author of numerous plays, essays, stories, and text-books.

THE page of poems comes from Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, who is assistant to the editor of "Scribner's" and a graduate of Wellesley College. A volume of Miss Kenyon's verse is to be published this spring by Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title "Songs of Unrest."

RICHARD BARRY, whose character sketch of Senator La Follette was published a week or so ago, now gives us another of his penetrating studies—an account of an interview with Senator Couzens which was made especially for The Outlook. Mr. Barry is at present on the staff of the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine.

ONE of our most faithful of contributors is Archibald Rutledge, a native of South Carolina, but now a resident of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Rutledge has often contributed articles to The Outlook on his experiences and observations as a hunter and lover of nature.

ELSIE SINGMASTER (Mrs. Harold Lewars) lives in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and the author of three novels. She has contributed fiction not only to The Outlook, but also to the "Century," the "Atlantic Monthly," "Pictorial Review," and "Saturday Evening Post."

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

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Men's Teeth

Should also glisten.

Shall women take all the care?

A large percentage of the women you meet have white teeth nowadays. Men like the charm. They like the smiles that pretty teeth engender.

But don't you know that women also like such evidence of care?

Careful people the world over use a new teeth-cleaning method. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. You owe yourself a test.

Film is the cause

The cause of dingy teeth is film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food, tobacco, etc., discolor film. Then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. Teeth which people don't like to show are made unsightly by that film.

Troubles follow

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Now we combat it

Now people who are well-advised constantly combat that film. Dental science has found two ways. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Able authorities proved those methods

effective. Then dentists everywhere began to urge their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it. Now it has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

Fights acids, too

Dental research found two other things essential. And they were both embodied in this new day dentifrice.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent, with every use, gives to Nature's tooth-protecting agents manifold effect. And these results are bringing to millions a new dental era.

It's easy to know

You can easily prove that these effects do come and know what they mean to you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. Make this test in justice to yourself. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
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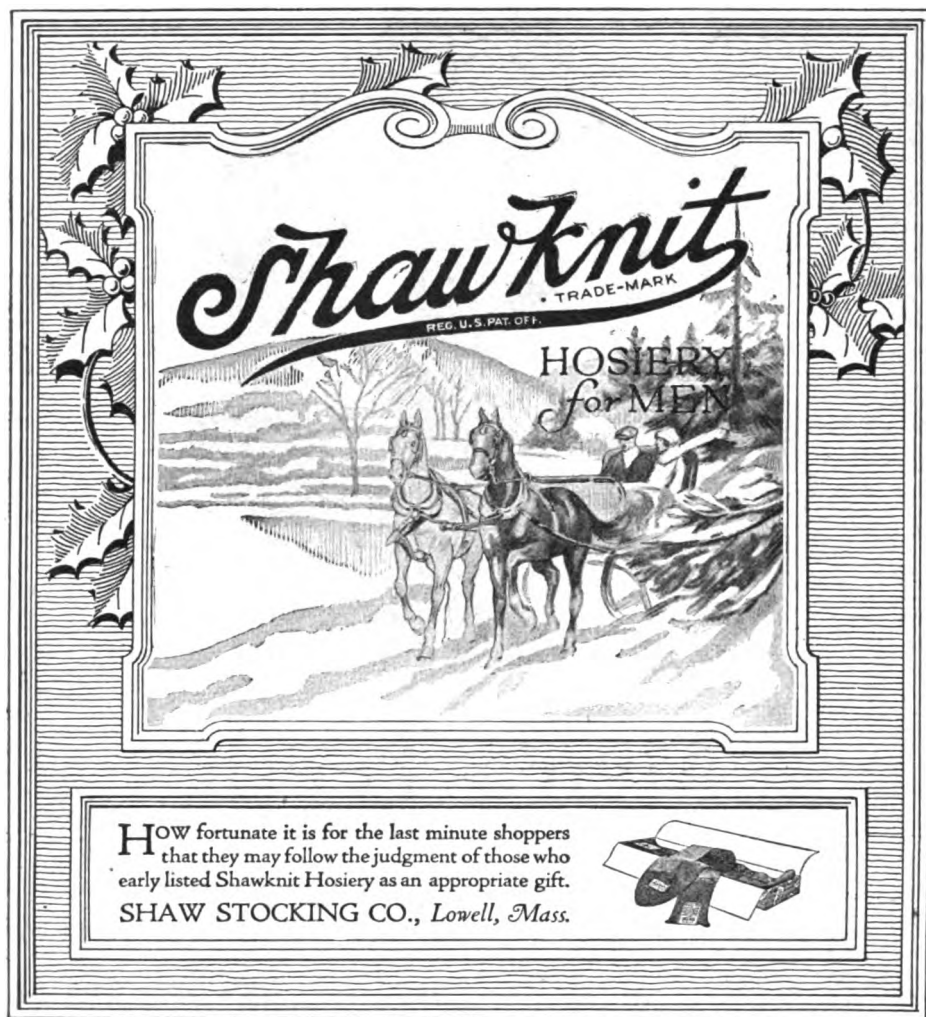
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TRADE-MARK
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HOSIERY
for MEN

HOW fortunate it is for the last minute shoppers that they may follow the judgment of those who early listed Shawknit Hosiery as an appropriate gift.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

AN ASSOCIATE'S REMINISCENCES OF LYMAN ABBOTT

AN incident which illustrates both Dr. Abbott's sympathy as a man and his alertness as an editor takes us back to the time when Dr. Abbott first became Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, then the "Christian Union." It was the day of small things for editors. No palatial buildings, no sanctums with oil paintings and Oriental rugs. The publishing offices of the "Christian Union" were then at 27 Park Place, under the management of J. B. Ford & Co. The paper was put in type on the top floor of the building in a roomy loft. This composing-room was partitioned off at one end as a storeroom. There was plenty of space in it, and a desk was placed by a window and Dr. Abbott was installed here in this *sanctum sanctorum*. I was then working in the composing-room as a two-third, and to my boyish vision Dr. Abbott was an extremely interesting figure. He was a spare, wiry man, wearing a black beard and full of nervous energy. One afternoon a queer-looking mendicant, of the kind that pesters you with pencils and other things you do not want to buy, found his way up the four pairs of stairs (this was before the day of elevators) to the composing-room. He circulated around among the compositors, making his appeal in a queer, broken voice, for he seemed to have a cleft palate in addition to his other disabilities. He got small pickings from the printers, for those were the days of '76—1876—and times were hard. The compositors indeed, when they were "braced" for a dime on the street, were wont to retort, "Say, cully, I'm workin' this side of the street myself." The foreman, a stern, hard man, a veteran of the then recent Civil War, happened to be out at the moment, and the cripple opened the door into the sanctum and found Dr. Abbott there. I listened attentively, expecting the man to get as short shrift from the busy editor as he would have had from the hard-fisted foreman. Instead of this, he apparently had a pleasant reception, for I heard the queer voice going along at intervals for over half an hour. The man then came out smiling and apparently happy, and made his painful way down the long stairs. Later in the afternoon I got a "take" of copy from Dr. Abbott, which was the first sheet of a splendid editorial on Christian cheerfulness and resignation under the most grievous troubles. Dr. Abbott had listened attentively to the man's story, had found that he was in a way a hero who was supporting himself and an invalid sister in the only way that was open to him, had discerned the man's real sincerity and worth in a way that we printers could not fathom, and had got a grand lesson from the man's life to be published in the columns of the paper, for the edification and encouragement of a host of readers.

I said that I had taken from the book a "take" of Dr. Abbott's manuscript. This was long before the days of type-

Nassau (Bahamas)

SEASON OPENS JANUARY 1st

No spot offers more inducements for your winter vacation than Nassau. In this charming British colony tennis, golf, fishing and sailing are now at their best—a wonderful bathing beach, splendid duck and pigeon shooting. Less than three days from New York through the placid waters of the Gulf Stream. No passports required.



Splendid hotel and other fine accommodations will be supplemented February 5th by New Colonial Hotel, absolutely fireproof—information and room reservations through J. W. Greene, Manager, 243 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



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1
9
2
3

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Holders enjoy all the inestimable advantages inherent in our network of 150 offices and our world-wide banking connections

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writers, and everything was written out in longhand. Now, Dr. Abbott's handwriting somehow looked like copperplate, but read—like Horace Greeley. It was a peculiar, fine hand, but to most of the printers was indecipherable. I early caught on to the peculiarities of his handwriting, and the other composers, men much older than myself, got in the way of coming around to my frame and asking me to decipher words that stumped them. A man would say, "Moore, what are these words?" I might say, after glancing at the manuscript, "Why, that is 'the doctrine of Puritanism.'" The man would look relieved, and say, "Well, I was going to set it up the decline of Presbyterianism." So, not many years later, when there was need in the office of a proof-reader who could decipher Dr. Abbott's handwriting and that of the other editors, Mr. Lawson Valentine, the then publisher—a man of genius also, though of a different kind from that of Dr. Abbott—and the Editor-in-Chief picked me out as a likely candidate for the job. In installing me in my new position, Dr. Abbott gave me a little dissertation as to his ideas about my new work. "I don't care so much," he said, "for absolute typographical correctness. You will get most of those mistakes. But I do care," he said, "for absolute clearness of expression in our paper. So, when you come across any sentence in my writing or in that of any of the other editors or contributors which you do not understand, or which seems grammatically incorrect, please put a query against it. For everything that goes into this paper should be expressed with absolute clearness and smoothness, so that there may be no misunderstanding of it." Later, when I came to write myself for the paper, I found this interview an inspiration.

Bearing it in mind, I faithfully put in the queries wherever there was need for them. The result was that Dr. Abbott, whenever he came into the composing-room with a distinguished visitor, to show him the plant, usually stopped at my den and said to his guest, "Mr. So-and-So, if you ever read our paper, and find that it runs along pretty smoothly and clearly, you may thank our proof-readers, for they catch a lot of mistakes that we editors make." This was perhaps over-generous in its acknowledgment of favors done, but it was characteristic of Dr. Abbott in his attitude toward his subordinates to be over-generous. In this respect, and in every respect, he was a perfect gentleman of the old school.

Whenever I think of Dr. Abbott, my chief during these many long years, I associate him with three men, also products of the religious life of America—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the seer; Richard S. Storrs, a typical example of a scholarly, dignified minister; Henry Ward Beecher, the fervent pulpit orator. Dr. Abbott shared in the great qualities of these men, but in some respects he was a man of broader views, of wider vision, of sounder judgment, than any of the men I have named.

HENRY HOYT MOORE.

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Mellin's Food Babies

Dorothy Schoenfeld, Milwaukee, Wis.



Jack T. Stewart,
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Mary E. Connell,
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Mellin's Food and milk has raised thousands of bright and healthy babies.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

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Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE W. L. Douglas has been making surpassingly good shoes for forty-six years. This experience of nearly half a century in making shoes suitable for Men and Women in all walks of life should mean something to you when you need shoes and are looking for the best shoe values for your money.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes in style, quality, material and workmanship are better than ever before; only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities.

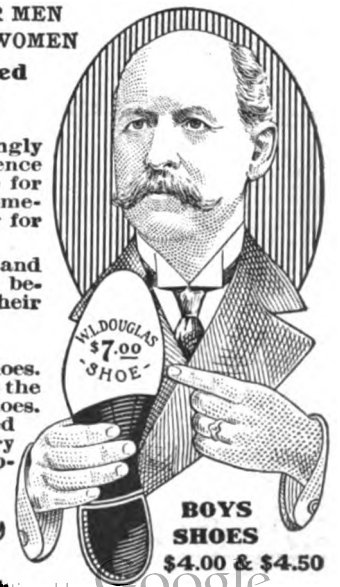
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shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 110 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.

If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel



TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND ITALY IN APRIL

Tour sailing April 18.

*Leisurely travel.
Interesting routes.
Interpretive leadership.
First class throughout.*

Write to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd St. Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, \$5-6 in cities and popular resorts, \$4-5 in the country

Clark's Jan. 22 Third Cruise
AROUND THE WORLD
by S-S. "EMPERESS OF FRANCE" 18,451 gross tons
4 months, \$1,000 and up

Clark's Feb. 3 Cruise No. 19
to the MEDITERRANEAN
by "EMPERESS OF SCOTLAND" 25,000 tons, 65 days, \$600 and up, 19 days Egypt and Palestine

Clark's Summer Cruise of the
BALTIC (23,884 Tons Reg.)

White Star Line, specially chartered June 27, 1923 for our 20th Mediterranean and Europe Cruise, 61 days, \$800 and up, or 38 days with a week in Paris and 4 days in London, \$700 and up; New York, Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, (Alhambra), Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt, Naples, 4 days in Rome, Monte Carlo, Cherbourg (for Paris, London), Liverpool, New York.

Attractive proposals to organizers

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE BECKONS

WE can make your travel EASY

OUR TOURS
include Rome, Switzerland, Netherlands, France, and British Isles. Sailing June 27, Twelfth Season.

ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH
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HIGH GRADE TOURS at a very MODERATE PRICE. Write for an illustrated

Itinerary to
WORTHWHILE TOURS
17 Aldworth St., Boston 30, Mass.



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Popular Tours at Popular Prices

Parties sailing in April, May, June, July and August. Reservations being made now. Write for booklet.

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FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BARCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

EGYPT, GREECE, and PALESTINE, small private party sailing in February. Also **IDEAL SUMMER TOUR OF EUROPE**. RESER European Tours, 171 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Organize a party and secure your tour as compensation.

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EUROPE 1923

Travel with us to the picturesque capitals of the Old World: Edinburgh, London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome.

Send for new booklet, Europe 1923

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"See America First"

written by O. O. Heistand in collaboration with Charles J. Herr, published through Regan Printing House, Chicago, is a story of the growth of America. The author took a motor trip through the eastern part of the United States—Niagara, the Hudson, Boston, New York, and the Berkshires. He set down his impressions for others in such a fashion that it would be very easy for some one else to travel the same path. There are numerous pictures and valuable itinerary. Price \$2. Orders should be sent to CHARLES J. HERR, Westcott Hotel, Richmond, Ind.

Lady, experienced in foreign travel recently returned from a year's visit in Europe, wishes to escort one or two ladies on similar trip, spring and summer. \$389, Outlook.

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The Ideal Winter Resort
PRINCESS HOTEL
BERMUDA
Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400. Open Dec. 15 to May 1. Grill room. Tiled swimming pool, golf, tennis, yachting, sea bathing, etc.

Direction of L. A. TWOROGER CO.
Reached by Steamers Furness Bermuda Line and Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotels and Resorts

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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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The Osceola-Gramatan Inn

DAYTONA, FLORIDA

A winter haven in Sunny Florida

Situated in a beautiful orange grove this new Inn with private cottages offers all the attractions of a southern winter home without its cares.

Modern in construction and tastefully furnished, we cater to people of refinement, particularly families. Cottages adjoining the Inn may be rented in whole or in part with full hotel service.

Guests enjoy the use of the excellent Daytona golf links. Delightful motoring, fishing and bathing on the famous Ormonde-Daytona beach.

Special rates for prolonged stay. Opens December 15th. The ideal home for winter is

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Come to Mountains of Virginia

FALL AND WINTER SEASON. Excellent table, reasonable rates. Hunting. 8,387, Outlook.

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HUDSON RIVER ESTATE

Fine location for a sanitarium, school or colony. To any one wanting a most desirable property this estate offers a unique opportunity, being located on the east bank of the Hudson River, one mile river frontage, the locality being picturesque. Near the Artist Church estate, the excellent quality of the soil being all arable, its acquisition should prove a highly lucrative investment. 287 acres, two large modern residences, four cottages, store and post office on estate, large modern poultry plant, capacity 4,000, large barns, cold storage plant for the fruit, about 6,000 bearing fruit trees. This place must be seen to be appreciated. Death of husband demands sacrifice.

Address **LOYD M. HALLENBECK**
Greendale-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thoroughly reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.



Are You Paying the Price of Health ~and not Getting it?

Robust, vigorous health can be purchased.

Thousands of energetic, revitalized persons residents of Tucson, Arizona, testify to it.

The price of exuberant health for many hundreds has been a few months in the Sunshine Climate.

Perhaps you, like thousands who will read this message, are struggling along, tired out, run down, with "nerves," pulmonary trouble, etc., daily finding yourself outdistanced by stronger men and women.

If you are paying the price of health and not getting it, read every word of this invitation. It is a simple, straightforward word from those who have conquered ill health.

What Tucson Offers

Half-mile high Tucson, from October to May, is a city of sunshine, flowers, bright, warm days and dry, invigorating air. No snow. Little rain. No fogs, dust or wind. Winter mean monthly temperature never exceeds 72° or falls below 49°. Outdoor life is comfortable, delightful, stimulating.

Each year hundreds find in Tucson physical refreshment and robust health. Golf every day, hunting, motoring, hiking, horseback riding, trips to Old Mexico, hundreds of new experiences await you.

Reduced Fares Effective

Reduced fares via Rock Island, Southern Pacific and connecting lines are now effective. Tucson is only 53 hours from Chicago, 73 from New York.

Read this Booklet

"Man-Building in the Sunshine Climate" tells of the glowing, tingling health that many have won and of the fascinating life where winter is springtime. Just mail the coupon.

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TUCSON SUNSHINE-CLIMATE CLUB, 151 Old Pueblo Club Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.

Please send me your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine Climate."

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Address _____

BY THE WAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN (he signs himself "Charles" in an article in "Collier's") says that one reason for his more recent popular success as a comedian was his decision to stop throwing custard pies. This statement, he adds, is not to be taken too literally. But, he concludes, "If I can sometimes stir the inaudible laughter of the mind and incite an audience to a whimsical contemplation of life itself—to a spirit of mockery in which there is no sting, since it is aimed at every one and everything. I would rather have it a thousand times than the guffaws which follow the usual funny gags which any one can do."

Under the title "Humor with a Gender," a writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" prints these anecdotes, which might have been sub-titled "The Old Ones Are the Best."

"The English comedian, Foote, asked a man why he was always humming a certain tune. Being told, 'Because it haunts me,' Foote remarked, 'No wonder, when you're always murdering it.' One does not readily imagine a woman saying this," the writer observes, "or even making the milder though kindred response of Douglas Jerrold, when a friend announced that 'A certain air always carries me away.' 'Can no one whistle it?' asked Jerrold innocently."

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Merchants Association of New York on November 17 special invitations were

sent to businesses that had been in uninterrupted activity in the city for one hundred years or more. Twenty-five firms were found in that category—the largest number being banking houses; there were two grocers, a fur house, two newspapers, one bank note company, and one publishing house.

"In this week's issue (p. 535) you spoke of Dr. Farrington's poem 'Who Won the War?' as not being 'poetry,'" a New York City public school teacher writes. "Dr. Farrington did not intend it to be 'poetry,' but a cartoon of the war. I had my pupils learn this poem and they were very enthusiastic about it." From another section of the "Armistice Day Program" we give our readers a more serious effort of Dr. Farrington's muse:

1921, ENVOYS

'Cross chanting seas, the East and West's,
Come brilliant minds, their countries' hearts,
On shining ships, a nation's guests,
In rôle of men, and comrades' parts.
Calm statesmen, sage, with logic, fact,
Have hope and aim in only this:
A God-sworn bond of human pact—
The rust of arms in armistice.

Under the heading "A Coconut Columbus" a book called "The Adventures of a Grain of Dust" tells of South Sea island crabs that climb coconut trees to get the nuts. "And who has a better right?" says one of the crabs. "This tree," he might continue, "is the

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Mediterranean

by Specially Chartered New
White Star Liner

"HOMERIC"

Sailing January 20
Returning March 28,

THE 1923 GRAND
CRUISE DE LUXE

Limited to 500 Guests

Chief among the inviting features of this cruise, making it excel in magnificence, are the following:

Steamer—Cuisine—Service—
the utmost yet offered.

14,000 miles—67 glorious days
among the wonderlands of
the Mediterranean.

Sixteen days in Egypt, Palestine, etc.

In addition, optional visit to London and Paris on the homeward trip; stop-over privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

We suggest prompt reservations.
Literature and full information on request.

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& SON**

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Property Wanted

Wanted To Rent Small house or tea room for summer of 1922, in New England States, on automobile road. References exchanged. \$375, Outlook.

Apartments

PHYSICIAN'S 5-ROOM APARTMENT, well furnished and equipped, separate entrance apartment hotel, in the Fifties near Fifth Ave. If desired would rent unfurnished. Phone Plaza 7175 for appointment.

Live Stock

For Sale—Registered Scotch Collies
A few choice pups at reasonable prices. WILBERT W. MARTIN, Tiffin, O.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

KING George III silver cream jug, perfect condition, \$50. Few other antiques. Mrs. Channon, Vineland, N. J.

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SECRETARIES and social workers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

TEACHERS needed for January, February, and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macacha Building, New Orleans, La.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Best catalog free. T. B. Denison & Co., 625 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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UNIQUE Christmas cards, ten and fifteen cents. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (8x17) and 75 envelopes, printed, \$2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

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Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you best and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement essential. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Nursery governess or mother's helper, educated, Protestant, capable, good walker, age 35-40. Two children, ages 5 and 7 years; situation permanent. Highest personal reference essential. Summit, N. J. Salary \$80. 3122, Outlook.

WANTED—Nursery governess to assist with four children, ages 7, 5, 3 years, and 4 months. Refined, good health. State recommendations and salary desired. Mrs. T. B. Quinn, Lebanon, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

SOCIAL settlement worker, American Christian, ten years' experience, wishes an opening with a future. 3119, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG man with a wide and varied experience in child welfare work, recently superintendent of an orphanage, desires executive or sub-executive position. Conversant in French, Italian, and German. Capable grade school teacher. Best of references. 3,083, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED, by woman of refinement, ability, and experience, position as manager of tea room or assistant manager, preferably in New York City, but willing to consider other places. Address 3,083, Outlook.

SECRETARY—Capable, experienced woman secretary to executive wishes change. Would consider any position of trust. 3,108, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as private secretary. 3,113, Outlook.

POSITION as OFFICE ASSISTANT: SECRETARIAL BANKING, IN COLLEGE, CONSERVATORY, UNIVERSITY, by LADY. 3,114, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG French lady of culture, ability, and exceptional character, experience as teacher in the best English schools, finishing governess in England and Italy, is open to engagement for the winter as traveling companion or teacher to young lady. Being at present in Rome, she is available immediately in Europe or would return to this country. Refer for further details to Mrs. R. G. Hazard, Dial House, Santa Barbara, Cal.

YOUNG lady, adaptable, fond of children, some hospital training, can teach book-keeping, etc., desired position. Excellent references. 3,089, Outlook.

WANTED, position—experienced, capable housekeeper. Age or business couple or institution. 3,108, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady or semi-invalid after January 1, 1922, by middle-aged trained nurse. No objections to country. References. 3,113, Outlook.

UNENCUMBERED middle-aged practical nurse, experienced housekeeper, will manage house and care for elderly or convalescent. 3,120, Outlook.

CULTURED gentlewoman as companion to elderly lady or semi-invalid. Will go South or California. 3,125, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS wants position in kind American family. French; two and a half years' experience; good musician. References. 3,083, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science graduate, experienced, desires position teaching, companion, or executive position in tea room, school, or institution. 3,110, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

ENGLISHWOMAN desires position in private school. Fully certificated. Wide experience. Highest references. 3,123, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced teacher, wishes position with family going South for the winter. B. M., Sound Beach, Conn.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MRS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 308 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

PROFESSIONAL nurse owning luxurious home would like elderly couples or persons as guests or patients. Address 2,948, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1893. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

EXCELLENT private home and nursing for limited number tubercular patients. Special diets. Address 2,993, Outlook.

FOR adoption, or foster home, interesting boy 4½ years of age, American parentage and Protestant. Address 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption, girl of nine years, Protestant, American parents, mentally and physically normal. Address 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

GRADUATE nurse and physician will take into their home and care for small children. References exchanged. 3,112, Outlook.

LADY taking independent ten-week Mediterranean trip, sailing February, wishes protégé. Small fee. References exchanged. 3,116, Outlook.

IMPORTER, woman, sailing February, stopping Mediterranean ports and Holy Land, will execute other missions. Antique and gift shop buying in specialty. Credentials. 3,117, Outlook.



For Every Style of Writing

Select the pen suited to your handwriting from 10 samples different patterns and finish in silver, gilt and bronze, sent on receipt of 10 cents, including 32-page booklet on handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

FREE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE

Every person interested in Dog, Hunting, Fishing and Outdoor Sports will be sent a copy of SPORTSMAN'S DIGEST Free. Send name and address to Sportsman's Digest, 527D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

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BY THE WAY—(Continued)

descendant of a nut that some of my ancestors sailed upon to this island; for a cocoanut, dropping into the water from a tree near some far shore, often carries on it the crab that had started to eat it. Then a current of the sea carries the nut and its passenger to some other island."

"Up to the eighth stein I am a republican," the Junker says, as reported by the Munich "Simplicissimus," "but after that I can't keep from saying what I think."

One day a big man watched an angler casting in a stream for some time, the London "Morning Post" says, and eventually inquired: "Had any luck?" "Yes," replied the fisher. "I took thirty-one trout out of here yesterday." "That's interesting," said the inquirer. "By the way, do you know who I am? I am the senior magistrate in this district, and this stream happens to be on my estate." "Ah! Do you know who I am?" responded the angler. "I am the champion liar in the district." This joke is just as good as when it was first told of an American game warden.

"Remember," said the serious friend, as reported by the Washington "Star," "your country is calling you." "I know that," replied Senator Sorghum; "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."

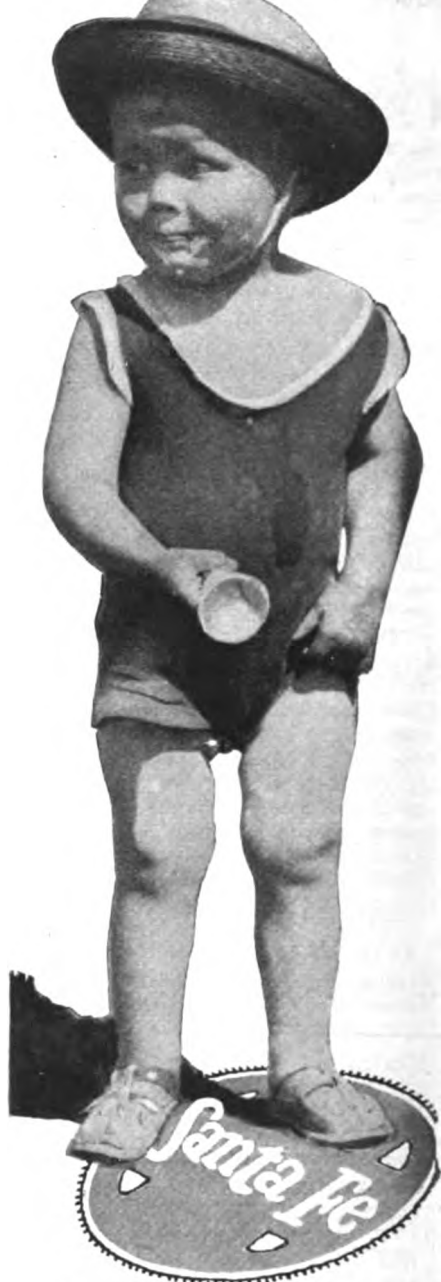
The following "infallible recipe to preserve children" is from the "Michigan Health Bulletin":

"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles. Sprinkle the field with flowers. Spread over all a deep, blue sky, and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool in a bath-tub."

A son of William Dean Howells, John Mead Howells, recently won a \$50,000 prize in the Chicago "Tribune's" competition for plans for its new building to be erected at a cost of \$7,000,000. A native of Finland, Eliel Saarinen, won the second prize of \$20,000. The building will be of a tower-like character.



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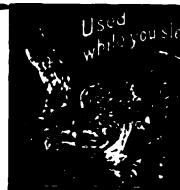
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Name.....

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Index and Title-page for Volume 132 (September 6-December 27, 1922) of The Outlook, printed separately for binding, will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires them for this purpose

THE MAIL BAG

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

MR. GILBERT's article appearing in a recent number of *The Outlook* on the St. Lawrence canalization project is most interesting, discussing, as it does, a matter of National importance, and one that is misunderstood by the people at large, who are not familiar with the practical side of the question, viz., to open up the Middle West to direct Atlantic commerce.

Mr. Gilbert well sets forth the proposition, but naturally does it as an engineer, and not from the standpoint of the ship-owner or transportation operator. He evinces an idealistic longing, and not a proposition that would appeal to capital. The Middle West has long since dreamed of a deep-sea outlet, failing to realize the difficulties in the way—that she is two thousand miles inland and that for five months of the year all navigation is closed. No seaport so far removed from the Atlantic Ocean can compete with one on the seaboard. Vessels seek the nearest harbor where there is a market and where rail facilities are to be found and where a return cargo may be expected. For such advantages a ship will pay greater port charges and the consumer or manufacturer a greater freight rate. It is not reasonably possible to conceive a lake city successfully contending with one on the Atlantic seaboard. The St. Lawrence River canalization project, stripped of the fog surrounding it, reveals a hydroelectric water-power proposition, a thing greatly to be desired, but to be obtained under conditions very dissimilar to the method proposed. Why saddle a reasonable project with the overweight of an uneconomic shipping project? Hydroelectric water power to an extent of 1,000,000 horse power can be had in the State of New York, and even now plans looking to such requirement are being developed by the State authorities. By the terms of the proposal this country is asked to enter into a joint partnership with Canada on a "fifty-fifty" basis to build and operate the canalized river and lakes. This in itself is a dangerous proposal, involving many points of discord. The Federal Government should use its resources to build up and develop territory within its own boundaries and not enter into "entangling alliances." The writer of the article fails to take into sufficient consideration the fact that there now exists an outlet from the lakes to the Atlantic Ocean by way of the enlarged Barge Canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson River. One-fifth of the capabilities of this great waterway, which has cost the State of New York \$170,000,000, have not been utilized.

In reality, the thing that the lake cities long for is on the point of realization. By 1923 the Barge Canal will offer

facilities to that five per cent of export trade which originates in the fifteen States tributary to the Great Lakes. The canal has been deepened for the passage of 2,000-ton self-propelled vessels, numerous corporations have been organized to construct and operate modern steel barges which can take on cargo at Duluth, Minnesota, and then under their own power proceed and without break of bulk land their burden alongside the wharf in New York Harbor or on the deck of the vessel outward bound, and all at a rate that is reasonable and economic. As already stated, the St. Lawrence River route is ice-bound for five months of every year. This in itself is prohibitory in competition with well-equipped ports where vessels arrive and leave throughout the year. It is said that a vessel passes through the Narrows in New York Harbor every twenty minutes of daylight. Our American railways, in order to accommodate the ever-growing business of the Western States, must be kept at peak, and to attain this economically must obtain a twelve months' business. Are we to antagonize and limit the means by which this country was developed? Are we to expend an enormous sum (not yet stated, as no estimates have been made of the cost of dredging and enlarging lake city harbors) to divert from our trunk line railways the freight rightfully belonging to them and enter into a plan to send the ocean-bound commodity through a canal two thousand miles long, physically bordering more on the Canadian shore than on that of this country, and to do this by spending a fabulous sum of the taxpayers' money, enter into a moneyed partnership with a foreign Government, divert just Government appropriations from our old Atlantic seaboard harbors, ignore the adequate facilities already at hand, and antagonize transportation interests wherein American capital is represented by billions of invested funds? Certainly not. It is unreasonable to conclude or contemplate this either from a commercial or a financial standpoint.

I have referred to the needs of our Atlantic seaboard. Let me cite one enterprise that is now being considered. For several years the project of enlarging the inland waterways along the Atlantic coast has been discussed with an ever-increasing interest. Step by step openings have been made from one waterway (river, sound, or bay) until now it is possible to navigate light-draught vessels from Portland, Maine, to Jacksonville, Florida, inside the coast line and away from the ocean's perils and the danger of an enemy fleet. One link in the chain is imperfect—the short stretch of forty miles across the State of New Jersey from Morgan, on Raritan Bay, to Bordentown, on the Delaware River, just below Trenton. At

about the point of entrance on the Delaware, "the busiest river in the United States," are situated Philadelphia, Camden, and Chester. By such a route a distance of 180 miles is saved from Philadelphia to New York, and that largely outside navigation. Consider what this would mean to the iron and coal interests and to the manufactures of New England. How much more reasonable to ask the Federal Government for the necessary appropriation for this work (about \$40,000,000) than to enlist in an effort to enter into the Canadian partnership, involving perhaps \$1,000,000,000. As to the St. Lawrence River project, I am not objecting to it as a dream, but combat it as an uneconomic business proposition involving great expenditure of capital at a time when the world is knocking at our doors asking for aid, a serious entrance into financial partnership with a state not under our jurisdiction, as diverting strength from our seaboard cities, as injuring vast railway interests, and all in the end to meet with failure by not accomplishing the results aimed at.

HERMANN DE SELDING.

New York City.

OUT OF OUR DEPTH

THERE is an odd mistake in your article headed "Clark of the Oregon" in the issue of October 11. Jupiter Inlet, on the coast of Florida, is a practicable harbor for small boats only, having at times not over three feet of water on the bar, and probably never more than five or six feet. Captain Clark may have sighted Jupiter Light at that date, but he certainly did not steam into Jupiter Inlet.

C. W. COMAN.

Fullerton, California.

SENATOR SMOOT AND THE MORMON SUCCESSION

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
The Council of The Twelve
Salt Lake City
47 E. So. Temple St., Dec. 9, 1922.

THE following is a quotation from an article entitled: "A Radical in Power," published in *The Outlook* of November 29, 1922:

This is not his gravest problem. Smoot is next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church, an office which any good Mormon considers the most exalted on earth. The President, Heber Grant, is very old, and likely to die at any moment. If Smoot were ready to take the Mormon Presidency, Grant would probably resign immediately.

As a matter of fact, Senator Smoot is not next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church. There is another member of the Church who is ahead of him.

It may also be said that President Heber J. Grant is by no means "a very

man," he having attained the age of sixty-six in November, 1922, and is therefore not likely to die at "any moment." He is in good health.

And, furthermore, President Grant could not, under any circumstances, resign, no matter who might be regarded ready to take the Mormon Presidency. The office of President of the Mormon Church is a life appointment, and is not transferred so long as the incumbent is in good standing and fellowship in the church.

I am calling attention to this matter because the writer of the article, Mr. Richard Barry, seems to think that this is the gravest problem Senator Smoot has to face, and yet it is *no problem at all*.

In conclusion, let me say that in dealing with the "Mormons" or the "Mormon" question writers generally come as near to the truth as did Mr. Barry.

RUDGER CLAWSON,

member of the Quorum of the Twelve to which Senator Smoot belongs.

HERE'S HOPPING

CONTRIBUTIONS drift in from all over the world. We print here an offer of stories which we regretfully were forced to decline. Who knows, we may have nipped some budding genius. Who knows, ten years from now—or two perhaps, considering the age of some popular writers—we may be held up to scorn as the journal which rejected the first short stories of our nameless friend.

I have been reading the stories in the Outlook of the outdoor life. I am a Boy Scout and would like to write stories for the Outlook of my life of the mountains. What would do if you were out in the mountains all by your self at night. When the roar of the pine trees made you homesick and you could hear the mountain lion and he sounded like he was about to eat you up for his midnight supper. If you will let me write the story for your paper and of course I can write dozens more. hopping to hear from you.

YOUR FRIEND.

ELLIS ISLAND CONDITIONS

WE lately published a letter narrating the experiences on Ellis Island of a cultivated woman, technically an alien, who was returning to her home from a visit in Europe; her son-in-law is an American officer. Here is another letter narrating the experiences of a graduate of the American University at Beirut, Syria, who came to this country to study in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was well provided with credentials showing that he had a right to enter this country. He says:

Coming in I was taken by a mistake to Ellis Island, and, as it was a Saturday afternoon, I had to wait till Monday to be able to come out. The place is terribly filthy and dirty, and, worse than this, there are people who remain there for months, and they do

not give them a chance to get to their baggage to get clean clothes. I met a student from Palestine there who had been confined for twenty-three days in that terrible place without ever going out in the fresh air. Avedis Donabedian had been there for fifteen days when I was there, and I left him there because he could not prove to them that he was a student. Luckily for me, Tech had sent me a paper stating that I was going to study, and so I had no trouble getting out except waiting through Sunday.

PENALTIES OF PERFECTION

I AM sorry to say that I will have to discontinue my subscription to The Outlook. It is too good a magazine. I have not time enough to read it properly.

M. H. W.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ON BEHALF OF THE LEGION

ONE should always lodge a complaint by first offering a compliment, thereby gaining a hearing where the bald complaint might take the shortest route to the waste-basket. Accordingly, I bring my compliment, which is wholly sincere.

I enjoy reading The Outlook for a number of reasons, one of which is that it expresses an opinion freely and courageously. I enjoy the editorials, not because they agree with what I think, for often they do not, but because they seem so fair, so free from prejudice, and usually show that they are the result of deliberation upon established facts. But—now for the complaint—I feel that you have been guilty of an expression, not of opinion, but of prejudice, a prejudice not justified by the facts.

In The Outlook for November 15 there was an excellent article on "Fascisti Triumphant." It was an informing editorial setting forth the facts in the case with a splendid analogy. But it included one gratuitous qualifying remark that added nothing to the clarity of the exposition, that seemed, indeed, to be inspired by an unfounded if not malicious prejudice.

I refer to the statement that ran as follows: "And then suppose that these veterans, organized as the American Legion is organized, *but devoted, not to their own advancement, not for any bonus for themselves, not for the glorification of their own past deeds, but for the salvation of the country from disaster*" (the italics are mine).

As a loyal member of the American Legion, I am forced to call your attention to this glaring misstatement of fact. You know well enough the expressed purpose of the organization of the American Legion. You know as well as I do that portion of the preamble to the Legion Constitution which states that

"For God and Country" the Legion was organized. You know that patriotism, Americanism, good citizenship, clean politics, and high National and civic ideals are the real purpose of the American Legion.

When, with the heat of the conflict just behind, the American Legion came into being, it was not with any thought of self-glorification. It was not with any idea of personal advancement. It is true that the organization may have lost sight, for a time, of its high purpose. But you know and I know that the American Legion is sound at heart and that it cannot, in fairness, be accused of having the motives you ascribed to it, by inference at least, in the words I quoted.

As for the bonus, I believe that most of the Legionnaires who are working for adjusted compensation are working to secure it, not for themselves, but for their comrades who need it. And you ought to know, if you do not, that the Legion is not responsible for the great bonus outcry. Its records show that the Legion stepped into the fight only when scheming office-seekers were trying to capitalize their stand on the question, and that it has since been fighting for a measure that would meet the need for compensation without wrecking the treasury or pauperizing the recipients.

If you are in close touch with what the Legion is doing—and you should not have said what you did unless you knew whereof you spoke—you know that there are Legion posts that stand sponsor for the Boy Scout movement in their cities. There are posts that are carrying on extensive Americanization work among the alien population. There are posts that have their speakers visit the public schools, not to tell of the Marne and the Argonne, but to teach the way of devoted and intelligent citizenship. These are only a few of the things that the Legion is doing quietly but well.

It is so easy with a swift, subtle inferential phrase to create an impression far from correct. I am sure that you will be willing to grant most of the arguments I have advanced. I only hope that you, in all fairness, will see how false an impression you will have created, and that the prejudicial statement had much better have been left out of the otherwise valuable editorial.

JEAN F. LOBA.

San Francisco, California.

STILL THE OLD OUTLOOK

WHEN I read your recent editorials upon the Buckner Case and the Bible in schools of California, I said to myself that here are the conscience, the convictions, the courage and Christianity of Lyman Abbott. He is not dead nor "sleepeth." Surely his mantle has fallen upon some one. It is still the real "Outlook," book reviews and everything.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON.

New York City.

Magic?—No, Intelligence holds Beauty's Secret

FOR the next while, we are going to tell you some simple but arresting truths about how cleanliness and beauty are related.

Let us start with the face.

A really healthy skin is always a *clean* skin and usually a beautiful skin.

Physicians who have studied the care of the skin say that simple cleanliness is the one most important aid to the health and beauty of your complexion.

And they dwell upon the importance of using pure, gentle soap, which is nothing *but* soap—that is, without extraneous or mysterious additions.

A word of caution, therefore:—if you buy a soap with the hope that it has magic beauty powers, you court disappointment. For promoting beauty, soap can do only one thing—clean safely.

One would say that was simple enough—to *clean safely.*

Yet before Ivory Soap, only a few people could enjoy the luxury of pure, mild, safe-cleaning soap. Now, of course, *everyone* can have it.

Safe-cleansing is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap. In forty-four years no other claim has been made for it.

Ivory is always the same—always that white, mild, gentle soap which has protected hands and faces and refreshed bodies for nearly two generations. It contains no "mysteries," it offers no "magic."

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to buy only *pure soap*. Ivory helps to beautify, because it *cleans safely.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

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And here, dear reader, is Dr. Verity, whose motto is: "*Keeping well is better than getting well.*" A most lovable old gentleman, indeed, but very severe and frowny when dealing with persons like Mrs. Folderol, to whose home he is now hurrying.



"My dear Alicia," says Mr. Jollyco in a very gentlemanly dudgeon, "why has this comic opera soap replaced the Ivory in my bathroom?" (We always know Mr. Jollyco is angry when he says "my bathroom" and is so frighteningly polite.)

"I think, Henry," replies his wife without a flinch, "that that soap belongs to your daughter Sally, who has lately gone in for colored 'beauty soap.' The Ivory is just behind you."

Some day Mr. Jollyco is going to speak sternly to Sally about dyes in colored soap. But today he will feel so good after his latherly Ivory bath that he will forget it.

Here we see Mrs. Folderol—at home. What! The Mrs. Folderol, of Vanity Square? The very same! With her poor little rich baby that cries so much. Why does he cry? Listen as Mrs. F. talks with Mrs. Jollyco.

"Why, I can't see how the soap could hurt him—it's so expensive and pretty and smells heavenly!"

"But, my dear, his skin *shows* it. He's *chafed*? Haven't you any Ivory? No, Mrs. F. has no Ivory, but she will have after Dr. Verity arrives.



The Outlook

DECEMBER 27, 1922

SHOULD CHILDREN BE COURT-MARTIALED?

AS a result of hazing at Annapolis the President has ordered the dismissal of two first-class midshipmen and the reduction to a lower class of three more. Other cases are awaiting executive action.

The President is emphatically right in expelling and reducing midshipmen guilty of hazing at the Naval Academy. We trust that Congressmen will have learned by this time to keep their hands off cases of discipline at the Naval Academy and that there will be no interference, successful or otherwise, with the sentences which the President has confirmed.

The persistence of the hazing tradition at Annapolis is rather incomprehensible to the country at large. College traditions can, if handled wisely, be created or abolished in a comparatively short space of time. Hazing even in its mild form has died out or is dying out of every civil institution in the country of any standing. The Annapolis students, by supporting and sanctioning the hazing of underclass men, manifest nothing except their own childishness.

It sometimes seems that, instead of treating them like men who can be held accountable for their acts, they ought to be given caps and bells and stood in corners with their faces to the wall. Such punishment, however, is impossible, for though the mentality of a hazer may be infantile, the offense he commits against decency and discipline is very serious.

IN KANSAS CITY THEY MOVE QUICKLY

MR. C. K. TAYLOR's contention that children should be first given a thorough medical examination and then, if found healthy, developed physically in accordance with their natural and normal type of build has attracted nationwide interest. And now the great "under-weight delusion," which, as readers of The Outlook know, troubled Mr. Taylor exceedingly, has been given a body blow by Kansas City, Missouri.

As a result of his Outlook articles Mr. Taylor was invited by the Rotary Club of Kansas City to present his views in person before the parents, physicians, and educational leaders of that wide-awake and progressive city. Some of our Eastern *intelligentsia*, if they should happen to read The Outlook, might learn from this statement that Rotary Clubs

have other and more vital functions than merely that of boosting their home towns. They build as well as boost.

Kansas City kept Mr. Taylor extremely busy. He gave demonstrations of his method of measuring healthy children before the Rotary Club, the Jackson County Medical Association, the Parents-Teachers Association, the Boy Scouts, and most of the educational authorities of the city. In the course of the week Mr. Taylor gave twenty-one lectures, most of them with demonstrations.

Of the results of this week's campaign Mr. Taylor writes:

On Saturday was a meeting of the physical training heads of the various schools. Every one had seen the workings of the plan in his or her own school. A brief résumé of the plan was again outlined to them, and then Dr. Cammack, the progressive superintendent, said, simply, "Shall we take up this new system?"

"Yes," they unanimously replied.

"All right," said he; "we'll get the material right away."

And that was all there was to it. How directly these Middle Westerners go to a point! If a matter is practical and useful, it is promptly taken over. And I thought of an aggressive but sadly experienced head of the physical training department of one of our Eastern public school systems, who, while deciding to introduce the height-weight plan, showed that it would take a year or two to do so openly! For there would be prejudices against anything new that had to be overcome. There would have to be much newspaper publicity and education through the press. There would have to be much diplomacy, for groups of aliens that comprise so large a proportion of the population of our Eastern cities would make an awful fuss if a boy took his shirt off so that his chest could be examined! What a contrast to Kansas City, with the scores of schoolboys measured during that week, sturdy sons of pioneering Americans, like their fathers keen for physical fitness, who not only were measured from head to foot without a stitch on their backs, but who went home and bragged about their scores to their admiring and approving parents!

The physical standards developed by Mr. Taylor have been accepted by nine public school systems, six private schools, two foreign mission schools, several Boy Scout troops, one Girl Scout troop, one life insurance company, and a State School for the Deaf in Michigan. All this has occurred during the past year. An article by Mr. Taylor on the introduction of his system in public schools is published in this issue.

CARTS BEFORE HORSES

As school and college students know, it has been the custom of the august authorities to examine their vic-tims on the progress they are making in the utilization and acquisition of facts. Harvard seems to have adopted what may be considered by some a Chinese version of the accepted practice. In one instance it gave an examination in the beginning instead of the end of a course. Appropriately enough, this test was given in the basic college course in Government, known to all Harvard men as Gov. 1, a course which Dr. Lowell himself conducted for several years before he was made President of Harvard University.

This examination was designed to test the student's power to use terms accurately, his background of elementary information of public affairs, his general knowledge of the sequence of events of American history, and his reaction to simple questions of public policy. There were forty-five questions in the test as a whole, and the time allowed for the examination was twenty minutes. It included such questions as the following:

Where the two words mean the same thing, or nearly the same thing, mark Yes; where they mean quite different things, mark No.

Abbreviate—Curtail; Prolix—Verbose; Centripetal—Disintegrating; Plenary—Restricted; Iconoclastic—Idolizing.

By striking out words make the following sentences accurate:

It was Lee Washington Pershing Stark who said "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Daniel Webster was a native of New Hampshire a graduate of Dartmouth College the editor of a famous dictionary and a Senator from Massachusetts.

Where the statement is accurate, mark Yes; where it is inaccurate, mark No.

The decisions of a grand jury must be unanimous.

An American citizen who accepts an office in any foreign government loses his American citizenship.

The Constitution provides that the President and the Vice-President must not be residents of the same State.

Where the events are placed in their proper chronological order mark Yes; where they are not so placed, mark No.

Jay's Treaty, Jackson's war on the Bank, Fourteenth Amendment, Greenback Controversy.

Framing of the Constitution, Mexi-

can War, Missouri Compromise, Promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Complete each of the sentences by marking a cross (X) after the clause which helps to make the most sensible statement.

Congress is made up of two Houses to represent all parts of the country because there were two Houses during the Revolution to prevent hasty and unwise legislation

The secret ballot is used because it protects the voter against intimidation prevents men from voting twice makes votes easier to count

One freshman confronted with this test scored 100 per cent, and other members of the course made only a few mistakes. It would seem from this result that the growth in the study of civics and government in our primary and secondary schools has not been without definite results. Either that or the present-day college student takes a wider interest in public affairs than he is credited with by those who lament the shortcomings of the rising generation.

GOVERNOR ALLEN ON THE KU KLUX KLAN

KANSAS is engaged in trying out the Ku Klux Klan through an action brought in the State Supreme Court to restrain its secret activities. Naturally, Governor Henry J. Allen is much interested in the question. In an interview in New York recently Governor Allen gave such a vivid description of the Klan as he sees it that we quote at some length from it in the New York "Herald:"

In my State the thing has gone beyond a laughing matter. Every day my mail is choked with letters from people who have received threats—pitiful letters from poor people so frightened they know not what to do. Every one who has a private grudge is using the Klan to scare his enemy. Bigotry and religious intolerance are rife. Pulpits where once was preached the brotherhood of man now thunder denunciations against each other, and neighbors who in years gone by lived in peace and harmony now hate each other with a hatred which passes understanding. And they say that all this is the aftermath of a feeling engendered by the war. There is no doubt that many excellent men have joined the Klan from misdirected zeal. In New Orleans its activity is directed against the Jewish element. In other parts of the South the object is the Negro. In Kansas it is the Catholic. I myself have been branded by the Klan as a Catholic and all of my family, Catholic. They must have been somewhat surprised when they discovered that I am a Methodist, a thirty-second degree Mason, and a lot of other things which a Catholic cannot be.

What is proposed in Kansas is to have Supreme Court uphold the State

Charter Board in denying the Klan a charter, and thereby make it illegal for the Klan to carry on its organization work. Other States take notice!

AVIATION WITHOUT LAW

BOOTLEGGING by airplane between the United States and Canada continues to thrive; Lieutenant Maynard, the "Flying Parson," is killed; President Harding and thousands of spectators at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial are placed in jeopardy by an irresponsible low-flying aviator; and the lives of countless thousands of innocent spectators at the Yale Bowl and other stadiums are risked unnecessarily because the House of Representatives has so far failed to provide, as forty other nations have provided, for Governmental regulation of civil aviation. And this in spite of the fact that the entire aeronautical industry has asked for that Governmental "interference" to which many American industries have objected.

Before you went hunting cottontail or deer this winter you had to have a hunting license; before you sat down behind the wheel of the new car you likewise had to have an automobile license. But if you have the price of an airplane and a few gallons of gas there is nothing in the world—or, rather, in the United States—to hinder your going and coming as you please, without let, hindrance, or license. If you are an irresponsible "stunt" pilot with an obsolete "war" machine, or an unattached or "gypsy" flier with a rickety contraption hitched to a sputtering motor, no one can prevent you from taking passengers for "joy" rides at so much per head.

THE LAW PROPOSED

ONE of the most important pieces of legislation now before the House is the Wadsworth Bill providing for Federal control of civil aviation, which the Senate passed months ago. If the Wadsworth Bill is enacted into law, there will be established in the Department of Commerce a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics, which will regulate and encourage flying. This Bureau will co-operate with the Forest Service or any other Government bureau which seeks aerial co-operation. The fitness of an applicant for a license to operate an airplane will be passed upon by experts. The machine itself will be inspected and tested, and if found airworthy a license will be issued. Pilots who engage in performances which imperil the lives of others will lose their "papers," and all kinds of "stunt" flying and swooping low over outdoor assemblages will be prohibited. As things stand, there is no provision for any of these things. In other words, if the Wadsworth Bill is enacted into law,

flying will be made safer, and rickety airplanes and reckless pilots will be for the most part eliminated. The benefit, therefore, will be shared by those who make airplanes, those who pilot them, those who ride in them as passengers, and those who watch them fly.

Opposition to the passage of the House bill is practically nil. On the other hand, the Department of Commerce, the Army Air Service, the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, the National Aeronautic Association, the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, and other civilian and Governmental agencies are for it.

AIR CONTROL AND AIR CAUTION NEEDED

THAT some sort of control over aviation is needed, however, is not merely the opinion of aeronautical authorities or the long-suffering public, for a committee of the American Bar Association recently began a campaign for uniform aviation laws in all the States. The need for such laws or for Federal control of aviation was strikingly illustrated when that irresponsible pilot flew low over the Lincoln Memorial assemblage. That this solemn ceremony was not turned into a disaster was a matter of mere luck. Maynard, the "Flying Parson," made a splendid record as a pilot in our Army Air Service during the war, and was the victor in America's first transcontinental flight. The blame for his untimely end is placed by aeronautical authorities on the obsolete and patched-up machine with which he did "stunts" at the Vermont fair.

That airplanes are not necessarily deadly means of transportation is shown by the fact that our transcontinental mail pilots recently completed a year of flying without a single fatality, although they flew back and forth over the Rocky Mountains and other dangerous territory in all sorts of weather and at all hours of the day and night. This shows what can be accomplished through caution used in selecting pilots and a rigid inspection of machines. A few airplanes have fallen, just as a few steamships have foundered and a few railway trains have been wrecked. But the vast majority, when caution has been used in selecting the pilot and inspecting the machine, have flown without accident.

There are statistics showing that in a single year more than 250,000 persons have been carried something like 6,000,000 miles in American airplanes without a single fatality from straight flying. At the same time hundreds of machines in the Army and the Navy Air Services also functioned without accident. No one doubts that commercial aviation is here to stay, just as the automobile and railway train are here to stay. Every-

BOTH OBSERVE AND ANSWER

(*Coriolanus*, Act II, Scene 3)

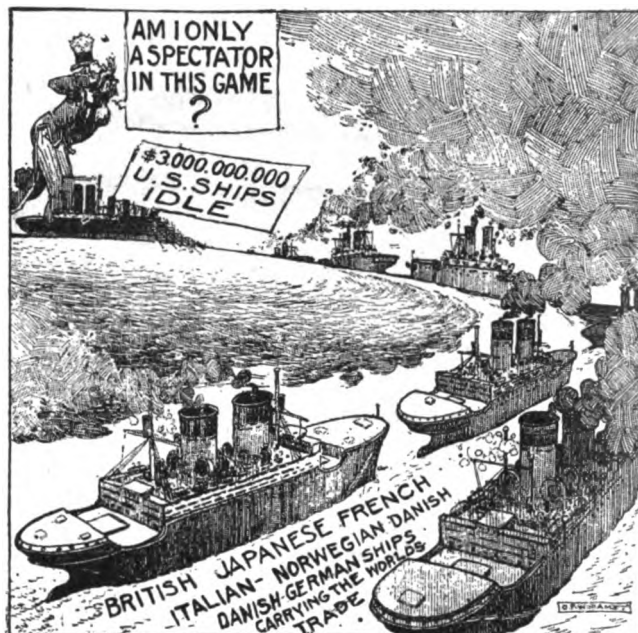
Sykes in the Kansas City Star



LETTING IN THE LIGHT

From Jessie M. Willitt, Liberal, Kansas

Williams in the Pittsburgh Press



IT'S UP TO CONGRESS

From W. E. Morgan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

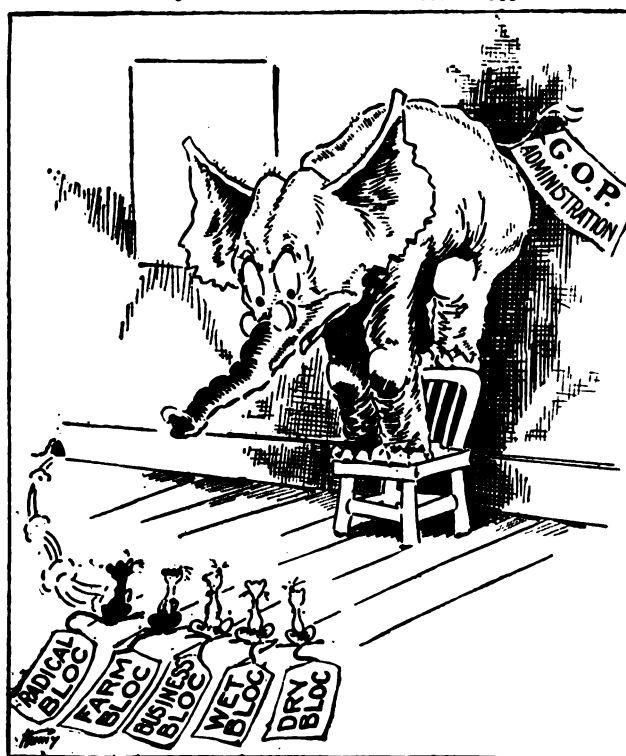
Darling in the Louisville Herald



A GOOD MOTTO, BUT WHY THE DISGUISE?

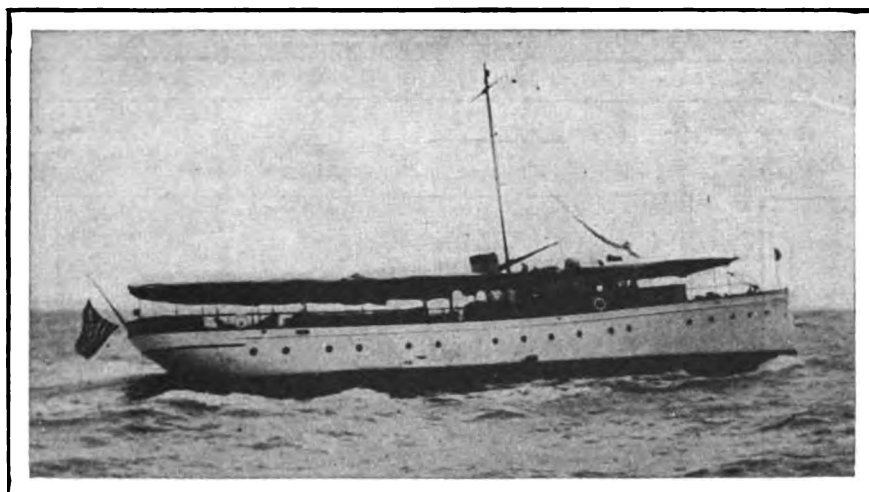
From Harold Percival, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!

From Mrs. E. L. Neely, Prescott, Wis.



Wide World Photos

SPEEJACKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR AFTER CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE

thing possible should be done by Government regulation and otherwise to promote its safety. Above all, there should be Federal restrictions against airplanes being flown over cities and outdoor assemblages except at a considerable height. For even the best pilot may make an error in judgment; even the best of machines may experience some mechanical trouble which may necessitate a quick descent.

AN ADVENTUROUS HONEYMOON

INTO the port of New York came a motor yacht just under one hundred feet in length with a beam of seventeen feet and a draught of six. Vessels of this type and size as a rule do not excite much interest in the waters along the Atlantic coast. This particular vessel, however, had dropped in from a trip around the world—the first voyage to be made by a craft of this kind.

Spee-Jacks sailed a year ago last August from Miami, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Gowen, of Cleveland, on a honeymoon voyage. She passed through the Panama Canal, and thence westward, through the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic, back to the starting-place. The voyage was a perilous one, for Spee-Jacks was almost entirely dependent upon her engine power and her gasoline supply. From the photograph it would appear that the only sails which she carried were one square sail and a jib. The signal mast upon which these are set does not look heavy enough to carry sail in much of a blow.

We should say that the feat of the Spee-Jacks is one not likely to be repeated. A power yacht is certainly not the most comfortable type of ocean craft that can be built. A Gloucester schooner with auxiliary power could make the voyage in comparative comfort and at greatly reduced expense. Why burn gasoline where the trade winds blow?

STOP, LOOK—AND LISTEN

WHY shouldn't a Museum of Art include music? Isn't music one of the greatest and finest of the arts?

Four years ago a remarkable series of concerts, free to any one who might care to come, was the contribution of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, to the concert season. These first concerts were very quietly ushered in, for with the exception of brief announcements in the daily papers and the placards placed in the doors of the Museum they were unheralded. On the first Saturday night in January, fifty-four symphony orchestra players took their places in the north end of the huge gallery above the great Fifth Avenue Hall of the Museum and under the leadership of David Mannes gave as delightful a concert as might be heard in New York. The hundreds who came to the first concert felt the pride of those who officiate at some event which proves later to have been one of much importance as they mingled with the thousands who came thereafter.

Following the example of New York, London's museum also has added music to the arts which it offers the public, and has had presented a series of chamber music concerts.

It has been the custom for many years to have a symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Mannes, play in the Metropolitan Museum of Art on reception days. The possibilities for concerts of good music as an additional part of the work of the Museum interested Director Edward Robinson, the trustees, and Conductor Mannes; and such a series was planned. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made generous donations to make these evenings possible, as have Robert W. de Forest, Edward S. Harkness, Henry Walters, Arthur Curtiss James, and Michael Friedsam.

Mr. Mannes's programmes have been arranged with the utmost care and have

delighted alike the trained musician and the average music lover. The philosopher-composer Brahms has been heard many times at the Museum concerts, both in his symphonies and the more widely known Hungarian Dances. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Dvořák, Schumann symphonies have been played, as have overtures, symphonic poems, suites, and shorter selections by the most representative composers. Contemporary musicians have not been neglected. For this season's concerts, four on Saturday nights in January and four in March, Mr. Mannes will present programmes which prove that the Museum concerts have attained the full dignity of symphony concerts. A partial list of the works to be played is as follows: Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Fourth of Tchaikowsky, Schubert's "Unfinished," Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the first movement from César Franck's D Minor Symphony, Theme and Variations by Beethoven, one of the Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsodies," "The Fountains of Rome" by the Italian modernist Respighi, two movements from a suite for strings and solo flute by Bach, the "Festival Overture" of Brahms, minuets by Mozart and Schubert, Volkmann's suite for strings with cello obbligato, Weber's overture to "Oberon," Berlioz's "March to the Gallows," Wagner's "Forest Sounds" from "Siegfried," overture to Tannhäuser, Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker" Suite and "Marche Slav."

The director of the Museum, Edward Robinson, has arranged that this year, as in the preceding ones, the Museum will be open for a short time after the concerts so that those who so desire may visit the galleries and collections before going home. As usual, lectures illustrative of the music to be played will be given in the Lecture Hall of the Museum on the afternoons of the concert days.

SHALL WE TURN THEM BACK TO THEIR PERSECUTORS?

AMONG those fleeing from the Turk are Greeks and Armenians who have relatives in America.

Naturally these refugees think of their relatives here as natural and competent protectors. Some of them have tried to join them in this free country. Those among them who have made their journey as far as the Port of New York have found for the most part an impassable door between them and their kin.

Nothing could illustrate more effectively the stupidity and heartlessness of a law that attempts to deal with a human problem on the basis of arithmetic. The so-called quota law determines the fate of an immigrant, not by the qualities he possesses, but by the percentage already admitted from the country from which

he halls. It happens that the Turkish quota of 2,388 is exhausted for the year. It matters not that there are Americans of Greek and Armenian origin prosperous enough, as well as willing, to support these relatives, mainly women and children, who are coming to them for succor. They have to see these people who are no menace to the labor market, who are otherwise admissible, and who are eager for education, turned back.

To pass a law which would admit all otherwise admissible refugees would open the gate to a flood of immigrants from many parts of the world; for there is scarcely any part of Europe or Asia from which people are not ready to flee. But there is no reason why these particular refugees should not be admitted. The number is limited. The emergency is quite extraordinary. And the alternative of turning them back is exceptionally inhumane.

Congress should lift the Turkish quota sufficiently to enable the otherwise admissible refugees from Anatolia and Thrace to join relatives here who are ready and able to take care of them.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES IN POST OFFICE RECIPROCITY

A VERY interesting and significant conference was recently held at Ottawa when Canadian and United States officials met for the first time in joint conference to discuss measures for the more effective handling of mails passing between the two countries.

This meeting was attended by the Postmasters-General of both countries

Courtesy Near East Relief

AN ARMENIAN CHRISTIAN GIRL WHO ESCAPED FROM A TURKISH HAREM AND IS NOW AN AMERICAN WARD

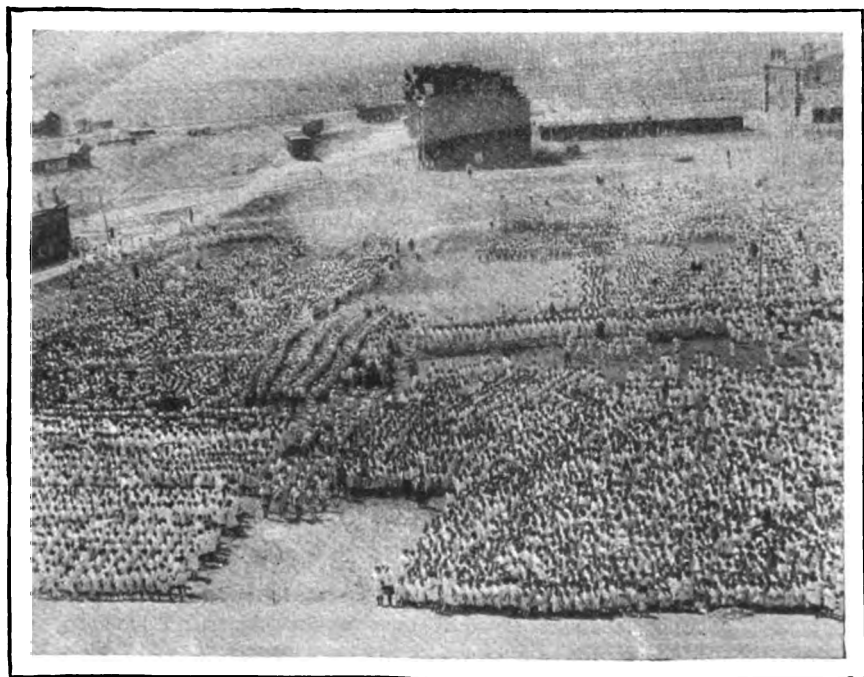
and by a number of their department heads; a great variety of subjects were discussed and many important decisions arrived at.

Some of the many matters dealt with were the adjustment of weight limits for merchandise parcels and the rates of postage and insurance thereon; arrangements for the transit of the mails of one country through the territory of the other; the equalization of special delivery rates; direct correspondence between postmasters in this country and Canada and *vice versa*; the distribution of postcards mailed in Canada for United States

points prepaid in United States postage stamps; the extension of United States railway mail clerks' runs to points in Canada; and a great many other subjects not always of interest to the general public but of great importance to the smooth and efficient handling of the mails and the elimination of red tape.

This conference is the culmination of a long series of events appertaining to postal matters affecting this country and the Dominion which began in the year 1763, when Benjamin Franklin opened post offices at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal and established the first postal service between Montreal and New York, via Lake Champlain and Lake George. Since then from time to time various postal conventions have been entered into by this country with Canada, but the recent conference is the first occasion upon which officials actually responsible for the conduct of postal affairs in both countries have met in joint session, have discussed common problems, made mutual concessions, and arrived at solutions mutually satisfactory. Negotiations in the past have been conducted on the basis of diplomatic interchanges.

A real spirit of reciprocity marked the proceedings. "We ask no concessions," declared the Hon. Hubert Work, Postmaster-General of the United States, "except those that are going to be of mutual advantage. We are willing to concede anything conceived in that spirit. We ask for no privileges and no advantages, but only the opportunity to co-operate." While in his address of welcome the Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General of Canada, assured the visitors that, "although in their journey from Washington to Ottawa they crossed



P. & A. Photos

"THE LARGEST ORPHANAGE IN THE WORLD"—SOME OF THE 17,000 CHILDREN OF THE NEAR EAST RELIEF ORPHANAGE AT ALEXANDROPOL, TRANSCAUCASIA, HONORING VISITING OFFICIALS FROM THE UNITED STATES

the international boundary-line, they did not then enter a country of strangers. Quite the reverse. They are, in fact, among friends and brothers, who are desirous of expressing neighborly feeling and international good will in deeds rather than in words."

POLAND'S FIRST ASSASSINATION

Two days after he entered upon his duties as President of the Republic of Poland and only a week after his election to that office Gabriel Narutowicz was assassinated just as he had finished an address at an art exhibition.

At first the assassination was ascribed to political motives, on the supposition, apparently, that the turbulent and exciting political conditions in Poland had something to do with the matter. The victim's political opponents had attacked him as a radical and asserted that he favored non-Poles (meaning chiefly Polish Jews) and foreign-born races. He was himself a Swiss citizen until recently, although he was born in Warsaw. It soon appeared, however, that the assassin, Niewadomski, was certainly a person of unbalanced mind and probably was positively demented. This has led to a very general comparison of the crime with the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau. In both cases probably the effect of sensational and irresponsible political attacks on the victim had some effect on the minds of the assassins.

One Polish newspaper expressed the belief that the crime has a serious aspect because of the present political complications; another spoke more positively, but perhaps without full information, as to political motives for the crime itself; there is a general and evidently sincere expression in Poland of horror and condemnation. Following the assassination there have been many arrests of persons suspected of connection with political plots and disorder. It is stated that Niewadomski's wildness and irresponsibility had led to his expulsion from two separate political parties.

General Haller, some of whose followers were accused, probably recklessly, of being implicated in the crime, has a notably fine record of war service and is known to Americans because he commanded in France the American, British, and Polish volunteers.

Marshal Pilsudski, the successor of Mr. Paderewski as Premier of Poland, is now at the head of the Polish army, replacing General Sikorski, who has become Premier at the head of a newly organized Cabinet.

Despite all that has been said about the tendency of the Poles' fierceness in

political life and about their warlike propensities, it is pointed out by Mr. Paderewski in his comments deploring the recent crime that this is the first time in the history of Poland that a ruler has been assassinated.

AT LAUSANNE

Two somewhat incongruous subjects are occupying the attention of the Lausanne Conference at this writing—the Turkish proposal to banish the Patriarch of the Greek Church, and the control of Mosul, which means oil, although that word is carefully avoided in all the discussions. Turkey's willingness to join the League of Nations if she can have her way as to Mosul has an almost humorous aspect.

Meanwhile conditions as to the use of the Dardanelles Straits and the waters to the east, including the Black Sea, are still under debate. The plan now most favored seems to be to allow each nation to have in those waters at one time only three warships, which should be of not over ten thousand tons. This is not acceptable to Russia, but seems to be fairly satisfactory to the other nations. It does not exactly accord with the American view, but we shall probably be satisfied with permission to send small war-vessels on peaceful errands to Black Sea ports, which is really what our delegates most insist upon.

The proposal to banish the Greek Patriarch has naturally excited opposition and hostility throughout the Christian peoples of the East. Greece especially resents this action. A vigorous protest has been received by the Conference from religious organizations in England and America in nowise affiliated with the Greek Church.

In every matter that comes up for discussion at Lausanne the Conference runs against the continued assertion of Turkey that it must and will have absolute national independence and integrity. Ismet Pasha declares that his Government will not accept any sacrifice of principle involving Turkish independence, but that it is ready to make reasonable treaties which shall conform with international law and reciprocity and that the Nationalist Government recognizes the power of its people as fully as does any other governing body.

This sounds logical, but, as we have said before, the Powers have in the history of the past good reasons to make them demand assurances as to the treatment of their own peoples in Turkey and for the recognition of the rights of minorities in Turkey as against religious or racial persecution.

REPARATION NOT REPRISAL

IF a Rip Van Winkle had waked just in time to read American newspapers about the middle of this month he might have easily concluded that Germany had been invaded by her neighbors, had been subjected to devastation, had lost her factories and her railways, and in general had been deprived by her enemies of the common means of livelihood.

It is not by chance that the picture of a prostrate and suffering Germany has appeared again at this time. France has suggested the possibility of seizing certain German property in the Ruhr unless satisfactory payments on account of reparations are made by January 15. A similar picture of German poverty has been presented every time a day of reckoning has approached. And the picture has called forth a generous response from the sympathies of the world.

GUARANTIES FOR EVERYBODY BUT FRANCE

The people of America and England in particular have become very sorry for Germany. They do not like to think of her university professors living on the edge of starvation. They do not like to hear about German children being short of food and clothing. So sympathetic with Germany have people become that a resolution has been introduced into Congress providing for an appropriation of \$70,000,000 to feed the starving Germans and Austrians.

The farmers of the Western States have, moreover, seen the opportunity of providing the starving Germans with millions of bushels of wheat if there is only some way by which they can get payment for it. Bankers have been talking about providing a loan for Germany on condition that they can get a perfectly trustworthy guaranty for the ultimate payment of the loan. English politicians and business people are moved with a desire to see Germany placed back upon her feet, since a prosperous Germany will provide a market for British exports—that is, will be able to pay for them. So sympathy has formed a partnership with business instincts.

Of course English merchants and American farmers and American bankers want guaranties.

But everybody seems to be denouncing France for wanting a guaranty too.

NOT REVENGE, BUT A MORTGAGE

Why is it righteous for American farmers and American bankers to require a guaranty, and wicked for Frenchmen to do so? A search into history reveals the fact that it was not

Germany that was invaded, after all, but France. It was French factories which were destroyed. It was French land that was devastated. It was French mines that were deliberately and maliciously flooded.

It has already been decided that France is not morally required to pay for what Germany did to her. It has been decided that Germany owes all that she can pay to undo the damage she did. For the payment of this debt France received the offer of a guaranty, by a treaty of alliance with Great Britain and America, but never received the guaranty itself. She expected some kind of guaranty from the League of Nations, but has been disappointed there. The only guaranty that is left to her is to take a mortgage on some of the German real estate—for example, in the industrial region of the Ruhr. But Great Britain and America are very sure that such a mortgage would not be for their interests. There is nothing punitive or vengeful about bankers wanting a guaranty for a loan; there is nothing punitive or vengeful about American farmers wanting payment for wheat even from hungry people in Germany; but somehow the impression has got abroad that in desiring a guaranty for the payment that is justly due her France is proving herself to be in a vengeful and punitive mood.

Bonar Law, the British Prime Minister, has not been in sympathy with the French desire to take possession of the industrial resources of the Ruhr; but he has seemed to understand the French point of view better than his predecessor. He has stated it to Parliament as follows:

I think it is right that we should try to look at these questions from the point of view of France. What is their view? Germany undertook to pay a very large amount. Almost nothing has been paid.

Since then we have had conference after conference, and what has been the result? The result has been in every case, in one form or another, that at the end of the period of moratorium we have found ourselves in a worse position for getting money out of Germany than we were before the discussions.

That is the view of France. She may also very fairly say that this result is largely due to the deliberate action of Germany.

Now, what was that action? There is not the smallest doubt that the German Government did allow this tremendous depreciation to take place, and it is a fact that this depreciation does make it impossible for Germany to meet these reparations payments.

The French go further—they say it has been deliberately done by Germany. Well, honestly, I cannot myself take that view. I cannot do it, for this reason: by the method of passive resistance they could forever avoid paying the indemnity.

But there is this to be said for the French view—the inflation has enabled the great industrial groups who exercise great power in Germany to make enormous fortunes, although it was part of the arrangement with the German Government that this should not take place and that the money should be made available for reparations.

There is no doubt whatever that, if there had been a strong enough Government in Germany to face the real position, it was their clear duty, and not only in their own interest, that they should try to put their finances on a sound basis. They have never tried. Maybe this was not their policy, maybe they had not the power, but that is the result.

AMERICA NOT A NEUTRAL

Though the American Government has not at this writing made any official announcement, it is clear that the Administration is considering the possibility of some action to aid in rescuing Europe from economic chaos. Ambassador Harvey has been summoned from England. Unofficial statements have appeared in the press indicating very clearly that the President has a plan or plans under consideration.

Among the rumors regarded as important enough to be cabled as news abroad was the suggestion of a loan of \$1,500,000,000 to Germany. There is no intimation that this would be a Government loan; but it is strongly intimated that American bankers would not be willing to float such a loan unless it was backed by the guaranty of the American Government.

Objections from both Britain and France have at once been raised to such a loan as this. The objection that is at once obvious is that such a loan, if practicable at all, would take precedence over Germany's debts to other countries. Another objection is that no bonds of such a loan could be sold unless France undertook not to get any guaranty herself by seizing German property. Still further objection is that such a loan would be utterly inadequate to stabilize the mark, and even if it were used for that purpose would, according to certain economists, bring about an utter collapse of German industry.

In this situation the "Journal of Commerce," which has a very practical knowledge of finance, sees "hopeful symptoms." It is significant that it bases its opinion as to the chance of improvement, not upon any specific financial programme, but upon the sign that Germany is more willing to do her part than she has seemed to be heretofore, that France is showing a better spirit, that Great Britain under Bonar Law is substituting common sense for selfish policies, and that the "entente between Great Britain, France, and Italy

is on a firmer ground than at any time since the war."

It is certain that the chief question is not one of pounds or francs or marks; it is a question of mind and heart and will. There is little chance that America can do much merely with her dollars. There is chance that America can contribute to a clearer understanding, a better disposition, and a firmer purpose in all the nations involved.

We hope, however, that, whatever America does, she will not assume the rôle of arbitrator. The fact is we are not in the position of an arbitrator. We are not and cannot be, in either justice to other nations or justice to ourselves, a neutral. We cannot assume a lofty attitude, as if we had never taken part in the conflict. We did take part on the side of justice and liberty. Upon us as well as upon other nations rests the duty of seeing that those who were aggressors in that conflict shall not shift their burdens to their victims.

JOHN WANAMAKER, MERCHANT

IT takes more than success to make a career memorable and significant.

A. T. Stewart made a great commercial success because he was the first to put into effect certain sound business ideas, such as one fixed price, and because he was shrewd in buying and an indefatigable worker. But his success did not have deep roots; after his death the business fell off deplorably. Then came John Wanamaker, with the background of the Philadelphia enterprise that he built up year by year after a modest start with a few thousand dollars, until it came to have a turn-over of \$25,000,000 a year. He took over the Stewart stores in New York. For a time success and failure seemed to hang even in the balance.

What won was John Wanamaker's personality; he put himself into the organization; he made each department a store in itself, each buyer for a department a minor merchant. People went to his stores, not so much in search of bargains (for there were cheaper department stores), but because merchandising was there carried on with skill and knowledge and by the gathering of goods from world-wide commerce, and because taste and variety were aimed at constantly. The customers liked also the art and musical treats furnished them without charge, a distinctive feature of Mr. Wanamaker's invention.

In all ways the great merchant thought of the human and æsthetic elements as well as those of cost, price, and profit. He regarded the business of

great store as having professional and idealistic sides, and he sought for the good will and kindly feeling of those who worked for him as well as of those who bought from him.

As in his business, so in his relations to his fellow-citizens, Mr. Wanamaker was easily and naturally friendly. He was a philanthropist, not from pressure or to be praised, but because he truly cared for others. He started a profit system in the Philadelphia store many years ago; he founded libraries, pension and benefit clubs for employees, and a cadet corps for the boys; he became a large factor in the National building up of the Young Men's Christian Association; he was a noted figure in Sunday-school work, and said that it was his best way of resting; as Postmaster-General under President Harrison he used his business astuteness for the general good.

Always, as a friend writes of him, John Wanamaker ennobled service; he dignified labor; he made business a profession equal to any other. He wrote his own epitaph when he said: "Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting in God is all of my biography."

TINKERING

AMENDING the Constitution promises to become an annual pastime. Like football, for example.

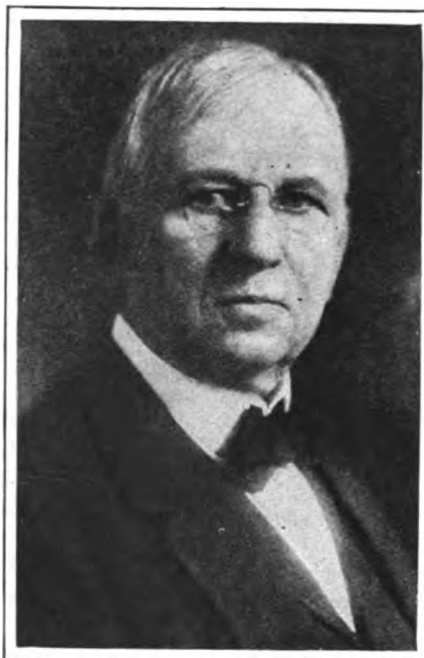
Even President Harding has joined in the sport, and has advocated not one, but two Constitutional amendments.

The latest attempt at amendment is one made by the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and is for the purpose of changing the terms of the President, Vice-President, Senators, and Representatives and the machinery of the Presidential election.

What agriculture or forestry has to do with the subject of the proposed amendment passes the mind of any one but a Senator to understand. The explanation—it cannot be called a reason—for this strange procedure is Senator Caraway's desire to have a resolution of his, for which this proposed amendment was substituted, scrutinized by the friendly eyes of the committee of which Senator Norris is chairman.

The purpose of the amendment is good. The intentions of those who favor it are of the best. The effect of the amendment, if put into operation, would be partly harmful, but mainly beneficial. We doubt very much, however, whether all the good that it is proposed to do by this amendment could not be equally as well done by law.

The chief object which this amend-



International

JOHN WANAMAKER

ment would accomplish is a prompter response to the people's will as shown by their votes. At present the people in November of one year vote for a Congress which normally does not meet until the December of the following year. At present the people elect a President in November, and yet the President who is supplanted remains in office until the following March. This delay between the command of the people and its execution was well enough, and indeed quite necessary, in the day of the post-chaise in a sparsely settled land of pioneers. It is altogether unnecessary and unjustified in the days of the railway and the telegraph in a land of a people long trained in self-government. The amendment now proposed would summon Congress into session on the first Monday of the January following the November election, and two weeks after the assembling of Congress would place in office the newly elected President.

For this desirable change it seems to us somewhat doubtful whether an amendment to the Constitution is necessary.

There is nothing in the Constitution which prevents Congress from providing by law that the Representatives elected in November shall take office on the first of January following. Since that is so, the new Congress can assemble on the first of January without a Constitutional amendment. It is true that according to the Constitution Senators are elected for six years, and if that be construed as preventing Senators from having their terms shortened by two months by law, nothing prevents the old Senate meeting with the new House. As the Senate is

a slowly changing body, anyway, this is not serious.

As for the changing of the inauguration of the President from the Fourth of March to the third Monday in January—a very desirable change—there is nothing in the Constitution itself preventing it except the provision that the President shall be elected for four years. The first President of the United States, however, was elected for four years, and yet his first term was only from April 30, 1789, to the Fourth of March of the fourth year later—that is, nearly two months short of four years. Since the Constitution provides that the Congress shall "assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December unless they shall by law appoint a different day;" and since the shortening of Washington's first term is a good precedent; we see no reason why Congress (perhaps leaving the newly elected Senators to take their seats later) should not by law summon the newly elected Congress into assembly on the first Monday, and place in office the newly elected President on the third Monday, in the January following their election.

If a Constitutional amendment be necessary for this purpose, it need be only a very simple one.

Mr. Norris's amendment, on the other hand, is cumbersome, clumsy in phraseology, and in a great part unnecessary. Not only would it change the date of the inauguration, but it would also abolish the Electoral College without changing in any appreciable degree the very sound principle of voting by States. If Mr. Norris's amendment were to make the election of the President a matter of mere majority vote of the total of all the voters in any Presidential election, the abolition of the Electoral College would be significant, though at the same time it would be contrary to the best interests of the country. Mr. Norris's amendment, however, simply substitutes the impersonal votes of the respective States for the votes cast by persons called electors.

It is claimed that this change, if made, will make possible the election of a candidate for President from one party and a candidate for Vice-President from another. This would be not progress, but reaction. It would be reversion to the original provision of the Constitution, which was a blemish that was removed from it only seventeen years and eight days after its adoption.

It is claimed that this change, if made, will make it possible to elect to the Presidency a candidate who has no regular party support. Is this desirable? We do not think so. At least the burden of proof rests upon those who advocate this means of destroying—or making

it possible to destroy—party responsibility in a National Administration.

If the Judiciary Committee, which has under consideration an amendment on the same subject, decides to report it favorably, we hope that it will discard all provisions for changing the method of electing the President and confine the amendment to changing the dates of the meeting of Congress and the inauguration of the President from March to January.

Perhaps we are yet in an era of Constitutional change like that which immediately followed the adoption of the Constitution. Then there were twelve amendments made in almost exactly seventeen years. After the Civil War there were three more amendments made in less than four and a half years. Then, after a lapse of forty-three years, began another period of amendments beginning in 1913—four amendments in less than eight years, with apparently

more to come. President Harding delights to speak of the Founding Fathers. Perhaps this generation will be known as the Amending Sons.

And Daughters.

If we are to continue to amend the Constitution, let us do it as good craftsmen.

When an important change is to be made in the architecture of the Constitution it ought not to be done by tinkering.

TWO VIEWS OF CLEMENCEAU'S VISIT

Upon the departure of Georges Clemenceau from the United States, the New York "World" published an editorial from which we quote the part referring directly to the visit of the great Frenchman. This "World" editorial gives one view of the effect of the visit of the French ex-Premier to

America. In contrast to the opinion of the "World," a competent observer in Chicago has sent us a letter giving the impression which M. Clemenceau made in that city. The writer has long been interested in French culture and life.—THE EDITORS.

I—THE VIEW OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

THE success of M. Clemenceau's tour is greater than he had reason to expect. It has been greater than much in his speeches and articles justified.

It is a success that would have been more immediately apparent if instead of talking with his eye so constantly on the Paris newspapers he had spoken his real mind everywhere as he did in yesterday's interview in *The World*. Obviously the response to him would have been much more sensational had the American people been allowed to see him as an old French radical who was going home to attack militarist and clerical reaction in his own country, instead of a somewhat tame Tiger talking the official chauvinism.

But M. Clemenceau was not here to create sensations. And so until the day he sailed he refused to say anything which would drag domestic French politics into the discussion. His tour was less interesting for that reason than if he had drawn the issue at the start between himself and French reaction. But this witty and dauntless old French man could risk seeming to be dull for three weeks if in that time he could advertise the simple truth that America must work with Europe.

So he put aside a good deal of easy popularity that would have come to him by revealing his present position in French politics. He concentrated on one thing, and even threw some red meat to the wolves at home so that they would not molest the Tiger in America.

To a certain extent M. Clemenceau played in luck. He came after a harvest which had left deep discontent throughout the West. He came after an election which had emphatically repudiated the results, if not the policy, of isolation. He came at a time when people throughout the land were realizing, as they had not realized it for three years, that our

industrial system is out of joint because agriculture is depressed and that agriculture is depressed because the world market is disorderly.

He pointed the moral when the lesson had already been taught. He has started a current of discussion which will gradually but inevitably bring American policy in line with American needs and interests, instead of with the partisan prejudices and thoughtless campaign speeches of 1920.

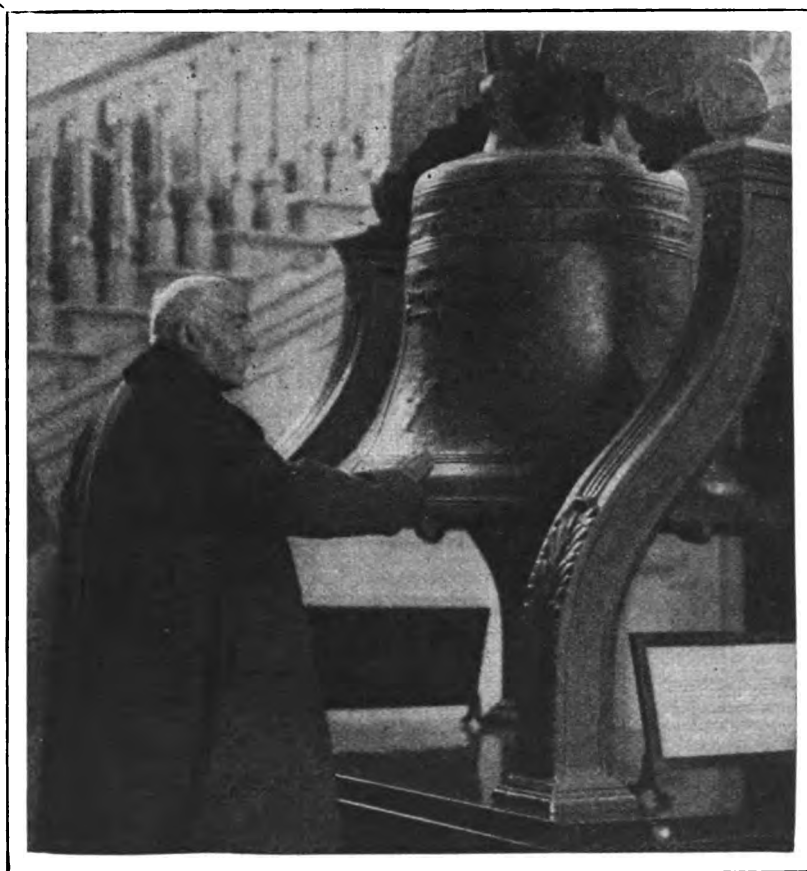
M. Clemenceau has achieved a success

because at exactly the right moment he arrested attention and uttered an unanswerable truth which is supported by the irresistible logic of fact.

II—CLEMENCEAU IN CHICAGO

YOU asked me to send you a letter about Clemenceau's effect upon Chicago opinion.

His audience in the Auditorium in-



International

CLEMENCEAU AT THE LIBERTY BELL IN INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA

cluded the makers of opinion from fashionables to labor union chiefs, so that the Tiger's personality, as well as his words, had a chance to reach all classes.

Personally, he has made upon the public a distinctly favorable impression. His onion soup, his pawky humor, his quaint gestures, his eyebrows, his night-cap, and his willfulness appeal to us and create a "character" with appropriate stage properties. Closer up, one sees a cynical attitude towards poor old mankind which makes one feel naked and curious to know what is going on in his head. The one passion, among the many which he interprets, which strikes one as genuine is love of his France. He is so French that it is a handicap to his comprehension of Western American psychology. In some passages of his speech he has evidently tried to correct this defect with the peculiar brand of clumsiness for which Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House were once famous. While protesting that he and France asked nothing, he made it plain that he wanted America to replace England in

a partnership wherein England was not sufficiently anti-German, and then he proved up to the hilt that it would be a bad bargain for us and a good one for France. His pictures of French sufferings, losses, crushing taxation, Asiatic entanglements, and impending bankruptcy, of French suspicion and fear of Germany—even his devotion and patriotism frightened us as we thought what even a *beau geste* might let us in for. The sentimental appeal, which might have taken the mind off the consequences of an approach to France, and the demonstration of identity of aims and interests were entirely wanting.

The introduction by General Dawes was most effective. For half an hour the audience listened breathlessly to Clemenceau, but his clipped English and his obstinate avoidance of the amplifier, without which only a few could hear him at all, soon began to count against him. He would sidle off to the right wing, and attempts by Colonel Bonsal, General Dawes, and the audience, to persuade him to stand where he could be heard were first refused and then ac-

ceded to with bad grace. In a few moments he was off again to the extreme right, to be recalled by the audience. The device had been explained to him, but he insisted that his voice could carry without mechanical aid.

To summarize the views of those with whom I have spoken: Chicago gave Clemenceau the great reception to which his place in history entitles him; his personality made a distinct impression; his speech might have done much to create a sympathy and sentiment for France full of possibilities; but Clemenceau failed to seize his opportunity; he frightened his hearers, displayed a touch of French selfishness and French hatred of Germany and a list of French liabilities enough to scare off any thought or suggestion of partnership. We may be fond of the picturesque Tiger, sorry for the sufferings of France, but we are not going to ruin ourselves by touching the European mess until it is demonstrated that we have got to in the interests of America. The touch or two of Wilsonian idealism interjected in the great Frenchman's speech clinched opposition.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF SPAULDING VS. THE A. B. S.

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

SOLDIER, sailor, explorer, scribbler, and romantic ne'er-do-well, my friend Spaulding chanced one day to find himself as hard up for thrills as for cash, so decided, "A colporteur I'll be, and roam the earth, at other people's expense, handing out Bibles."

However, the American Bible Society thought differently, though there have been worse triflers than Spaulding—for example, the young novelist who heard of free rooms, free tuition, aid money, and abundant leisure for writing at the General Theological Seminary, and forthwith demanded admission. Said the dean, "Are you an Episcopalian?" Said the applicant, "No, I'm an atheist." To which the dean replied, "I don't see that that need stand in the way; this institution will soon cure you."

True it is that the young novelist was not admitted to the Seminary; true, also, that his subsequent frivolities have amply justified the rejection. But Spaulding—behold him to-day! He has "ranged himself," as the French say. Father of a family, pillar in the church, author of at least a dozen admirable books, and General Secretary of a great National organization every whit as disinterested, in its way, as the American Bible Society, he feels that vindication is his—and laughs. Whereas the Society, after all these years and the changes they have brought, still glories in having scorned him. Indeed, it appears to feel that he was guilty, at the time, of something remarkably like impudence.

But is not impudence—or, at all

events, the consecrated impudence of the devout humorist—a prime requisite for colporteur? Accidentally walking into a camp of five hundred Tibetan brigands, the delightful Huston Edgar was a bit "nonplused and uneasy," he admits, though his cheek never deserted him. To the outlaws' bewilderment, he not only sold them Bibles, hand over fist, but "insisted on getting the money." In Siam a colporteur coolly "visited fifty-six temples;" only one refused Bibles. In Mexico, during Holy Week, a colporteur came to a lonely ranch where the peons were assembled for mass. No priest had arrived. With a fine sense of impropriety, the Protestant read aloud from the "Protestant" Bible and "sold several books."

A solemn-looking affair is the old-fogy red-brick Bible House on New York's lower East Side, yet sometimes I suspect it of suppressing a grin. Out from that building go New Testaments in Yiddish, to say nothing of Bibles in Russian for Soviet Russia itself. Leon Brauenstein, the Russian Jew known as Trotsky, used often to stroll past the Bible House—with a sneer. To-day it outwits him. It has outwitted others many a time. Mr. A. B. Howell writes as follows:

"My father, a merchant and receiving agent, had removed to Port Isabel, on the Gulf of Mexico. One day, as a ship was unloading a cargo from New York the captain said: 'I have a box on board consigned to nobody, and I was told that wherever I unloaded I was to put it ashore. The freight is all paid, and there are no charges connected with it.'

"The box was brought into my father's store, and I remember, then a lad of ten or twelve, how curiously I desired to see what it contained. When the lid was pried open, we found it full of Bibles and Testaments in Spanish.

"His commercial instinct told my father that he ought not to waste this material, so we put the books on the counter, took the covers off, and used the paper for wrapping up cigars, matches, spools of thread, etc., little realizing that by that very act we became distributing agents of the Bible Society and put pages of Scripture in every home. It was not strange that in after years, when I went back to Port Isabel, I found a Protestant congregation there."

Then, too, recall how Goble first printed the Scripture in Japan fifty years ago, when the thing was dangerous. Says he: "I tried in Yokohama to get the blocks cut for printing, but all seemed afraid to undertake it. I was only able to get it done in Tokyo—by a man who did not know the nature of the book on which he was working!"

In the light of all this, does it not seem a little strange that a Society gifted with such a charming sense of humor should have frowned so inhospitably upon young Spaulding? If he lacked a certain deference toward his elders and betters, he lacked also a deference toward peril. He has been three times shipwrecked. The sensation, he declares, is always the same—a sensation, namely, "of disgust." What a

colporteur he would have made—in so far as intrepidity counts!

By all I hear, it is indispensable. Not long ago a colporteur in Mexico fell among bandits, who stole his mule, kicked away his Bibles, tumbled him down a cliff, and left him for dead. The first colporteurs in the Philippines were poisoned. In Bulgaria a colporteur was arrested so often that it became almost a habit. In China, just before the Boxer Rising, three colporteurs were hung up by their thumbs and bastinadoed. During the Rising eighteen went into the disturbed district. Four returned.

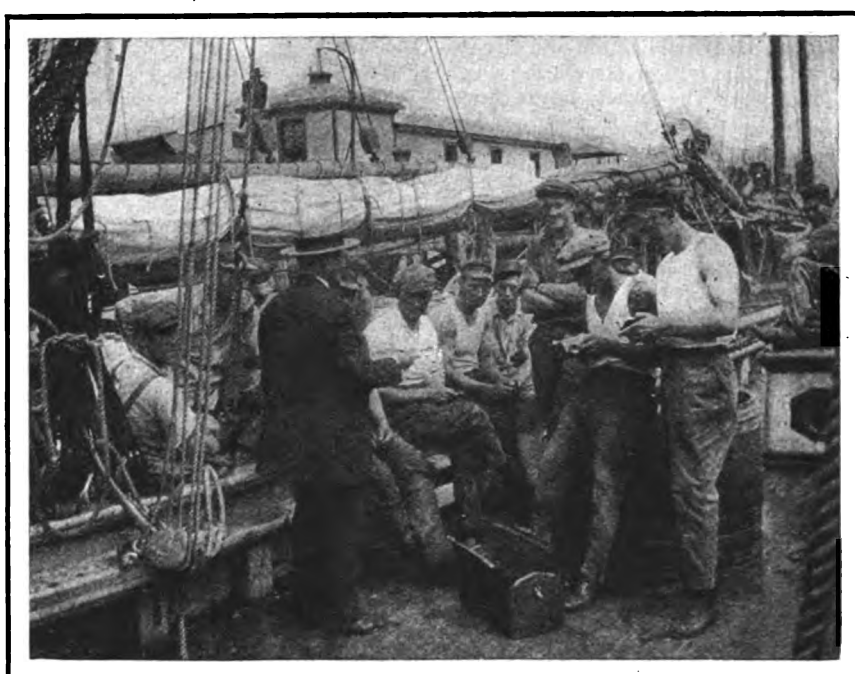
Are we to conclude, then, that the Bible Society's attitude toward Spaulding indicates a degree of—what shall I say?—Narrowness? It is a contention difficult to sustain. Narrowness, if it existed, would betray itself in sectarianism. Whereas, you will find that all the Protestant denominations are represented together in the Society's management, and that all the Protestant denominations unite to support it, and that it ranks as the first—and the one magnificently enduring—interchurch world movement of North America. Since the beginning, in 1816, it has distributed the Bible "without note or comment" or any sectarian coloration whatever.

But there is another type of narrowness—the academic—and the Bible Society stands dangerously high among learned societies, having mastered nearly eight hundred languages and dialects. Do you happen to read Benga? Or Bulu? Or Mortlock? Or Luragoli? Or Chamorro? Or Dikele? If not, then doff your hat to the Bible Society. Time and again it has had to begin by "picking out the words from between the teeth of the heathen." Just now it is preparing a Bible for the Quecha Indians, and other Bibles in Moro, Moro Lanas, and Samarens, and a Bible for China in Chu Yen Tzu Mu, the new phonetic system, in which a Mandarin version of Mark has already been completed.

A great advance this new phonetic system represents. In the old Chinese system a single character may consist of as many as sixty-two strokes, and translation involved heroic patience. Bishop Schereschewsky, a converted Jew, spent forty years in turning the Bible into Chinese. As both hands were partly paralyzed, he wrote the entire text of his Wenli Bible with the middle finger of each hand.

And there are languages within languages. Japan requires four different Bibles—one to suit classical scholars enamored of the Chinese style, another for less cultured Japanese, still another to attract lovers of plain Japanese writing, and finally a version for Japanese newly learning to read.

Very curious technical niceties now and then attend such labors as these. When translating Chinese, where it is a puzzle to find a word for *God*, you must choose between "Shen" and "Shangti!"



P. & A. Photos

A COLPORTEUR OF THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY DISTRIBUTING POCKET TESTAMENTS TO SEAFARING MEN IN NEW YORK HARBOR

and meet difficulties either way. After two generations the question remains unsettled. In Arabic-speaking countries, meanwhile, the paramount problem is typographical, as everything depends on the curves and slopes of letters, and books in Arabic printed from type made in Europe disgust the Orient.

What wonder, then, that a Society engaged in these more than schoolmasterly pursuits should run some risk of acquiring the academic temper and losing its grip on broadly human considerations? But, the more you look at it, the more clearly you will perceive that underneath the Society's amazing scholarliness throbs a warm and very tender humanitarianism.

Note its work for the blind. Eighty years now it has been supplying them with Braille Bibles—a seven-foot bookshelf, nineteen volumes to each Bible—at less than cost. Of late nothing has interested the Society more than Helen Keller's reply to Mr. W. L. Stidger's question, "What is your favorite book?" "Zee Bi-bule," she said. Nothing, that is, unless perhaps it was hearing from Kenneth Bullard, who is blind and crippled and whose fingers have lost the sense of touch, yet who reads the Bible with his upper lip.

Or note the work among lepers, among prisoners, among seamen, among circus people, among Indians, among the Southern mountaineers, and among Negroes. During the first year after the War of Secession 500,000 Negroes learned to read. Then began a campaign that has progressed steadily ever since. And again, note how the Society treats the immigrant. Seeing aliens arriving in unheard-of numbers, the vast majority of them untrained to read the Scriptures, it tempted them with diglot

Bibles—that is to say, Bibles in each of which the English text appears side by side with the text in some foreign language. Aliens anxious to "learn American" found here the most convenient of short cuts. There are now thirty-three different diglots circulated by the Society. Perhaps no other single influence has been of greater service in popularizing our common tongue—and our common ideals' also.

Does this seem to bespeak the academic temper—the sort of thing that narrows men, instead of broadening them, and tends to dry men up? If that notion—or the faintest ghost of it—lurks in your mind, consider these fellows' attitude toward their triumphs. They have issued nearly a hundred and fifty million volumes. Far from glorying in that unparalleled achievement, they observe with sorrow that the need greatly exceeds the supply, not only abroad, but in this so-called Christian land! Colporteurs hear over and over again such stories as, "We lent our Bible, and it never came back," "We had one once, but there was a fire," and, "We lost ours when we moved." A colporteur in the West writes of "counties as large as some of the smaller Eastern States without a store where Bibles are carried in stock." He reports "towns of 40,000 with only a single drug-store handling Bibles, and the cheapest one \$7.50." Another writes from Utah, "I have called on many Mormons who do not seem to know what a New Testament is." Still another complains, "Of the 400,000 people in New Orleans, eighty-five per cent are without Bibles."

At the Bible House this cuts. And another thing cuts—namely, the increased cost of manufacturing Bibles. For it will soon abandon their manufacture.

though not their publication and circulation. But the cost of circulating them has increased. The Society needs funds. Hampered financially, it feels as any group of warm-hearted philanthropists would feel—acutely miserable.

So this is the surprisingly broad-minded and the generously human organization that weighed my friend Spaulding in the balance and found him wanting. It freely recognized his courage, his ability, and his rare personal charm. I even imagine that it thought him capable of recounting his experiences, had he been permitted to have them, in a book as entertaining as "The Bible in Spain," which, by the way, Theodore Roosevelt took with him to Africa. Indeed, I dare say the Society saw in Spaulding the germs of an executive ability which, properly developed, might have fitted him for a place among its administrators. But—too obviously altogether—he lacked a certain quality without which no colporteur can succeed. Talking with Mr. Frank H. Mann, General Secretary, the other day, I mentioned the Spaulding case. He laughed.

For the fact is—and Spaulding himself would recognize it after reading a few thousand letters from the "field"—that colporteurs are not "roaming the earth at other people's expense," for fun, or for a livelihood, or for want of some more attractive thing to do. They are white-hot, flaming zealots, with the mentality, say, of Salvationists or of tent evangelists, regarding the Bible as indubitably "God's Word," the "silent missionary," a "divine Book," which points, now and always, "the only way out of

the dark," so that every man of them cries, "Woe is me if I sell not this Bible!" That impulse, and that alone, is what makes the patient, self-sacrificing, courageous, devout "supersalesman" we term a colporteur.

However, the American Bible Society appears to have thriven mightily without Spaulding. It issues the world's perennial "best-seller." In China the circulation of Bibles is limited only by the supply. In Japan "knowledge of the Bible has so permeated the nation that the words of the prophets, the Apostles, and many sayings of Jesus are quoted in the daily papers." In Cairo "a Mohammedan barber bought a Bible for his customers to read while waiting their turn." Here at home the book becomes not less popular, but more so. An organization of commercial travelers has put 400,000 Bibles in hotels. In New Orleans dealers now keep Bibles in the front of their shops. At least a beginning has been made toward bringing back the Bible into the class-room; not long ago the Louisville, Kentucky, Board of Education bought Bibles out of its own funds for the Louisville schools.

Naturally, the Great War, along with smaller ones that accompanied or followed it, profoundly affected the traffic in Bibles. Thousands on thousands of Bibles were given to soldiers, whose favorite passages, it seems, were the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-third Psalms. On the other hand, whole regions were devastated and whole populations deported, losing their Bibles, so that one principal effort of the Society is to supply the lack. Moreover, an intense an-

tipathy toward everything Christian has developed throughout the Moslem world since the armistice.

Nevertheless the net result is gain. Japanese control in Siberia has facilitated the smuggling of Bibles into Russia. In the South Sea Islands, where German missionaries were ousted from Ponape and Truk, Japanese Christians have replaced them. If China is in ferment, the Christian General Feng Yuxiang buys New Testaments for his troops. Thanks to Venizelos, the Bible in modern Greek now circulates in Greece. With the collapse of Austria Hungary 850,000 people have joined the Czechoslovak Church; for the first time in a thousand years it is possible to circulate a Slovak Bible, and the American Bible Society has ordered one made.

Because of chaos in Mexico Mexicans have swarmed across the border, where the Society has supplied them with Bibles. Returning home, they take the books with them. And if this, as well as various other indications the world over, seems to show that the Society often elects to work among the humble, pray note that in Porto Rico the colporteurs are taking pains to visit town authorities, literary men, journalists, and merchants. Effort has never been confined to the lower classes anywhere, nor has effect. In Peking several years ago a Chinese official brought to the Society's book-store a slip of paper naively inscribed, "One Old Testament, one New Testament." His curiosity aroused by the uncommon look of the writing, Dr. Gatrell asked who had written it, and was told, "The Emperor."

THE STATUS OF THE STRAITS

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY COLONEL A. M. NIKOLAIEFF

FORMER RUSSIAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ TO THE UNITED STATES

THE question of the Straits—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—discussed at the Lausanne Conference, has a long history.

At the beginning it was a question concerning only two countries—Turkey, the owner of the Straits, and Russia, the country for which the Straits are the door leading to the Mediterranean Sea.

In Russian history the question came up in the end of the seventeenth century, although as far back as the tenth century the Russian rulers at Kiev had engaged in campaigns against Czargrad (Constantinople).

In 1699 Peter the Great, having conquered Azov (a fortress near the mouth of the Don at the Sea of Azov), raised the problem of free navigation for the Russians on the Black Sea and in the Straits. To this the Sultan replied that navigation on the Black Sea is Turkey's

"inviolable sacred right," or, putting it in modern terms, Turkey's monopoly.

The great naval Powers of that time did not pay any attention to that controversy. The struggle of England against Holland and France for the supremacy on the seas was at full swing and kept the Powers busy with their own affairs.

In 1739 Russia was obliged, as the result of her and Austria's war against Turkey, to give her consent to the exclusive right of Turkish ships to trade on the Black Sea. But thirty-five years later (1774) Catherine II conquered the Crimea, and Russia acquired the right of free navigation for her merchant ships, not only on the Black Sea, but also in the Straits (the Kutchuk-Kainardji Treaty). Later, during Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, access to the Mediterranean was given by Turkey to

Russian warships. England did not interfere, because Russia was against France.

The subsequent *rapprochement* between Alexander I and Napoleon alarmed England; she started negotiations and concluded a treaty with Turkey, the object of which was to deprive Russia of her exceptional right. On her side, England bound herself to consider the Straits closed also to her warships.

Thus, despite the fact that England at that time, after the Trafalgar victory, was at the very top of her naval might, she sacrificed the possibility for her fleet to appear in the Black Sea, provided the Russian fleet was not allowed to pass through the Straits and appear in the Mediterranean.

When, a quarter of a century later, Nicholas I, having given the Sultan military help against Egypt, obtained again

for the Russian warships the right of passing through the Straits, England, in the person of Palmerston, raised a protest, and was backed in her protest by France. Russia had to yield. Since that time the question of the Straits, which heretofore had been a Russian-Turkish question, became an international one.

At the London Conference of 1840 and 1841 the decision was taken to keep the Straits closed for the warships of all nations. However, this international decision was not carried out. In the Crimean War against Russia (1855-6) the British and French fleet sailed into the Black Sea. The Peace Treaty of Paris, having ended the Crimean War, "neutralized" the Black Sea. By this "neutralization" Russia was deprived of the right to have and build ships on the Black Sea; her fleet, arsenals, and docks were destroyed.

In 1870 Prince Gortchakoff, taking advantage of the situation (war between France and Germany), addressed a note to the Powers, announcing that Russia abrogated the treaty of Paris. Thereupon England threatened Russia with war. The United States promised Russia to take her side. Finally the conflict was settled at the London Conference; the neutralization of the Black Sea and the prohibition for Russia to build warships on the Black Sea coast were canceled. Again the principle of keeping the Straits closed for all warships was proclaimed.

A few years later the Russian-Turkish War broke out, after which the San Stefano Treaty was signed (1878). Certain privileges were gained by Russia in that treaty, enabling her to approach the Straits from the land. England became alarmed, and again her warships appeared in the Dardanelles. Subsequently the question of the Straits was submitted to the Berlin Congress, and the principle of keeping the Straits open for commercial navigation only was confirmed at the Congress once more.

In the nineties of the last century the policy of England toward Russia took a turn which came as the result of the growing rivalry of Germany (Germany penetrating into the Near East and constructing the Bagdad Railway), and the English-Russian antagonism changed into English-German antagonism. In the World War England, fighting against Turkey, Germany's ally, was willing to let Russia have Constantinople, and even promised it to the Czar's Government.

From all the historical facts mentioned above it is clear that the free passage of warships was of paramount interest in the whole question of the Straits. It was so, because on the freedom of the Straits for naval operations depended the economic interests of the Powers.

For Russia it was of vital importance to protect her principal artery of trade by keeping the warships of the dominant naval Power outside of the Straits and the Black Sea.

For England, anxious for the safety of her naval communications with India, it was of great importance to keep the Russian warships out of the Mediterranean by bottling them up in the Black sea.

After the World War the Treaty of Sèvres changed the status of the Straits very materially. It was decided that the question of navigation in the Dardanelles, the Marmora Sea, and the Bosphorus should be placed under the control of a special "Commission of the Straits," made up of representatives of England, France, Italy, the United States, Russia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey, and Bulgaria, the first five countries to have two representatives each, and the latter four one representative each. However, the United States, having not signed the European treaties of peace, did not send her representatives, whereas Russia, Bulgaria, and Turkey were not, for political reasons, admitted to it. The Treaty of Sèvres established also a "Zone of the Straits," formed by the European and Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles, Marmora Sea, and the Bosphorus, including Constantinople. The "Zone," which was to serve as a guaranty that the Treaty of Sèvres will be carried out by the Turks, was placed under military and naval control of England, France, and Italy.

Thus Turkey was deprived of her sovereignty over the Straits and Russia was put aside from taking part in the new arrangement. Such a situation led to the signing of the Russian-Turkish treaty of 1921, in which with regard to the Straits it was agreed between the two parties that their status should be drafted by a conference of delegates of the riverain states only—that is, states bordering on the Black Sea—"with a view to guaranteeing the freedom of the Straits and their free passage for commercial purposes to all countries."

FORTHCOMING OUTLOOK ARTICLES

Canada's bold experiment in Government ownership of railways is described in special correspondence from D. M. Le Bounlais.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer gives us a delightful essay on Bohemia. It is called "A Lost Land."

Lewis Edwin Theiss asks, "Why Not Clean up the Milk in the Country?" His article will appeal both to producers and consumers.

Captain L. M. Overstreet, now on the Naval Mission to Brazil, left with us just before his departure a clear and readable discussion of "Naval Strategy as Affected by Aircraft and Battleships." His article will be profusely illustrated.

A new change in the political situation was brought by the Turkish victory over the Greeks. As the result of that victory the whole of Anatolia and Eastern Thrace, which after the World War had been turned over to Greece, got under Turkish control. However, the Zone of Allied occupation remained, although it was somewhat altered by the Mudania armistice. At present it consists of parts of the Constantinople, Ismid, and Gallipoli peninsulas and Chanak and is held only by British troops, France and Italy having withdrawn their troops from Asia Minor before the Turkish victory. In such a way the territory of the Straits and the navigation in the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are under the *de facto* control of England.

That such was the position at the time when the Lausanne Conference was called is a fact which should not be disregarded by the future historian.

At the present time it is of interest to note that two points of view have come into conflict at the Conference, both relating to the freedom of the Straits, but having different definitions of freedom. One view is English, the other is Russian.

The English want the Straits controlled by an international body with full liberty of merchant ships and warships for all nations. It is the first time in the history of the Straits that England has adopted such a position, her aim always having been to keep the Black Sea as a *mare clausum* (Palmerston's protest in 1833, the Crimean War, Disraeli interference in 1878) and never make it an international highway. Seeing England's policy now completely reversed, one cannot help thinking that the change may be due to the fact that at present there are no Russian warships in the Black Sea which could use the Straits and appear in the Mediterranean.

The Russians, representing the Soviet Government, wish the status of the Straits to be the same as before the World War—that is, Straits free for commercial navigation and forbidden to warships of all nations at all times, with Turkish fortifications to enforce that ruling.

This view, only as far as the barring of warships of the outside Powers from the Black Sea and the Straits is concerned, is also the view expressed by the Russian Nationalists. The latter's argument is that, so long as the Black Sea is open to warships, it will be necessary for Russia to have naval forces on that sea and build fortifications on its coast. Such a situation would not contribute to the limitation of armaments, and consequently to the political, economic, and financial restoration of Russia and Europe. The Nationalists are, furthermore, of the opinion that no decision of a permanent nature should be taken with regard to the status of the Straits so long as Russia is under the control of a Government not recognized by the Powers.

THREE PAINTINGS BY RUSSELL CHENEY

A COMBINATION of strength, sanity, and the modern approach are sufficiently rare in painting nowadays to make the lover of art who has been bewildered by futurism and its successors hail any instance of it with delight. The work of Russell Cheney, which has recently been exhibited at the Babcock Galleries in New York and in the Athenæum in Hartford, is as modern as radio, but it is firmly based on tradition. It is unsensational and comprehensible; it has nothing in common with the unreconstructed jigsaw puzzles of the so-called modernists; it presents scenes and people who correspond to nature and man as the average layman knows them; and it is as relaxing to the nerves and as stimulating to the mind and spirit as only that art can be which is an authentic expression of immediate experience.

Mr. Cheney's subjects are taken in the main from the hill country of Connecticut and of California, though there are numerous still-lives which in their delicate and felicitous harmonizing of rich colors have unusual vitality. The range of subject and treatment is extraordinary, from simple depiction of cedars on snowy slopes to stern (and somewhat

startling) reactions to tropic gardens and overwhelming summits under a California sun.

"You note in the living luminosity of midsummer bloom and blossom," says Mr. Christian Brinton in a preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, "in the spare appeal of New England farm land, or the soaring crest of coastal mountain range, a vivid sense of the actual. Something of the painter's own habitual freshness of view and buoyancy of mood are found in each decoratively composed still-life, each landscape expression. Sheer joy of eye can indeed scarcely go further."

There is beauty in every canvas, charm in many, and power in more than a few. The artist is progressing, and, though here and there he is obviously experimenting, there is no suggestion of uncertainty behind the skillful hand. His pictures give the impression of a man who, whatever his mood or his method may happen in any particular case to be, knows what he is trying to do and how and why he is trying to do it. There is nothing accidental or improvised about his work. One is aware, on the contrary, of an exultation in the achievement of a proudly conscious artistry. And yet the art remains sub-

servient to the subject. What Mr. Cheney sets out to reveal to us are bits of American landscape seen through the eyes of one who loves them for what they are and knows that they need no editing or prettifying. Now and then he becomes abstract and seems to paint, not the mountain he appears to be regarding, but a blue symbol of a massive idea; but as a rule he is a quiet, clear-eyed, and sure-footed realist, whose realism, however, is a revelation, not of harsh facts, but of hidden, implied beauties. "Haling's" is not a pretty farm and life there is obviously not a thing of beauty nor of joy; but partially because the picture is true, distorted neither by artistic nor sociological sentimentalism, and partly because Mr. Cheney has seen in the bleak corner of Connecticut he is depicting colors and relations of colors missed by the less penetrating eye, he has achieved a beautiful and significant expression of contemporary American life.

It is worth noting that one of Mr. Cheney's largest canvases, entitled "Skunkimaug—Morning," has been purchased for the permanent exhibition of the Morgan Memorial Museum in Hartford.

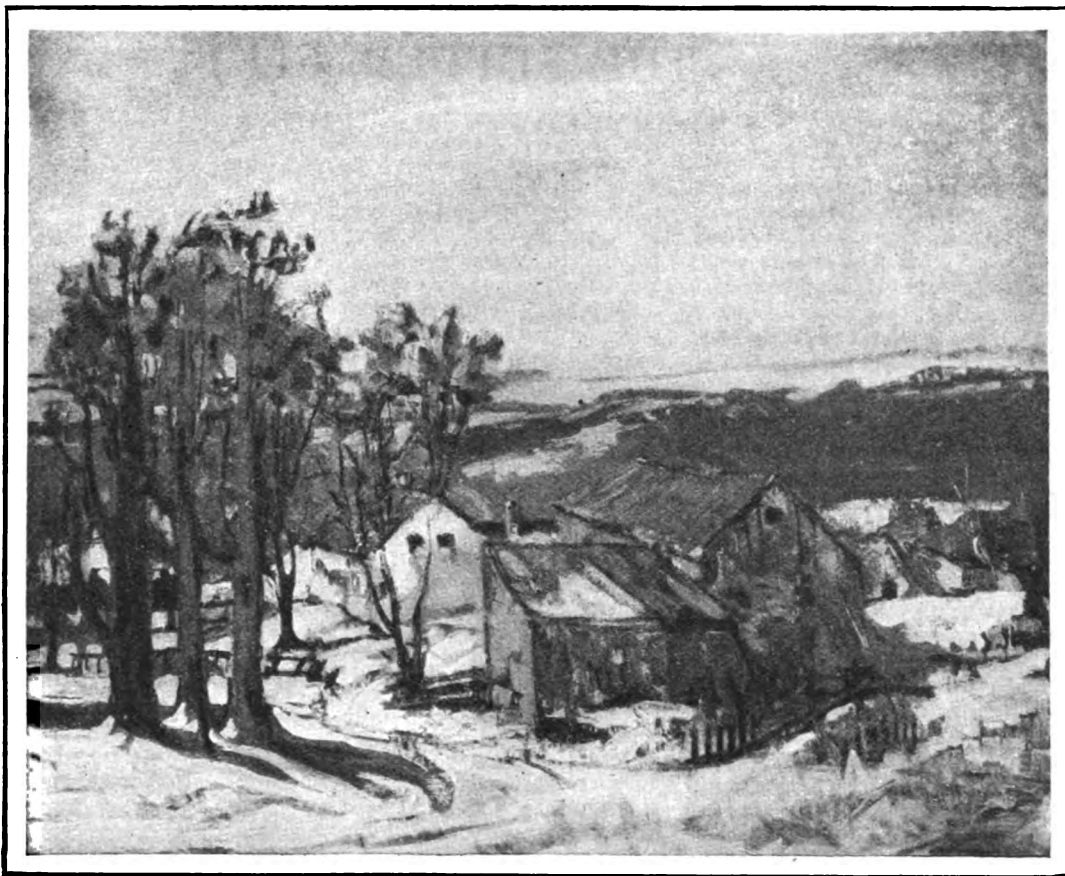
HERMANN HAGEDORN.



Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

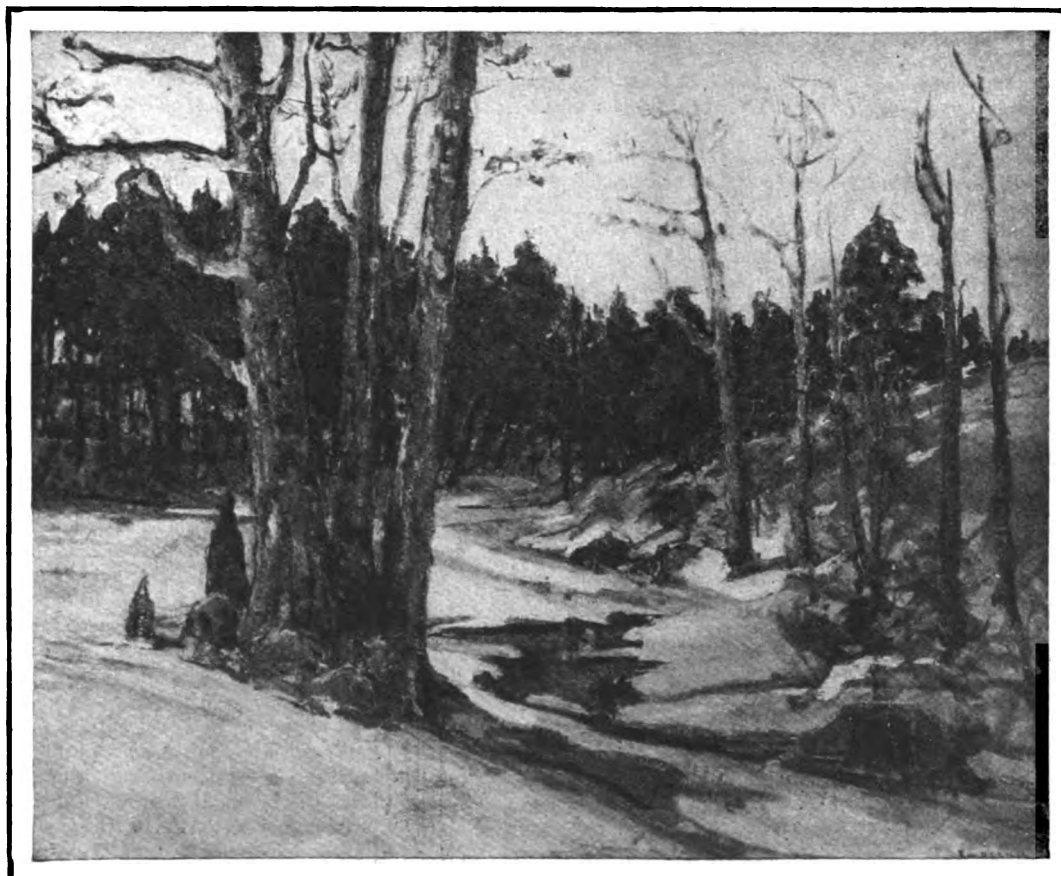
"REFUGEES"

A group of palms in Southern California which are referred to in a recent article of the "National Geographic Magazine" as probably the only indigenous ones in America



Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

"HALING'S"



Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

"SKUNGIMAUG—MORNING"

Just acquired for the permanent collection of the Morgan Memorial Museum in Hartford Digitized by Google

THE SUPPER CLUB

BY EDWIN M. BROOKS

OF all the pinnacles in the world, that which least pricks and imperils is the presidency of a community club whose only aim is social pleasure. It is the Mount Everest of sinecures. A *sine qua non* of such a club is a good supper. Without that sure anchorage, success and edification are an empty dream. If the organization has a constitution and by-laws, no one must be permitted to take them seriously. They must be simply a playhouse in which to work off the surplus energies of that small fraction of every organization which wishes periodically to amend the constitution, to indulge the instinct to tinker, to take apart and put together again. It must be understood that in such a club all the respectable element of the community meet on the common ground of liking to be well provisioned and immediately thereafter to be pleasantly entertained. In the average community most of us cannot afford to court the graces of elegant living. We cannot give or participate in a state dinner at the White House and then adjourn to the Blue Room to be enraptured by grand opera song-birds or fiddlers of note. But the neighborhood club idea solves the problem. There is force in numbers. And, even if such a club does not possess an imperial treasury, it musters a mass of enthusiasm, appreciation, and desire that is likely successfully to board and capture all the argosies of genius and talent that lie hove to in the offing.

It has been the lot of Dulcinea and me to find mooring in a suburban village whose inhabitants are moderately prosperous, very intelligent and discriminating, superlative in the quality of good neighborliness and in the capacity and desire for good entertainment. We have had for some years a community club. While its members are not so exclusively hedonists that they scorn philanthropy and abjure altruism, they hold this club sacred to the lighter propensities and pursuits. No serious propaganda is permitted on its platform. No speaker with a lugubrious message is encouraged to hope for a return engagement. We do not seek to reform the world. While we are not Epicureans in philosophy or practice, we are willing on one evening in the month to indulge an Epicurean mood of the better sort, and pursue happiness frankly and exclusively.

While not fanatically extolling the pleasures of the table, we believe that the corner-stone of our successful history is the bountiful table with which we have comforted the inner man. We believe that good rationing is a necessary preliminary to good entertainment, at the most gifted speaker will have

hard shift with his audience if it is in a rebellious ferment of discontent and criticism by reason of a mean feast. We believe in practical psychology. We know that an audience which assembles merely for a lecture or a musical entertainment, without the ingratiating prelude of a good supper, will be made up too largely of those heroic souls for whom life is a somber, doleful, dutiful thing, devoid of the spirit of fun and frolic. The men or women who will leave comfortable homes at eight o'clock in the evening and go forth to a lecture or entertainment are not good material for the lecturer or artist—they are too select, "too bright and good," too far from representing the good, wholesome, mildly pugnacious, wanting-to-be-amused average rank and file. We believe that if you wish to assemble an audience that will come to friendly grips with a speaker or heartily enjoy the marvels of musical genius and cheer it on to still nobler performance, your club must provide suppers, and must have an established reputation of providing good suppers.

This policy will provide you with just the sort of audiences that you will wish to be a part of—representative, alert, responsive, red-blooded, beaming with prosperity and ambition, gifted with a hearty relish for the good things of the table and an equal eagerness for the good things of the mind. A dining-room with a multitude of inhabitants and in active operation is one of the most edifying spectacles which civilization offers. Especially is this true on your club evening, when you meet with two hundred of your contemporaries—elderly ladies of gentle history and conversation, slyly garbed in dark dresses, with fichus of Mechlin or Alençon lace; robust wives of your local Cœsuses, with proper self-confidence and with just a hint of costliness of attire; maidens of fresh countenance and eager spirit; bachelor women of spirited conversation and piquant wit; a few of the clergy; a banker or two; shrewd executives, faithful accountants, and the many who, in interesting variety of occupation and taste, make up the rank and file who give your village its reputation for sobriety and thrift. What a grand scene of elegance and animation when the members of the club surrender themselves to the mollifying pleasure of eating together, with bright lights, acres of snowy linen, the willing and swift service of volunteer waiters—radiant and vivacious maidens bringing you the salad, rubicund males bearing aloft steaming pitchers of coffee!

The morale resulting from such a supper is invaluable and irresistible. The atmosphere is surcharged with in-

terest, geniality, and kindness. All things become possible. The musician excels all her past performance. The orator reaches new levels of eloquence and friendly understanding with his audience. If he utters a sentiment that is lofty and brilliant, the instant appreciation of the audience magnifies its effect a hundredfold and stimulates him to further scintillation and increased felicity, electrifies his reserves of vanity, and incites him to flashes of wit and a continuity of humorous observation which would be utterly impossible to him in cold blood. So contagious and potent is the good feeling generated by such a gathering, so flattering to one's *amour propre*, that, in the fifteen minutes of open discussion which we always have after the address, even the impromptu speakers borrow the gift of tongues, the pedant becomes a wit, the lawyer is sensible and brief, the doctor forgets to talk in terms of health and abandons his Latin derivatives, the business man becomes fluent and elegant and ceases to be a prosing materialist.

Because the temper of the assembly is determined by the supper, and an unfed or ill-fed company will manifest a chill that few speakers can wholly dissipate, the personnel of the Supper Committee is of major consequence. Let them be persons of great dependableness, energy, resourcefulness, constructive imagination. Let them be in general thrifty, not extravagant. Let them realize that a commonplace supper, if good and wholesome, can be made memorable by a single exceptionally satisfying course. I recall with pleasure a buffet luncheon served at a certain anniversary gathering in June, in the course of which each guest was blessed to behold and partake of an iced half-cantaloup in which nestled a sphere of café mousse. Such a triumph of chef invention, such a pleonasm (as Coleridge would say) of palatal temptation and incitement, crowns the feast and perpetuates the gathering in blissful memory.

To tarry a moment longer with the mundane, one of our supper committees found that it could insure itself a plethora of compliments by the simple device of including in an otherwise good menu fruit fritters immersed in a liberal sauce of delicate, translucent hue. A little worldly-mindedness will suggest that the first gathering of the club year should be a harvest supper, honestly good and abundant—an augury of a liberal policy for the season; and that the last course of the final supper should outrival everything in the memory of living epicures—so that the administration may go out in a blaze of glory and hand over to its successor a glorious tradition and a satisfied constitu-

ency. Also, whatever item of any menu may be the *pièce de résistance*, let there be no shortage in it, no narrowness of calculation. There let the waiters serve with generous hand, without visible stint, let the club's hospitality be expansive, baronial, without let or limit, as though some Mæcenæ were "paying the freight."

But though the supper is the indispensable foundation of the club's success, it is only the beginning. It must be for the most part a subordinate, not too insistently noticed, element in the club's inventory of achievement. As befits a club in a community priding itself on its intellectual standards and attainments, the club must be conspicuous for the quality of the artistic and literary diversions which it offers, the truly æsthetic and cultural emotions which it excites. The entertainments given by the club—musical and dramatic recitals, addresses, travelogues, authors' readings—must be of an order to give high satisfaction and stimulus to the membership and distinction and luster to the life and tradition of the village. But how can this be accomplished without a war chest by a club whose membership dues are barely sufficient to buy the supplies for provisioning its tables? But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

THE presidents of the club—our prime ministers of pleasure—have, with one exception, been men of fortunate endowment. They have included college professors, bankers, a clergyman, a man who graduated from a New Hampshire farm and a New Hampshire college, and a man of many-faceted genius who combines in one personality a play-actor, a preacher, a humorist, and a past-master of the art of salesmanship. Under their leadership, although we have never paid any coin of the realm to our lecturers or our musical or dramatic entertainers, many delightful evenings have been brought to pass. Our by-laws provide that no person can be president for more than one year. Perhaps this is on the theory that any man of good attainment is likely to have enough relatives and acquaintances who have gained distinction in fields of useful and interesting endeavor to occupy the five or six winter evenings that make up a cycle of our club life, but that one man's resources of this kind are likely to be exhausted at the end of one year, so that another should take his place. Our town has répute and glory from the presence of a college for young ladies. Members of its faculty occasionally appear on our platform. We have also been indebted to our college neighbors for many pleasant musical programmes. Thus we have heard violinists, pianists, a harpist, readers, and singers to whom youth has given freshness of voice and animation of style as well as comeliness of person. Perhaps we have taken advantage of youth and innocence in asking these budding artists to appear before our assembly without other compensation

than a supper, a virtuous consciousness, and liberal applause, before they have yet commercialized their art; but they have obviously found pleasure in the experience and enjoyed the plaudits of the multitude. It was my fortune to be chosen president of the club for one year. I esteem an election to that position to be the highest of honors. To be chosen by one's contemporaries master of their pleasures is a superlative compliment. Some one has said, "Tell me how you spend your leisure hours and I will tell you what you are." Dr. Johnson expressed it, "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures." So to be elected to preside over such a club's adventures in pleasure is to receive a real meed of praise. He who has not been president of such a club has a serious vacancy in his experience; there is in his mental acres an area of potential appreciation the cultivation of which would have yielded him and his admiring household much pleasure at the time and much agreeable reminiscence.

The first anxious duty of the chief executive is to secure a speaker for the next meeting. I am sincerely and heartily opposed to fishing for sport, but I take leaves from the book of the fisherman. In general experience, I have the fisherman's love of testing strange and mysterious pools, visiting unfrequented spots, varying the bait, finding cloudy days good, trusting a bit to luck. This spirit has guided me in my search for speakers, and now that my fishing season is over, my rod and net packed away, and the catch measured, weighed, and recorded, I shall not offend modesty more than does your genuine slouch-hat fisherman in telling "what luck" I have had. I shall speak in the first person, like any fisherman, for you never heard a fisherman's tale told otherwise. The *quorum pars magna fui* element is specially emphasized in stories of conquest of speckled beauties, finny monsters.

Some principles apply equally to catching and landing trout and catching and landing speakers. I venture this claim, however: that the art of hooking and netting a speaker is more complex than the art of the real, unfigurative fisherman. Patience is essential to both arts—not to abandon the sport on initial discouragement. Don't let your shadow be thrown across the pool. Don't let your speaker to be forewarned and have time to think of reasons why he cannot accept. Fish up the stream. Don't let your intended catch suspect the number of fine fat fish that have already declined your bait. Have your hook well concealed by worm or moth. Appeal to your speaker's vanity. Play upon his clan sense. If he is a Brahmin, remind him that his audience will include a few of his own intellectual kin. Intimate, not too clumsily, that this is an opportunity for a man of eminence to do a real, though not specially conspicuous, public service. Do your own fishing; don't send the hired man. Don't trust

the securing of a coveted speaker to messenger or deputy. Play him yourself. As you will be the one to guide him through the preliminaries of the club meeting and set his stage and give him and his audience their respective cues in your introductory remarks, deal with him yourself *in limine*. Let him feel the warmth of your palm, let him learn from you at first hand that the prosperity and happiness of this club are your meat and drink, your first and only concern in life. Let him feel that everything possible will be done for his comfort, that the details of programme will be accommodated to his slightest desire. Create in him the belief that he is approaching a resplendent event, of which he will be the central figure.

I once without introduction visited, with the predatory purpose of such a fisherman, the mansion of a man of eminence in his metropolis. The door was opened by a Scotswoman of strong character and the defensive attribute of a liege. She did not fan my hope of an audience with her master. "He doesn't usually see any one unless by appointment." I opined that he would be willing to chat with me for a few minutes. "Won't you tell him that the President of the Supper Club of Briardale would like to see him briefly?" The official designation impressed her, and proved adequate to entice the great man from his desk. He at once descended to his reception-room and greeted me as politely and pleasantly as he would a captain of industry. Circumstances beyond his control stifled his amiable impulse to address the Supper Club, but my cast over his pool was rewarded with ten minutes of very agreeable conversation with one of the great and fascinating characters of the city. He gave me a bit of worldly wisdom from the lecture world—said if I wished to interest a certain lecturer in my request it would be well to offer him something, the amount was not important, perhaps ten dollars. The principle, if not the quantum, of compensation was important. So in fly-casting, if the color be rightly chosen, great size of the simulacrum is not essential.

At another time, still acting on Disraeli's principle of "*L'audace, toujours l'audace*," I bearded another Douglas, inspired not so much by faith or hope as by courage, accompanied with a somewhat adventurous desire to meet this man of far-flung fame under honorable auspices. An inexperienced fisherman sometimes, by hook or crook, makes a fine catch. So, without any introduction to this scholarly and distinguished gentleman, with no claim upon him either in person or by proxy, my simplicity (my success proves it was not audacity) was rewarded by his prompt assent to my request. Not choosing to make a parade of candor, I concealed my surprise and elation, giving full expression to them later, however, in my punctilious solicitude to make his appearance before the club and the travel inciden-

tal thereto most comfortable and agreeable to him. Our executive committee commandeered the most elegantly cushioned limousine owned by any member of the club and our most notoriously slow and careful driver to transport our distinguished guest. The responsibility of safely conveying our guest—whose continued well-being was of considerable importance to society—weighed upon us, and, while we did not take out accident insurance for the benefit of society, we felt relieved of a real responsibility when we had safely returned him to his home. I suspect that what drew him to instant acceptance of our invitation was the rich connotation in the name Briardale. He was himself a man of university associations, and the name and repute of Briardale, its institution of learning, its highly respectable inhabitants, moved him to think that a Supper Club in such a place must be a sort of French Academy, an assembly where prosperity, chivalry, elegance, and learn-

ing were in fortunate partnership. I hope that his first impression remains unchanged. The gathering received his wise and humorous address with an enthusiasm and a gratitude which still persist, and I hope that he pleasantly remembers the club and entertains for it a reciprocal friendliness.

The president of such a club knows no more ecstatic hour than that during which the speaker whom he has persuaded to address the club and who is now addressing it for the first time inspires it with entire complacency and admiration. In such a case there is the preliminary period when speaker and audience are taking each other's measure—the speaker deliberate, seemingly cold, passive, the audience respectful, interested, expectant, but non-committal. Then the speaker gives the audience a few sly digs in the ribs to test its mettle, ventures a mild pleasantry to test its responsiveness. Some of the audience begin to suspect that this man is

going to be a merry entertainer if he finds his audience is of the right sort, and then, as they detect a gleam of wit, there is an experimental ripple of hesitant amusement. This breaks the ice of suspended judgment. The speaker sees that he is in the presence of kindred spirits, eager and sympathetic. Soon he and his audience are in the fullness of mutual understanding, launched on a career of enjoyment of each other and of the subject-matter of the address—the gifted speaker knowing that his audience are hanging on his words and losing nothing of what he says or of the way he says it; the audience knowing they are listening to a man worth going miles to hear, a man of red blood, sane faculties, and a prodigious capacity for finding zestful interest and delight in human beings and the human drama, and for sharing that interest and delight with his hearers, speaker and audience now being sworn friends and allies, for the hour—and long afterwards.

More of the experiences of this prime minister of pleasure will be recounted in a later issue

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN

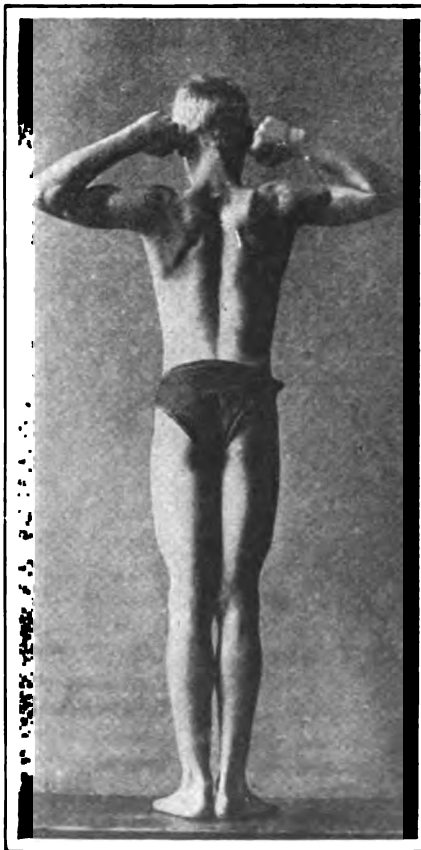
BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

AFTER a description of the "height-weight" method of physical standardization was published in the March 15 issue of *The Outlook* there came a deluge of nearly seven hundred letters. Most of these were from superintendents of schools, medical inspectors, physical directors, and school nurses, many of whom wanted to know how such a system could be applied in any general way in public schools. It seems that there are two problems to be solved. One concerns the large numbers involved, and the other the prejudice of many parents, especially in cities of large foreign populations, against any kind of physical examination.

This fall the writer has had the pleasure of demonstrating the practical side of the method for the heads of a number of public school systems, their medical inspectors and physical directors. And along with a very frank approval there arose these same two questions: How can we manage with such numbers, and what can be done with the many who have prejudice against physical examinations and measurements?

Fortunately, these are problems that the private academies and privately managed gymnasia do not have to bother about. So it is that the height-weight system is spreading in the private schools and in Y. M. C. A.'s like the Central Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia.

At first glance, however, it does seem as though the public schools have actually those two problems to solve if they are really going to do anything effective by way of physical training.



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF AN INTER-GRAMMAR SCHOOL BEST PHYSIQUE COMPETITION

This was taken several years ago. The lad became a famous intercollegiate swimmer, and was so perfect physically that he was used as a model by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie for his statue of the discus-thrower, which won such favorable comment last year in an exhibition in London.

And, in fact, a great number of medical inspectors and physical directors have come to feel that there should be much more emphasis on health and on physical development, two important factors that have been almost obliterated by a great excess of attention to mere weight. After all, no mere weight comparison can possibly provide a safe judgment as to the condition of a child's health. Too many of us are normally, healthily, and hereditarily slender to make mere slenderness a reason for saying a child is "under-weight" and most likely, therefore, has malnutrition! A child actually is under-weight when that child's weight is below what it should be for that particular child—a matter to be found by medical examination only, and never by mere weighing.

Let us examine these two serious problems in detail, and see if there may not be some simple solution. The first concerns the large number of children involved, and the great burden that would be thrown on the medical inspectors and physical directors if every child were to be given even a brief examination and a brief measurement. Several heads of departments of medical inspection claim that their staffs are so undermanned that even a brief examination of each individual would be almost impossible—especially when some physical measurements are also desired. And all this is true. Many such departments are sadly undermanned. But, on the other hand, some cities and towns are equipped with thoroughly efficient and complete staffs, which, if so desired,

could in a reasonable amount of time examine and measure every child in their schools. And when staffs are undermanned it is not difficult to bring popular support to a reasonable demand for an increase. The values of medical inspection can be given such effective publicity that it would be a short-sighted community indeed that would refuse to make provision so that each child can come, even for a brief period, before a competent medical inspector.

After all, signs of ill health, malnutrition, and so on are usually quite obvious to trained observers, and even a brief observation is a far safer foundation for a judgment than can be merely the taking of a child's weight. Frankly, this is one vital matter for which we are fighting—a medical examination for every school child, and proper steps to correct improper conditions.

So this problem, after all, is not so difficult to solve. Many cities and towns already have staffs large enough to do such a work, and if some are so provided there is no real reason why such provision cannot be gained elsewhere—with the aid of a little intelligent campaigning and publicity. And that brings us to the really hard problem.

When children are healthy, we should see to it that they are given a proper amount of muscular development. In the March 15 issue I described a simple method for obtaining a fair judgment of a boy's or a girl's development compared with an attainable and satisfactory standard for *the same type of build*, and for distinguishing actual improvement from mere growth gains. All this implies taking physical measurements—a performance that is a part of the regular routine of most private academies and colleges.

Taking measurements of public school children, however, is not so simple a matter as one would think. First of all, to many it is a new idea, and therefore to be received with suspicion; and with the more suspicion because it concerns a physical examination—something to which all parents are not educated. Now it is true that in all public schools there is a large proportion of intelligent patronage that would fully approve such measures, or any other measures that would make for the physical benefit of their children. In some localities this would include an overwhelming proportion of the parents involved. The opposition would come largely from the foreign quarters of large cities or from sections where parents are not acquainted with the possibilities or methods of physical training. And yet this objection, and even violent prejudice, can be done away with and effective support gained if one or two simple expedients are used. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are merely *privilege* and *competition*.

The first step is to interest the boys in physical measurements. This is only too easy. Boys are primitive creatures much interested in their muscles. It



SCORING THE BOY EMPLOYEES IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE BY THE "HEIGHT-WEIGHT" SYSTEM

has been well said that if you measure a boy's biceps he is your friend for life! But how are you to open the subject so that you will not only make an enthusiast of the boy but send him home with an enthusiasm fit to combat parental opposition and prejudice? Well, the interest is aroused easily by showing a class of boys a well-developed boy of the same age, and taking his measurements on the spot. If this cannot be done, large photographs of obviously well developed boys arouse a very certain interest. Then announce two competitions, for suitably attractive awards—one for the boy improving the most (and this gives the best chance to the poor developments) and one for the boy attaining the highest score (which gives the strong boys a chance). The mere fact that there is to be a competition in a matter of natural interest to boys achieves a large part of the victory at once. The boys will be keen to be measured. They will swing many parents too—with the aid of that prospective prize; but you can get still more boys and parents if it is put on a basis of "privilege." That is, it might be announced that boys will not be admitted to the competition just because they want to, and that only those boys will be measured whose parents request it. By making entrance a little difficult, a little "exclusive," boys and parents, being human beings, will be apt to put in requests with great promptness, and this they will do more readily when they are given a mimeographed request blank to be signed.

Now suppose some do not sign—and some will not, though the writer's experience is that this group will not be large. Very well, leave them out. Plan not on getting such a system going in one school term. Be glad if you can accomplish it in a year.

The measuring can now begin. When you have the boys' scores, they can be posted on some conspicuous bulletin-board, the high scores being given special prominence, and with the low ones notes as to which underdeveloped muscles brought the score down.

Two things will happen. Those who were not measured will wish the more strongly that they were. And those with poor scores, with great indignation, will demand exercises to aid in bringing their scores up. And if a boy exercises faithfully on an assigned exercise—say for breathing, for arms, for shoulders, or the like—he may be measured again in five or six weeks, and if he has gained the correction can be noted on the bulletin. And all this is very worth while, even if at first the boys will no more than strip to the waist. It is a start, and even the backward and dubious ones will be demanding head-to-foot measurements before many months have gone by.

And then the final spike is driven at the end of the school year, when the prizes are awarded for the highest scores and for the greatest percentage of improvement. You have no idea of the tremendous excitement and interest boys will take in such matters—and very properly, too. For it is an important matter, after all, whether one is well developed or not. And the interest in all these things is redoubled when you institute competitions between schools. The writer remembers a wildly enthusiastic one of this character between four grammar schools, the best five from each school being selected, and all twenty appearing before the judge in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The judge, an expert of international reputation, first picked the best boy of each school, explaining why when each boy was turned aside, until he had four boys before him, each the best of his school—four fine specimens too. And out of this fine four he picked the best. In this judging, the physical score—the relation of the boy's measurements to satisfactory ones for his height and weight—counted two-thirds, and the remaining one-third was divided between symmetry and freedom from defect. The thirteen-year-old who won was as perfect as a young Greek god, and a first-class all-around boy, too.

This competition brought the interest in such proceedings in the four schools to such a pitch that the following year every boy was measured, and again came

a similar competition, won by a beautifully developed boy of fourteen. After that there was no question of objection or prejudice. They all demanded measurements. And it might be said that the newspaper publicity given these proceedings, with the published photograph of the winner, did not do any harm at all.

It is not difficult to see how such a procedure would create an effective interest as far as boys are concerned. In

fact, the results of such work have been proved most effective, not only for physical betterment, but in character development and in the class-room work itself.

"But how about the girls?" you may well ask. Well, does one really have to answer? What will a school full of modern girls do if they find the boys having some tremendous interest out of which they have been distinctly left? The first thing you know they will demand simi-

lar competitions, and, though the performance will be of slower spread, it will spread nevertheless, and be as effective with girls, almost, as with boys.

After all, you see it isn't so hard a problem, and surely if we are going to have medical inspections at all and physical training that really is physical training, it may just as well be so arranged that every individual child receives the full benefit.

LADY BATHURST, THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN NEWSPAPER OWNER

BY HELEN HOFFMAN

THE late Lord Northcliffe in his book on "English Newspapers and their Millionaire Owners," which he published shortly before his death, referred to Lady Bathurst, director of the "Morning Post," of London, as "the most powerful woman in England, without exception other than royalty."

This high tribute to the fearless owner of the "Morning Post" is shared by a big newspaper-reading public of England. I have often heard English people commenting on this conservative member of the English press. "I would rather go without my breakfast than be deprived of the 'Morning Post.'"

Every one admires courage, and this quality, so pronounced in the brilliant director of the "Morning Post," has made her a dominant figure, not only in journalistic circles, but in the political life of England as well.

The "Morning Post" has often taken issue with Lloyd George and other political leaders of the country, and when any Parliamentary action has been taken which it believed was not for the best interests of the country it has editorially said so in no soft terms.

This titled and brilliant newspaper owner, like Lady Rhondda, represents in her success undoubted proof of the ability of daughters of genius to safeguard and direct the great interests handed down to them by illustrious parents.

Lady Rhondda, the world's greatest business woman, a director in more than thirty corporations and companies, inherited these vast interests from her father, the late D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal operator.

Lady Bathurst took over the control of the "Morning Post" at the death of her father, the late Lord Glenesk.

Lord Northcliffe, in further commenting upon her genius, said: "You may not always agree with her methods and policy, you may not always agree with the enormous headlines, but you will admit that, right or wrong, the 'Morning Post' is bright, consistent, and always English." "Knowing," he said, "the internal organization of the 'Morning Post'—for every newspaper knows the



COUNTESS BATHURST

internal organization of every other newspaper, just as every army knows the organization of every other army—I know that this paper is produced by the genius of a woman, assisted by just two really capable men. If she were living in America, her name would ring from one end of the Continent to another, and be hurled at Great Britain as a sign of American national superiority."

Always having admired Lord Northcliffe for the honesty of his convictions and the almost superhuman courage

with which he backed them, I felt a great desire to meet this titled and brilliant owner of the "Morning Post."

I wrote to Lady Bathurst, conveying my desire and outlining the questions I was tempted to ask her regarding her ideas of what a great daily newspaper should represent.

A few days later I received her reply by letter, as she had been called away from London at the time.

In brief, she wrote: "My ideas about journalism are so simple and crude that they would be of no interest in this complicated world. They are merely to stand by the right and expose what is wrong. I think papers have much power, but there is much I should like to see corrected. I should like all sensational divorce and other criminal cases cut out and the mere facts that so and so are divorced printed, and the result mentioned as a matter for regret and shame by the guilty party, and no unwholesome details." (A committee of distinguished men are now conferring together in London for the purpose of obtaining this end—that sensational divorce cases shall not be exploited in the newspapers.)

"I should like," Lady Bathurst further wrote, "to see more literature, more wit, more information of a really interesting character, such as scientific matters, garden, farm, painting, music, etc.—less sensationalism. In fact, the ideal would be that a paper should contribute to people's happiness and sanity and not to excite all their worst feelings.

"As for politics, the paper must of necessity reflect the bias of its owner's and editor's minds, but if it is perfectly truthful and sincere it matters not whether it is Conservative, Liberal, or Labor, Republican or Democrat. We all like an opponent we can respect.

"It is the man or the paper that suppresses the truth to serve his own ends and who lies glibly that we cannot tolerate. These are my simple views, and, simple as they are, I believe in them; and, what is more, I know that if you go straight ahead and fear not, on what you believe to be the straight road, it's wonderful what you can achieve."

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

ABOUT GOOD VIOLIN PLAYING¹

BY W. J. HENDERSON

A WELL-PREPARED imagination is one of the true luxuries of the music lover's existence. The preparation consists largely in the easy adoption of certain indeterminate formulae, phrased in the lubricated language of the unscientific observer. "The piano is incapable of such expression as the violin attains. The violin is the most expressive of all instruments." Now to one seeking to enjoy violin playing for its own sake it is of no importance to know whether it is more expressive than some other instrument to which one does not happen to be listening at that moment. And long observation of concert-goers has convinced me that a large proportion of them discover the most soul-melting expression in the melancholy wailing caused by the use of the sliding finger on the left hand, a method of heart-breaking singularly neglected by Kreisler and Heifetz.

The sliding of the fingers in passing from one note to another produces a mournful sound much like the crying of a baby, but it destroys the outline of a melody and usually leads to playing out of tune. Therefore let us begin at the beginning. A violin, as almost every one knows, has four strings, tuned to G, D, A, and E, the first tone being below the treble clef and the last in the uppermost space of it. Those four tones are the only ones which can be produced from a violin by simply drawing the bow across the strings. When a player desires to call forth some other note, he must press down some one of those strings with a finger of his left hand, thereby shortening the vibrating part of the string, causing the number of vibrations per second to increase, and thus raising the pitch.

When a violinist holds the instrument with his left hand near the head (the outer extremity where the nuts for tuning are located) and presses down the first finger of the left hand on the E string, he gets an F. The second finger gives G, and the third A, and the fourth B. This group of notes belongs to the "first position," as it is called. If he wishes to go higher than the B, he must shift the first finger to the place previously occupied by the second. The first finger now gives G, the second A, the third B, and the fourth C. This fingering is called the second position.

There are other higher positions on each of the four strings. The violin and other bowed instruments such as the violoncello, therefore, differ radically from the piano in that the justness of the intonation of a melody is dependent



Bain

LEOPOLD AUER

"Teacher of Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist, and other eminent players"

on the accuracy of the player's application of the left-hand fingers to the strings. One cannot play out of tune on a piano if he strikes the right keys, unless the instrument is out of tune; but on the bowed-string instruments it is possible to play out of tune with almost infinite variety.

The first requirement of good violin



(O) Bain

FRITZ KREISLER

"Long observation of concert-goers has convinced me that a large proportion of them discover the most soul-melting expression in the melancholy wailing caused by the use of the sliding finger on the left hand, a method of heart-breaking singularly neglected by Kreisler"

or cello playing is that the instrument shall be in tune. This includes two elements. First, as the violin is usually accompanied by a piano or orchestra, it should play at precisely the same pitch as the accompaniment. Secondly, it should be in tune with itself, which is to say that, even if it were unaccompanied, as in the case of certain works of Bach every interval must be exact. Playing in a pitch foreign to the piano or orchestra is infrequent. When it occurs, it is probably because the violin itself has not had its four strings properly tuned before the playing began. But playing inaccurate, and therefore discordant, intervals is very common and leads to that kind of sound which caused the famous Mr. Weber (of Weber and Fields) to demand, "Who sang that sour note?"

Unfortunately, bad intonation, as it is called, seems to escape the ear of the general public. Violinists and cellists play out of tune, singers sing out of tune, and whole orchestras are out of tune in their different choirs without disturbing the pleasure of audiences. I have heard celebrated opera artists sing a whole act without more than two or three times being on the same pitch as the orchestra and yet receive as much applause as if they had delivered their music without a flaw. Almost every human being brought up in the conditions surrounding Western life¹ is fond of music, but not one in a thousand has a musical ear. So perhaps, after all, it signifies nothing that a few who hear accurately are annoyed by what the majority of mankind does not hear. Erika Morini's occasional false intonation and Mischa Elman's tendency to lachrymose utterance are rewarded with abundant applause.

Since this is a statement of what constitutes good stringed instrument playing, it was the duty of the writer to declare that playing in tune was its fundamental requirement. We may now pass to more subtle matters. The expressive power of the violin and its kind rests in the management of the bow. The use of the bow corresponds to the touch of the pianist. There is telegraphic directness in the communications of the musician's brain to the strings of his instrument. A pianist has to overcome the mechanical intervention of the hammer action, but every shade of the violinist's pressure on the bow is reproduced immediately by the strings. If he stroked them with a gloved hand, he could not be in more direct command of their sensitiveness.

Because of this subtle transference of

¹ An article in this series appeared in last week's Outlook. Other articles in the same series will be printed in later issues.—The Editors.

¹ Long experience with sensitive readers leads us to explain that Mr. Henderson is referring not to the Western States of the Union but to the whole western world, the Occident, including Europe, Boston, and upper Fifth Avenue.—The Editors.



(C) Mishkin

ERIKA MORINI



ERNA RUBINSTEIN

"A large tone is advantageous in playing with an orchestra, but it is not essential to beautiful performance. Erika Morini has a big tone, but Erna Rubinstein's is more admired, for it is essential that the tone be pure, mellow, and sonorous"

the violinist's thought to the strings every player's tone has its own character. This tone is a reflection of the personality of the player. It is quite true that instruments have their own tones. But a good performer can extract from an inferior violin the best tone of which it is capable, while an incompetent one will draw from a Stradivarius only an indifferent quality. Heifetz owes much of his success to the ravishing beauty of his tone. Would you know something of the secret of the infinite variety of shades at the command of the violinist? Watch the wrist of the bow arm. To be sure the entire arm should be absolutely without constriction. It should not be what the athletes call muscle-bound. But the soul of the bowing is in the perfectly flexible wrist. Even the manner of holding the bow with the fingers of the right hand possesses comparative insignificance, since different master performers have different ways.

Tone may be large or small. A large tone is advantageous in playing with an orchestra, but it is not essential to beautiful performance. Erika Morini has a big tone, but Erna Rubinstein's is more admired, for it is essential that the tone be pure, mellow, and sonorous. Purity means freedom from scratchiness or twanging, from audible scraping of the hairs of the bow on the strings. It should flow apparently spontaneously, like clear water from a spring. It should always be mellow, which means that it should not be squeaky, or dull and opaque, or hard, as if the strings were of metal. Steel strings are sometimes used, but they should not sound steel-like. The term "sonority" does not mean loudness, but resonant vibration. There is a peculiarly bell-like quality in

a sonorous violin tone, and one should expect it from every good performer.

A beautiful tone, perfect intonation, and free elastic bowing are the prime requisites of good violin playing. Two or three special effects will doubtless attract the attention of what is called "the average" hearer, and he may wish to know something about them. Harmonics are those high, flutelike tones which seem to lie beyond the natural range of the instrument. It was long ago found that by lightly, instead of firmly, touching a string with a finger of the left hand a performer could cause an overtone to be heard while the fundamental tone was silent. Every musical sound consists of a fundamental and several overtones. The untrained listener can hear some of these overtones when a big bell rings. The harmonics of the violin and other bowed instruments are overtones, and they can be produced from all four of the strings, each giving a different quality and thus adding to the number of tonal tints at the command of a composer.

Reverting to the bow, the listener may acquire some idea of the elasticity and freedom of the bow arm from noting how the violinist plays staccati—those short detached notes which seem so astonishing when they are sung. A clear, light, firm staccato can be obtained only by good bowing. The position of the bow on the strings affects the tone. Playing close to the bridge gives a thin, nasal tone, often used in orchestral pieces for special effects. Playing a little further away increases the power. But as the bow approaches the finger-board the tone decreases in strength and increases in mellowness. Playing right over the finger-board causes the tone to become veiled and very soft. A different variety

of soft veiled tone is secured by the use of the mute, a little wooden contrivance in appearance like a small comb, pushed down over the strings at the bridge.

All concert-goers who are observant must have seen violin and cello players causing the fingers of the left hand to quiver when pressed on the strings. This produces what is called the vibrato, a swift trembling of the tone, which is believed to be expressive of feeling. It might be so were it not that most performers use it all the time, so that it becomes a mere mannerism. Leopold Auer, teacher of Heifetz, Elman, Zimballist, and other eminent players, is very severe in his censure of this continual employment of what ought to be introduced occasionally and for a manifest purpose. "The vibrato," he says, "is an effect, an embellishment; it can lend a touch of divine pathos to the climax of a phrase or the course of a passage, but only if the player has cultivated a delicate sense of proportion in the use of it."

Excellence in violin or cello playing, like that in all other musical performance, is dependent upon something beyond technic. There must be purity of taste and propriety of style; but such matters do not readily lend themselves to definition. However, the most inexperienced music lover will have no difficulty in perceiving that shallow and showy compositions, such as the concertos of Paganini or Ernst, admit of more *ad captandum* playing than the dignified and deeply felt creations of Bach or the elegant and finished writings of the Italian classicists. At the bottom of all truly great musical performance there is a certain indescribable, but none the less evident, nobility which always succeeds in making itself



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MISCHA ELMAN

"Excitement is what the unthinking concert-goer desires. . . . Many music lovers prefer Elman to Heifetz because, as they put it, he is 'more emotional.' Well, you have to make your choice. The finest violin playing is certainly emotional, but never sentimental, lachrymose, rude, or unfinished"



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JASCHA HEIFETZ

known to those who do not wish to find sensationalism in solo art. For those who do it is safe to say that the best violin playing is always unbearably dull.

Excitement is what the unthinking concert-goer desires. He would rather observe the stormy flights of rash Toscha Seidel up and down the finger-board or the bold attacks of Boris Hambourg on his cello than to be wafted into a celestial dream by the seraphic chanting of some new Sarasate or the organ tones of a Casals. Technically, almost all violin playing is now good. It is in the departments of taste and style that we have to seek for supremacy. Many music lovers prefer Elman to Heifetz because, as they put it, he is "more emotional." Well, you have to make your choice. The finest violin playing is certainly emotional, but never sentimental, lachrymose, rude, or unfinished.

While we are considering the playing of bowed instruments, we may give our thought for a moment to the performance of the best of their combinations, the string quartette. All that has been said about tone and intonation applies with equal force to quartette performance. In the department of intonation the requirements are very exacting, for an absolute agreement among four stringed instruments is rare, and yet it is essential to true beauty in quartette achievements. Finish of style in the performance of such an organization is another necessity. To attain it the four performers must play together without the slightest inexactitude of attack or movement, and every phrase must be delivered with flawless smoothness, purity of tone, and justness of accent.

The subject of interpretation cannot be discussed. All that can be made obedient to clearly definable law is the technic of performance. The rules which apply to it are general; those which might be laid down in regard to interpretation would surely have to be equally general, but much fewer. It is difficult to go further in determining the requirements of interpretation than to say that the style should be appropriate. Now style is itself a dubious term, for it is open to more than one construction. We are quite ready to assert that the style appropriate to the performance of one of Bach's unaccompanied violin sonatas is not that which should be applied to the Mendelssohn Concerto and that a chamber music organization could hardly be expected to treat a Beethoven quartette as it would that by Debussy.

But these are obvious generalities. An actor does not read the lines of Augustus Thomas as he would those of Shakespeare. But when we have accepted this rather hazy conception of style, we are still confronted with the fact that every composition worthy of study has its own individuality, and that this individuality demands of the interpreter a special style. Beethoven's "Emperor" piano concerto cannot be played in the same style as his G major concerto. The true artist will of course endeavor to assimilate the art work and reproduce it as nearly as he can in its own spirit. But he can never be any one except himself. When he tries to be, he smothers himself in the wet blankets of tradition. In regard to violin playing there are some very uncomfortable traditions which cramp and fetter the genius of young artists. These are the traditions about

the true school of Tartini, the true school of Bach, and other true schools, of which we know very little and in some cases nothing at all. Here, again, it is a pleasure to quote the great teacher Leopold Auer:

Tradition in reality weighs down the living spirit of the present with the dead formalism of the past. For all these hard and fast ideas regarding the interpretation of the older classic works, their tempi, their nuances, their expression, have become formalisms, because the men whose individuality gave them a living meaning have disappeared. The violinists of to-day are rightly just as individual, each in his own way, as were those of the past. Let them play honestly as they feel they must; let them give us beauty as they—and we—understand it. Let them express themselves, and not fetter their playing with rules that have lost their meaning. Let them not hamper that most precious quality the artist has—his style—with the dusty precepts handed down from times gone by. How is a violinist to conceive the meaning of an older work which he may be studying if his own musical instinct, his freedom of conception, are obfuscated by the dictum, "This must be played in such and such a manner because So-and-So played it that way two hundred years ago"?

Therefore in the end we are forced in matters of style to rely largely on innate and sedulously cultivated good taste. The finer the fiber of the artist, the finer will be his style. And for every composition he must have a certain special manner, which the good taste of the hearer will promptly accept as the right one.

In this series by Mr. Henderson two articles to be published later are "Tests of Orchestral Playing" and "What Is Good Singing?"—The Editors.

THE CURSE OF A "BUMPER" CROP

BY WILBUR O. HEDRICK

"God has blessed us with bountiful crops."—(Extract from any President's Annual Thanksgiving Proclamation.)

THE history-minded reader will easily recall that it was exactly this event of bounteous crops which gave birth to our festal time known as Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation of Governor Carver to our Plymouth colony forefathers had all the fitness of an emergency occasion to call it forth too, since a repetition of the sparse yields of the year before would have marked the end of another "forlorn hope." The Governor's proclamation was, in fact, made to a body of householders supported by a style of farming in which each one gleaned from the soil at first hand the means by which he lived. As technically phrased in the words of modern economics, it was a proclamation to participants in a self-subsisting style of farming, which then prevailed the world over. This was before the great change had taken place which put agriculture upon a commercial basis.

The time-worn words quoted above provoke feelings quite other than those of gratitude, however, to no small part of our National family when made use of in this first quarter of the twentieth century. It is, indeed, to the modern farmer an exact case of using old skins for new wine. By him farming is no longer looked to as a direct source of living to his household, but is regarded as the means of making money profits the same as is the case with any other industrial pursuit. Farming is now to only a slight extent a self-subsisting industry. It purveys to the market for its rewards and is affected by all the hazards of an ill-mated demand and supply of products.

The main crops of this year—as were those of last year, and the year before—promise to be of the bumper sort. The official crop report from the Department of Agriculture shows for this year maximum yields for corn, cotton, hay, and oats. Wheat is higher in yield than the average for five-year crop periods, as are also the potato, the apple, and the tobacco crops. From this teeming embarrassment of riches there is but singularly little of joy among farmers. A Congressional commission of inquiry into the causes of agricultural depression has just issued a report of seven volumes upon the subject. An emergency conference upon the farmer's needs was called by President Harding at the beginning of the present year, and Secretary Wallace declares that the present state of farming in this country is the worst in all history.

The farmers' disgust with bumper crops comes from the fact that they over-supply the demand; therefore they always sell for less money than do normal crops or, even at times, scant ones. A random selection of the big crops of staple sorts during the past decade shows this plainly—the sixteen-million-bale cotton crop in 1914 sold for \$56,000,000; and the three billion-bushel corn crop in 1920, for \$2,208,000,000. On the other hand, the average returns per annum for the preceding five years for each of these crops equaled, for cotton, \$79,200,000; and for corn, \$3,150,000,000, respectively. In his annual report for 1921 Secretary Wallace confirms the truthfulness of this outcome by the statement, "A large crop brings the farmer fewer total dollars than a small one."

The human demand for the products of our farms is fairly fixed and inelastic. Dr. Pearl, the statistician of the Hoover Food Control, in a recent book entitled "The Nation's Food" shows that during a seven-year period (1911-18) this demand amounted annually to 129,931,314 millions of calories. No other nation in the world consumes so much. There is little room, therefore, for expansion in the American appetite. Indeed, subtle food distributors or middlemen have devised many other uses for food than that of mere nourishment. It is widely used, for example, as a method of hospitality; it gives social distinction, and it has curative qualities. Pushing middlemen have made food more attractive for all these purposes by processing the raw material into novelties of all sorts, by packaging it, and by the almost unlimited use of advertising. Schools of domestic science everywhere have also done their best in making food more attractive to the consumer, and therefore creating a bigger outlet for the farmer's crops than he had previously enjoyed.

Farm fecundity, however, under favorable conditions, can easily overflow all these channels of outgo and resolve itself into a simple case of an over-supply of food. Dr. Pearl shows that during the years shown above the yield of these farms was per annum in excess of 144,636,152 million calories, a clear surplus of more than 4 per cent beyond the amount demanded. The money effects of this fatal variance between demand and supply may be seen from the claim made by our Secretary of Agriculture that the crop of 1921, though huge, returned to the farmers \$7,000,000,000 less than during the previous year, and for 1922 \$4,000,000,000 less than for the preceding year. It may be said further that the crop of this year promises no variation from this rule.

It is plainly to be seen from the fore-

going that city people and farmers do not see the matter of crops and food as eye to eye. To the farmer the bumper crops which have been so much the theme of joyous newspaper headlines and editorials during the present autumn bring little else than grief. A new agitation for crop restriction, or for farmers' strikes, of which we heard so much two years ago, will probably be the reaction. Indeed, the displacement of the old self-subsistence style of farming by the commercial type has been so recently and so swiftly done that phrases and ideas upon the subject have not changed with equal speed. The rapid shift of the bulk of our people, too, from the country to the city which has taken place has also obscured clear thinking upon the relations between town and country. Some popular slogans, for instance, with regard to this greatest of pursuits are clearly city-made and are coming to have more and more an exclusive city acceptance.

One of these deifies the merits of "bumper crops." A second choruses the worth of a "back to the country" movement. Here, indeed, is a fine panacea for demobilizing the city. People will remove to the country, so the theory runs, and thenceforth feed themselves, and thus leave a larger food supply for those who remain in the city. The intelligent farmer's reaction to this proposal is the same, however, as is that of the steamship company when it hears that its rival is to put a new fleet of ships on the route. Why should the farmer always be the victim of back to the country movements, colonizing of soldiers schemes, and new homestead legislation on our dry or swamp lands? The flour-mill industry has never been debilitated by gifts of free mills from the Government, as the farming pursuit was by the gifts of free homesteads a few decades ago.

The stressing of intensive farming, which seems to be the press fashion of the day in treating of farming, has little of support among farmers. The thesis here, in brief, is that the intensive is the better style of farming, because it gives bigger yields per acre than are now the rule among us. Our farming, in fact, is so notorious for the low yields per acre which are got from the fields, as compared with those of other countries, that it has been called a system of "soil skimming" or "soil butchering." Our farmer is dull to these criticisms, however, since he knows that large yields per acre are costly in labor and fertilizer expense. Land, on the other hand, is abundant with us, so he prefers to get his crops from the use of much land rather than from the costly

labor. This is extensive farming, and it gives a lowering of the farmer's costs the same as the manufacturer gets a lowering of costs through the use of machinery, wherever possible, instead of men.

The evil of bumper crops must at bottom, however, be laid in large measure to the farmer himself. The farming pursuit must be described as one which is in a highly unstable state, or, as sometimes more strongly put, in a state of genuine anarchy so far as production is concerned. The six million farmers of our Nation, loosely grouped into some dozen or more classes, according to their chief product, have only a faint sense of class unity. The independence, or, more properly speaking, isolation of farmers one from the other, has been a main element of pride to members of this pursuit from remote times. The control of the industry has been left to the bare operation of the laws of economics. In this subject it has been taught that an excess of output in one branch of agriculture will cause farmers to give up this branch and raise something else, or, in case of general over-production, turn to some new trade. The functional effects of price, as these sorts of results are called in economics, find their best examples in farming.

But there are many farmers who desire to continue as farmers for a lifetime and do not want to pursue any other calling. So, too, the shift from one farm enterprise to another is no longer easy, since each crop requires its own outfit of machinery and of training, and these are no longer of slight expense. The case, indeed, is on all fours in farming with the case of the soft-coal industry. Here we have been taught during the past summer that the cause of our present bad state is the fact of too many competing coal mines. Anarchy in production is the rule in both industries. This leads to rivalries and mistakes in production, with the resulting attempts to charge high prices as a means of writing off the losses which come from wasteful production.

Doubtless, too, it may be said that the marketing or distribution of the farmer's products to the consumer leaves much to be desired. The ideal set by the California Citrus Fruit Exchange for many years, of "one orange to each member of every family in the land each day," is far from being an attained goal in the case of other farm products. The middlemen distributors are to blame for this, and their failure adds greatly to the naturally weighty evils of the bumper crop. The food middleman system, like its parent, commercialized agriculture, are both of recent origin, and the former has had in late years a degree of harsh criticism from the public which exceeds that vented on all the other trades put together. The food middleman, as his name suggests, piles between the farmer and the city consumer and, without doubt, performs a

real service, but in a back-handed way. He of course handles nothing for which he is not paid, and this shows at once the vital distinction that there is between food need on the part of consumers and food demand—demand always implying ability to pay.

On the other hand, he takes from the farmer only what he can sell at a profit, and this leaves much of a bumper crop as waste in its producer's hands. The paradox is therefore often seen of many people without sufficient food while much of this same food is wasting in farmers' fields not far away.

The middleman system, in short, has no programme by which its services are directed. Haphazard efforts are the rule, even in this vital task of feeding a nation, and as a result great wastes abound. The directness of interest and clearness of ends, on the other hand, with which mail is picked up at the farmers' doors and carried to its destination are widely different from the devious and halting practices which govern the distribution of food. During the war the middleman system of this country broke down and was unable to perform its functions. The Hoover system, though hastily got together and ill equipped, did much to show what could be done by a more deliberate and planned effort to take food from where it is grown to where it is to be consumed.

The remedy for the particular evil in farming which results in bumper crops takes on many forms. President Harding would have better means of spreading market and trade news to farmers so that they may know beforehand what the prospects are for a good demand. His own words upon the matter are as follows:

One of the most serious obstacles to the balancing of agricultural production lies in the lack of essential information. With instrumentalities for the collection and dissemination of useful information, a group of co-operative marketing associations would be able to advise their members as to the probable demand for staples, and to propose measures for proper limitations of acreage in particular crops.

A second remedy urges the increase of the exports of farm products to foreign countries. This policy was the key to the outcry among farmers two years ago for the revival of the War Finance Board. There was clamor even for direct loans from our Government to foreign countries so that they might make purchases of foodstuffs from our producers. The speedy upbuilding of the buying power of these countries shows little of promise, however, while, on the other hand, farming is in the most advanced state of any European pursuit. Farming, through the ease with which it may be restored, is said, widely, to have come back to an almost complete degree among our late foreign friends and foes.

With nations able to feed themselves in this way and with little means to buy, no trade may be hopefully set up, therefore, which will take off our farm surplus.

Farmers themselves have tried to remedy the situation by various sorts of forcible means. There have been dairy-men's strikes and threats of cutting down crop areas. The Night Riders were successful to some extent in keeping down the tobacco acreage in Kentucky a few years ago, and the burning of a bale of cotton scheme in the South in 1914-15 lowered the supply of this commodity. The failure of these efforts has pointed out the remedy which is probably most practical for farmers in seeking to control "bumper crops," namely, organization.

Farmers have been, indeed, organized for marketing purposes into co-operative associations for some time past, and these business concerns have been very successful. As is well known, these farmers' associations, whether of the grain elevator, live stock, produce shipping, or creamery types, are merely joint efforts on the part of farmers for the purpose of giving a common business service to each of their members. The last Census shows that ten per cent of our farmers are members of these bodies and that the gross amount of sales made through these agencies was in the year 1919 in excess of \$700,000,000. Co-operation in these groups is usually made upon a commodity basis, and not rarely the local units are federated into State organizations, of which the California Citrus Fruit Exchange is the best-known type. Whether large or small, however, these agencies content themselves with taking the place of the local middleman. They take over the services of the David Harums among our middlemen class, but otherwise they make use of the marketing machinery of the land exactly as did their forebears.

Another type of farm organization, and one which has held the very center of the stage for the past few years, is the Farm Bureau. This grew out of the agricultural extension movement put on by the Federal Government nearly a decade ago. It was plain that the county farm agent, provided by this plan, would not be able to carry his message to each separate farm family within his charge and that organization of some sort must be set up. The Farm Bureau was the result, and possibly there is no better description of its nature than to say that it answers the purpose for each rural county that the well-known Chamber of Commerce does for the town and city. Although these too have been federated into State and even National societies and number their members by hundreds of thousands, the edge of the movement has been dulled somewhat by the extreme multiplicity of reforms which were undertaken.

The type of organization which goes much further than either of these is the

type, however, which has most of promise for the prevention of bumper crops. This is the type to which dairymen have committed themselves in the milk areas of most of our large cities. It is the type with which the raisin growers of California, the Burley tobacco growers of Kentucky, and the prune and apricot growers of California have identified themselves. It is the type made fully legal by the Capper-Volstead Act of the present Congress, subject only to such oversight as the Secretary of Agriculture may give. Farmers' organizations of this type go much further than the mere marketing of their products or the setting up of a bureau for promoting purposes; they undertake the control of production itself.

Perhaps the now legal-proof dairymen's leagues illustrate the aims and methods of this new type as fully as can be done by single concrete examples. Dairy milk has become in recent years a necessity to cities to a scarcely less degree than a water supply. It is a commodity which does not stand long shipment, and hence must be produced in the vicinity of the place of use. This, together with the restraints of the sani-

tary tests laid down by the city, makes the matter of monopolizing a supply of milk fairly easy for the interested dairymen. Competition as a regulator of the dairymen pursuit breaks down, as it always does where co-operation is possible. The chaos and anarchy of the milk trade about our large cities which have filled much newspaper space during the past few years are surely a reproach upon competitive control. The leaguing of the dairymen into joint effort has been the remedy by which a stabilized milk trade has been brought about in recent years. Dairymen near our large cities, numbering in each case many thousands, sell their product as a single man as the result of this organization. They insist upon "the closed shop" plan so far as the city distributor's right to buy of non-league dairymen is concerned. Their league pledges give the control of the size of herds which each may own to the organization, so that the danger of an over-supply of milk is cut out. By a closely bound union of this sort the dairying industry has become stabilized and made to yield a profit. Further, when proper public supervision is given, the consumer is not overcharged for his

milk, while always having the assurance of a full supply of this needed food.

The farmers of to-day, in some branches of their pursuit, are in the throes of the economic changes which overtook the laboring classes and the more capitalized industries three or four decades ago. They have felt the joys of product "pooling," of "collective bargaining," and of intensive co-operation, which these interests were denied by the anti-pooling, anti-agreement, and anti-trust laws of this period. During the war some potent object-lessons were given by the Government as to the gains which are possible through production according to a programme. The joint system of railways, the single food and coal control, and the unified labor and factory power of this time spoke loudly for the efficiency which comes from using the "get-together" plan in industry. A production programme, in short, more than anything else, is the need of our farmers at the present time. They would be stupid indeed, with the facilities given by our modern means of transport and communication, not to take advantage of organization in order to cope with the evils of bumper crops.

DEATH AND THE FLYING MAN

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

A FLYING MAN went trailing Death;
But his intrepid soul,
When at last they met and clinched,
Was left both gay and whole.

"There are other wings," said Death:
"Spread them in the light;
Drop the wood and drop the flesh;
Try a longer flight!"

"Good!" said the flying man,
"I'll go on with you."
But the shreds he left behind
Were all men had to view.

Something they laid in hollow earth,
With a box and shroud;
They could not hear the laugh that dropped
From a high, bright cloud.

THE MEANING OF PASTEUR

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THERE were brave men before Agamemnon; but they did nothing that secured lasting record. There were voyagers who visited America before Columbus; but they did not open the continent to general and permanent settlement. There were steamboat makers before Fulton, and telegraph inventors before Morse; but they did not bring those devices into practical use.

There were in like manner bacteriologists before Pasteur; but none of them achieved results of epochal importance, or even realized the significance of what they did accomplish. We must honor them, of course, for what they did. Leeuwenhoek as early as 1673, using only a single lens, discovered micro-organisms—a veritable landmark of science. Inspired by this, Plenciz, a cen-

tury later, conceived the theory that diseases were caused by such organisms, or at least were associated with them, and that there was a separate and specific bacterium for each disease. He was thus very close to a great truth, but he was unable to demonstrate his theory or to act upon it. The development of the compound microscope, scarcely a hundred years ago, greatly promoted bacterial research. Bassi in 1832 discovered that a disease of silkworms was accompanied by what he regarded as a minute vegetable growth; but he was unable to determine whether that growth was the cause or a result of the disease. A few years later Ehrenberg enumerated no fewer than sixteen different kinds of micro-organisms; Schoenlein found a minute parasite in the skin

disease known as favus, and Malmsten found a similar growth in barber's itch. Cohn, whose researches extended through many years (from 1853 to 1875), divided bacteria into two classes: the spherical cocci and the rod-shaped bacilli. All of these and others preceded Pasteur. Most of them were botanists, who regarded the micro-organisms as mere vegetation. Not one of them had any vision of the relation of their discoveries to human life and health, or of the development of a great system of therapeutics and prophylaxis. That was reserved for Louis Pasteur.

He began work chiefly as a chemist and as a student and practitioner of what we may call the mechanics of chemistry. His first important researches and discoveries were in crystallography and po-

larization; apparently as far as possible from biology. Yet from observing the effect of polarized light upon crystals of tartaric acid his transcendent vision swept through the whole gamut of science and beheld as its goal the elimination of all communicable diseases from the world!

His study of tartaric-acid crystals—in processes of wine manufacture—led him directly to the study of fermentation, which at that time was one of the most obscure of processes, understood by nobody. Perhaps the theory nearest to the truth was that of Cagnaird-Latour, who held that beer yeast was a vegetable product. In this he was supported by Schwann and Kuetzing. But Berzelius contradicted him, insisting that fermentation was due to what he described as catalytic force; and Liebig also condemned his notions, insisting that the process in question was purely mechanical and had nothing to do with life, either animal or vegetable. In such division of what was then the foremost scientific opinion of the world, it was not to be wondered at that Claude Bernard in despair dismissed the whole subject as hopelessly obscure.

Pasteur, however, regarded obscurity as something to be enlightened and an obstacle as something to be overcome. His rule of action was to "prove all things" by practical and precise experiment. So he presently was able to demonstrate that fermentation in all its forms was not a mechanical but a biological process, and was a phenomenon not of vegetable but of animal life. This led straight to a battle royal over abiogenesis. Long before Harvey had pronounced the great truth, *Omne vivum ex ovo*—or *ex vivo*; or, All life comes from living germs. But he never proved it. He could not prove it. And for all the years after him until Pasteur's time belief in spontaneous generation widely prevailed. Dead matter through processes of fermentation or putrefaction or otherwise was supposed to be transformed into living matter. Obviously, there was—there could be—no more important problem than this in the whole domain of biological science; indeed, in cosmogony itself. Many great scientists devoted themselves to it: Spallanzani, Schulze, Schwann, Schroeder, Dusch, and others. But Pasteur and Pouchet were the supreme protagonists, the one on the one side, the other on the other, in the greatest duel in the history of science. The result was the complete demonstration and confirmation of Harvey's law of the origin of life—that, and the conception of Pasteur's transcendent vision of the elimination from the world of all zymotic plagues.

I shall not undertake to review even in brief synopsis his gigantic work on the etiology of communicable diseases, of the prevention of infection, and on prevention or cure by means of inoculation. To the first and third of these achievements he devoted himself, leaving the second to his illustrious con-

temporary and part disciple, Lister, whom he had inspired and taught by his researches into fermentation. Had it not been for Pasteur, there would have been none of the achievements of Lister. In like manner, from Pasteur's researches and demonstrations proceeded, not only his own achievements against pebrine, anthrax, rabies, and what not; but also those of Neisser, Hansen, Koch, Roux, Yersin, Metchnikoff, Behring, Kitasato, Haffkine, Finlay, Ross, Wright, Semple, and their compeers in combating glanders, tetanus, diphtheria, typhoid, cholera, yellow fever, malaria, bubonic plague, leprosy, pneumonia, and other ills that flesh is heir to. There was an old-time epigram—

*St Lyra non lyrasset,
Lutherus non saltasset.*

There may be some question as to the influence which Nicholas de Lyra exercised upon the Reformation. There can be none as to that which Louis Pasteur exerted upon the whole vast and still expanding science of bacteriopathology and bacteriotherapy.

That was and is the meaning, the significance, of Pasteur to the world, in terms of material science and of human health and life. Yet as the centenary of his birth (December 27, 1822) approaches there comes to mind a still loftier significance, further reaching and more enduring, since it has to do, not alone with the material, but also with the intellectual and the spiritual domain of man. And that higher significance is threefold.

First, vision. Conspicuously and supremely above his forerunners and his contemporaries, Pasteur was a man of vision. One of the eminent scholars of our own day has said that if a man has not vision he can never be a great scientist. Assuredly, he can never be supremely great. Thousands of persons before Galileo saw the lamp swinging in the church at Pisa, but only he had the vision to perceive in it an ocular demonstration of a great natural law. Thousands before Newton had seen apples fall from trees to the ground, but it was reserved for his transcendent vision to see in that familiar phenomenon the principle which controlled the innumerable spheres of the immeasurable universe. So, while many others perceived the phenomena of fermentation and putrefaction and the myriad teeming micro-organisms therein, it required the vision of Pasteur to see in them the factors at once of disease and of health, of death and of life, and the assured highroad to conquest over the deadliest of pestilences.

Second, unity. I have recalled the fact that he began work as a chemist, as far removed as possible from biology. Indeed, he was for that reason at first reluctant to undertake the bacterial commission which Dumas urged upon him. But from the chemistry of crystals and of light he made his consistent way through organic chemistry and so into biology, demonstrating the essential con-

nection between the two and disclosing the reciprocal influences of chemistry upon biology and of biology upon chemistry. No man ever contributed more to recognition of the coherent unity of science. Or perhaps it would be better to say the harmony of science; for mechanical, chemical, and biological processes are not identical, though they are all directly interrelated.

Third, faith. There never was a more timely or more suggestive coincidence in human history than that of Pasteur's contemporaneity with Darwin and Huxley and Haeckel and their colleagues in the purely materialistic exploitation of the philosophy of evolution. Darwin himself probably never relinquished spiritual faith; but a host of others, strong in the strength of his great name, went to extremes that he never would have sanctioned in proclaiming an irremediable antagonism between science and religious faith—extremes culminating in the monstrous proposition that, even though there was no possibility of proving that spontaneous generation ever had occurred or could occur, yet "it must be so, for otherwise we should be compelled to believe in God"! Amid such counsels and such propaganda it was indescribably impressive that Pasteur, the peer of the foremost scientists of his age, and the superior of all others in that department of scientific research and demonstration which was most pertinent and essential to the determination of the controversy between science and faith, stood resolutely and inflexibly on the side of spiritual and Christian faith. Perhaps I should say that he stood for faith, but not against science. For here again his marvelous vision was triumphant. He saw that between true faith and true science there was not, there could not be, conflict or controversy. For here again his principle of unity, or of harmony, prevailed. Just as all departments of science—mechanical, chemical, biological—so far as they were true must be in perfect accord, so science, so far as it was true, and faith, so far as it was true, must also be in exact harmony. Others before him had believed this. Guyot as a geologist and Gray as a botanist had declared it. But it was reserved for Pasteur as a biologist, and therefore concerned with the very highest phases of science, not only to believe it and to declare it, but, so far as was humanly possible, to demonstrate it; at any rate, to demonstrate it to a degree quite irrefutable by his opponents.

Such was the threefold significance of the immortal sage who was born into the world a century ago—the harmony of science in all its parts, the harmony between material science and spiritual faith, and the application of the profoundest principles of science to the healing of the nations, so that men might have life and have it more abundantly. That is what Louis Pasteur meant and means and will ever mean to the world.

GETTING A BONUS FROM THE LAND

THE STORY OF DISABLED VETERANS WHO ARE REHABILITATING THEMSELVES

BY EARL CHRISTMAS



THE FODDER IS IN THE SHOCK AT VETERANSVILLE, AND IT GREW ON LAND CLEARED THIS LAST YEAR. HOW'S THAT FOR QUICK RESULTS?

WHERE do we go from here?" The familiar question of war time popped up in a discussion among some disabled soldiers at the Minnesota School of Agriculture last winter. They were being trained in agricultural pursuits there at the expense of the Government, just as thousands of other young men throughout the country who were disabled in the war are being prepared for new places of usefulness in society.

But one day, not far away, they would finish their allotted period of training and be graduated. What could they do then? That was the burning question.

True, they would have had three years of training in a good agricultural school, but these former doughboys wanted

some more practical results. Unless they got something else, they reasoned, they would be only educated farm-hands when their training was over. Now the prospect of being farm-hands, even educated farm-hands, did not appeal to these former soldiers.

Then some one sprang the big idea. They would become landowners and take the rest of their training farming their own land. It sounded fine. Most of the men in the group had come from the farms at the call of war, and the suggestion that each go back to the land as the owner of a farm of his own had a genuine appeal.

Buy a farm, yes; but how? Purchasing farms in these days of \$200 and \$300 an acre land requires money, and dis-

abled soldiers certainly are not capitalists.

But there were pioneering spirits in that little group. One of them thought of the cut-over lands.

In northern Minnesota, as in northern Wisconsin and Michigan, there are millions of acres of these lands. Once they were covered by great forests, but the ax of the lumberman and the red tongue of fire have exacted a heavy toll. Amid the stumps and wasted timber new trees are growing up in many places. Often there is a tangled mass of brush, old timber, and new vegetation.

In other sections no young trees have come up, as if to leave the cemetery of the forest inviolate. Here one finds acres and acres of stumps or great charred wastes with the blackened trunks of trees still standing like shadowy ghosts of the forest that was.

To the settler the cut-over country offers a fight. In it one finds perhaps the last frontier. Far up in these cut-over lands men are struggling against great odds to clear farms in the wilderness, just as men of another generation wrested from the forest now prosperous farming communities farther south. But men have a way of persevering, and the brush line is constantly being pushed farther north.

The disabled soldiers at the Minnesota school decided to make the fight. They would settle on adjoining tracts of land. That would prevent the isolation which too often is the lot of the settler in the north country, and they could help each other in the land clearing. Soon a committee was on the hunt for a location.

After many disappointments, a suitable tract was found near McGrath, Minnesota. Representatives of the Veterans' Bureau and the College of Agriculture looked it over, and the purchases followed. Some thirty veterans bought farms in the community, ranging in size from forty to eighty acres. Most of them had little or no money except their monthly checks from the Government, running from \$80 to \$150 a month, but easy payments were arranged with the owner of the land. In some cases the initial payment was only \$1. Earnestness of purpose was a greater consideration. The monthly payments ranged from \$20 to \$50 a month. The cost of the land varied from \$20 to \$25 an acre.

Thus Veteransville, Minnesota, came into being. The former soldiers gave that name to the little settlement about which they are developing their farms. Formerly it bore the name of White Pine, but a petition has been forwarded



VETERANSVILLE TOLERATES NOTHING STRONGER THAN SODA POP, AS ONE MAN FOUND OUT TO HIS SORROW

to the Post Office Department asking that the name be changed.

Veteransville is a town of veterans. All the men who live in and around it were wounded, gassed, or otherwise incapacitated in service.

On April 7, just five years after the beginning of the war, the former doughboys arrived at Veteransville, and, armed with the grubbing hoe and the ax, began a new and perhaps greater fight in their careers. Soon warlike explosives designed for blowing up the strongholds of the Germans were set to work blowing up the deeply intrenched stumps.

Reveille would sound at 5:30 A.M., and soon after the veterans would be on the firing line. All summer they kept it up. No retreats, no replacements, no rest camp. At times it looked discouraging, but nobody quit voluntarily.

When fall came, each man had five acres of his farm cleared and ready for the plow. Old settlers in the community were amazed. Many of them had spent five years in the cut-over country without getting as much done.

Moreover, most of the veterans had raised all the potatoes, vegetables, and garden stuff they needed. Knute Loth-

berg had a good crop of corn, part of it planted on land cleared this year. Incidentally, that is getting results pretty fast. No wonder old settlers in the community were amazed at the way those soldiers did things!

When I visited it this fall, Veteransville was a humming center of industry. The clearing work was going on full blast. Log houses were being erected in little clearings in the woods.

A former soldier led the way down a narrow path. He said it would be a walk of a mile or two. We walked on along the winding footpath, and at



THE MEN WORK TOGETHER IN BUILDING, AND HOMES GO UP IN SHORT ORDER



THIS MAN IS BUILDING A HOME FROM MATERIAL CUT FROM HIS OWN FARM. NEXT YEAR HE WILL BUILD A BIGGER HOME AND USE THIS BUILDING FOR A HEN-HOUSE

length came to a brand-new log house in a clearing. Inside a young woman was preparing the evening meal.

"That is one of the soldiers' homes," said my companion. "Kinda homelike, don't you think?"

He led the way on down the path. You see, these pioneers at Veteransville have gone even beyond the roads. But the roads will follow in short order. The township had an election not long ago to vote bonds for the building of roads. Some of the old settlers opposed the procedure, but the soldiers carried the election.

Presently we came to another clearing, where a log house was in the process of construction.

"This man will live in this log house this winter," said my companion. "Next year he will build a bigger and better house, and use this building for a hen-house. The plan is for every man to start out as simply as possible, and never go in debt."

On our walk we passed many clearings. Altogether, thirty-six veterans have bought land in the community. This particular walk happened to be on a Sunday, and no work was being done. Yet at nearly every place we found men looking over their farms.

"I like to just sit here and dream it all out," one big fellow explained. "I am going to have my house there on that hill. It is going to be a log house, with a fireplace. Yes, and shelves around the fireplace for books."

At length we came back to the barracks where the unmarried men at Veteransville have their living quarters. About one-third of the men are married and have their own houses. The others live in a barracks not so much different from those of war time.

In the barracks a lively discussion was on. It concerned plans for the coming school, which, I learned, was to be held at Veteransville. Instead of leaving their farms and going back to St.

Paul to complete their training in the School of Agriculture there, they would take the rest of their training on their own farms. The school would come out to them—dairy experts, poultry experts, and all.

The men themselves asked for this kind of training, and the Veterans' Bureau set about to arrange for it. None of the expensive living, none of the distractions of the city! Most of the men at Veteransville took their first year of training at the School of Agriculture in St. Paul. Few were able to save any money out of the funds provided by the Government for their maintenance during the training period.

Now these same men not only are making regular payments on their lands, but are laying away money to buy live stock and equipment. Some were in debt when they came to Veteransville,

but since have got out of debt and started saving. In three years most of them will have their land and buildings paid for and some live stock. The Government payments just about enabled the men to support themselves in the cities, as intended, but with the lower living costs at Veteransville they find it possible to meet the payments on their farms and equip them.

Then there's the matter of health. A man at McGrath who has followed the progress of the venture said:

"When they came up here, many were pale and thin. After they had been working outdoors a while, away from the smoke and dirt of the city, they became healthy and robust. One fellow when he came up here two months ago couldn't walk two blocks without playing out. Now he is just as husky as any of them."

Indeed, one would have to go far to find a harder group of settlers. Some of the men came to Veteransville as tuberculosis cases. Two were machinists who had to give up this work for an outdoor occupation because of tuberculosis. Certainly, none of them look like it now.

Disabled? Yes, they were disabled. There's Joe Sandkamp. Joe had part of his spine shot away and wears a brace, but he wields an ax with the best of them at Veteransville. Otto Ellig got a shrapnel wound in the thigh, and limps a bit, but he certainly is an active casualty. A German bullet went through T. A. Olson's lung. Many of the boys were gassed. All the fighting divisions are represented among those thirty-six men—but war stories are taboo at Veteransville. Casualties once, perhaps, but you'd never know it now from watching the way these men are making the stumps fly.

The men work in squads while doing their clearing. Perhaps the army got them in the habit. The squad works a



LOG HOUSES LIKE THIS ARE GOING UP IN LITTLE CLEARINGS IN THE WOODS AROUND VETERANSVILLE TO FURNISH HOMES FOR FORMER SOLDIERS WHO ARE GOING BACK TO THE LAND

while on one man's farm, and then goes to another, and so on around.

Some of the veterans are going into dairying. Others are going to specialize in poultry and bees. Moreover, they are going to standardize their products. All will have the same breed of cows and the same kind of chickens. Eggs sent to market will bear the Veteransville stamp and the number of the farmer shipping them. So will the butter and honey be marked. Products of the Veteransville farms in time will command premiums in the cities.

The men will sell their products together. Purchases also are pooled. On a car-load of picnic acid the former soldiers pooled their orders and saved \$2,000. Ownership as well as operation of a man's farm is an individual matter.

But all is not work at Veteransville. A baseball team offers outlet for athletic energies. Every two weeks a dance is held, and the settlers come from miles around. An old barn was converted into a fine dance-hall.

Once an outsider brought in some moonshine expecting generous profits at the veterans' dance. Instead, he got thrown out rather roughly. The soldiers had one of their number appointed a deputy sheriff, and no vender of liquor has had the temerity to come near Veteransville since.

The former soldiers held a Memorial Day celebration, the first ever seen in that section of the country. Settlers came from fifteen and twenty miles to attend the services. A hundred automobiles were counted at Veteransville that day. More and more Veteransville is becoming the center of activities for a wide territory.

Questions affecting the settlement as a whole are handled through the Veteransville Association.

The soldiers first took up quarters in an old logging camp. White Pine was the headquarters for James E. McGrath, who year after year floated down the Snake River millions of feet of timber which he cut along its upper reaches.

But the last logs have gone down the Snake River. Small sawmills now are grinding up the final bits of timber into lath. Soon this will be done.

Hardly does the lumberman finish his work when a new pioneer comes in, the disabled soldier seeking to rehabilitate himself. The veterans even took over some of the buildings of the old logging camp. An old barn was cleaned up, floored, and whitewashed to make a barracks for the single men.

Several log buildings in the camp house the families of the married men while their homes are building. Veteransville also has a store, a post office, and several other buildings. It has a schoolhouse, where the children are taught by the wife of one of the former soldiers. In time it will have a creamery, a blacksmith shop, a community center, and all the adjuncts of a first-class town. At least such is the vision of its founders, who expect it to become the nucleus of a large community of former soldiers.

BOLSHEVISM, THE CHURCH, AND THE HOME

AN AMERICAN RELIEF OFFICIAL DESCRIBES CONDITIONS AS HE FOUND THEM IN RUSSIA

The following statement has been obtained from a former American Relief official who lately returned from Russia, and who is entirely reliable. His name is withheld because to reveal it would lead to the discovery by the Soviet Gov-

ernment of the people with whom he has been in contact, and that Government would certainly take summary vengeance on them for making him acquainted with the true facts.—THE EDITORS.

DURING the war Tchicherin is said to have remarked, in the course of conversation, "There are two great obstacles to the spread of the Social Revolution—the church and the home—and both must be swept aside."

There is sound psychology in this so far as the home is concerned. The Soviet Government is purely Communist. The greatest incentive with most men to the acquisition of property is the desire to provide for those whom they love. If the home, which fosters family affection, can be broken up, this incentive will disappear, and the strongest objection to Communism, which seems now to be ingrained in most people, will disappear with it.

But the statement has especial importance because it affords the true explanation of certain facts which have recently been brought to the attention of the public through the newspapers. Despatches have told of the arrest of Russian bishops and their condemnation to death. Tihon, Patriarch of Moscow and head of the Russian Church, is said to be in prison, and the Church as a whole has been charged with failing in its duty to the Russian people during the famine. What has really happened is this.

The fight against the Church began in 1917, as soon as the Bolsheviks came

into power. The Reds took possession of church property wherever possible—monasteries, convents, schools, the houses of priests and bishops. The Soviet abolished the theological seminaries, so that the supply of priests might be cut off, it closed the parish schools and passed a law forbidding any religious instruction to be given outside of the home to youth under eighteen years of age. Priests were arrested and shot for teaching their young people the basic elements of their religion. According to figures given by the Reds and recently published in the Soviet newspapers, twenty-eight bishops and over twelve hundred priests have been executed by them since 1917.

But the most insidious attack has been made within the last year, since the great famine came. This was the charge that the Church had refused to help the starving millions of Russia, and that their deaths have been due to its neglect. Of course the object of this was to discredit the Church with the people and to prepare the way for the spoliation which was purposed. The Soviet took care to make out an apparent case against the ecclesiastical authorities, though in doing so it has deliberately suppressed the truth, a course which prominent Bolsheviks have boasted that they never hesitated to pur-

sue. At Genoa one of them gloried publicly in the fact that they never kept their word about anything when it suited them to break it.

In truth, the Church had been anxious to help its people from the outset. The first account which gave an adequate idea of the extent of the famine was contained in a despatch from the Patriarch to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking for help. This despatch was not permitted to be delivered to the Archbishop, but found its way into the press, both on the Continent and in England. In addition to this, the Patriarch requested to be permitted to take a full share in the relief work of the Gorki Committee in 1921, with the understanding, however, that the representatives of the Church should know how the money which they raised was spent. He thought, not unreasonably, that he ought to be in a position to assure people who responded to his appeals that their money had gone where it was meant to go. This request was absolutely refused. Public notices with the Patriarch's name on them were not allowed to be published, and no document was permitted to appear under his authority or the authority of the Church.

Next, the Patriarch offered to collect food in kind, and have it distributed among the people in the famine districts

by the parishes, and this also was refused.

In March of the present year the Soviet Government ordered the Patriarch to issue an ecclesiastical decree directing the bishops and clergy to surrender the Church's treasures throughout the country, because, as they said, of the famine, but with no assurance or guaranty that the proceeds from the sale or other disposal of these treasures would be applied to the feeding of the starving people. The Patriarch made the grave answer that he and his colleagues were forbidden by their oaths and the canons of the Church to dispose of the property of the Church, which was, and had been from time immemorial, devoted to sacred purposes. He did not say that it could not be disposed of by any means, but that it could not be disposed of in a reckless manner, or without the Church's knowing what was done with it; that the danger of sacrilege would certainly arise, and that he was not, therefore, in a position to do what was directed without violating his oath.

But he went on to say: "We are prepared on behalf of the Church to undertake to raise the very money you think you will get by the sale of these treasures and to be responsible for seeing that the money goes to the famine areas, if you will leave the treasures where they are and allow us to deal with them as seems to us to be consistent with the oaths we have taken and the promises we have made."

The answer came at once: "We refuse to allow any such arrangement to be made," and the commissars were ordered to go into the churches, to tear down the ornaments, some of them of extraordinary interest, antiquity, and beauty—ikons, vessels, books, hangings, etc.—to take them in defiance of their custodians (the priests of the Church), and to allow no interference at all.

Now the Russian people have always been devoted to their Church, and since the Bolshevik troubles have come they have resorted to the churches more than ever, for, since man seemed to have deserted them, they had no place to turn but to God. In fact, there has been a great religious revival throughout the whole country, which has been commented on by all observers. Naturally, when the commissars began their work of spoliation disturbances arose. Thereupon the Soviet arrested a number of priests and bishops, charged them with inciting the people to riot, tried, and sentenced them to death. Moreover, it was their opportunity to deal with Tihon. Here in New York, where he lived for some years as Archbishop, he was greatly respected; in Russia he was profoundly revered. Sir Paul Dukes, in his enlightening book on Russia, "The Red Dusk and To-morrow," quotes a workman as saying: "There is only one man in the whole of Russia whom the Bolsheviks fear from the bottom of their hearts, and that is Tihon, Patriarch of the Russian Church."

Tihon was arrested and thrown into prison. This was denied by the Soviet, who asserted that "he was living in a monastery." So he was—in the Donsky Monastery at Moscow, which is used as a prison for ecclesiastics. It was reported some time ago that he had been taken to Petrograd for trial, and if he is tried there is no slightest doubt that he will be convicted on some trumped-up charge and sentenced to death. Whether the Patriarch and the other bishops and priests who are under sentence of death will be executed will depend on whether the Soviet Government thinks it to its advantage in its dealings with the outside world, in the matter of loans, etc., to appear to be becoming more moderate in its policy. That it has changed its heart is unthinkable, for the same set of men are still in control who have deluged Russia with blood.

There is one other insidious method by which the Bolsheviks are attacking the Church, and that is by encouraging other sects to come into the country and do propaganda at the expense of the national Church. This would account, for instance, for its extremely friendly attitude towards the Roman Church, of which we have read lately in the newspapers. Certain American sects are engaged in this work, and it ought to be impressed upon them that by what they are doing, which weakens the national Church, they are only playing the Bolsheviks' game and working to their own ultimate disadvantage. If the Russian Church were destroyed, these newcomers would be easy victims. There ought to be churchmanship in America wise and resourceful enough to serve Russia spiritually without making common cause with the Communists, which is what some sects are doing now.

In fact, the Soviet was rightly alive to its danger from the Church. Not long ago a distinguished Russian remarked that his country had passed through several such crises as the present, and when he was asked how it had come out of them he replied, unhesitatingly, "Through religion and the Church." The Bolsheviks never forget that history may repeat itself.

In dealing with the home the Soviet's methods were a little less direct than in dealing with the Church. They began by taking away the home-maker, the mother, as much as possible. Everybody in Russia is more or less dependent on rations for food, and the Government rationed men who were employed, but not their wives, unless they too had jobs. This took the mother away from the home a great part of the day, necessarily. Then the Soviet established institutions where fathers and mothers, while not actually compelled to do so, were encouraged to send their children to be brought up. This served a double purpose—to break up family life and to give the Bolsheviks a chance to bring up the children as good Communists. Fortunately, it has not succeeded. The

institutions have generally proved disastrous failures, often with shocking conditions, and recently in many cases parents have been directed to send and take their children back: "We are closing the house; come and take them away." No better sign of the failure of Communism in Russia could be given than this.

The misery of the starving people in the famine areas, naturally and properly, is what has been brought most to the attention of the American people, yet there are other forms of suffering which are hardly less poignant. One of these is the great blight which has fallen on the *intelligentsia*, the educated classes. The American Relief by its food parcel system has done a work for them which has been not the least of the benefits which it has brought to Russia. The condition of these people, especially those engaged in teaching, is indescribably pitiable, not only because of the under-feeding, not to call it slow starvation, which they are obliged to face, but because of their intellectual hunger.

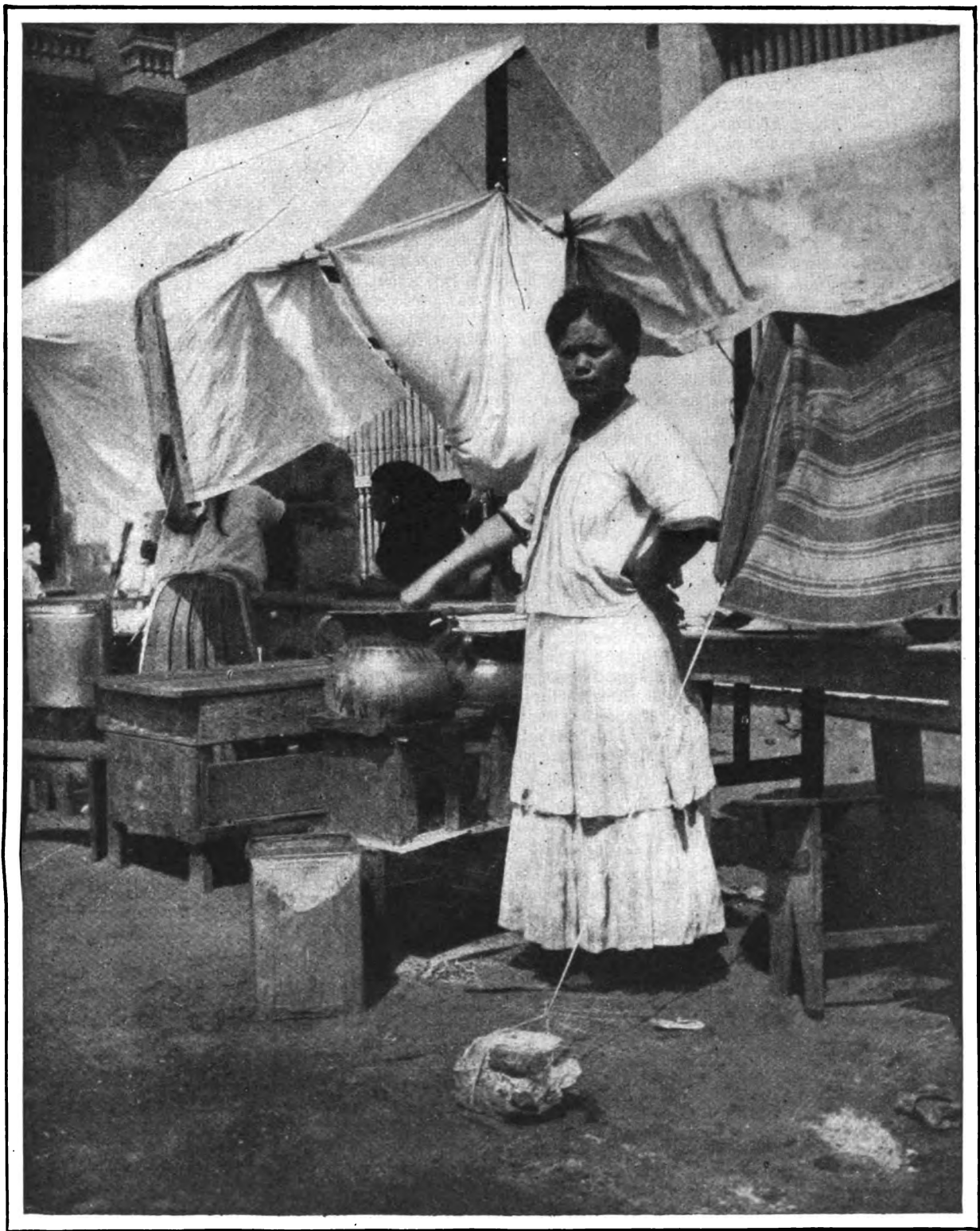
As for the physical hunger, the ration for a professor in one university, not in the famine region, is eighteen pounds of food a month. The average American eats approximately four pounds of food a day. No wonder that a petition from this institution gave the names of six professors who had recently died, nor that the remaining two hundred appealed to "the Civilized Scientific and Humane Societies of the United States to extend help, without which the university within the ensuing year had only to finish its existence."

An appeal for relief early in 1922 by the music teachers of one of the principal cities was addressed "To the citizens of our friendly country in the hope of a favorable answer to this entreaty of our starving artists. . . . We receive too little food and money. On the market everything is too dear, and our essential nourishment consists of cabbage, frozen potatoes, and scanty portions of bad rye bread. Our Association counts no less than 2,000 members, and among them not less than 500 are in bitter want of food." And almost more numerous than the appeals for food from the highly educated classes have been the requests that scientific material be obtained for them, since they have been cut off from it since the beginning of the war. Electricians, physiologists, and other specialists declare that they have heard nothing new in their spheres since 1914.

Something of the general frame of mind of these poor people may be gathered from the case of one woman, gently nurtured and highly cultivated, who came to see one of our Relief officers. When he had received her, the American stepped out into the hall, called a servant, and told her to bring a couple of cups of tea and some cakes. When they came, the young woman burst into tears. "What's the matter?" "Oh, I did not know that there was a man in Russia with so much courtesy left!"

COOK OF THE WALK

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Photograph by Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

A WAYSIDE KITCHEN IN VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

THE BOOK TABLE

MR. LOCKE'S AWFUL BELIEF IN HUMANITY

BY JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL

IN William J. Locke's latest book, "The Tale of Triona," Alexis Triona wins fame through the publication of a volume which is, in fundamentals, a plagiarism. The lie is discovered by his adoring wife, Olivia; Triona, in shame, hides himself away for a year, is finally reconciled to his wife, and comes back to society with a confession of the part he played in the creation of the book.

Writing to the "Times," he tells how, finding the notes on the dead body of an espionage agent in Russia, he came to take the story as his own and wrote it as such, adopting the romantic name of Alexis Triona in place of the somewhat prosaic one of John Briggs.

Despite the fact that his own brilliance made the book, Briggs's part has of course been an ignominious one; but he is prepared, backed up by his wife, to make matters clear to the public and stand free of his guilt for all time. He expects all sorts of uproars from the publication of his letter of confession.

Mr. Locke is wonderfully kind! This is what he says:

But as they had planned so did it not turn out. Rowington gave news that Onslow and Wedderburn had dropped the question. Why revive dead controversy? But Triona and Olivia insisted. The letter on the origin of "Through Blood and Snow," signed "John Briggs," appeared in the "Times." A few references to it appeared in the next weekly "Press." But that was all. No one was interested. "Through Blood and Snow" was forgotten. The events of 1917 in Russia were ancient history. . . . What did the reading world care what Alexis Triona's real name was or how he obtained the material for his brilliant book?

I repeat, Mr. Locke is wonderfully kind. Would that many more people were built the same way. Just what would have happened under the circumstances in real life is something like the following.

Scene: The news-room of half the newspapers in the city.

Time: Morning.

A lynx-eyed city editor sits in his chair reading. Suddenly he starts, pounces forward. There is quick play of right hand and a pair of scissors, and the sheet lies mutilated before him.

"Scott! Whalen!" he barks, and from nowhere appear two keen-faced young men, who stand attentively before the Great One.

"Seen Alexis Triona's letter in the 'Times' smorning?" he asks, looking piercingly at them.

"No," they both answer.

"No, you wouldn't! What d'you do on

the way to the office? Sleep? Well, anyway, you know the chap I mean?"

"Sure," from both.

"Right; get onto this. Read that letter."

They read it together, while the other returns to his paper.

"Gee! This is good!" bursts from both young men.

"Glad you realize it," the C. E. says, without looking up. "Now get right on it. Find out what's back of it. You, Scott, get at Triona himself and his wife. Funny business this about being away for a whole year. See what it means. There's a story somewhere." He glances up. "Might be another woman in it, you know. See. Get at the servants. Whalen, you get after this publisher fellow, Rowington. How much did he know when he published the book? Has he been keeping it dark? Is it a conspiracy between the two, and is this 'Times' dope just a free ad? You know what I want. Right, first edition, mind. Shoot!"

Scott and Whalen rush out of the room.

The city editor picks up the telephone.

"Harry? Say, Harry, we're running a page feature on this Alexis Triona stunt. . . . See his letter in the 'Times'? You did, eh? Thought you would. . . . Well, Harry, I want you to fix me up with two or three pictures. You know the stuff. Triona and his wife. . . . Have they got any kids? H'm! Pity! Tell you what, rake up some of these Russian starvation pictures, will you? All right; let me know. 'By'!"

The city editor of half the papers in the city then jumps to his feet and barges through the door of the Sunday Magazine Section, disturbing the peace and quiet that reign therein.

"Say, Jim," he cracks out, and the spiders up in the corners look down in amazement at the disturbance. "What did we say about Triona's book 'Through Blood and Snow' when it was published last year? Hunt it up, will you? And get me a copy of the book as well. I want some quotations from it."

Five minutes later he is glancing over the review.

"H'm," he mutters disconsolately, "this won't do! 'Wonderful . . . thrilling . . . the mark of truth is stamped on every page. It is only too clear that the author has lived through the agonizing experiences he so vividly describes. . . . Something more than a book. . . .' Jim, what d'you mean by it? Spoiling the story like this! I wanted to say that at the time of publication the 'Daily Squeal' had been the only newspaper in the country to point out that the story should be taken with a pinch of salt. We can't do that now."

He thinks for a moment.

"Tell you what! Find out what the sales of the book have been, will you? And (if you can) just what Triona has brought in from his little deception."

The man of books is moved to protest.

"But, I say, old chap," he ventures, "don't you see this fellow Triona is doing a pretty big thing with this confession? Why treat the story this way?"

"Which way is that?"

"Well, it seems pretty obvious, doesn't it?"

"That's my affair. Don't the people want the news?"

"Well, God in heaven," cries the other, "hasn't the fellow given it them in his letter?"

The city editor (of half the newspapers in the city) becomes immersed in documents.

Scene: The office of the manager of half the photographic agencies and film news bureaus in the city.

Time: Morning.

The manager sits in his chair reading the morning paper. Suddenly he starts, pounces forward, and peers into the news sheet as if in recognition of a long-lost friend. Throwing down the paper, he raises grateful eyes to heaven, and as his hand reaches for the telephone he murmurs, wonderingly, "For the love of Pete!"

"Say, Eddy," he bawls down the tube, "have you seen the letter in the 'Times' smorning from that guy Alexis Triona? You have, eh? Some story, boy! How many men have we got out on it? Eh? Good for you! Let's see the results when you get 'em."

The manager then puts down the telephone reverently, leans back in his chair and twiddles his thumbs. Closing his eyes, he whistles softly to himself the "Song of Love."

Scene: The office of the manager of half the film-producing companies in the city.

Time: Forenoon.

The manager sits in his comfortable chair reading. From his table a bevy of beautiful women smile dazzlingly towards him, but he ignores the photographs, his attention having been drawn to something of more than ordinary interest in the news. Leaning forward, he pushes one of the row of white buttons in his table.

A minute later the door is opened noiselessly and a tall, well-groomed man enters the room.

"Ah, Ward," booms the man at the table, "I suppose you have done something in the matter of this Triona confession?"

"We have," answers the newcomer. "We are negotiating now for the film rights of the book 'Through Blood and Snow.' As you know, we have tried in vain to get in touch with Triona during

the past year. But now I have Smith out on the job, and have already prepared the ground by a series of wires and phone calls. It appears, however, that Triona is besieged this morning."

"Naturally, naturally," comes testily from the Mighty One, "but it was up to you to get in first. Let me know what progress you make."

Ward silently withdraws, and the manager, frowning, leans back in his chair and mutters: "Too bad, too bad! These fellows of mine want waking up badly."

Many scenes of a similar nature are being enacted all over the city, but we spare you them, and leap ahead.

The scene is the interior of all the elevated trains, surface cars, and subway carriages of the city. The time is early evening on the same day.

Packed masses of humanity are swaying and rolling with the lurch of motion. With eagerness they con the flaring headlines of the newspapers which, in some mysterious way, they have contrived to bring safely and untorn through the crowds.

Snatches of conversation can be heard above the roar and rattle of steel. Even the heavy breathing does not entirely drown the voices.

"... Some guy, eh? ..."

"... That's society for you! ..."

"... Funny thing how it wasn't found out before ... seems to me. ..."

"... And his wife, too! ..."

"... It says here that he's been living away from her for a year. ..."

"... Yeah! ... That's good gum. ..."

"... Says in my paper that he was secretly married to a girl in. ..."

"... A Russian princess, they say. ... Gee! That's the life for me. ..."

"... He get's away with it, too. ... Knows how to put it over. ..."

"... And his name! Some name, boy! ... Say, did you see that bit? ..."

"... She's not much to look at, is she? ..."

"... You could tell by his picture he wasn't an author. ..."

"... It's my opinion. ..."

"... I haven't read the book, but I think it's a downright. ..."

"... They're getting divorced. He was found at the. ..."

"... It was an awful book, anyway. ... I never read it, but my sissy says she couldn't understand a word. ..."

"... He's not a Russian at all. ..."

"... What are the police doing, anyhow? ..."

"... Wonder what his game is now? ..."

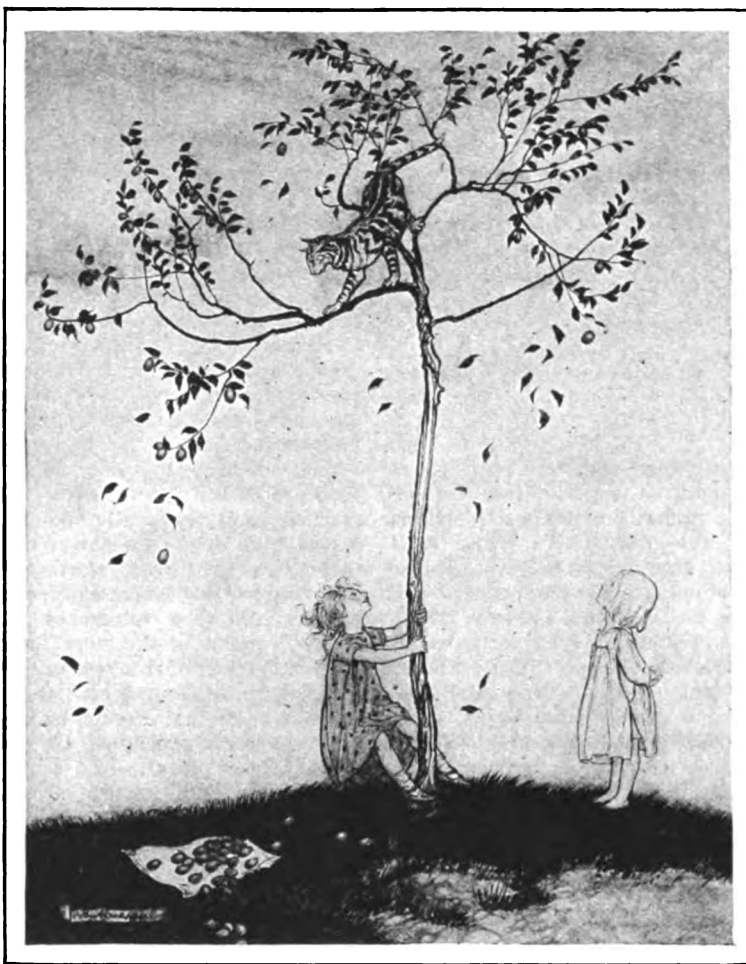
"... Good thing the newspapers found him out. ..."

"... Oh, look! It's to be on the pictures. ..."

"... Shouldn't be surprised if he commits suicide. ..."

"... Her, you mean! ..."

The last scene of all, perhaps, should be a little picture of Triona and Olivia



Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

Diddley, diddley, dumpty,
The cat ran up the Plum tree.
—Mother Goose.

FROM A WATER COLOR BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

sitting together the same evening, a look of terrible bewilderment in their eyes—wondering whether, after all, it had not been the better part to go on acting the lie.

Trifling little scenes, these. But they

will be understood by the unfortunate people who have gone through this mill. In their sad eyes I might be able to raise a gleam of understanding and pity.

But would the pity be for Triona and his wife?

THE NEW BOOKS

PAINTING

ARTHUR RACKHAM: A LIST OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY HIM. Compiled by Frederick Coykendall. With an Introductory Note by Martin Birnbaum. Privately printed, 1922.

Collectors and bibliophiles as well as illustrators will be interested in this beautifully printed little brochure, the product of the printing house of W. E. Rudge, of Mount Vernon, New York, and designed, we understand, by Mr. Bruce Rogers. Mr. Birnbaum's introduction presents an enthusiastic yet discriminating appreciation of Mr. Rackham's work, which, as every one knows, has made many good books better during a score of years or more. Perhaps Rackham's children are his most characteristic as well as his most popular creations; though Milton's "Comus" has very recently been illustrated by him, while in an earlier period he was attracted by Washington Irving's books. A recent exhibition of Rackham's work at the Scott

and Fowles galleries in New York City has presented his original drawings for the first time to the public, and makes the issuing of this appreciation especially appropriate. We reproduce above one of the characteristic drawings from "Mother Goose" as shown in this exhibition.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR. By Duncan Phillips and Others. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$15.

This handsome book contains thirty-odd full-page plates showing in monotone the best of Weir's work. With the appreciations by Duncan Phillips, Royal Cortissoz, Childe Hassam, J. B. Millet, and others, it constitutes a worthy memorial of one of the most distinguished of American painters.

EDUCATION

PHYSICAL STANDARDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Charles K. Taylor. The Academy Press, Orange, New Jersey. \$2.

Mr. C. K. Taylor's Cutlery articles on

physical standards for boys and girls evoked a wider response than perhaps any other articles which appeared last year in this journal. A statement of the principles behind his standards and the method of their application, together with complete tables for the measurement of boys and girls, is now available in book form. This compact and authoritative volume should be in the hands of every one interested in the physical welfare and development of children.

POETRY

ENCHANTED YEARS (THE). Edited by Professors John C. Metcalf and James S. Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Although a few of the poems contributed to "The Enchanted Years" have already appeared in periodicals and volumes, the majority of them are printed here for the first time. When it is pointed out that among the contributors to this volume are Lord Dunsany, D. H. Lawrence, H. D., Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Drinkwater, Ralph Hodgson, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symonds, and Walter de la Mare, to enumerate a few of the eighty poets present, it may readily be seen that the anthology is not without importance as an addition to the season's poetry. The writers whose work appears in this book contributed their efforts as a centennial offering to the University of Virginia,

and because this is so a number of the poems are concerned with the University itself, with Virginia, and with Edgar Allan Poe. However, most of the poems are on general subjects, and the reader may discover such delightful efforts as "Egypt," by H. D.; "I Know All This When Gypsy Fiddles Cry," by Vachel Lindsay; "Saul," by George Sterling; and "Afterthoughts," by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

SELECTED POEMS. By Laurence Binyon. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Mr. Laurence Binyon is an admirable example of what assiduous application in almost any art by an intelligent and sensitive man will do. When he first started writing verse, he wrote probably the worst poetry that any man of his prominence had ever perpetrated in England. But time went on and Mr. Binyon's work grew better, until it reached that authentic plane which placed him among the lesser contemporary figures in English poetry. He has now reached that proud eminence which entitles him to a volume of "Selected Poems." Some of the work included is mediocre, much of it is charming though not especially important, and a few pieces possess that distinguished ring of finality which proclaims the achieved poem. He is essentially a conservative in verse, employing time-honored meters, writing about Tristram and Iseult, Sir Mione, and "The Death of Adam." His phrasing is clear and vibrant, albeit it

is but seldom that the truly distinguished phrase flashes before the reader. He is frequently delicate in his apprehensions of beauty. Here is an example of his lyric note at its best:

MORN LIKE A THOUSAND SHINING SPEARS
Morn like a thousand shining spears
Terrible in the East appears.
O hide me, leaves of lovely gloom,
Where the young Dreams like lilies
bloom!

What is this music that I lose
Now, in a world of fading clues?
What wonders from beyond the seas
And wild Arabian fragrances?

In vain I turn me back to where
Stars made a palace of the air.
In vain I hide my face away
From the too bright invading Day.

That which is come requires of me
My utter truth and mystery.
Return, you dreams, return to Night:
My lover is the armed Light.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION
WHITE HEART OF MOJAVE (THE). By Edna Braash Perkins. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.

Two women who loved adventure and beauty and the wild outdoors went to Death Valley, and one of them has made a good book about the trip to and in that desolate region, full of the atmosphere of the real desert. The account of the difficulties that beset the travelers in reaching their goal is entertaining and at times humorous, and the descriptions of desert scenery are unusually good.

RUNNING WATER

BY FULLERTON WALDO

GREAT rivers like the Yukon and the Mackenzie, moving forever toward a distant goal, enthral the imagination with a sense of irresistible power and perpetual motion that never comes to him who travels on still water. Old-timers who ran the Athabasca or the Slave River rapids in their canoes deplore the passing of the ancient order; for, if the change reduced the personal risk, it also did away with the tingle and the thrill of battle amid the rocks in the foaming torrent to bring the scow or the York boat through. That bristling adventure counted for more than a man's pay. If there was peril, there was also the true romance, with "the bright eyes of danger." The passenger learned to place his trust in Providence, his own paddle, and his tight-lipped pilot and not to rock the boat. The miracle was that so many frail cockle-shells came through unscathed. The wary river pioneers did not despise the dangers; familiarity never bred contempt. But they read the river as a scholar reads a book. They interpreted by a flash of intuition the meaning of every white ripple, every darkling patch or shifting color or revolving eddy. They seemed to possess an uncanny faculty for the divination of that which lay beneath the surfaces. They had cool judgment and unshaken nerve.

"There was I lying in the bottom of the boat," said a canoe passenger of the Athabasca Rapids, "and Colonel Cornwall sat there in the stern steering with his paddle, never once showing the faintest trace of concern. I saw the blue sky and the clouds shooting by like steam blowing off. There was a roaring in my ears—we struck a rock, and caromed off again; we scudded out of a twisting, boiling chute into a placid reach, and I thanked my stars we had come to the end of the passage. And then I learned that it was only the beginning, and the merest ripple to what was to come. From a whirlpool where we spun like a helpless insect we were thrown against two rocks, the water rushing under the boat as we hung there. We had to get out and unload the canoe, then hoist it round the obstacle and let it down into a foaming pool. Colonel Cornwall grinned and said it was fun. I was gladder than Pollyanna when it was over."

The reckoning comes when the men who passed down the swift-flowing stream so lightly must ascend it. Great Bear River has a course of ninety miles between Great Bear Lake and the Mackenzie at Norman. The distance is descended by canoe in a day. When Inspector La Nauze, of the Mounted Police, went up in quest of Eskimo murderers in 1915, he needed thirteen days. He had to take with him a scow laden

with provisions. This means the wearisome process known as "tracking," by which the river-men must haul the vessel along the bank with tow ropes. All the old-timers can tell a generation fond of desk work and afraid of blistering its hands the wide difference between gliding down-stream and "bucking the current." It is still a formidable feat to descend in a canoe the river Mackenzie, explored in 1789. To-day the canoeist, returning, can put his boat aboard a steamer; but Mackenzie, uncomplaining, worked his passage with his spruce paddle all the way back to Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. To paddle your own canoe had meaning then.

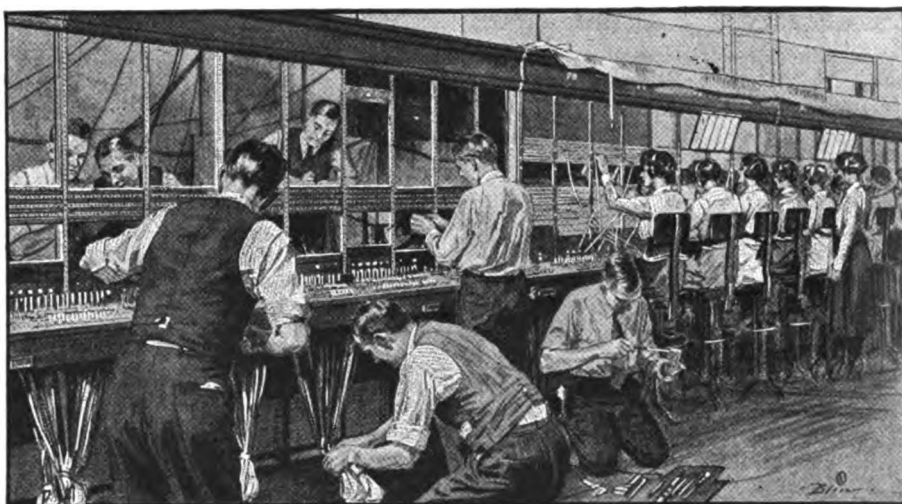
Within fifty miles of Hay River, a hamlet at the southwest corner of Great Slave Lake, are the Alexandra Falls, on the stream that bears the same name as the settlement. The upper falls are eighty-five feet high, and a mile down the river are the lower falls, fifty-five feet high, a total drop of one hundred and forty feet. Twelve miles from the lake are rapids. Yet before it enters the lake the stream is moving so slowly that it seems stagnant. It is as brown as coffee, and an iridescent scum with a displeasing aroma forms upon it. On either hand the banks exhibit vegetation of an almost tropic luxuriance. The traveler might imagine himself on a waterway of Amazonia, amid this lush growth of long grasses, willows, alders,

¹ Other sketches of the Mackenzie River country by Mr. Waldo will appear in subsequent issues.

and spruces, so abundant and thickset that in their rank, green opulence they seem nearer the hothouse tropics than the Arctic Circle. The air teems with insect life, and one half expects to find the corrugated snouts of alligators breaking the oily surface like water-logged driftwood here and there. Only the lily-pads are lacking to complete the picture of a sluggish stream of the Temperate or even the Torrid Zone. The people of the settlement forbear to drink the rusty water. They repair instead to the lake into which it so deliberately empties. The lake is green and clean, with a tang of the saline and the marine, and emerging from the river to its sailless broad expanse is like going from a moldy cellar to the windy freedom of a housetop. But the strange thing is that the very water which has so recently been furiously raging like the heathen of the psalm is now so placid. The falls, fairly comparable in form and beauty with Niagara, and the boisterous rapids below them have created a vehement turbulence of which nothing appears a short distance farther on. The fury was spent in sound and commotion, like the white heat of anger of a "husky" dog. The water of life has become the water of death—a Lethe or a Styx.

No wonder the mortal term of man is compared with the course of a river. The parallel is obvious. Mere force and violence at the beginning may offer an imposing spectacle, but when the driving energy gives out and the seething current of abounding vitality conforms to the channel of routine and acquiesces in low levels, forgetful of high origins, man's life is no more a quickening force, a motive power, a servant of God like sunlight or fire, wind or frost. Salvation, for man or river, is in maintenance of motion. For a man the motion may be that of intellectual processes as well as physical. He need not brandish his arms to appear to be doing something. But his mind, at least, must work. This is what Thoreau means, when he says, "A man sits as many risks as he runs." The danger to a solitary dweller in the North is that, with so much time on his hands and boundless space about him, he will not save his mind by means of the strenuous exertion it requires. He need not fear so much for the upkeep of his body. It has much to do to assure its warmth and nourishment. He will have the physical exercise of cutting wood, or minding trap lines, or fishing through the ice. The danger is that the soul may "dwindle, peak, and pine" for sustenance in the barren snowbound lands; that it will hibernate and sit in darkness the long night through; that the sun of summer will not dissipate the chill and rouse the soul from its enduring torpor.

The mind and the river cannot afford to stand still. The mind must go on from strength to strength till finite life is merged with infinite love, even as the river, unhasting and unresting, cleaving a mountain, traversing a plain, finding a way and brooking no denial, goes on and on until it meets the sea.



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STOCK DIVIDENDS

THE United States Supreme Court has ruled that stock dividends are not taxable as income. A tax is payable on this form of income only in case the stock received is converted into cash; dividends of course may subject the owner of the shares to a surtax.

The declaration of a stock dividend means that a corporation's surplus is being capitalized. There seems to be some apprehension on the part of corporations that an accumulated surplus, if it is a substantial one, may be subjected to a tax on the

ground that it is larger than the legitimate requirements of the business demand. It has been suggested, therefore, that many of the corporations which have piled up big surplus accounts have adopted the stock-dividend method of cutting them down in order to escape the possibility of having them taxed. It is of course impossible to say whether this is or is not the case. The fact remains, however, that stock dividends have been of frequent occurrence this past autumn, and more are rumored. Many stocks have advanced in price on the strength of such



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rumors; many stocks have advanced in price merely because the issuing corporations have large surpluses and speculators have professed to see good possibilities of a stock dividend.

The close observer will have noticed, however, that, while many stocks show immediate advances in price on stock dividend rumors, most of them do little advancing after the dividend is definitely announced, and in numerous instances actually register declines. What is the value of a stock dividend to a stockholder, anyway?

Suppose a corporation has ten thousand shares of stock outstanding and is paying annual dividends of \$9 a share. Its dividend requirements are \$90,000 a

year. Suppose this corporation decides to pay a stock dividend of fifty per cent. This means that the number of shares will be increased to fifteen thousand, and that each stockholder will now have three shares of stock where previously he had two. On the face of it he is fifty per cent better off than he was before. In order to maintain annual dividends of 9 per cent, however, it will now require \$135,000, in place of \$90,000, an increase of \$45,000 a year, the same proportionate increase here as in the case of the outstanding shares. Suppose, however, that earnings are no larger than they were before, and that \$90,000 is still all that the corporation can afford to pay out in dividends. What happens?

Well, the dividend rate is reduced from \$9 to \$6, and the total amount disbursed remains exactly the same. And the man who owned two shares and received \$18 a year on them in dividends now possesses three shares and still receives \$18 a year. Is he any better off than he was before? Not so far as his income is concerned. He is better off if the three shares he now owns will bring more on the market than the two shares he had previously, but the market price of stock is largely determined by earnings and dividends, so that the chances are that he is in just about the same position financially as before.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

many years made a practice of distributing stock dividends. The business and earnings of these corporations have shown a tremendous increase during the past twenty years, and in most instances this new stock has become exceedingly valuable. People who purchase the so-called Standard Oil group of stocks and who consider only the straight cash yield do not, as a general rule, obtain a very high yield. Atlantic Refining Company stock, for instance, selling at \$1,300 a share and paying dividends of \$20 a share a year, yielded only slightly more than one and one-half per cent. The explanation of the high price has been of course the large undivided surplus and the prospect of a big stock dividend. Announcement has just recently been made that the Atlantic Refining Company has declared a 900 per cent stock dividend. Fifty thousand shares of stock have been authorized and but 5,000 issued; it is proposed to distribute the 45,000 shares so far unissued among the stockholders. Further, the report states that the directors hope to pay \$1 a share quarterly on the new stock. Every man who owned one share of stock will now have ten shares, and, instead of \$20 a share a year, he will now receive \$4. But he will have ten shares instead of one and his income will be doubled. If expectations are realized, therefore, this particular stock dividend is exceedingly valuable. They do not always have such beneficial results.

There is one result of stock dividends, however, which is always good, and that is the benefits accruing to preferred stockholders from such distributions. The declaration of a common-stock dividend means, as we have seen, that a corporation's surplus is being capitalized. It is probable that the largest part of this surplus consists of real estate, plants, equipment, and the property of subsidiary companies. When these assets are once capitalized, they cannot be dissipated, and common stock issued against a surplus of this kind means that it is to be kept as an asset. It cannot be disposed of, and the position of the preferred stock will be strengthened accordingly, for preferred stocks have a right prior to the common to all fixed assets. If, therefore, the fixed assets are increased, the result is additional security for the preferred stock.

The point for a common-stock holder to decide is whether it is more profitable for him to keep the shares received as a stock dividend, trusting that his income will be at least as much as formerly and that possibly the value of his holdings will increase, or to sell the new stock and take the cash. If he sells, he has to pay an income tax; if he holds on, he doesn't. But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and oftentimes a dollar in cash proves more valuable than two dollars in prospect.

Stock dividends on the face of things are of no particular benefit, and increasing the number of shares and reducing

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their par value is scarcely more than a gesture. Increasing the number of outstanding shares does not increase earnings, and earnings are what make stocks valuable. Reducing the par value of a stock and splitting the original shares into smaller units does not increase earnings either; it is like giving a man two five-dollar bills for one ten. A successful sugar company a few years ago was paying \$40 a share a year in dividends on its stock of \$100 par. Presently par of the stock was reduced to \$20 a share and each stockholder given five new shares for each old one. Divi-

dends, however, were reduced to \$8 a share, so that so far as income was concerned there was no change whatsoever. The main advantage was that the selling price per share was reduced and, instead of having to pay \$2,000 for five shares, the investor could buy five shares for \$400. This business of reducing the cost per share is considered worth while in many instances, for it is a well-known fact that most people would rather buy ten shares than one, even if the ten are worth only as much as the one. It is for this psychological reason that the par value of so many new promotions is fixed at a low figure. People get lots of shares for little money, and seem to think that for this reason they have a bargain. It is well to remember, however, that it is more a question of what you get than how much. And this point applies to stock dividends, which on the face of things seem to be a great boon to stockholders, but which actually may leave them exactly where they were before.

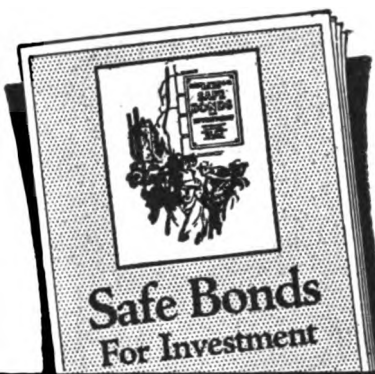
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I notice that Pennsylvania Railroad stock, which pays 6 per cent dividends, I believe, is quoted at about \$46 a share. What is the reason for this, and why should a stock like Pennsylvania yield over 12 per cent? What is the catch?

A. There is no catch. The par value of Pennsylvania Railroad stock is \$50 a share and the dividend rate is \$3 a share a year, the equivalent of \$6 on a stock of \$100 par. The yield on Pennsylvania is only slightly more than 6 per cent, just about in line with other railway stocks of the same class.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON since 1880 has been on the staff of the New York "Tribune" as foreign editor, literary editor, and general editorial writer. He is also a contributing editor of the "North American Review," a staff lecturer of

the New York City Board of Education, and a member of the Council of New York University.

ANOTHER article by W. J. Henderson, musical critic for the New York "Herald," appears in this issue.

EDWIN M. BROOKS's New England reserve and modesty made him prefer to run the risk of a rejection rather than to supply us with biographical material.

WILBUR O. HEDRICK is a true and loyal Michiganite. He was born in South Bend, Indiana, but he has lived practically all his life in Michigan. He graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College



in 1891, and in 1903 returned as Professor of Economics, a position which he has held ever since. In 1909 he received a doctor's degree in philosophy from the University of Michigan. He is the author of "History of Railroad Taxation in Michigan" and "The Michigan Milk Commission."

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL has played the newspaper game in the United States, Canada, Scotland, and England and has held every job from cub to that of editor. He has contributed to periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, written short stories, and fought in France during the war with a Scotch regiment. And all this while still in his "twenties." At present Mr. Drawbell is free-lancing in New York.



EARL CHRISTMAS was born in Kansas, and grew up on an Oklahoma farm. He was graduated from the University of Oklahoma and later took a course in journalism at the University of Missouri. Following graduation he traveled over most of the Middle West and eventually settled in St. Paul, where he has been engaged in journalism ever since, with the exception of a year in the service.

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BY THE WAY

"SKIM milk used to be considered as nearly worthless as anything might well be," a chemist says in "Collier's." "Now it turns up as hair combs, fountain pens, and paper sizing. I recall a manufacturer who was making a water paint out of glue and gypsum. He found a German product which was better than glue, but the Germans wanted 30 cents a pound for it—which was more than he could pay. The German product, on analysis, proved to be only a mixture of casein and lime. Casein is easily prepared from skim milk. We made some for him. The man's factory was in a dairy country. Since then he has accumulated a large fortune selling his improved paint. He might well quarter a cow on his coat of arms."

In a recent examination of students before a medical board in a Southern State, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, one question asked was: "Give the quantitative analysis of uric acid." Following the examination there was much discussion among those examined as to the fairness of this question. Finally a colored applicant who had just graduated from a Northern institution said:

"Last night I was kinda expectin' a question on uric acid, so I got down my book and looked it up. The article was so long and such hard readin' that I decided no white gentleman down in Virginia would ever ask any such question so I stopped studyin'."

"A new book on George Borrow is very welcome," says the editor of the London "Sphere." The book's title is "George Borrow, Lord of the Open Road," and the author is R. Thurston Hopkins. "For more than twenty years after his death," the editor goes on, "Borrow's works were much neglected, and his life an enigma. Since then there have been many books. I myself have perpetrated one. Naturally I think my life of George Borrow one of the best biographies in the English language. The reviewers did not think so when it appeared, but then I have never pretended to attach much importance to the judgment of the critics."

Danny (as quoted by the New York "Evening Mail")—"Mamma, are you going to get that fur coat from papa for your birthday?" Mamma—"No, darling." Danny—"Have you tried throwing yourself on the floor and kicking with your feet like I do?"

The £90,000 which Lloyd George is to receive for his memoirs is in marked contrast with the £20 which Milton is sometimes said to have received for "Paradise Lost," remarks the New York "Evening Post." "It is said that Winston Churchill will receive nearly £50,000 for all rights to his memoirs. The Kaiser is a bad third with £40,000. When we pass from lump sums in advance to royalty checks, we of course enter quite another field. It is stated

that A. S. M. Hutchinson has already received the tidy sum of £70,000 for 'If Winter Comes,' and more is rolling in. What H. G. Wells got out of the 'Outline of History' seems not to be known, but it is known that Wells is a millionaire." Some of these profits represent chickens before they are hatched, for American papers have canceled contracts that would have brought £40,000 to Lloyd George.

"In regard to Texarkana," a correspondent says, "you did not go far enough with it. The name is taken from three States—Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. The main street of this city is actually divided between the States of Texas and Arkansas."

"He says that animals of the cat specie will never forget an injury," a special article in the New York "Herald" says. The writer who uses "specie" as the singular of species is matched by the man who speaks of "working in a quart mine."

A well-known efficiency engineer, according to the "Treasure Chest," took his children to see the great steamship, the Majestic. He wanted to impress on their minds the fact that the Majestic was the biggest steamship ever built, so he took them all over the boat and explained everything to them in detail. When they arrived home Dan, who was the spokesman for the crowd, began with the thing that had impressed him most: "Oh, mother, just think, they had two dining-rooms. After you had eaten all you wanted in one dining-room you could go into the other and eat some more and they wouldn't know anything about it."

"At the risk of seeming to indulge in national boastfulness," says the author of "Rome and the World To-Day," "I believe it can be said that there is a striking resemblance between the busts and statues of the leaders in Roman history and many of the public men of the United States a generation ago. I knew a former Federal Judge who could have sat for a bust of Julius Caesar. Justices Miller, Bradley, Strong, and Harlan, of the Supreme Court of the United States, each had the same type of countenance as Cicero. Is it to be taken as an indication that our National stock and character are changing, since such faces are not to-day found in our National Congress and in our courts?"

"One reason why the Leader is often a little bit late in coming out," says the editor of the Tarpon Springs (Florida) "Leader," "is that we frequently have a number of fair visitors who come in to leave a news item or an ad, or something of the kind, and at such times we always, like a true Southern gentleman, take our pipe out of our mouth and lay it down somewhere and after they are gone it always takes about fifteen minutes to find it again."

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The Outlook

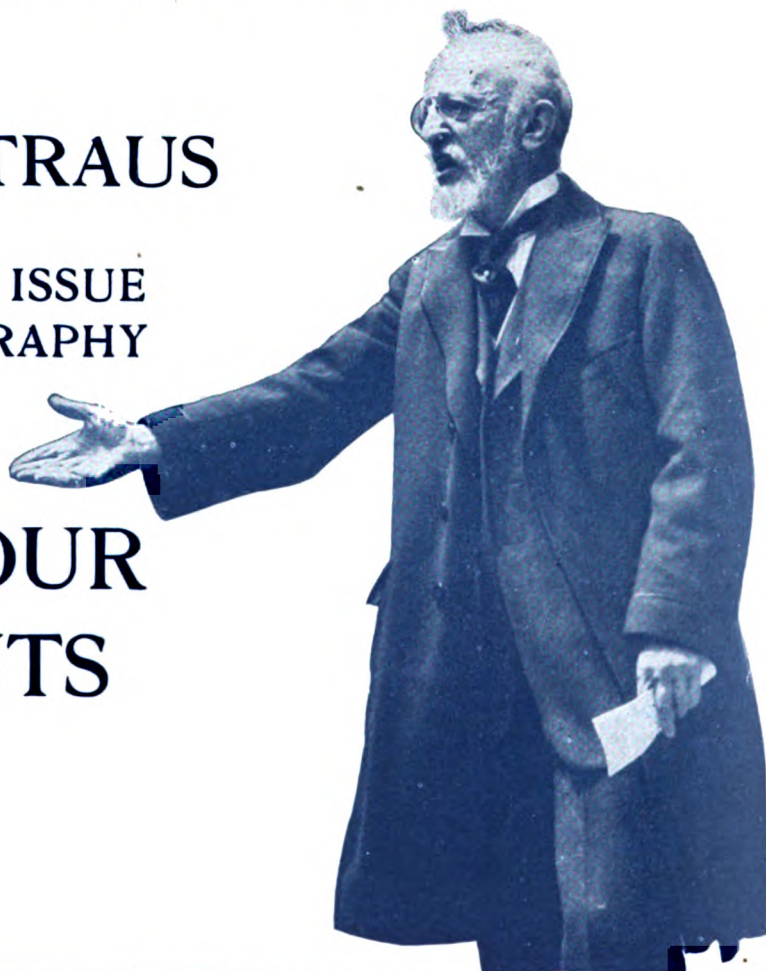
An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1922

OSCAR S. STRAUS

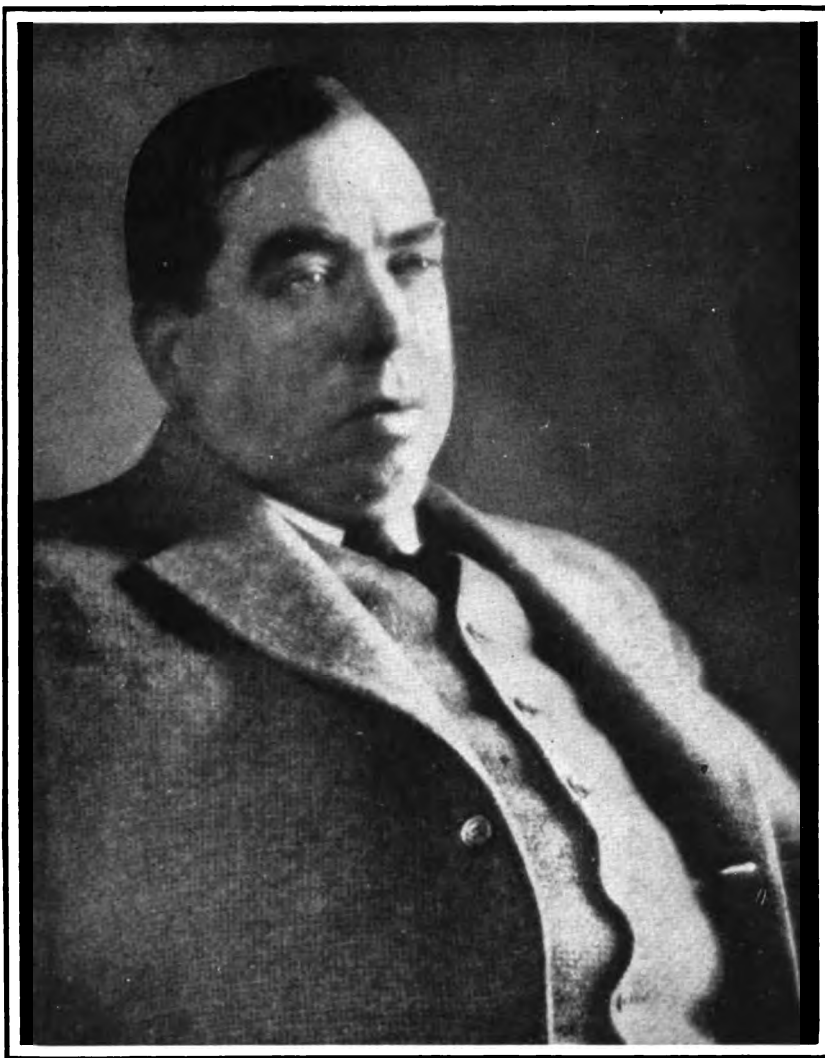
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE
HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

UNDER FOUR
PRESIDENTS



ONE LAW FOR ALL

A REVIEW OF THE ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, AND
SOCIAL RESULTS OF THE GREAT STRIKES



*Mr. Cobb is
one of the most
famous living
short-story
writers and
humorists*

WHY IRVIN S. COBB READS THE OUTLOOK

In politics, I think The Outlook sometimes is wrong. In Americanism, it always is right.

There always is need, in this country—and, for that matter, in every other country—of a magazine dedicated to the task of endeavoring fairly and truthfully to interpret the spirit of the nation and the thought of the people. Never was there a time when this country needed such a publication more than it needs it to-day. In my opinion, The Outlook amply satisfies this need.

Reading it regularly, I think I see in its columns an honest endeavor honestly to present the issues which arise in America and, most of all, I see a

strong and virile nationalism. There are times when I, as a citizen, may disagree with some of the conclusions its editors and its contributors have drawn; but there is never a time when I discern in it any note of insincerity, any suggestion of timidity, any taint of cowardice. I value it as part of the literary diet which helps to make me, I trust, a good American.

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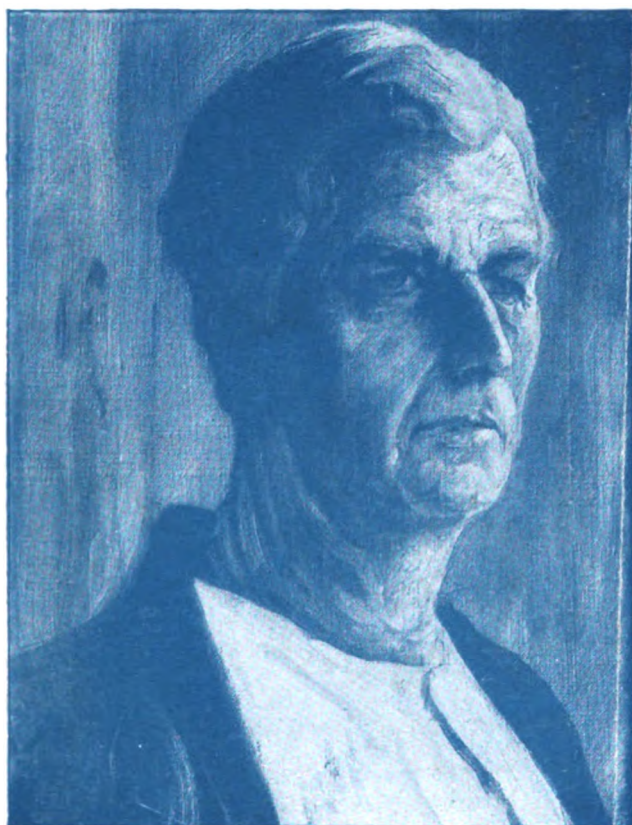
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

D7

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1922.



JOHN LILLIE, THE MOUNTAIN ARTIST
From an Oil Portrait by E. B. Child

A MOUNTAIN ARTIST

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

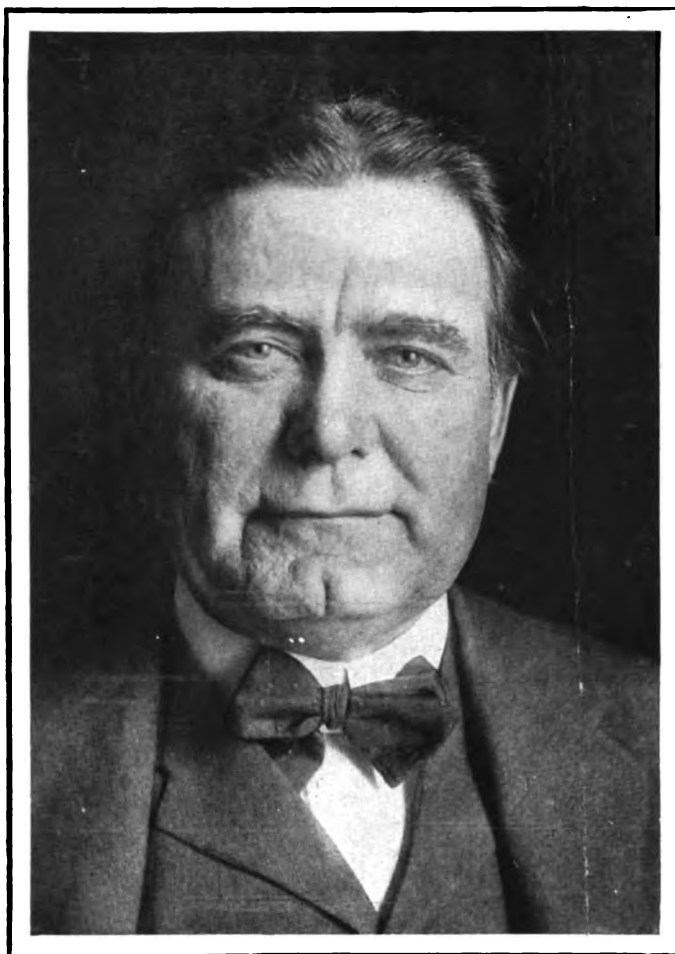
BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

THE
INSTITUTE OF POLITICS

BY ANDREW TEN EYCK

LAW AND LETTERS: THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF
"UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS"

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS



(C) Paul Thompson

*Senator William E. Borah
of Idaho is one of the
most distinguished members
of the
United States Senate*

SENATOR BORAH TELLS WHY HE READS THE OUTLOOK

THE OUTLOOK never disappoints the reader searching for accurate information or interested in the discussion of current events. And it covers the whole field. Eminently fair, distinguished alike for the thoroughness and the learning of its editorial matter, I regard it as one of the first publications of the English tongue.

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1922



(C) Underwood

IN THE HEART OF CONSTANTINOPLE

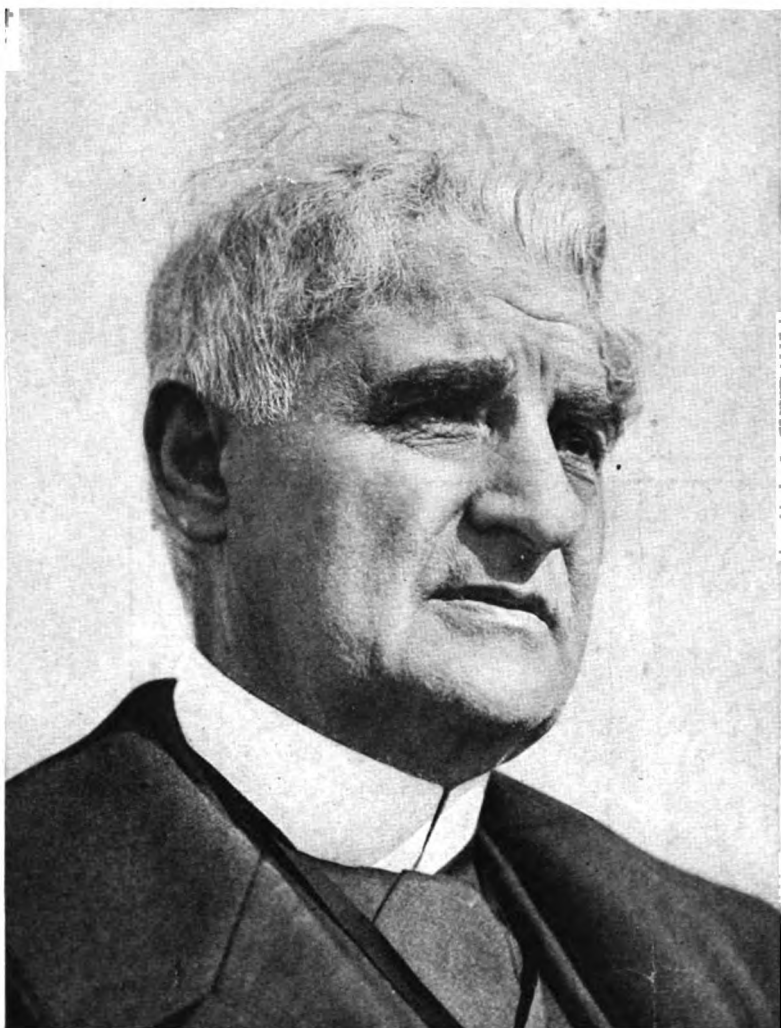
FIRST TURKISH MISSION: THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF "UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS"

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS

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*David Belasco
is one
of the foremost
leaders of
American drama*

WHY DAVID BELASCO READS THE OUTLOOK

THE value of The Outlook lies in its breadth of vision, normal view-point, and unswerving steadiness of purpose. The ideal precedes all things, and a magazine without an ideal is like a man without a country.

The view-point of The Outlook is much needed in these excitable times. Progress, development, and rational growth are attained only under normal conditions.

That we are reverting to a steadier mood, must be evident to all who think profoundly. Jazz in thought and writing is merely a phase, no deeper

than the music which suggests the name; it is rather like a gay circus in a side street that soon passes by. When the brief glamour has vanished, the boys and girls go back to their studies.

Those who write must bring new faith and courage to all who labor for the welfare of mankind. The world has good sound reason to look forward to great international achievements.

America is the most idealistic country, as its past proves. The wise journals of the present are those that inspire hope in its future.

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David Belasco

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D7

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

FROM A DIPLOMAT'S NOTE-BOOK—FOURTH
INSTALLMENT OF
"UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS"

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS

THE WIND TERROR OF THE EAST

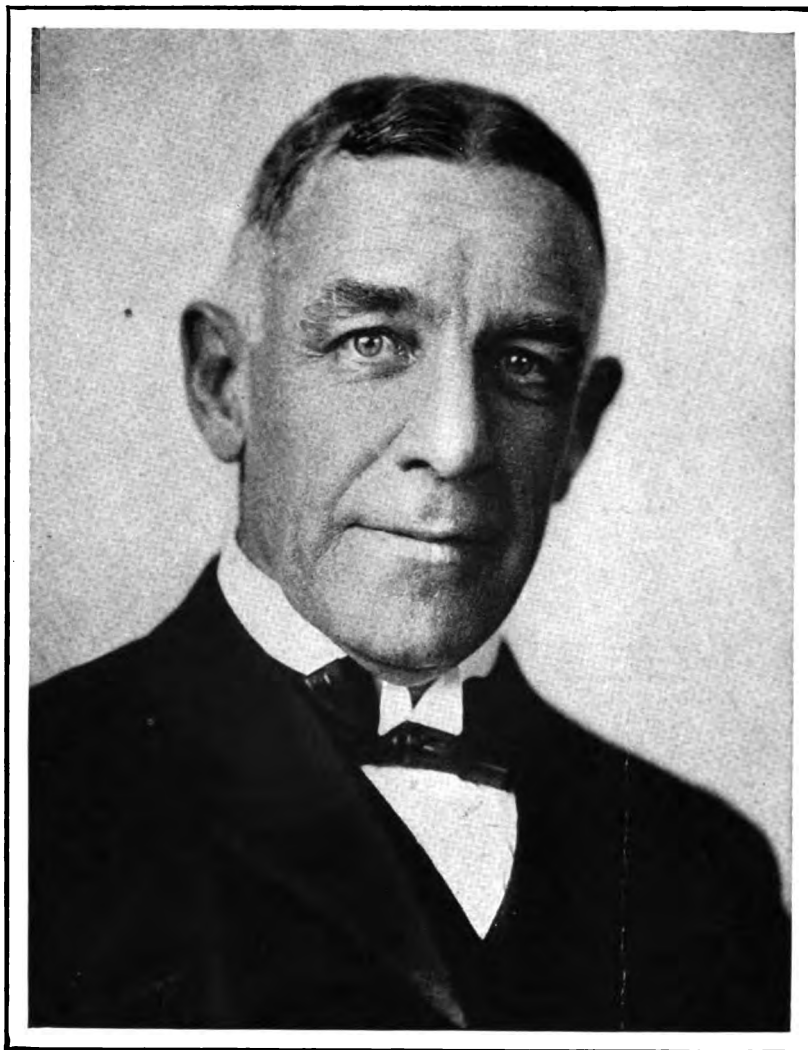
BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. MCINTOSH

IRELAND REVISITED

BY FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

BY GEORGE KENNAN



(C) Underwood

*Mr. Bok is
one of America's
most noted journalists
and was for many years
editor of
The Ladies' Home Journal*

WHY EDWARD W. BOK READS THE OUTLOOK

I HAVE known The Outlook for thirty years, and have been a steady reader of it, and know of no periodical which has so consistently stood for the best of worth-while reading and been such a true reflection of American life. I have always found in it the note of that progressiveness which makes for sure progress. Very few readers realize the tremendous influence that a periodical coming out week by week may have on the minds of its readers, especially when, as in the case of The Outlook, it is a journal that is read when men's minds are at leisure and are receptive to influences. The editors of The Outlook have, to my mind, ever been conscious of this stewardship, and have never failed in their responsibilities.

Edward W. Bok

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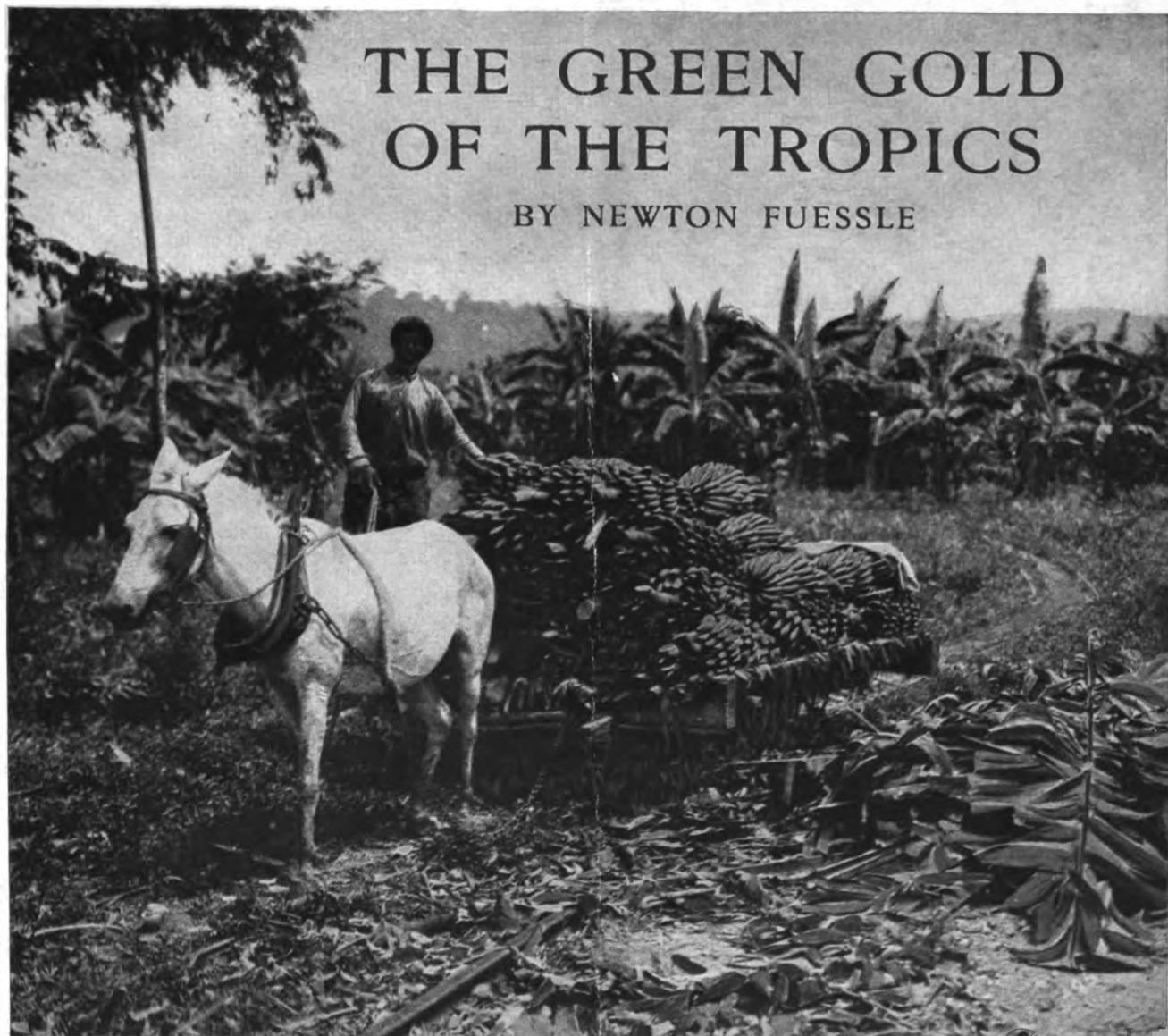
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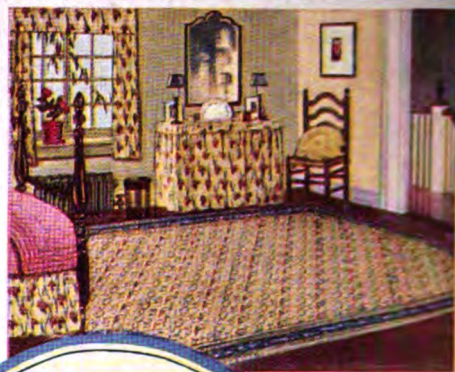
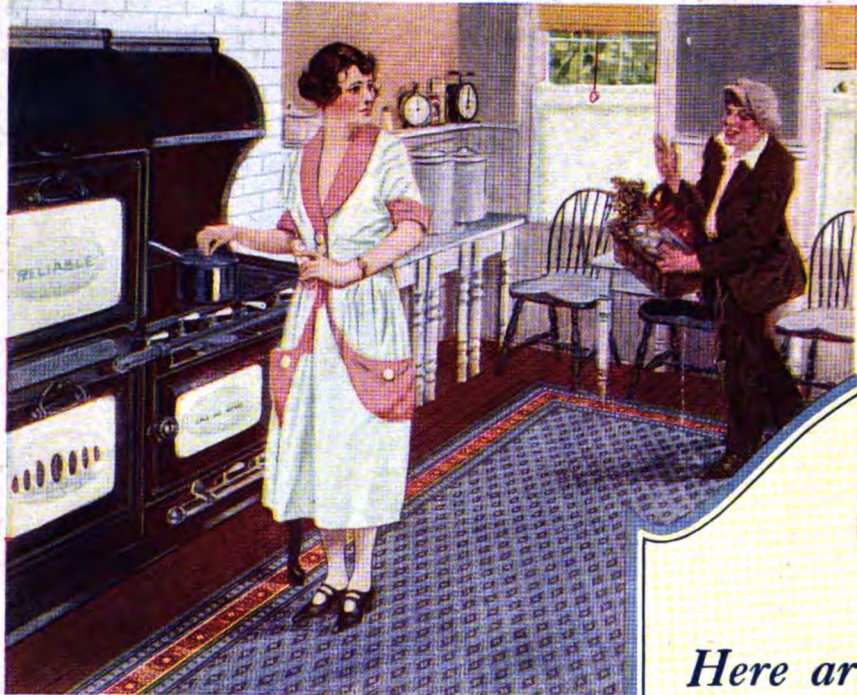
An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1922

THE GREEN GOLD OF THE TROPICS

BY NEWTON FUESSLE





The pattern
above is
No. 378



Here are the New Designs!

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Rug No. 508



Pattern
No. 530

Pattern
No. 526

Pattern
No. 528

Pattern
No. 524

Pattern
No. 534

Pattern
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1922

GROVER CLEVELAND—SIXTH INSTALLMENT OF "UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS"

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS

PLATINUM: ONE OF THE "NOBLEST OF METALS"

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY

BY GILBERT H. GILBERT

WU PEI-FU, A CHINESE WITH ONE IDEA

BY UPTON CLOSE



*Theodore Roosevelt,
Assistant Secretary
of the Navy*

WHY THEODORE ROOSEVELT READS THE OUTLOOK

THE OUTLOOK is, to a certain extent, a cousin of the Roosevelt family. The Outlook is clean, progressive, and sane. It has the great asset of being unafraid to discuss any subject simply because it is new. This is an essential attribute in constructive thought ; for, though some good people refuse to admit it, even our religious beliefs on which we base our lives were at one time "new." The necessary corollary to this is possessed by The Outlook also. It does not embrace any doctrine simply because it is new. Many papers and people mistake a love for the sensational for liberalism. Last, and most important, The Outlook is unafraid and hews to the line !

Theodore Roosevelt

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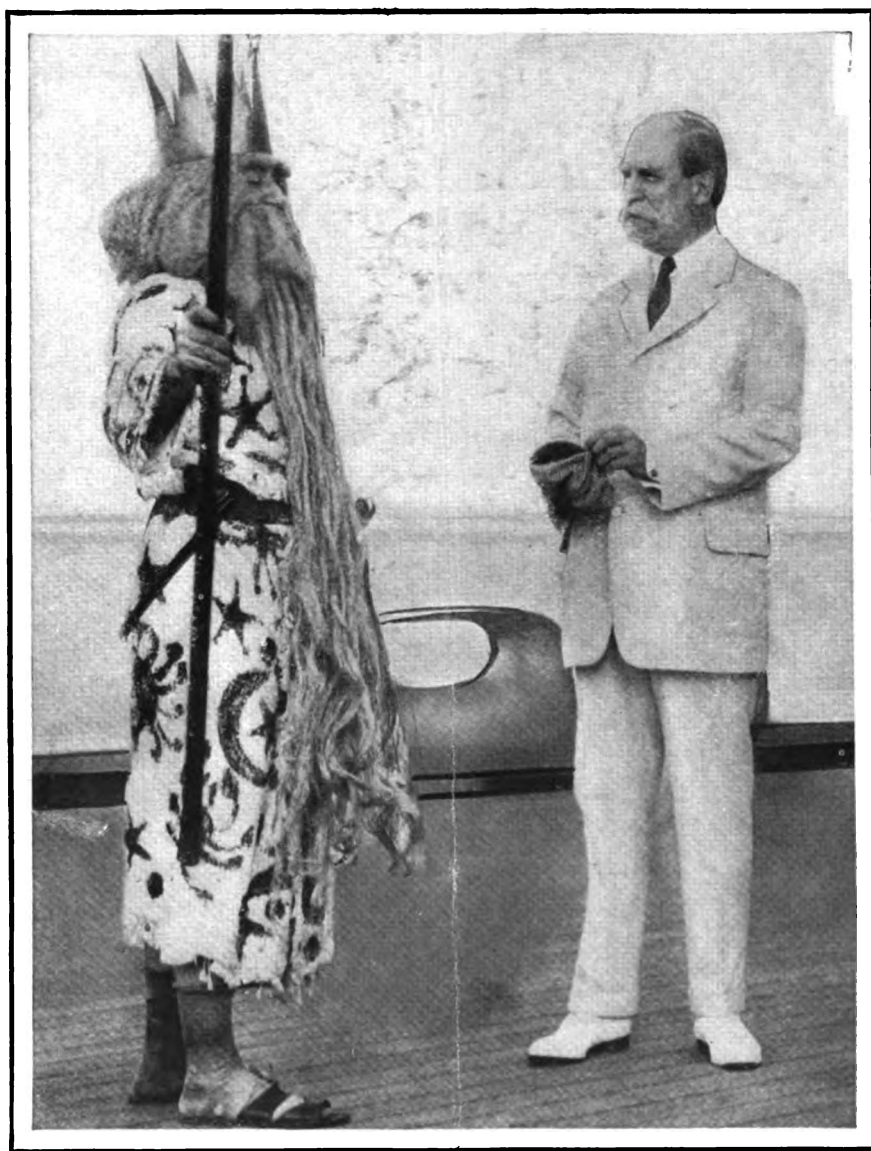
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1922

NAVY NUMBER



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO WITH HUGHES



*Mr. Morley is
one of the
most brilliant of
the younger poets
and essayists*

WHAT CHRISTOPHER MORLEY THINKS OF THE OUTLOOK

THE OUTLOOK was one of the first journals to make an impression on me as a boy. . . . It was the first American magazine that ever actually bought and paid for a poem of mine. . . . I fear that I do not read any magazine in the world regularly and persistently. And I do not expect to find, ever, in any one journal, all facets of truth and opinion. But when The Outlook comes my way, I admit that I find it congenial for its temperate, calm, and sensible scrutiny of our present discontents, its humor and wide-mindedness in consideration of literary matters, and a general feeling that I get to the effect that

the paper is solidly rooted in judgment but not in the least unready to welcome the *aliquid novi* that deserves hospitality. Let me put it this way : From time to time I have offered one-act plays to various magazine editors ; usually they are greatly shocked and reply that a one-act play is quite outside their province. I have a ridiculous feeling that The Outlook would publish even a one-act play if it thought it amusing or for any reason at all worth ink. Perhaps The Outlook is in essence more liberal than many a weekly that makes a much louder shout about being a friend of that mysterious thing called liberty.

Christopher Morley

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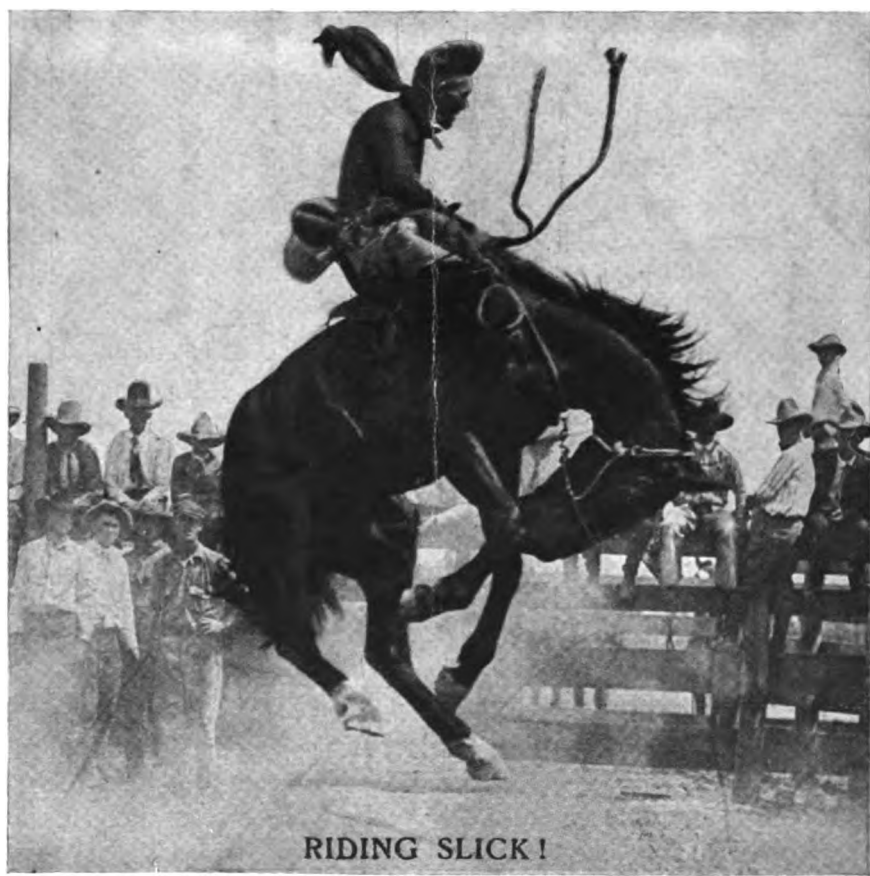
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THE PENDLETON ROUND-UP: A CLASSIC OF AMERICAN SPORT
BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

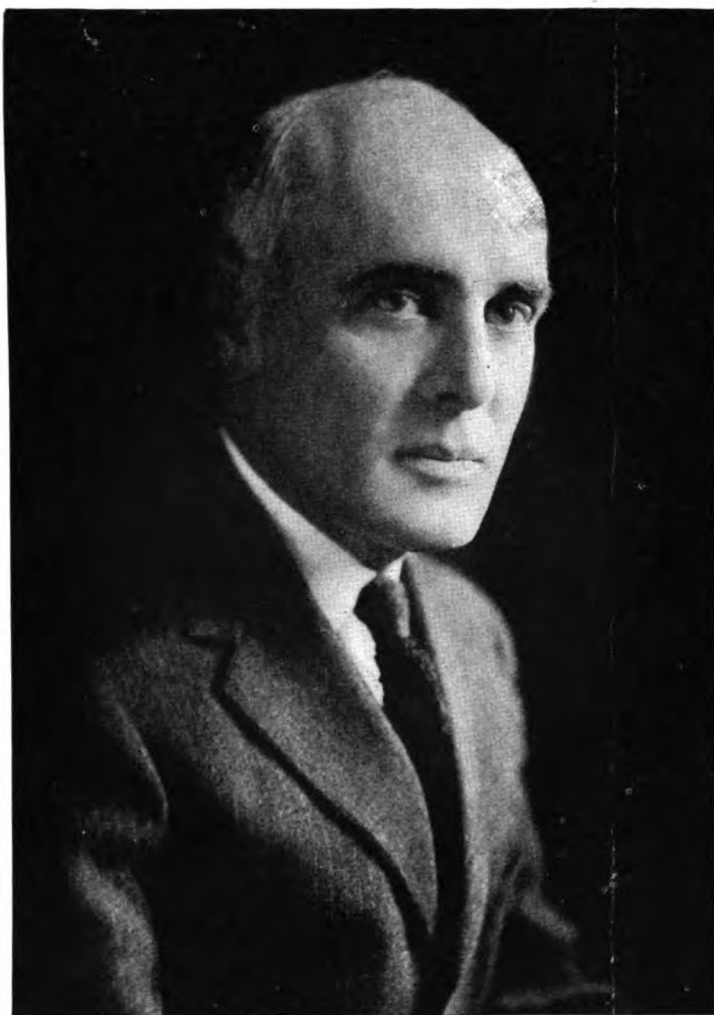
D7 The
Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1922



RIDING SLICK!



(C) Underwood

*Francis H. Sisson,
Vice-President of the
Guaranty Trust Company
of New York*

FRANCIS H. SISSON, NEW YORK BANKER, TELLS WHY HE READS THE OUTLOOK

COMMENTING on The Outlook is for me a good deal like commenting on a member of one's own family ; it has for so long been a part of my life and thought that it is hard for me to regard it objectively. Long ago I came to rely upon it as a sound interpreter of current thought through whose eyes I could view the world of thought and action with a considerable degree of understanding and accurate judgment. Religious, social, economic, literary, and other prob-

lems have found fair statement within the pages of The Outlook through all these years, and for the broad spirit, the cultured mind, and the sympathetic heart which have been reflected in its pages I have long had a sincere affection and respect. I wish that its message of practical idealism, sound living and thinking might be carried far beyond the splendid selected audience which it has long reached so effectively. It is one which a disorderly world greatly needs to-day.

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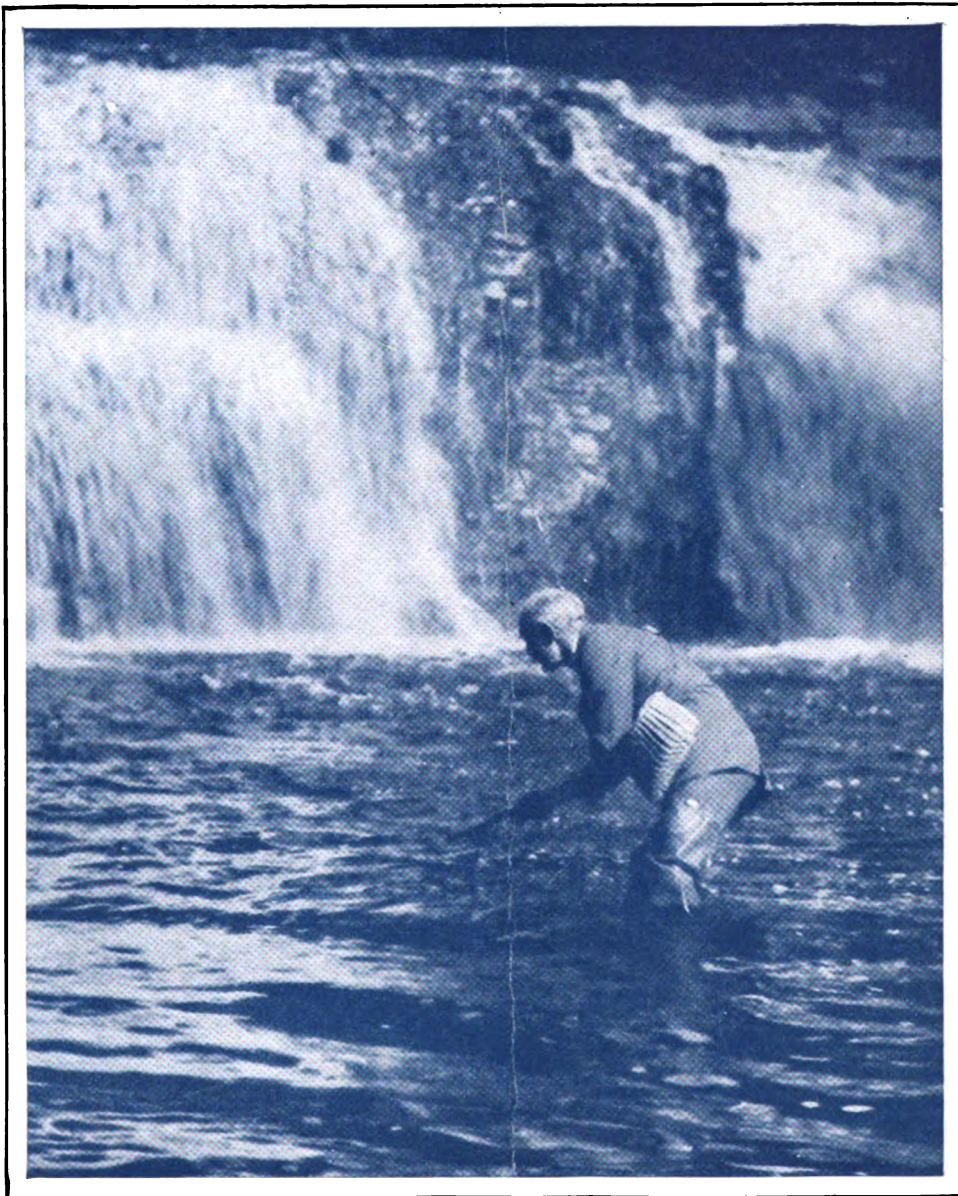
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1922



GIFFORD PINCHOT FISHING FOR TROUT AT SAWKILL FALLS, MILFORD, PA.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

BY EDWARD J. HUNTER

*John J. Pershing,
General of the
Armies of the
United States*



(C) International

WHY GENERAL PERSHING READS THE OUTLOOK

AMONG our excellent periodicals 'The Outlook has a very high place. Through its columns one may keep in touch with current events and with the many National problems that can be rightly solved only when public opinion is enlightened. Its views are always clearly

and frankly stated. 'The Outlook does not restrict itself to the more momentous questions, but contains weekly articles, written in entertaining style, on subjects of general interest to our citizens. The service rendered the public by The Outlook has commended it to me most highly.

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381 Fourth Ave., New York City**

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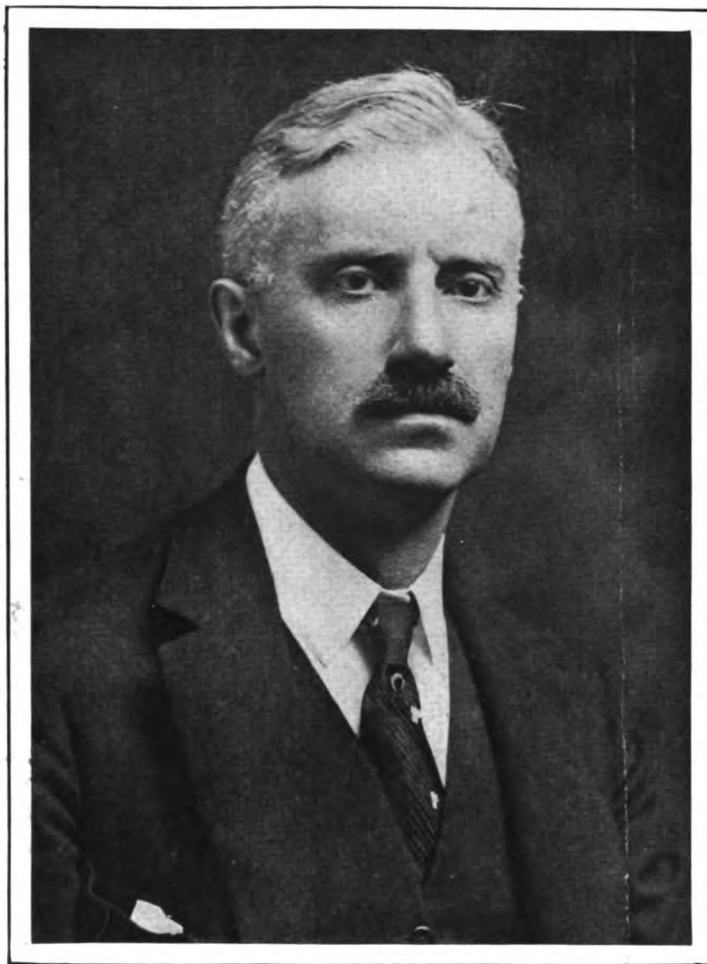
An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1922



LYMAN ABBOTT

1835—1922



(C) Clinedinst

*Mr. Colby was
Secretary of State
in the Wilson
Administration*

WHY BAINBRIDGE COLBY READS THE OUTLOOK

LET me say how splendidly I think you are doing with *The Outlook*. It is the happiest possible combination of a popular and a serious magazine, and its sanity and enlightenment and respect for truth give it deservedly a very outstanding position.

Bainbridge Colby

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1922

THE FESTAL DAY—SO CALLED

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

LLOYD GEORGE AND BONAR LAW:
THE CONTRAST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANK DILNOT

ANALYZING JOHNNY

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

DOES THE AUTHOR COUNT
WITH BOYS?

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL



How can YOU acquire the art of being interesting?

The coupon at the bottom of this page is the Key to a new world of fascinating enjoyment

YOU KNOW MEN and women in social and business life who, to all outward appearance, are alike. But what a difference when you are in their company for more than a few minutes at a time!

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Around commonplace facts he weaves romance founded seemingly upon knowledge that spans centuries. Wherever he goes he seems to have known the spot when it was in the making. His conversation illumi-

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So we decided to bring it out in a form that would be not only convenient and easy to handle but as handsome a set of books and as beautifully illustrated as any History ever made. That meant starting all over from the very beginning, setting everything anew in fresh, clear type; gathering from the four corners of the earth a hundred of the most famous historical paintings for illustrations.

Mr. Wells threw himself into this task with all his marvelous enthusiasm. For a long time he had felt that certain parts of the "Outline" needed elaborating, certain other parts revision. This was his chance. Starting at the very beginning, he made changes on every single page of the text, rewrote whole chapters, added page after page of material.

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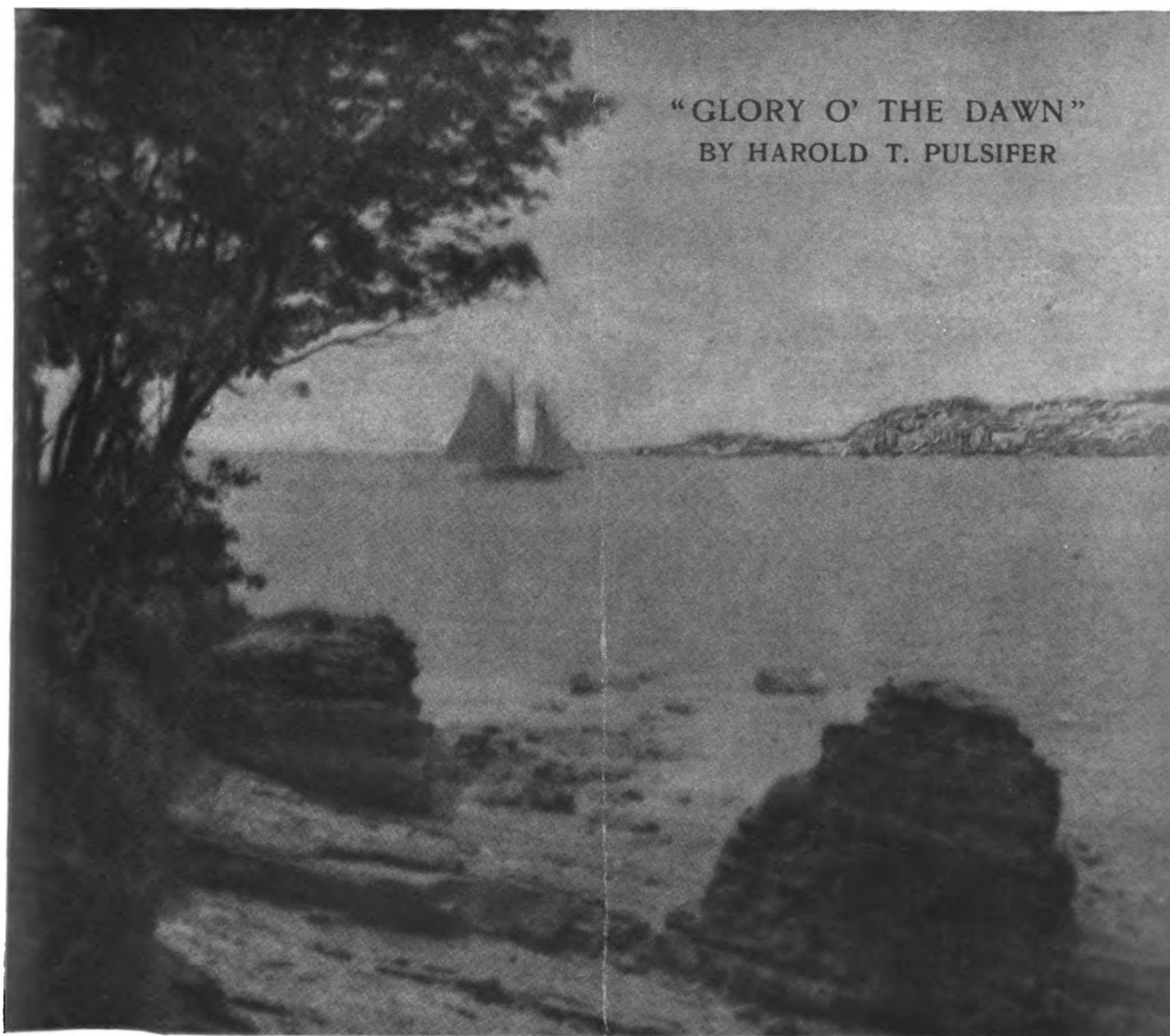
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1922

"GLORY O' THE DAWN"
BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER



CRACKLING LOGS AND SNOWY NIGHTS

THERE are moods that nothing can satisfy but the printed page. Winter nights are reading nights, and The Outlook offers in coming issues a large variety of carefully selected articles of uncommon excellence.

ELSIE SINGMASTER contributes two remarkable short stories.

DOROTHY CANFIELD is represented by a short story entitled "The Ideas of M. Brodard."

THOMAS L. MASSON, the genial humorist, writes with his usual sparkle concerning "Our Feeble-Minded Intellectuals," "An Interview with Vanity," "The Great American Weakness," and other equally unhackneyed subjects.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN contributes an arresting article on "The Difficult Art of Being a Jew."

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT describes how he felt the night he broadcast by radio his interview with Augustus Thomas.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE contributes "Christmas Eve on the Plantation."

ROBERT HALE confesses how it feels to get back to Oxford after having been a Rhodes Scholar on the classic quadrangles.

"A FLAPPER'S APPEAL TO PARENTS" is by one of those modern young creatures who bobs her hair and keeps going from morning until late at night.

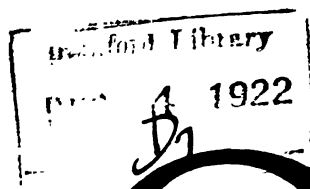
SHERMAN ROGERS in "Alaska the Misunderstood" clears up scores of misunderstandings regarding the so-called land of blizzards and dance-halls.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1922

A RADICAL IN POWER

A STUDY OF LA FOLLETTE

BY RICHARD BARRY

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1922



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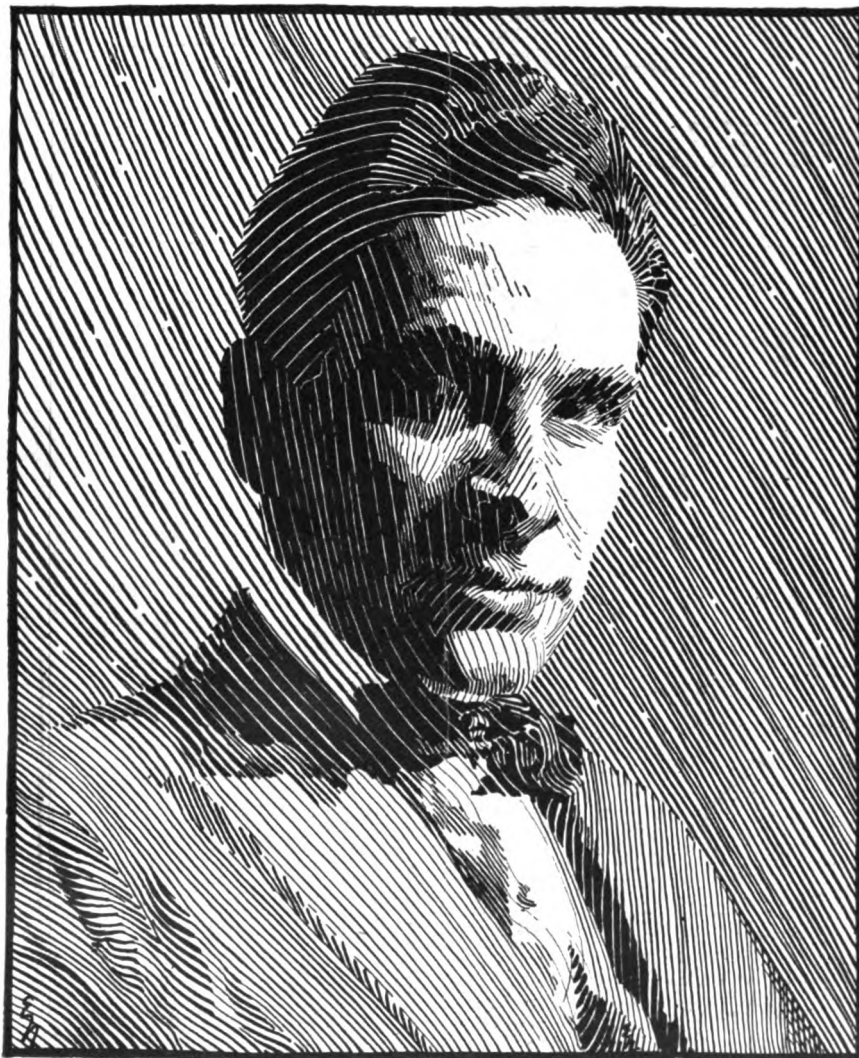
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1922



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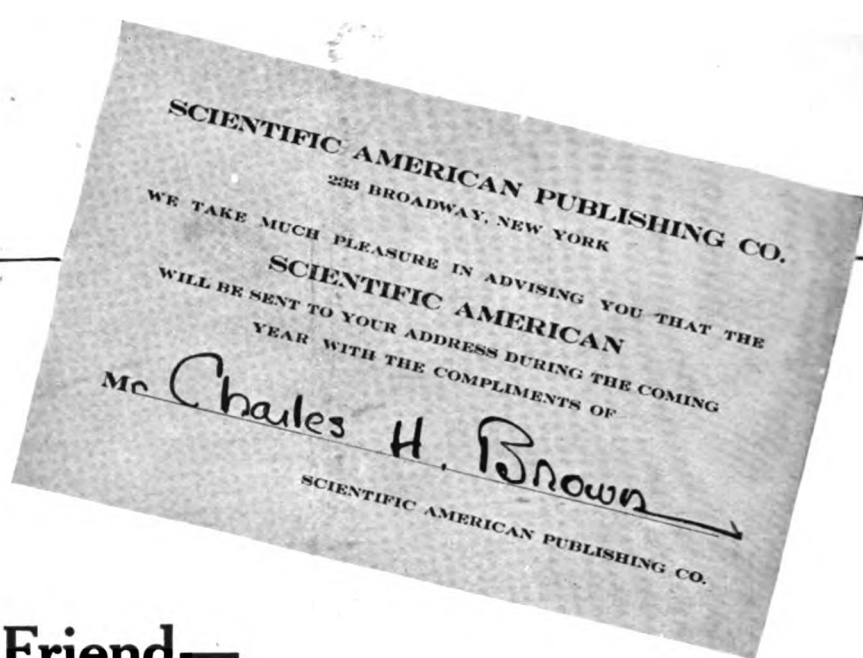
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BY

RICHARD BARRY



THIS ISSUE ALSO CONTAINS
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS OF IMMIGRANT
TYPES BY USA GOMBARG; ARCHIBALD
RUTLEDGE'S "CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE
PLANTATION;" W. J. HENDERSON'S "WHAT
IS GOOD PIANO PLAYING?" AND A
CHRISTMAS STORY BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

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WM. McANDREW,
Associate Superintendent, Public Schools,
New York City.

June 27, 1922.

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1922

GETTING A BONUS FROM THE LAND

THE STORY OF DISABLED VETERANS WHO
ARE REHABILITATING THEMSELVES

BY EARL CHRISTMAS



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE APPEAR
THE MEANING OF PASTEUR, BY WILLIS FLETCHER
JOHNSON ♪ LADY BATHURST, THE WORLD'S
GREATEST NEWSPAPER OWNER, BY HELEN
HOFFMAN ♪ THE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF
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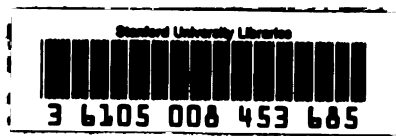
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